THE CAPTAIN

A MAGAZINE FOR BOYS & "OLD BOYS".

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THE CAPTAIN

A MAGAZINE
FOR BOYS & "OLD BOYS."

A. WILLIAMS,
Cycling and Photographic Editor.

EDWARD STEP, F.L.S.,
Natural History Editor

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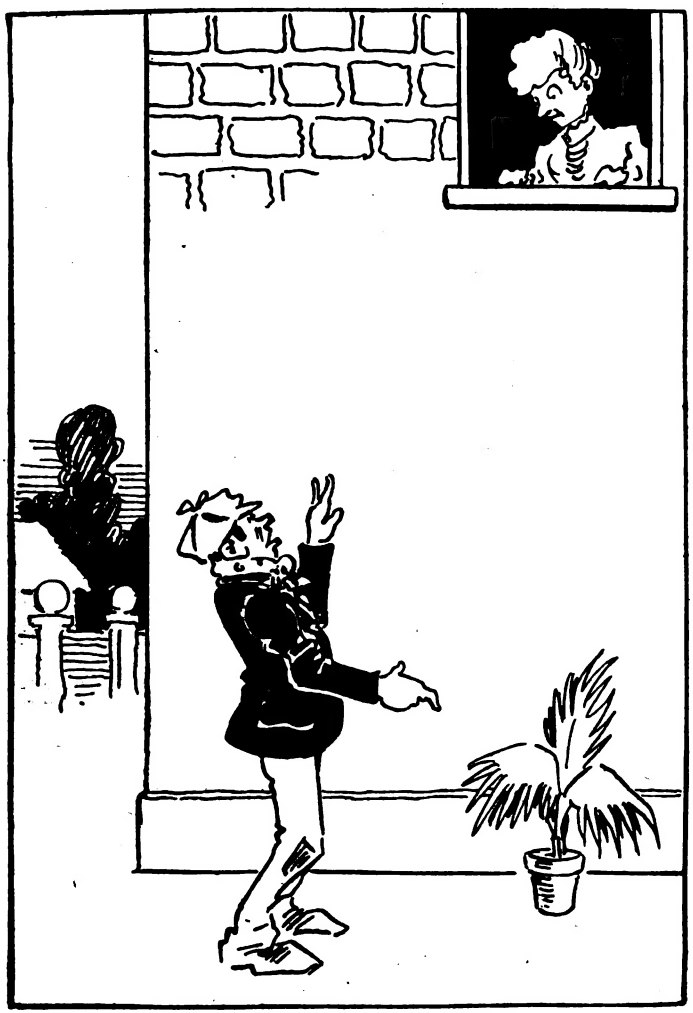
EFFECT OF A GENIAL SPRING



"All a-blowing and a-growing! 'Ave a nice palm for the parlour, lidy?"

"Are you *sure* it's growing?"

"Well, just look at it since we've been a-talking, lidy!"

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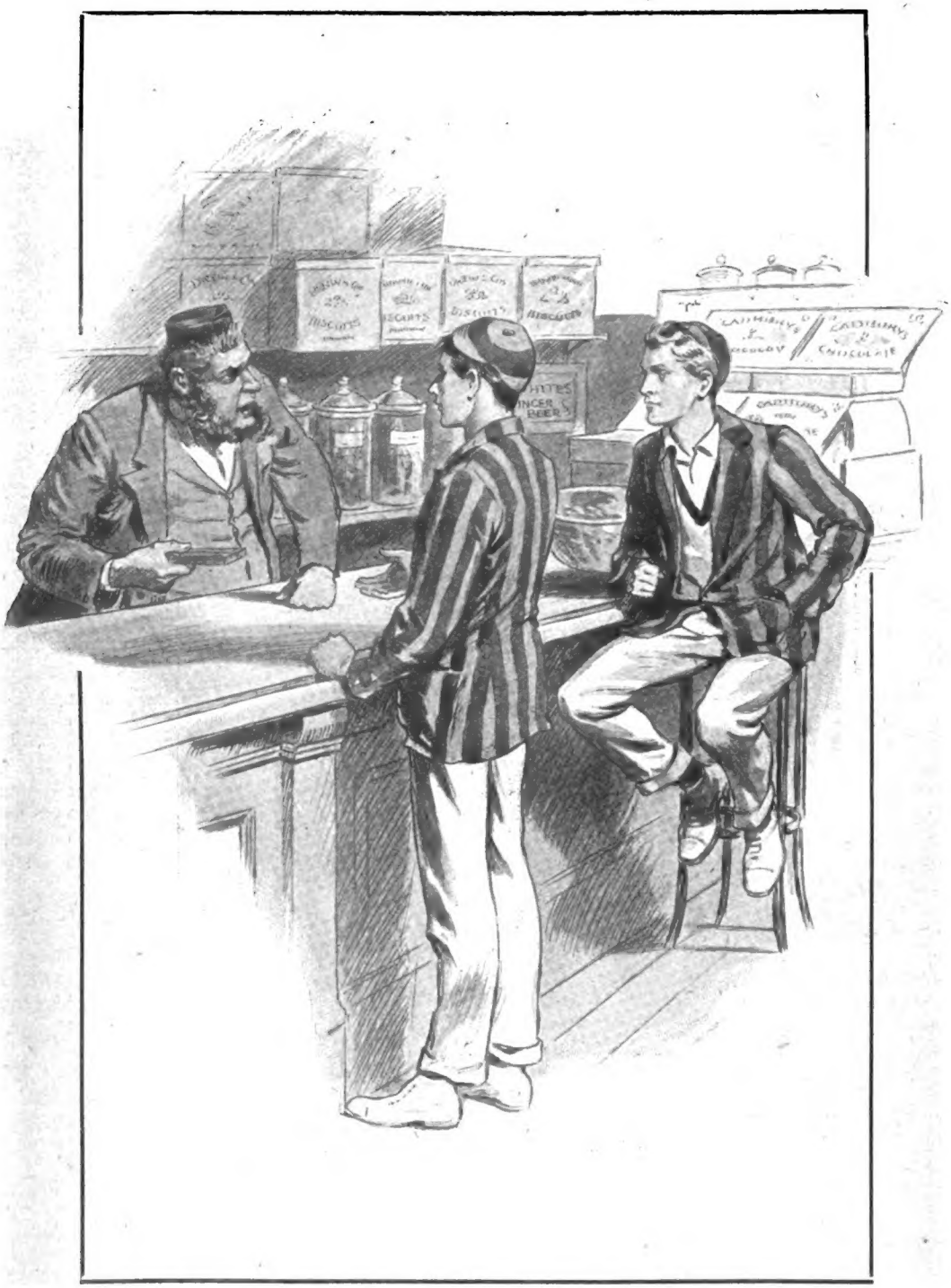

"THERE YOU ARE, MASTER SIMSON. TWO PACKETS FOR SIXPENCE. BUT GIVE ME THE SIXPENCE FIRST."

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THE TWINS OF TENDRING

A Public School Story

By Captain CHARLES GILSON

Author of "The Lost Column"

CHAPTER I.

THE TWINS—AND POTTS.

THIS story concerns chiefly four persons, if we count the Siamese Twins as one, and begins at the opening of the summer term.

Temple One was Head of the House, and a great deal else besides; and Temple Two, in the reflected light of his brother's glory, wore his collars too high for comfort and his cap at the back of his head.

The new boy sat on a box, with his heart filled with misgivings, and his mouth with Buzzard cake. He was a little fellow, pale and delicate, with a pair of big, brown eyes and long, untidy hair. The corners of his mouth drooped slightly; he looked pensive—in spite of the cake—a little neglected and more than a little sad. That morning, in lacing his boots, he had disregarded at least a third of the hooks and holes; the broken laces were tied together in knots.

The juniors stood about the common room in groups, comparing holiday experiences and discussing the prospects—cricket and otherwise, but mostly cricket—of the opening term. The room was full of talk and laughter; but the new boy was all alone.

Temple Two entered, arm-in-arm with the Rat. The Rat and Temple Two were inseparables: it was they who were called the Siamese Twins. They sat together at the bottom of the same form, the Lower Fourth, beyond the range of the eye of Mr. Wilberforce, of whom a certain amount anon. When times were hard, they divided their pocket-money; they had even been known to split a strawberry ice. The secretary of cricket had learnt to his cost the fatal error of putting them down on opposite sides in the senior games: they made it a principle to bowl each other half-volleys, and on one occasion when Temple had given an easy chance to mid-on that a first-form boy could have caught with his eyes shut, the Rat obstructed the fielder and Temple got fifty not out. At football they played half-back for the house, and their combination was superb.

The Siamese Twins approached the new boy, sitting alone, wistfully nibbling cake. And this, so to speak, is the "kick-off" of the story, except that as yet we know barely enough about the twins.

The Rat had few personal advantages—his nickname alone should inform the reader of that. But the younger Temple was quite a dog in his way; and, besides, the reflected glory added a charm of its own. It seemed to give additional gloss to his collar. It was as if even his trousers had been pressed under the weight of his brother's importance. Altogether, the entrance of Temple Two was a great event. He was received with more than a tinge of respect by every one—under five feet four, that is; and even the new boy, though he knew not why, got nervously on to his feet.

"Are you the new boy?" asked Temple Two in his most superior way.

Any stranger might easily have known as much. Temple Two stammered a little and spoke very fast to hide it, running all his words into one. As for the new boy, he tried to say "Yes" and failed.

"What's your name?" asked the Rat.

"Potts."

The Twins shuddered, and the Rat collapsed forthwith into the arms of Temple Two.

"The name of the new boy is Pott," announced Temple Two at the top of his voice, still supporting the Rat in his arms.

"Potts," corrected the Rat, in a weak and delicate voice.

"Pardon—plural," said Temple politely. "Play cricket?" he added, whipping round upon Potts.

The new boy was going from white to red

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and from red to white with almost incredible rapidity.

"A little," he faltered.

"How many balls in an over?"

Potts hesitated.

"Four—fi—*six!*" the new boy murmured, as if the last thing on earth he desired was to have a word of it heard.

THE RAT COLLAPSED FORTHWITH INTO THE ARMS OF TEMPLE TWO.

"Right," said the Rat. "Four, five, or six, or, in exceptional cases, seven. According to whether or not the umpire wants his tea. What's a 'no ball'?"

"I know what a 'no ball' is," said Potts, gaining a little courage. "That's when the bowler puts his foot over the crease."

"My word," exclaimed Temple, "fancy knowing that! Play football?"

"I wasn't allowed to at my last school."

"Why not?"

"I had pneumonia."

"The sort of thing a fellow with a name like Potts *would* get. Do you suffer from it still?"

"No. I'm cured."

"Has it left any marks?"

Potts smiled.

"Pneumonia doesn't leave any marks," he said.

And at that they left the new boy to himself, less at ease than before.

Temple Two and the Rat were a difficult couple to match. They were never guilty of bullying, in the coarser sense of the word; but they possessed a positive genius for more subtle forms of persecution, which they were wont to practise with great effect upon their form-master, the Reverend Mr. Wilberforce, Master of all the Arts save that of managing boys; a gentleman better gifted by nature to tend the spiritual wants of the aged inhabitants of some secluded hamlet than to direct the intellectual efforts of the Lower Fourth, the most uproarious form in the whole of Tendring School. He was good-natured, trusting, and credulous, and the Siamese Twins were a very great thorn in his side.

They flooded the form-room with beetles and assisted the innocent Mr. Wilberforce to stamp the vermin out. They burnt sulphur on the tortoise stove and complained of the most obnoxious smell. They chewed gum and spread the disgusting substance from desk to desk in a perfect net-work of almost invisible threads, so that in course of time they completely ruined the reverend gentleman's clothes. It was Temple who conceived the idea of calling their form-master "Teacher;" and nothing annoyed him more. On one occasion, when Mr. Wilberforce was demonstrating on the

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blackboard a simple problem in algebra for the sole benefit of the Twins, he was interrupted by Temple persistently snapping his fingers and holding his hand in the air.

"What is it?" cried Mr. Wilberforce testily. "What is it, Temple? What do you want?"

"Please, Teacher," said Temple, indicating the Rat and actually feigning tears. "Please, Teacher, this boy kicked me."

On that particular occasion Temple Two went before the headmaster, and was caned. Mr. Wilberforce was not wholly gullible, though Temple could do a good deal.

Temple Two took canings from both masters and prefects with equal unconcern. If he feared any one, he feared his brother, the head of French's House. An exceedingly fast bowler, who could break a stump as soon as look at it and send a bail a distance of fifty yards, was a formidable man with a cane. But the Siamese Twins, as often as not, were more than a match even for Temple One.

The elder Temple endeavoured to rule the house conscientiously, but his heart was in games and nothing more. If he succeeded in bringing all the cups to French's, he imagined he had done the bulk of his duty as head. On this account he was inclined to favour those who had colours or who played for the house. At both cricket and football the Twins were a most indispensable pair—and they knew it. It was there that the root of the trouble lay.

There was once a disturbance in the common room, and Temple One came in from his study, red in the face with anger.

"Who's making this row?" he demanded.

No one answered.

"It's you two," he let out, facing round upon the Rat and his brother, who were diligently reading out of a single book, which, by the way, he failed to notice they were holding upside down.

"*Us!*" exclaimed the Twins, so totally taken aback that grammar was a matter of no account, "*Us?*"

"What do you mean by it?"

Temple One could be stern on such occasions as this.

"*Mean by it!*" echoed the Twins.

"Don't answer me! What do you mean by it, I say?"

The Twins were rigidly silent; no power on earth could now induce them to speak.

Temple One grasped their meaning in a flash. He heard suppressed tittering all around him. They were making a fool of him before the whole common room: and that was more than a man who had played for his county at cricket could be expected to stand. If the truth be told he lost his temper at once, and snatching the book out of their hands, he threw it hard at their heads. (We will not defend Temple One: it was a most undignified thing for the head of the house to do.) The book would have struck the Rat in the face had he not raised an arm to protect himself and warded it off with his thumb.

"Oh!" groaned the Rat, "my thumb's broken. Oh! what ex-cru-cia-ting pain!"

"A cold water bandage. Quick!" cried Temple Two, looking extremely alarmed and hurrying out of the room.

The head of the house looked round and scowled, conscious that he had restored order somewhat to the detriment of his own prestige. So he went back to his study without another word and violently slammed the door.

It was thus that the Twins invariably proved a thorn in the side of Temple One.

From time immemorial the School House had been "cock house" at Tendring School, but now Temple One could say with Voltaire, "Nous avons changé tout cela."

Temple was a born athlete. At the sports he had carried off the Athletic Shield, winning the hundred, quarter and hurdles, the last in the most approved and finished style. At football, as a fast wing three-quarter, he invariably scored, in the words of the school magazine, "after a characteristic run;" that is to say, he secured the ball on his own three-quarter line, tucked it under his arm, threw back his head and went like the wind to the other end of the ground, amid deafening cheers and a perfect hailstorm of small boys' caps, cast heedlessly into the air. He was an all-round cricketer of very exceptional powers; a hard-hitting bat with strokes all round the wicket, and a fast bowler who could put cold fear into the shin-bones of even the veterans who came down with the M.C.C. During the Easter holidays, on the strength of his bowling average at the end of the season before, he had played in his county trial match; and every Tendringite had read with pride and pleasure how Temple One had bowled the county out.

Needless to say, he was the backbone of French's; and at cricket, football, athletics, shooting and fives, the school house went down before the smaller house, thanks chiefly to Temple, though it must be confessed that the Siamese Twins had something to do with it, too.

French's, not content with winning the cups, were fully determined to hold them. The Rat

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and the younger Temple were the self-constituted kings of the common room. They managed a world of matters that the prefects never dreamed of in their philosophy. Every new boy was coached on the quiet, according to methods devised by the Siamese Twins. When a new boy showed signs of keenness he was taken out and bowled at by the Rat and Temple Two; and no matter how he happened to shape, they made it a principle never to show they were pleased.

"You've got a lot to learn before you can play for the house," was as often as not the verdict of this extraordinary pair.

This much most boys were only too ready to learn, and they usually came to the great school with more than a grounding of how to handle a bat. But this was far from being the case with Potts. The little fellow's life at a preparatory school had been sadly hampered by ill-health. His parents were in India, and he had been left to the care of a guardian, a distinguished man-about-town, who thought more of the fit of his coat than of his ward, and who had been only too glad to hand him on to an aunt. This aunt was a widowed lady of limited means who had more children of her own than she could rightly manage, and young Potts from his earliest days had always been very much in the way. And he was of the kind that felt it. Hence the drooping corners of his mouth and the ruffled hair, to say nothing of the bootlaces; for, to the true observer of human nature, even bootlaces are able to speak for themselves. His parents he could never remember; his guardian he had never liked. He was of a sensitive, affectionate nature, timid and shy. But all this was altogether beyond the ken of the masterful Siamese Twins. They had a fixed idea of "kids," who could as a rule be governed by one unchangeable mode; but Potts was a thing apart. They told him that his presence in French's was like a spot in the sun or a wart on the beauteous face of Venus de Medici, though they had only the haziest notion as to who that lady was. Indeed, they christened him "the Wart" on the very day he arrived; and then they left him, at least for the first few days of the term.

Potts went to the Lower Fourth, and though considerably younger than either the Rat or Temple Two, soon showed that he was more than likely to come out top of the form. But this troubled the Twins not at all. In their eyes public schools were originally instituted for cricket; and work was a secondary matter, really of no account. Potts could be top of the Lower Fourth, if it pleased him. But Mr. Wilberforce was a master after the hearts of the Twins, and consequently they preferred the Lower Fourth to the Upper Fourth, the master of which had played for Ireland at football and was likely to prove equal to the task of repressing their natural mirth. It was the utter incompetence of Potts at all games that most distressed the Twins, and caused them despair even. It was not that the little fellow did not try. He did—with all his might and main. But there was no more cricket in him than in a cockroach; and as for football, a single glance would have shown one he had neither the strength nor health. Yet, day after day, at the house net, he stood up nobly to the bowling of Temple Two and the Rat. They clean bowled him on an average of once an over; and if he hit the ball at all, as likely as not he put up a catch.

In time, however, this conscientious couple taught even Potts to play forward with a straight bat and to keep his right foot firm, until at last Potts showed signs of improving, and it appeared possible that in years to come he might even play for the house. But that would be after the Twins had gone out, hand in hand, to try their luck in the world. So, at least, it seemed at the time; but it happened that in this matter of Potts and the house eleven, Fate held a surprise in store.

CHAPTER II.

THE DEFEAT OF WILKINS'—AND THE RESULT.

IT was the arrangement at Tendring School that the house matches should be played off in the middle of the term, so that they might not clash with the form cup matches which took place towards the end.

In the first round, French's were drawn a bye. In the second, they had to meet Wilkins', a most inferior house, who by some manner of means had managed to defeat Crowshaw's, a strong batting side whom French's had had a reason to fear. But these gentlemen had all fallen easy victims to a certain slow bowler who throughout the term had been steadily bowling himself towards the school eleven, and there is no doubt of the fact that, had he come off against French's, Temple and Hewitt, the captain of the School XI would have tried him against the I Zingari team the following week.

However, he did not come off, and this again was mainly due to Temple himself. A full account of the match is to be found in the school magazine. The Twins went in first

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together and played very sound and careful cricket, and twenty was up on the board before the younger Temple was nicely caught in the slips. Cunningham followed next and did nothing; but the head of the house, going in second wicket down, played out the day with the Rat. The Rat's sixty, according to the school magazine, was a very creditable affair, and led, as will be seen, to his first eleven colours, much to the delight of his *fidus Achates*, in whom no spark of jealousy was to be seen, in spite of the fact that it had been popularly thought that Temple Two would gain his colours first.

Be that as it may, the feature of the match was the innings of Temple One. Time and again he moved out five yards from his block and, taking the slow bowler before he had time to break, drove him out of the ground.

They tried fast bowlers and fast medium bowlers, bowlers that broke from the off and bowlers that broke from the leg, and bowlers that never broke at all and never would, though they bowled to the crack of doom; Hume-Williams, of the Modern Remove, even went on with lobs. But Temple One treated them all in a spirit of supreme contempt. He was seized with a mania to hit. They could pitch a ball nowhere that he could not half-volley, unless they bumped it down in the middle of the pitch; whereupon Temple deliberately put his left leg in front of the wicket and smacked it round to leg. At the end of his innings they carried him into the pavilion, for he had broken all previous cup-match records with a score of a hundred and eighty-two. It is worthy of note, in the face of what is to follow, that it was the new boy, Potts, who bore the most of his weight.

As for the two innings of Wilkins' house, the less said about them the better. The Temples shared the bowling, though Temple Two was now and again relieved by the Rat. Temple Two had a wonderful action, and it was mostly that, plus the reflected glory, that frightened his victims out. He appealed in a very loud voice, and as often as not the Rat, even though he were fielding at deep square leg, echoed his words in a claim for a leg before. This moral support was colossal, though by no means pleasing to the sporting instincts of the magnanimous Temple One, who spoke severely to his brother more than once in the course of the match. The Rat was a crafty bowler, and he broke a lot from the off. He usually wore the sleeve of his shirt hanging over his hand; and when he had beaten the batsman he regarded him out of the corner of a pair of exceedingly foxy eyes, with craned neck, as if he were trying to catch any *sotto voce* observation that might have fallen from the batsman's lips.

Though the Siamese Twins between them satisfactorily managed to keep down the runs, it was the man who had bowled out the county who captured the majority of the wickets. After his 182, Temple's bowling on the second day of the match was hardly up to the mark. But the third day found him fresh, and, to cut the story short, Wilkins' went out for a hundred and two, and in their second venture scored only seventy-four; which means that Temple One in a single innings had beaten them off his own bat.

French's were now in the final, and had to meet the School House two weeks later; and it is the history of those two weeks that is here set carefully down.

The School House were not to be despised. They had a strong batting side throughout, and every member of their team had either first, second or third colours—a thing of which French's were never able to boast. Hewitt, their captain, was the best bat in the school. Though he had not Temple's hitting powers, he was a far sounder bat. He was going up to the 'Varsity with a Balliol scholarship, and was certain to get his "Blue." His century against the M.C.C., with two well-known county bowlers against him, had been the finest thing of the year. French's would need to put their best foot forward to win.

Potts had witnessed the Wilkins match from the very first ball to the last; and no one who watched his face could doubt that the little fellow was keen. While Temple was making his runs, Potts had hung upon every stroke; and whenever the ball went out of the ground, he ran eagerly off to fetch it, cheering and clapping his hands, and came back, out of breath with excitement, to take his place again on a bench full of juniors and feast his eyes once more upon Temple One.

At the end of that glorious day the Rat and the younger Temple came into the common room flannelled and flushed and hot.

"Bravo, Temple! Bravo, Simson! Well played!" cried Potts, with admiration in every word, and even forgetting himself so far as to slap the Rat on the back.

The Rat liked it, evidently, for he smiled self-consciously and lifted a crafty eye to the cup.

Temple Two got on to a chair and took down

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the silver trophy, an act of sheer profanity that was distinctly never allowed.

The room was full of juniors. A dangerous sense of merriment already was in the air.

"Rat," said Temple Two, "we ought to celebrate the happy event, and pass a bumper round."

SUGGESTIONS CAME FROM EVERYWHERE.

This was the beginning of things.

The various spokesmen in the following dialogue were exceedingly hard to place. Indeed, the truth will never be known. The suggestions came from here, there and everywhere, and as often as not from the very back of the room.

FIRST VOICE: "Can't we fill the cup with ginger beer?"

SECOND VOICE: "And drink a toast?"

THIRD VOICE: "Let's have a toast."

FOURTH VOICE: "Down with the School House and up with Temple One."

SEVERAL VOICES: "Hurrah!"

POTTS' VOICE (*distinctly*): "Hurrah!"

FIFTH VOICE: "Who's got any ginger beer?"

UNKNOWN VOICE: "Why not beer?"

Here followed a very dramatic pause.

ANOTHER UNKNOWN VOICE: "*Wine?*"

Another dramatic pause.

SEVERAL UNKNOWN VOICES (*simultaneously*): "Sherry. Port. Champagne."

The common room now was a perfect babel of sound, and when it subsided the matter seemed to be settled in the minds of them all. It was Temple Two who dealt with the question in a purely practical light.

"Who's going to pay for it?" he asked.

"All of us," said the Rat. "And here's one-and-threepence towards the fund."

Temple Two had only fourpence, but he gladly gave it all. The others followed suit; all save Potts, who held back in evident alarm.

"Where shall we get it?"

"Cooper's Stores. They sell sherry, and they won't split."

"Who'll get it?"

Here was a poser. But Temple Two again proved equal to the occasion.

"Let's draw lots," he suggested.

The idea met with approval. The Siamese Twins superintended. They wrote the names of all the common room boys on little slips of paper, and these they folded carefully and shook up in a hat. To do them justice, the thing was fairly done; but Fate is a heartless rogue.

"Now, who's going to draw?" asked the Rat.

No one answered. Past a doubt they all realised they were acting rashly and wrongly.

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They had no taste for sherry—least of all a grocer's brand. They had proposed the thing in a heated moment, never thinking that the wild, thoughtless scheme could ever assume a practicable shape. But Temple Two had taken the matter seriously. The die was cast. Yet, had it not been for the Twins, there was not a boy in the room, save those two worthies themselves, who then and there would not have gladly withdrawn his name from the fatal hat with the second eleven ribbon that belonged to Temple Two. Albeit, their philosophy taking the form of "in for a penny in for a pound," they said nothing and even tried to smile.

"Who's going to draw?" repeated the Rat.

Temple Two glanced round the room, and his eye fell upon little Potts.

"Potts," said Temple Two.

"No, Temple, no," cried Potts, shaking and white in the face. "Really, Temple. Really, I'd rather not."

"Don't be a fool," said Temple. "What difference can it make who draws?"

"Oh!" Potts almost groaned. "There'll be an awful row. And to get to Cooper's you've got to go out of bounds."

"Well, you little idiot, that won't hurt you."

"But it will," expostulated Potts. "I should hate to get a chap into a row; and it *would* be my fault, because I had drawn his name. Oh, don't let's draw at all, Temple! Don't let's do it, Rat—that is, Simson. Let's fill the cup with ginger beer."

There was a half audible cry of approval. The whole common room were with Potts in the spirit, though they had not the moral courage to openly show as much. Potts was in the lists, as it were, single-handed, against the redoubtable Siamese Twins. And it even looked for a moment as if Potts would win the day.

A big boy, called Marlow, who had been lukewarm from the start, alone had the courage to speak.

"I think, Temple," he said, "that ginger beer will do as well. We might *imagine* it's beer."

"I—I read in the paper the other day," faltered poor Potts, sticking grandly to his guns, "that the King said he would feel just as honoured if officers in the army drank his health in water as in wine. And this, it seems to me," he concluded a little weakly, "is much the same sort of thing."

"By Jove!" cried Marlow, "I never thought of that."

The day for Potts was practically won. In which case the Siamese Twins were worsted, a thing they never allowed.

"Potts," said the Rat, "what else could the King have said?"

"He would not have said so if he had not meant it," said Potts. And several "Hear-hears" went floating about the room.

The Rat explained matters in a few well-chosen words.

"The King is full of tact," said he. "Had he openly disapproved of his health being drunk in water, every teetotaler in England would have got on to his hind legs and talked anarchy and treason. No, Potts, there's a sentiment attached to toasting that the Hyde Park orators, and I am afraid you, too, Potts, are not able to understand. It is a well-known fact that to drink a health in water brings bad luck instead of good. And if we are going to christen the cup with ginger beer we had better do nothing at all. Now, then, hands up any one who is against it."

Only one hand was raised nervously into the air; the owner of that hand was little Potts. True, Marlow slowly half-raised his, but when he saw that he and Potts were to be alone, he brought it quickly down.

The Rat smiled. Figuratively speaking, Potts was floored in the mid-arena, and the Rat stood over him, his head held proudly in the air and his foot on Potts' chest. The Twins had won the day.

"Potts," said Temple Two, "draw."

Potts approached, glancing nervously into the faces of the boys on either side. Half-way there he stopped, but Marlow, the boy who had supported him in a weak, half-hearted manner, pushed him roughly on.

He came up to the table, looking thinner and whiter than ever. Temple Two held out the hat.

Potts thrust in a hand and took out a slip of paper, as a man will snatch a red hot coal from a grate, but he had not the pluck to open it. He threw it on to the table, and forthwith rushed away to the other end of the room.

It was the Rat who picked it up.

There was a most immoderate silence for a junior common room in a house at a public school. One could have heard a pin drop.

The Rat unfolded the slip. They heard the paper crackle; and then the Rat read out the name.

"*POTTS.*"

No one spoke. They all turned to the little fellow at the other end of the room. He was seated on his box with his face in both his hands. Comedy had turned to Tragedy so soon.

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CHAPTER III.

POTTS PASSES.

THERE was probably not a boy in the room who would not have preferred to break out of bounds himself than entrust the matter to Potts. There was nothing about Potts that suggested the desperado. He lacked experience in such escapades as this. If he should come by chance face to face with a master he would certainly lack deceit. He would probably drop the bottles and lose the sherry, like little George Osborne at Dr. Swishtail's school in *Vanity Fair*. It was a most unfortunate thing for all concerned that Potts had had the misfortune to draw his own name from the hat. No one had confidence in him, and he certainly had none in himself. Yet, it is the custom with boys, as it is with Nihilists, Mahommedans, astrologers and a great many more besides, to bow serenely to Fate. Potts had drawn the fatal lot; and as far as Potts was concerned, the Ides of March were come.

Not that there was any enthusiasm left in the whole affair. Not one of the boys in his heart of hearts now thought it worth the candle, not even the Siamese Twins. Yet they all knew better than to show as much. It had become an affair of honour, purely because to smuggle grocer's sherry into the house was an exceedingly dangerous thing to do.

Temple Two, in his day, had been a notorious breaker of bounds. On one occasion he had been addressed by the house master before the whole of the house, and publicly told that if he was again caught out of bounds that term, he would be handed over to the mercy of the prefects for the greatest flogging a Tendring boy had ever received, which in the days of Doctor Carberry was a thing to be truly feared.

And Temple Two broke out of bounds that very same afternoon; not because he had any ostensible cause to do so, but simply because he wished to show he *dared*. He was a kind of juvenile Nelson, with a cloven hoof and a tail.

The self-same British spirit, or call it what you will, was now at the root of the project for christening the cricket cup. It was useless, they knew, to resist it. Though none of them wanted to drink for the sake of drinking, there was a danger signal ahead, especially so since the responsibility rested mainly with no more capable a villain than Potts; and to turn back would be to show the white feather, which, in their eyes, would be a disgrace almost equal to that of losing the final match.

To get to Cooper's Stores it was necessary to cross the school grounds and leave by the northern gate, beyond Bates's tool-house and the water-jump. It was an especially dangerous route, since the Stores were situated a few doors from a house inhabited by several bachelor masters, some of whom might be coming back from the nets. Also, it was still bright daylight, though there was little or no time to lose, it being but twenty minutes to lock-up. In short, it wanted an expert—a Temple Two or a Rat—to carry the matter through; and Potts in matters of wickedness was less than a babe in arms.

The Twins, on behalf of the rest, went so far as to escort Potts over the playing-fields, giving him detailed instructions the while. They told him to turn his house cap inside out when he asked for the sherry at Cooper's Stores; what to say if he met a prefect or master, and how to hide the bottles as he returned. They also told him exactly how to elude the bachelor masters' house. By which time they were come to the cricket pavilion, and as they passed, Hewitt, Logan and Temple One came down the pavilion steps. These were the school cricket committee, evidently fresh from debate. Temple One eyed them carefully. He looked surprised, as, indeed, he had need to be, for Potts was a strange and unusual companion for the Twins.

The three younger boys came to a stop under the eye of the powers that were; and Temple Two nonchalantly whistled a tune, or rather what he was pleased to consider as such. Conscious of their own guilt, they thought they read suspicion in the eye of the head of the house, and this grew to a certainty when Temple One passed the pavilion rails and walked deliberately up to the Rat.

"Simson," said Temple One, "I congratulate you. You have got your colours," and he held out his hand.

"You mean——" faltered the Rat.

"Yes," said the head. "On the strength of your play in the house match, we have decided to give you your colours. We hope it will give you confidence against the I Z.s on Saturday."

"I congratulate you," said Hewitt. Logan shook hands haughtily, and then walked haughtily on, with Hewitt on one side of him and Temple One on the other—a truly haughty trio, as they had very good reason to be. Indeed, for the zenith of general haughtiness we commend the reader to the cricket committee of any public school. They are great men, and they know it. They hold in the palms of their hands a matter equal to life and death—the giving of colours, the gaining of

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which is the only acknowledged aim of every healthy British boy.

The three great men crossed the cricket ground, and on the way inspected the pitch. The three sinners stood under the pavilion, well in the shade, as sinners should surely be.

"Rat," said Temple Two, "we must get this sherry at any cost. There's another toast to drink."

"It's awfully good of you to say so, Little One," modestly answered the Rat. "I never thought I'd get my colours before you—I wish you'd got yours too; but it's ripping to think of, and we'll have a hefty time to-night if all goes well."

The Rat got this off with hardly a pause for breath. But it is not easy to gain one's colours and remain completely calm.

The Rat was flustered, and so was his friend, for he shared the success of the Rat. In truth, it was a most distracting moment, and Potts was flustered too. They both shook hands with the Rat.

All this punctilious ceremony was a pitiful waste of time, and the Rat himself was the first to remember the reprehensible scheme in hand.

"Get off, young Potts," he exclaimed. "You've only just got time."

"Now?" asked Potts, more than ever loath to go.

"This instant! Be quick! You'll be late for lock-up unless you run."

Potts paused for a moment, taking a long breath, like a man about to dive into ice-cold water. Then he set off as fast as his short and slender legs could carry him, and left the school grounds by the northern gate.

The Twins, arm in arm, went back to French's house, their innocent breasts heaving, howbeit imperceptibly, with mingled emotions; their hearts full of pride and gladness that the Rat could now wear the First Eleven cap, and at the same time more than a little anxious that their fates, and the fate of every boy in French's junior common room, hung upon so slight a thread as the inexperienced Potts.

On their way they met their form-master, Mr. Wilberforce, and in spite of all that moved them they felt constrained to "pull his leg." This was one of the many temptations the Twins could never resist.

They both respectfully raised their caps.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said Temple Two, "but could you please direct us to the swimming-bath?"

Mr. Wilberforce regarded them both from over the top of his pince-nez. They looked completely serious, and yet they were stretching his powers of credulity almost to breaking-point.

"Really, Temple," he answered, "I can't believe that after all the time you and Simson have been in the school you don't even know where the swimming-bath is!"

"We *did* know, sir," briefly replied the Rat, "but we've both forgotten."

"How *very* extraordinary!" the simple-hearted master exclaimed.

"Isn't it, sir! very extraordinary!" echoed the Twins, with never the ghost of a smile.

"Dear me!" said Mr. Wilberforce, with something akin to a sigh, and then he raised his stick and pointed across the grounds. "There is the swimming-bath, Temple," said he. "That red brick building you can see through the leaves of the trees. Next to the fives courts."

"And are those really the fives courts!" exclaimed the younger Temple, regarding the low-lying buildings in question in much the same manner as Chistopher Columbus must have cast his eyes upon land.

"Yes," said Mr. Wilberforce, beaming. "Those, Temple, are the fives courts."

Temple Two thereupon turned to the Rat.

"Just think of that, Simson," he exclaimed.

Still the Rat never smiled, though at the time he was actually calling to mind how Temple Two and his brother had won the fives cup for French's.

But Mr. Wilberforce knew nothing of such matters. He was aware of the fact that boys played games, and seemed to approve that they should, but beyond that he knew next to nothing at all. One of the standing jokes of the school was to see this absent-minded pastor cross the cricket ground on the day of a first eleven match. On one occasion he actually marched between the wickets reading, with an opened book in his hand, to the utter amazement of the members of the M.C.C., who were in the field at the time, and Hewitt, who was making the famous century, mentioned before.

At that they both solemnly and respectfully took off their caps, and their eyes were moist from a feeling of gratitude that their hearts had not the power to restrain.

Before they could arrive at French's, they were obliged to pass the tuck-shop, and this was another of the many temptations that the Twins could never resist.

"Biscuits," observed the Rat, with the same far-away look he had seen fit to assume on the occasion when he suffered martyrdom, both physical and moral, on behalf of Temple One.

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"Biscuits," echoed his *alter ego*, with something approaching a sigh.

And there the matter remained, the truth of it being that four hands, thrust deep into four trousers' pockets, found their search fruitless.

The tuck-shop was an excellent institution presided over by one Rogers, a gentleman who closely resembled the late Mr. Paul Kruger, lame of a leg, and a trifle over seventy inches round the waist. The resemblance was more than facial, for Rogers, like President Kruger, was more than a little *slim—slim* being the Dutch for *sly*. But, as the reader will shortly note, the Twins were *slim*-mer still.

They entered the tuck-shop arm-in-arm. Rogers was resting after the labours of the day. He wore a little pork-pie cap on the top of his head, and was seated upon a very small stool, where he somewhat resembled a very large drum on a pea. In the centre of the counter was a big glass bowl, half-filled with that excellent brand of biscuit known as *Petit Beurre*.

Just for a moment, though nothing to mention, the eyes of the Twins rested upon this one particular bowl.

"Evening, Rogers," nodded the Rat in quite a casual way.

"Good ev'ning, Master Simson. Haven't seen you for a long time."

"Because you won't give me tick, Rogers."

"No, that I won't. You an' Master Temple owes me too much a'ready."

"But we always pay," pleaded Temple.

"Yes," Rogers was forced to admit. "I'll do you that justice, you allus pays—when you can."

"Oh, we are distinctly honourable," observed the Rat. "Honour is essentially necessary to our very existence."

"Very nicely expressed," said Temple.

Paul Kruger smiled and, folding his arms, which resembled a pair of bolsters, leaned forward upon the counter. It was a wonder the counter never collapsed, for Rogers weighed about twenty stone.

"I reckerlect the time, Master Simson, when you stole a whole plateful o' jam sandwidges, an' I never knowed nothink about it."

And Paul Kruger burst into fits of laughter, until what has been above referred to as his "waist" shook like a shaped blanc-mange.

"But, where you was honest," he added, "was in coming ter me more'n a month afterwards and not only telling of me wot you'd done, but *payin'* me, Master Simson, *payin'* me for every sandwidge you said you'd took."

"Ah, we are as honest as the day," said Temple Two.

"You is," owned Rogers. "You both is."

"Of course we is," observed the Rat. "And, Rogers, we want you to extend our credit to the tune of a humble tanner. We'll pay you on Saturday probably—probably not so soon."

But here, all the mirth went suddenly out of Kruger's face. He had changed in a trice from Bacchus to the image of mighty Jove.

"No more, Master Simson. Not a cent more, as I'm a livin' man. You owe me now, as I was a-telling you, more'n you both can afford to pay."

"But, Rogers, I've just got my cricket colours."

"Have you?"

"As I'm a living boy."

"An' wot's that got ter to do with it?"

"My governor'll give me a quid."

"Then, Master Simson, I'll wait till he does."

The Rat was truly pained. He spoke as if he was hurt.

"Rogers," he said, "you don't trust me?"

"I'll trust yer for wot you've got, Master Simson; but I'm not a-goin' ter trust you for wot you hasn't."

"Oh, Rogers, *do* trust me for what I hasn't."

"*By Jove!*" suddenly let out Temple Two, as if he had sat on a pin.

"What is it?" exclaimed the Rat.

Temple's hand was deep in his trouser pocket, and his face was bright with glee.

"I've found sixpence!" he shouted.

"No?" echoed the Rat.

"I have. What, oh, what shall we eat?"

"If you've found sixpence," observed the worldly Rogers, "you'd better pay me a little bit o' wot you owes me."

"Rogers," remonstrated Temple, "you wouldn't do that—*with us*—with Mr. Simson and me! No, no; I can't believe, Rogers, you'd go as far as that."

"Well, sixpence ain't much," reflected Rogers, who felt himself reproached. "Wot is it you want?"

The Rat immediately cast his crafty eye around the room.

"Chocolates," he observed.

Whereupon Rogers produced several packets from a drawer under the counter. But this suited not at all the plan of the Rat.

"No, not those, Rogers. We want that kind, over there."

He indicated an open box on the other side of the room.

"Them?" asked Rogers.

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"Precisely," observed the Rat. "Them, as you say."

Now, to get "them" Rogers had to mount the stool, a task that, for a man of Rogers' bulk, was not without danger and difficulty and took a considerable time. At last, however, he captured the prize, and came again to the counter, very much out of breath.

"There you are, Master Simson. Two packets for sixpence. But give me the sixpence first."

This, of course, was part and parcel of the aforesaid *slim*-ness of Rogers. He would see the sixpence first.

But Temple Two had staggered slightly. He looked sick and faint. He even held to the Rat for support.

"Oh, it's cruel," he gasped. "Rat, old chap, it's killing, killing cruel!"

"What is?"

"The sixpence," he answered, with a tragic choke in his voice.

"What about the sixpence?"

The Rat himself was now alarmed and had gone a trifle pale.

Temple was silent. He evidently could not speak.

The Rat shook his comrade.

"Speak, man!" he cried. The last scene in Othello was nothing in drama to this. To read it correctly you must pronounce each spoken syllable separately and catch your breath at the end.

"What about the sixpence?"

"It's a button," groaned Temple. "It's only a button after all."

They sat down together, side by side, upon the wooden seat. They reminded the sensitive Rogers of a picture he had once seen of the two doomed young princes locked in the gloomy Tower. Each was evidently far too weak to stand.

"I suppose, Rogers," said the Rat, with his saddened, far-away look, "I suppose you don't happen to feel inclined to trust us?"

"No," said Rogers distinctly, "I don't."

It appears he was not so terribly sensitive after all.

"Ah, well," sighed the Rat, "I suppose we must be going."

"Ay, that you must," said Rogers, "or you'll both be late for lock-up."

They went to the door, arm-in-arm, a most disconsolate pair.

"Rogers," said Temple, sadly, "how old are you?"

"Sixty-one come next Christmas, Master Temple. And for why?"

"I was only wondering," answered Temple in a very dreamy voice. "Rat, when we are sixty-one we will both be broken and grey—and thin. I expect Rogers has had an exceptionally happy life, without worries or disappointments or anything in the way of a shock or blow."

"I've had to work hard for me livin', Master Temple," the worthy Rogers began, but Temple cut him short.

"Tut, tut, my good man. Do you call *this* working hard?" he answered, in his very lordliest way.

"You try sitting in this here shop for six hours a day," retorted Kruger indignantly.

"Let me try?" asked Temple sweetly.

Rogers smiled, and knowingly shook his head.

"I know better'n that," he observed. "Why, I'd just as soon shut up a cat in a dairy as leave one o' you two in charge here."

"Rogers," said Temple severely, "there are times for jesting. The present moment is hardly a suitable one. But, I think, Rat, we had better be going. Rogers is a worthy fellow—a *very* worthy fellow; but he has not that sympathetic nature that you and I are in need of just at present."

"*A worthy fellow*, indeed!" echoed the outraged Rogers. "Why, I'm old enough to be the grandfather of the two on you."

"Old enough," said Temple, even more sweetly than before, "but far too ugly, Rogers dear."

And at that they were gone, arm-in-arm, as ever, leaving the worthy Rogers fuming among his sweets.

No sooner were they outside than the Rat turned sharp to Temple.

"Did you do it?" he asked.

"With ease. In fact, while old Rogers was balancing himself on that stool, I could have cleared the shop."

"How much have you got?"

"As much as my pockets will hold."

"Good man! What of?"

"Biscuits. Cocoa-nut biscuits, mixed biscuits, and most kinds of biscuits in the left-hand pocket; the right is full of *Petit Beurre*. We owe Rogers eightpence, to be exact."

His friend said nothing, but held him more affectionately than ever by the arm. Thus they strolled towards their house.

And then the bell, which rings five minutes before lock-up, pealed out from the old school tower.

"Lock-up," said Temple.

"By the way," said the Rat, "I wonder if Potts is back?"

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CHAPTER IV.

THE SWORD OF DAMOCLES.

WHEN the Twins reached the common room, they found the news already there that the Rat had got his first. For all that, their reception was hardly as enthusiastic as it otherwise might have been, by dint of the fact that it wanted but two minutes before the house doors were shut—and Potts had not returned.

Every boy there was a little anxious, and they no longer saw any need to disguise the strong distaste they all had for the whole affair. Even the Twins themselves surrendered; and the Rat expressed two sentiments openly; firstly, that Potts would assuredly be caught, and, secondly, that the whole affair was "putrid," a word which, though not such a one as his seniors might have used in an equivalent situation, was at least extremely adequate, if metaphorical, and a better one than any the writer can call to mind. For though at the time it was first proposed the scheme had appealed to their heightened fancies in its most freshened and gaudy hues, it was already decayed and rotten and even a thing to shun. They were now more temperate and moderate; and this applies to even the Siamese Twins. They had taken a leap without looking, and in anxiety, if nothing more, were paying the penalty then.

They waited the strokes of the clock as a prisoner awaits his doom. The seconds dragged on and on, and seemed an interminable time. No one spoke, not even the Twins. The Rat was biting his thumbnail and Temple was tapping the ground with his heel.

At length, though they could not have waited a minute, Temple could stand it no longer. He got to his feet and went out of the room, without a word and without his cap, and walked briskly down to the garden gate.

The windows of French's junior common room were barred across. Indeed, all schoolrooms, studies and dormitories are merely a species of cage.

The Rat went to the window and looked out from between the bars. Thence he could see his friend, straining his eyes along the road, and by the aspect of Temple Two he judged there was no one in sight.

Yet humour never left the Rat. It was his great saving quality. It was the better part of his *ego*, and the rest was Temple Two.

"Is there any one coming, Sister Anne?" he cried between the bars.

And in spite of the extreme delicacy of the situation, Temple Two caught this spirit of mirth as he sauntered back from the gate.

"There is only an unwashed day-boy," he answered, "two cats and the village policeman in the whole of the rotten road. Rat, we're undone. The Ides of March are come."

"Give me a biscuit," demanded the Rat, slipping a hand between the bars.

Temple Two produced from his pocket a delectable *Petit Beurre*.

"It's like feeding a ferret," said he, as he gave it to the Rat.

"Little One," said the Rat, nibbling, "what has happened to Potts?"

"Fallen among masters or prefects," suggested his friend. "Potts is a thing of the past."

"I suppose he'll give the whole show away?" dolefully reflected the Rat.

"Doubtless"

"Then, I suppose, we'll all be for it."

"Precisely. As you tersely put it, Rat, we shall all be 'for it.'"

"Caned?"

"Caned by Carberry, I expect. As far as I am concerned, the thing has happened before."

"*Moi ossy*," observed the Rat, evidently under the impression that he was talking French.

"He might hand us over to the prefects," suggested the younger Temple, "in which case my own mother's son would probably have the honour of wielding the bamboo over our fragile forms. In the ordinary course of events I should prefer Carberry, but to-day my brother is probably tired."

"Supposing," said the Rat, "supposing we're expelled?"

Temple Two flushed a little, and then produced another *Petit Beurre*.

"That would be very unpleasant," he observed. "But they can't very well expel the lot of us," he added. "There is always safety in numbers. If they expel any one, they'll expel——"

But here they were interrupted by Mr. French, who had come to call the roll, a duty he generally left to one of his prefects. The Fates, however, were against the Twins this evening.

"Now then, Temple, come inside," said the house master. "Lock-up's gone."

Temple Two entered leisurely, humming

> We left the baby on the shore:
> A thing we had never done before.

The common room was filled with all the boys in the house, save the prefects—and little Potts, whose name, as luck would have it, was last upon the list.

Name after name was called, and each boy answered in turn.

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"Inskip." "Here, sir." "Davis." "Here, sir." "Potts."

A pause.

"Here, sir."

Mr. French closed the book and then looked up. The voice had come from the very back of the room. The master's eyes went quickly round the faces of the boys.

"Potts?" he repeated.

No answer.

Mr. French had guessed the truth.

"Who answered for Potts?" he demanded.

There was another, and a considerably longer, pause.

"Simson, did you anwser for Potts?"

The Rat uneasily fingered his second eleven cap, and then looked somewhat disconsolately round the room.

"Yes, sir," he got out.

"What do you mean by doing such a thing?" The tone of Mr. French's voice was distinctly severe. "How dare you?"

The Rat evidently had no idea how it was he had dared. He seemed to regret that he had.

"You will write me five hundred lines."

Mr. French was about to leave the common room, when he was met by Bucketts, who came in with an imbecile grin.

Bucketts called the boys in the morning and cleaned the boots and knives at French's. In fact, he cleaned so many things, and was so heartily sick of cleaning altogether, that he never on principle cleaned himself. Bucketts was all wrists and elbows; the former extended for inches beyond the ends of his sleeves, and the latter came through in the middle in a very obtrusive way.

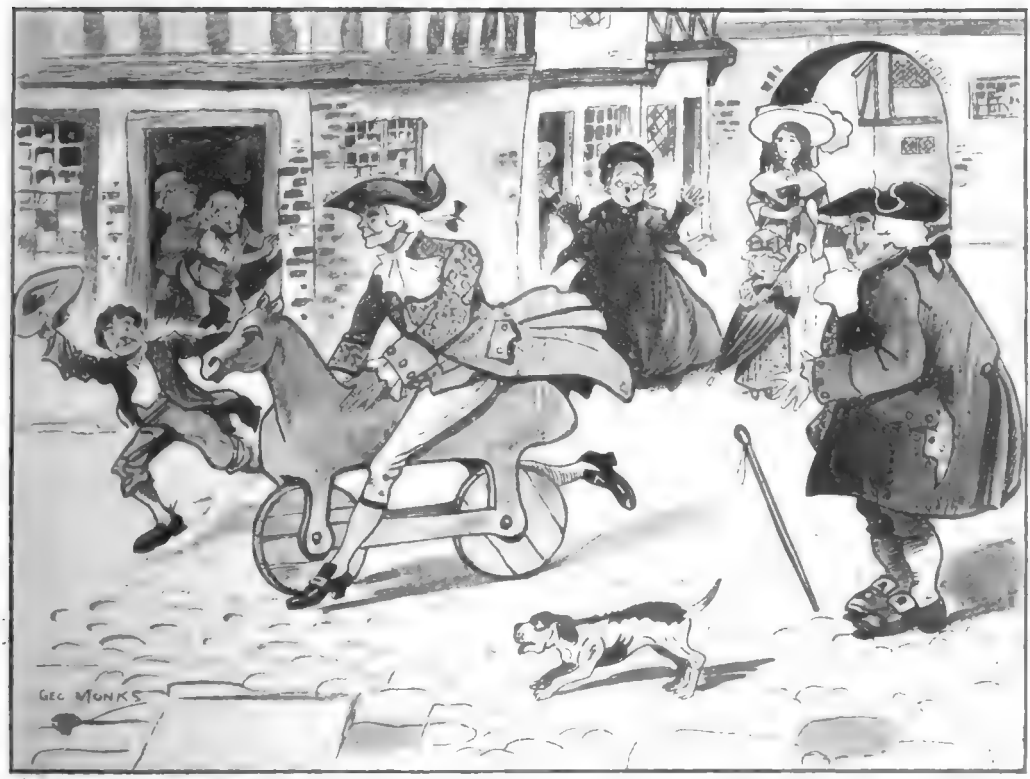
"What is it, Bucketts?" asked the house master, surprised to see his man-of-all-work there at all.

"Beggin' pardon, sir, but there's Mister Rogers come round from the collidge to say as 'ow Mister Simson an' Mister Temple Junior 'as stolen 'is biscuits from off of the counter. An' Mister Rogers, sir, says as 'ow he'd like to see you abaht it, if you aren't doing nothink, which I said you wasn't."

Mr. French shut his teeth, a sure sign of danger ahead.

"Tell Rogers to come here," he ordered.

(To be continued.)



THE EVOLUTION OF THE BICYCLE. NO. I.—THE HOBBY-HORSE, 1787.

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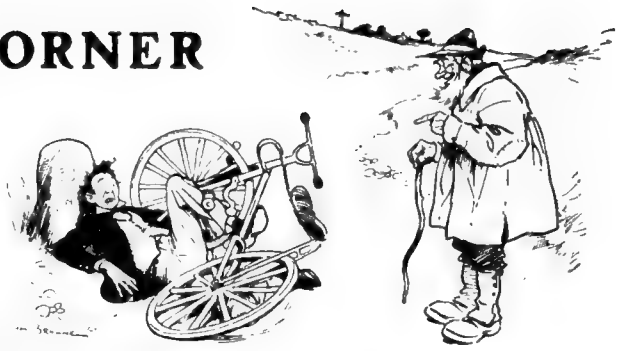
THE CYCLING CORNER



A ROMP AMONG THE CATALOGUES AND ELSEWHERE

By ARCHIBALD WILLIAMS

AMONG the postal matter that decks my breakfast-table day by day is often included a three-halfpenny stamped bundle. That means catalogues as a rule. I've got so many of these on my conscience that I really must work a few off.

First I open one which, in a delicately tinted green ink, sets forth the merits of the Lea-Francis cycles, beautifully made machines, one and all, though not intended for owners of a lean purse. I am most interested by a diagram of the Lea-Francis Concealed Front Brake, the arrangement of which inside the head tube is very neat indeed, and, as regards the workmanship, upholds the firm's good repute. In my last set of cycling notes I referred, as you may remember, to the Lea-Francis patent aluminium pedal.

Rudge-Whitworth.

Rudge-Whitworth's have turned out a very smart catalogue this year. A novel feature of their latest machines is the patent back-wheel, which, as you will see from Fig. 1, has the left-hand spokes carried much further from the centre-line of the wheel than the right-hand spokes. Nevertheless, the rim itself is centred correctly between the forks, the extra "dishing" on the left being obtained by taking advantage of the fact that there is no free wheel on that side, and by using a long hub. This system gives a much stiffer wheel than would be possible with a hub but little wider than the rim, and is to be commended. "R.-W." don't believe in the policy that what was good enough for your dad should be good enough for you. A further proof of this is the combined celluloid handle-bar covering and grip (Fig. 2).

Fig. 1.—Rear View of "Dished" Back Wheel on 1909 Rudge-Whitworth.

Elswicks.

I remember the days when an Elswick cycle cost about £25 at least. The firm catered only for the richer class of cyclists. Now, however, any one who cares to spend seven guineas can possess himself or herself of an Elswick. A purchaser may be sure of getting good stuff even at this, the lowest, price, as the firm has

Fig. 2.—Rudge-Whitworth's Combined Celluloid Handle-bar Covering and Grip.

a high reputation and means to keep it. Their more expensive cycles have one or other of three types of patent frames. The girder frame, recently introduced, is extremely strong for its weight. An Elswick detail which serves its end perfectly is the recess on each end of the crank axle, to engage with a projection on the big end of the crank, an arrangement which makes it possible to pedal the machine even if a cotter pin should fall out. I have a further word of praise for the firm's combined lamp-bracket and handle-bar clip, as the modern tendency to reduce the number of separate parts, where possible without sacrificing efficiency, is entirely commendable.

Raleigh Cycles.

On page 14 of the Raleigh catalogue are two cuts illustrating the company's products of 1888 and 1909 respectively. What an enormity the earlier machine now appears! Front wheel much smaller than the back; front forks

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straight and in line with the steering pillar; a frame that looks affected with the staggers. Below, the Model No. 20A—the last word in cycle building—graceful as the other is ugly. Mounted on the last I would not mind racing even Harry Green—whose famous ride from John O'Groats to Land's End is pictured from page to page—if he were on the old-timer shod with solid tyres. I might stipulate for a bit of a start, perhaps, and I should certainly choose bumpy roads.

What can I buy for Ten Pounds?

I answer this query as follows:

	£	s.	d.
(1) Elswick. Model 35. *Girder Frame.* Detachable mud-guards. Roller brakes. All bright parts heavily copper-plated under nickel.			
With three-speed hub	10	5	6
With two-speed hub	9	15	6
With ordinary hub	8	10	6
(2) Raleigh. Model 4. Diamond Frame. Inverted or roller lever brakes.			
With ordinary hub	8	8	0
With Sturmey Archer three-speed hub	9	18	0
(3) Rudge-Whitworth. Special Light Roadster. Combination celluloid covering and grips for handle bar.			
With Armstrong three-speed hub	8	18	2
With ordinary hub	7	11	2
(4) Rover. Roadster. *Dunlop tyres.*			
With three-speed hub	10	3	0
With ordinary hub	8	8	0
(5) Premier. Model G. Roadster. *Dunlop tyres.*			
With three-speed hub	9	15	0
(6) Centaur. "Centaur Standard" Roadster. Roller brakes.			
With three-speed hub	9	0	0
(7) Swift. "Royal Club" Roadster. *Green* enamel.			
With three-speed gear	9	18	0
(8) Singer. "Imperial" Roadster. Front guard extension.			
With three-speed gear	10	3	0
Single gear	8	8	0
(9) Ajax. "Marvel Roadster." Awon Clincher tyres. Lamp and bell included.			
With three-speed gear	9	16	6
Single gear	7	18	0
(10) Humber. Light Roadster. *Dunlop tyres.*			
With three-speed hub	8	17	6
With ordinary hub	7	7	0

In every case wallet, pump, oil-can and spanners are included.

Which are the Cheapest Three-speed Machines?

Take your pick from the following:	£	s.	d.
Elswick	9	2	0
Raleigh	8	7	6
Rudge-Whitworth. As given above.			
Rover	8	8	0
Premier	7	0	0
Singer	8	1	0
Centaur	8	0	0
Swift	8	0	0
Ajax	9	7	0
Humber	7	16	6

Prices include two rim-brakes, mud-guards, valise, tools, &c.

Now don't weigh in with your questions, "What is the best?" "Which do you advise?" &c., until you have had a look at these models, which are all excellent machines at the price.

How many Miles an Hour?

A cyclometer certainly adds to the interest of cycling. It tells you how far you have ridden in a given period, and what is the distance from place to place. Used in combination with a watch, it enables you to gauge your riding speed. This last function is performed more simply and effectively, however, by a proper speed indicator, which, though by no means a necessity, is an amusing and, at times, useful accessory. I believe that the best indicator for cycles is the "Goodlad," sold by Markt and Co. The price of the No. 1 instrument, registering up to twenty-eight miles an hour—which ought to satisfy the most fiery Captainite—has been reduced from 17*s.* 6*d.* to 12*s.* 6*d.* Every instrument is fully tested

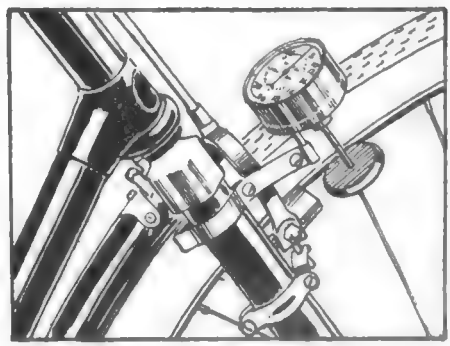

Fig. 3.—The "Goodlad" Speedometer, registering to 28 miles an hour.

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against a master instrument before it leaves the factory. The position of the indicator on the cycle is shown clearly in Fig. 3.

A Football Adapter.

Some time ago I had occasion to inflate a large punching-ball for the local youth to pummel. As I couldn't beg, borrow or steal a proper inflator, I had to make shift with my cycle pump and a valve cut from an old tyre. I have since then discovered that for a few pence one may buy a "Vevo" nozzle with ball check-valve which, if substituted for the ordinary flexible connections, converts a cycle pump into a convenient football

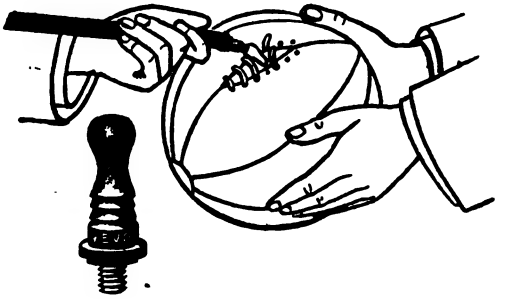

Fig 4.—The "Vevo" Football Adapter for cycle regulators.

inflator. This tip may come in useful for next Soccer and Rugger season. I give it now as I should probably forget it if I put it on the shelf. (Fig. 4.)

Don't be run down.

I suppose that many of my readers must have been saved from riding down a pedestrian at night by the timely reflection of light from a collar or cuff. You have noticed, too, how the revolving cranks of a cycle far ahead flash in the light of your lamp. The stronger your lamp, the stronger are the flashes. Very well; Messrs. Lea and Francis sell a reflex road light based on this fact, its duty being not to prevent you from riding down some one else, but to save *you* from being overtaken disastrously by a swifter motor-car. The "lamp" weighs only 2½ oz., and may be attached to any part of the back stays. It requires no wick, oil or electric current, because—it is only a mirror, of a particular form, which reflects to the driver of the car some of the rays emitted by the powerful headlight, and gives him fair notice of your whereabouts. It's a clever idea, and, especially for those who travel motor-ridden roads, worth spending 4*s.* 6*d.* on. Before I close this paragraph I'll add a couple of suggestions culled from the *C.T.C. Gazette*. The first: enamel the rear guard *white*. The second, hold a handkerchief by one hand between the right hand and the right grip, allowing the main part to flutter loose.

Or why not imagine the sun to be shining hot, and wear a kerchief *à la* pugaree?

Chain Screw Rivets.

Every cycle chain has in it one or more screw rivets locked at the thread end by a small square nut. If the nut comes off, the rivet may work out and cause serious trouble. My chain sports three of these rivets. The points of two I have "burred" with a hammer, so that their nuts shan't get the chance of playing tricks, and the third has received a tap or two—just enough to spread it out a bit without preventing the nut coming off legitimately. I suppose that I hardly need add that the head of a rivet should be supported by a weight heavier than the hammer while its point receives treatment.

The Adjustment of Mud-guards.

Though a mud-guard should not be set so close to the wheel as to produce clogging, its utility is greatly diminished by staying it out even a quarter of an inch more than is absolutely necessary. In districts where mud is of a non-clogging kind, half an inch gives sufficient clearance, though it may not relieve one of the need for scraping the guard out occasionally. Some makers might give a little more attention to this matter. I have seen many a machine, otherwise well turned out, disfigured by the eccentricity of the guards showing much more daylight at one point than at another. Before deciding to have wider mud-guards fitted, you should make sure that those you have are giving the best results obtainable.

A few Words about Lamps.

The older I grow the firmer becomes my conviction that the cheap acetylene lamp—especially the foreign-made one—is a fraud; because, though it may work, it does not really give one good value as compared with the more costly article turned out by our leading manufacturers. I should advise you to have nothing to do with a gas-lamp which is not so designed as to allow the reflector and burner to be replaced, and for which "spares" cannot be obtained easily. The German contraption generally has a fixed reflector, and even in cases where a reflector is removable you may have to whistle for a new one, if you want one. The fact is that some enterprising Teuton often dumps a low-priced (I won't say cheap) "line" on us, makes a good profit by the sale; and

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doesn't care a pin what happens to the lamps when once they have found purchasers. He won't lay himself out to furnish "spares," having already a new line in hand and soon to be marketed.

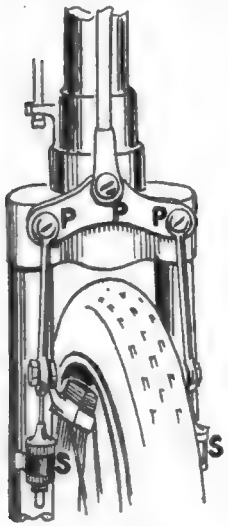

FIG. 5.—Singer Patent Compensating Brake, with three pivots, PPP, to allow each pad to bed firmly on the rim independently of the adjustment of the other. The release springs are enclosed in dust-proof covers, SS.

My own lamp hails from Birmingham. It cost 12*s.* 6*d.* four years ago, and has been in constant use since I bought it. It has consumed many dozens of pounds of carbide, and its reflector has been changed many times, the burner five times. But for all practical purposes it is as good as new, and I have no intention of parting with it. On my recommendation a number of other people, some of them already disgusted with "those beastly gas arrangements"—foreign ones, by-the-by—have gone for the same brand, and all are happy now. I am no Anglomaniac, or whatever you like to call it, but it makes me a bit wild to see folk chucking away their money on what Smith Minor would term "rotten" stuff, when their own countrymen can serve them better, though they very reasonably charge them somewhat more for their superior articles.

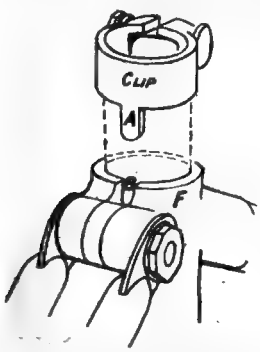

FIG. 6.—A Saddle-pin Clip invented by Mr. W. J. Welch of the Centaur Cycle Co. It is attached to the saddle-pin immediately above the frame lug. A projection *A* fits in a slot *B* between the ears of the lug *F*. This prevents the saddle-pin revolving and so renders it unnecessary to screw the lug up tight on the pin. The saddle can therefore be removed easily to protect the machine against theft, or the saddle from rain. This little necessary costs only 1*s.* 6*d.*

TRICKS OF LAMPS.

Some gas-lamps take a long time to light. This may be due to either the valve having become somewhat clogged by constant use—small particles of dust collect in the bottom of the water chamber—or to the carbide chamber needing cleaning. In most lamps the water falls from the valve into the upright perforated tube, through which it reaches the carbide. If the lamp is never given a spring cleaning these holes get bunged up so that the tube has to fill with water and overflow before gas generates. If you shake the lamp the water slops over and causes gas to form too rapidly and blow off through the burner or water chamber.

A TIP.

The gas naturally takes the easiest way out. If the passages to or in the burner itself are clogged, the gas will escape through the water-valve, especially if the water has been allowed to sink so low as to offer little resistance. It is well to bear in mind the fact that the pressure in the carbide chamber cannot exceed that of the "head" of water, and therefore that the fuller the water-tank is kept the less chance there is of gas escaping through it.

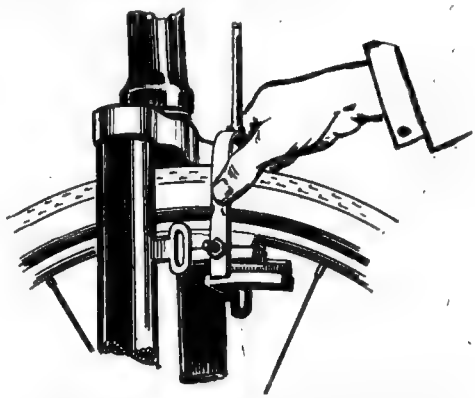

FIG. 6.—Singer Quickly Detachable Brake. The sides of the horse-shoe are merely pressed inwards by the thumb and fingers so as to disengage studs projecting from the sides of the horseshoe from slotted arms attached to the forks. Half a second suffices to release or replace.

ANOTHER.

Have you ever been mystified by the carbide in a lamp keeping almost dry, even though the water-valve is in good order? If this happens you may be sure that the burner is clogged. A little water gets through and evolves gas, which, being blockaded at the burner, simply prevents any more water coming in, as soon as its pressure exactly counterbalances that of the water. If you screw the valve down, remove the carbide chamber, drop a little water in, and replace it; the burner will show a better flame for a time, owing to the gas pressure having been increased.

I recommend all users of acetylene lamps to spare a few minutes occasionally for a clean-up; or, if they won't do this, not to call their lamps hard names for behaving eccentrically.

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A CLOSE CALL

AN ENGLISHMAN'S ADVENTURE IN CUBA

By JOHN MACKIE

ONE truth at least has been impressed upon me as a result of my adventurous career. It is that the things which really do happen in life are frequently more extraordinary and melodramatic than those one meets with in fiction, far-fetched though the latter may appear to be. Here is one of the true happenings which I heard from the lips of a man who was a witness to the dramatic sequel.

The American Civil War had broken out, and Charlie Brook, who was the son of an English clergyman then doing temporary duty in the Southern States, found that he had either to quit the country or take part in a struggle which did not concern him. The proper course was obviously to go elsewhere. Being a practical and businesslike young fellow, he determined to turn the situation to account.

Brook had made quite a name for himself as an amateur actor since his school and college days. Having also quite a genius for coaching and training others, he got together several of his friends, who, like himself, had no part in the war, and formed a theatrical company. He set sail for the West Indian Islands, and on the way made fair actors of those who previously had doubtless only reached the usual status of the average amateur.

The venture was successful. The company visited all the principal islands, and when at last the tour came to an end, each member found himself with sufficient money to keep him for some considerable time. Brook went to Havana, where things just then were by no means too tranquil, and looked about for some fresh outlet for his enterprise and energy.

One night, as he was taking a stroll through a side street, he saw, some little distance ahead of him, a scuffle between a couple of men. A crowd collected, and he was wondering whether he should go on and see what all the trouble was about, or keep clear of it, when he heard a shot fired. The next moment he saw the crowd scatter in all directions, as if each individual that composed it was only too anxious to make himself scarce. Then a prostrate figure by the side of the kerb caught the young Englishman's attention. The man had been shot and might possibly want help. Brook hesitated no longer. He went up to the man and examined him. He was dead.

The natural shock of finding a fellow creature so suddenly done to death was followed by the natural disgust and indignation which any Englishman and lover of fair fighting might be expected to experience. It never occurred to him to get away from that spot with all possible despatch because the others had done so. He had taken no part in the row, and surely there was no reason why he should make himself scarce.

Wondering what action he should take, he was looking up and down the narrow street in the hope of espying the city guard, for Havana was then under martial law, when he heard the quick measured tread of many feet, and next moment a body of soldiers appeared upon the scene.

"Thank goodness!" exclaimed Brook, as, welcoming their approach, he stood by the side of the murdered man.

But again the Englishman in his simplicity and absence of any sense of wrongdoing had bargained without his host. All the Spanish officer saw was the dead man lying in the gutter with a stranger bending over him—in all likelihood the assassin in the act of robbing his victim.

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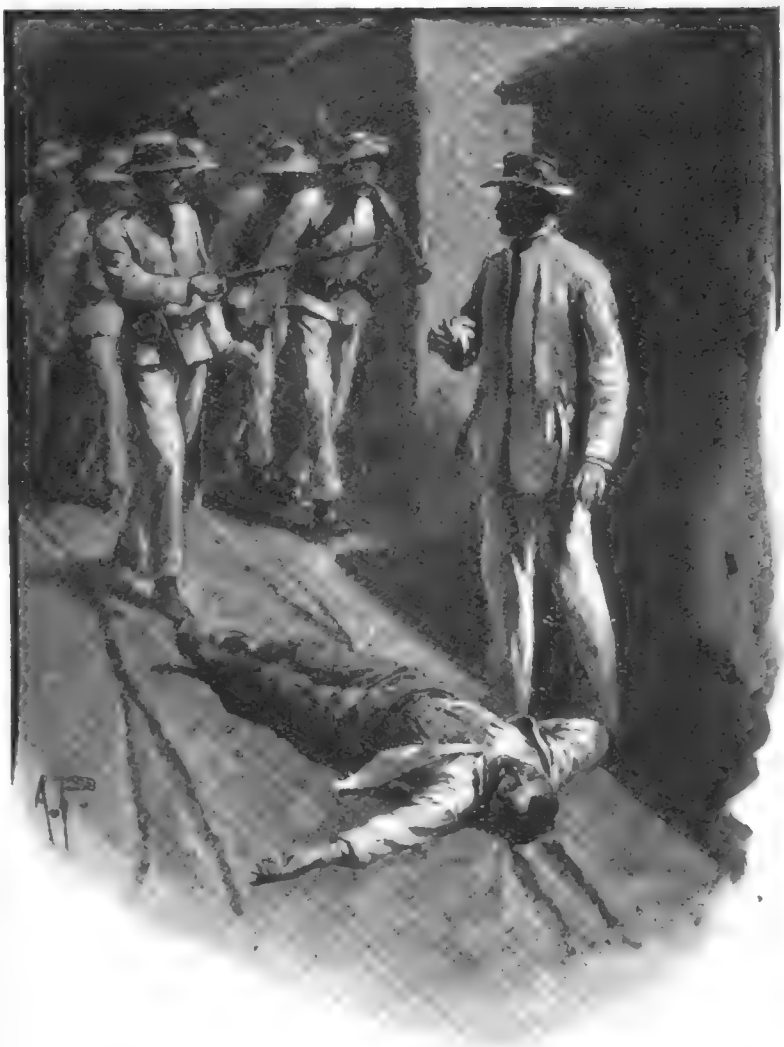
"Arrest him; cut him down if he resists," cried the Cuban. "We have done well to have caught this alien red-handed."

"But I am an Englishman, and it was not I who killed this man," cried Brook indignantly.

"An Englishman can kill and rob as well as any one else," retorted the over-zealous official. "You have got to prove that you did not kill him. Bring him along, men."

Brook resisted the impulse to make a fight for it, and well it was that he did so, for in that case he would certainly have been shot. In another minute his wrists were securely bound together, and he was marched off to the fort.

No time was wasted in those days in bringing a prisoner to his trial. A court-martial was at once ordered. Despite the protestations of Brook, who endeavoured to prove that, the murdered man being quite unknown to him, the killing could not have been premeditated or have arisen from motives of revenge. Moreover, as he, Brook, was possessed of a sufficiency of means, it was exceedingly unlikely he would murder a man in such a public place on the off-chance of securing any money he might happen to have about him.



"ARREST HIM; CUT HIM DOWN IF HE RESISTS," CRIED THE CUBAN.

But his judges hardly listened to him. He had been found alone bending over the body of his victim, and that was sufficient. Their decision was that he was to be shot at eight o'clock on the following morning.

"Can I see the British Consul?" asked Brook, when he had recovered from the stupefying surprise that his arbitrary sentence naturally occasioned.

But the authorities were determined to make an example. They had been looking about for one, and here was one ready to their hand. When this alien was executed on the following morning, his death would impress the lawless ones, and the effect would be salutary. Brook's appeal was unheeded, and he was hurried off to the guard-room, there to pass such a night as only those who have suffered a like experience can realise.

The young Englishman was not without resource. He had money, and his guard

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did not dispossess him of it. Doubtless they distrusted each other and were afraid of the consequences.

For Brook to make a bargain with one of them was not a difficult matter. Knowing the treacherous nature of the men he had to deal with, he promised a substantial payment only when he was assured that his request had been complied with. Through one of his guard he managed to despatch a message to the British Consul, giving details of his case, and of the fate that awaited him on the morrow. There was nothing more he could do just then, and the intense mental excitement he had so lately been subjected to having somewhat subsided, he at once fell into a sound sleep.

II

When he was awakened on the following morning the horrible nature of his position crashed down upon his soul, and he realised that this fine summer's morning was to be his last on earth! It was all like some dreadful nightmare, and for a moment Brook almost expected to find that the gruesome details of the murder of the previous night, and his arrest, were nothing more than the fantastic imaginings of a dream.

But the hard mattress on the stone floor, the bare whitewashed walls, the soldiers standing around or seated on the rude benches against the wall, and the fierce white sunlight already streaming in through the curtainless window, disillusioned him. He was indeed in the Cuban guard-room; the murder and trial of the previous night was no dream, and this was his last morning on earth. And how sweet was life, and how fair that world outside which he was about to leave behind him!

But there was still one hope. What about the soldier whom he had entrusted with that message to the British Consul?

Eagerly and anxiously he scanned the careless, callous men around him; but his messenger was not there.

"I might have known better than trust one of those chaps," said poor Brook to himself. "That fellow more than likely had an eye to promotion, and only took my message to the officer of the guard."

Despite the fact that he was supposed to be a murderer, the soldiers treated him with consideration; they provided him with a good breakfast, and Brook wondered with an odd vein of whimsicality how it was he should still continue to have an appetite when he would so soon be beyond the necessity of requiring food.

He asked a soldier to bring him some writing paper, and hastily scribbled a note to his people telling them of his approaching fate, and of his innocence of the crime with which he was charged. This, along with a gold piece, he gave to the non-com. of the guard, receiving an assurance that it would be duly posted.

"If only I could see the British Consul!" exclaimed Brook despairingly, as he saw a movement amongst the soldiers to adjust their uniforms, tighten their belts, and pick up their arms. Again he asked the officer in charge if he could not see his country's representative. But the officer only shrugged his shoulders and remarked that, as he had been taken red-handed, no Consul in the world could possibly save him. It would only be a waste of time.

"But there must have been witnesses to the shooting," insisted Brook. "And if the authorities will only notify the facts to the public, there are those who are sure to come forward to see justice done."

"You should have insisted on that at the trial," said the officer. "I am very sorry for you, but I must obey orders. Time is up. I must trouble you to accompany us. Is there anything more I can do for you?"

"Find the British Consul," begged Brook. "I have a right to see him."

"I am sorry, but I am afraid that is beyond me," said the officer, who, to do him justice, seemed genuinely sorry. "Let the men fall in, sergeant."

And out into the bright sunshine of that fair morning Brook was led. He had never before realised that God's world was so beautiful. Between the soldiers he was marched to a field behind the parade-ground, and placed with his back to a wall. A priest accompanied the party, but what that good man said to Brook the latter hardly knew. A company of soldiers was drawn up in a line in front, a few paces from him, and the prisoner observed an ominous mound of earth hard by. He knew what that was, and shuddered involuntarily. To look upon one's own grave must be an uncanny experience!

Brook noted that a number of citizens, in whom doubtless the love of the morbid was strong, had turned out to witness his execution. He saw that the soldiers in

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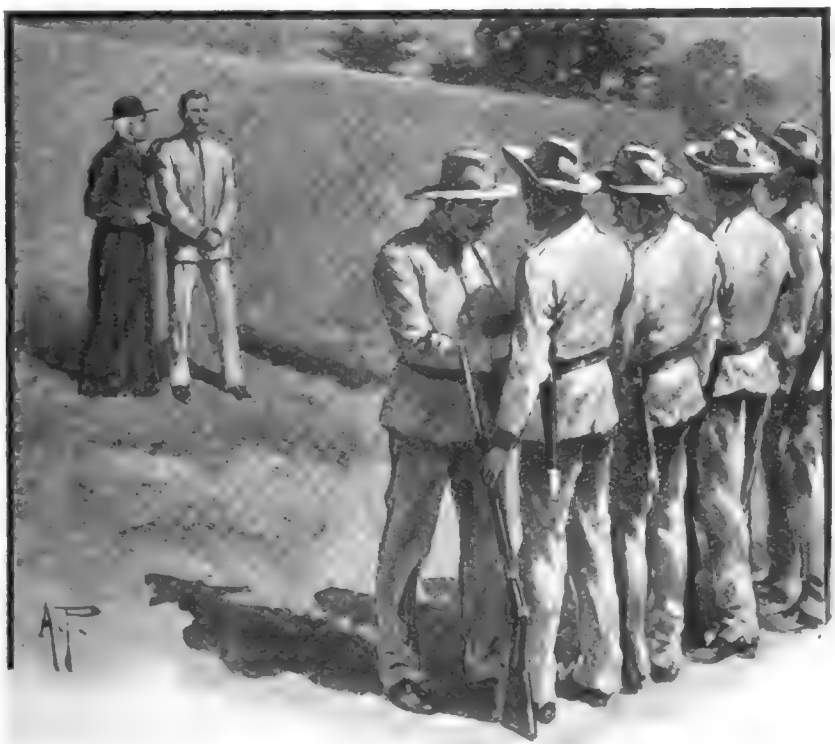
front of him were being served out with cartridges, and the matter-of-fact cold-bloodedness of the summary proceedings almost paralysed him with horror.

The priest, with one hand on Brook's shoulder, was earnestly pleading with him to turn his mind to things other than those doomed man. One look at him was sufficient. The Consul knew that the communication he had received from him on the previous night contained the truth. Without uttering a word, he went close up to Brook, whose arms were now pinioned. The soldiers and the people looked on wonderingly.



HE SAW THAT THE SOLDIERS IN FRONT OF HIM WERE BEING SERVED OUT WITH CARTRIDGES.

around him. Once more Brook found his voice, and demanded to see the representative of Great Britain. But there was no response.

And then, just as a soldier was about to tie a handkerchief over his eyes, there arose an ominous murmur amongst the spectators, and up dashed a carriage-and-four in which sat a man in an imposing uniform, with a cocked hat, and with orders on his breast.

It was the British Consul.

"You are before time," said the Consul calmly to the officer in charge of the firing party, as he descended from his carriage. "May I speak to the prisoner?"

Of course such an august person could not be refused.

Amid a silence that was absolute and significant, the Consul approached the They saw the Consul put his hand into his breast pocket, and in another moment a Union Jack fluttered from it. Quickly the Consul flung the flag over the prisoner. Then he faced the Spanish soldiers.

"Now, shoot if you dare!" he cried. "That is Great Britain's flag, and it covers an innocent man. I claim the prisoner, in the name of Great Britain."

The officer in command of the firing-party was fairly numbed with astonishment, but he dared not give the order to fire on that flag. Instead, he sent a message to the Governor, and the prisoner and the soldiers were ordered back to barracks.

Before the sun had set, Brook was a free man once more, with his innocence fully established.

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THE COMIC SIDE OF HIGHWAYMEN

Written and Illustrated by HARRY FURNISS

An Incident in the Notorious Dick Turpin's Ride to York bestride "Black Bess"—according to the Story-books

I

BAD little boys who rob their master's till or steal their parents' money and run away to pick pockets or burgle, or steal a boat or a bicycle, nearly always when caught put forward as an excuse—or it is put forth for them by their parents, guardians or the Court Missionary—that they have been reading books about highwaymen and sensational stories of crime. They say—or it is said for them—that they sit up at night reading such pernicious literature until their imagination is fired to emulate Dick Turpin or Jack Sheppard, and that but for such poison for their brain they were good dutiful sons and apprentices.

It is my opinion such a plea ought to be ignored. If the authorities really believed in it, and agreed in the point so frequently emphasised by their own experts, that to lessen crime we must destroy the sources of evil, why in the name of common sense is not all such literature seized and destroyed and its publication made a criminal offence? The answer is, their common sense will not admit there is anything in the threadbare sentimental plea that boys are led astray by fairy tales.

To be so duped a boy must be endowed with strong imagination and conceit. The boy who takes up thieving early has none; if he had he would try some wild venture to start with, the comicality of which would nip in the bud his pamphlet-fed imagination. There are many cases to prove this to be true—harmless escapades. But the cunning little thief is nature's product, and the taint is, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, hereditary, from the days of their saint, Jack Sheppard, to Jack Snooks, caught yesterday. Jack Sheppard's father was a coiner, a thief and a rogue, and all his relations were criminals.

Of all the historical criminals that popular drama and cheap literature have made famous I would select Dick Turpin and Jack Sheppard as the two foremost. Stripped of all romance, their histories, as judged by cold facts, are certainly remarkable. Yet, after all, in their deadly earnest and glorious—or rather inglorious—careers there is to be found, at the critical moment of both their lives, that one touch of comicality that makes the whole world smile.

Richard Turpin was the son of a farmer at Hempstead, in Essex. He received a common school education and was then apprenticed to a butcher in Whitechapel. He was notorious in his youth for the brutality of his manners. He began his criminal career by stealing cattle, killing them and cutting them up for sale. He got married on the strength of his first escapade, but a warrant was soon out for his arrest, and he made his escape from the back window as his pursuers entered the front door. He then

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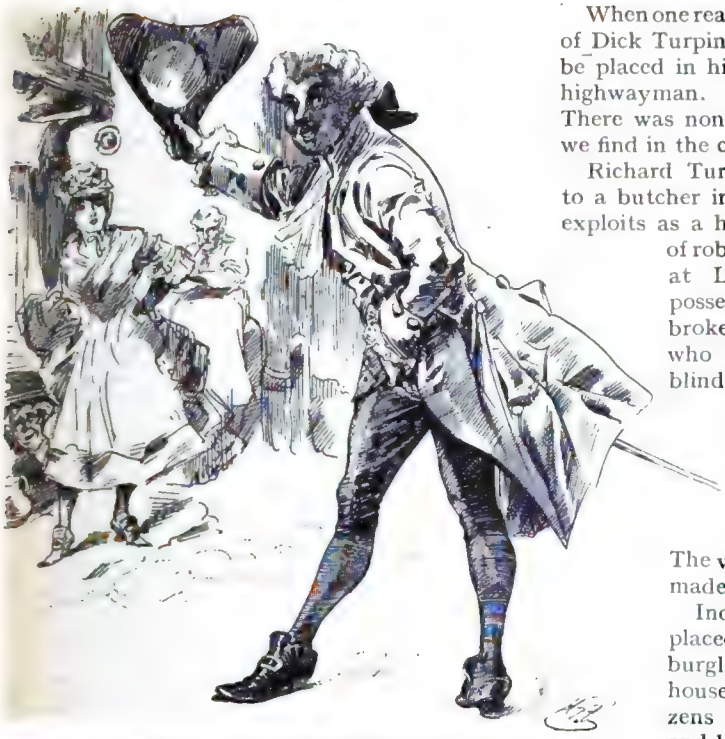

Jack Sheppard, as he appeared after breaking out of Newgate Prison.

"Jack Sheppard's father was a coiner, a thief, and a rogue, and all his relations were criminals."

When one reads the true, unvarnished accounts of Dick Turpin it seems inexplicable he should be placed in history as the most accomplished highwayman. He was nothing of the sort. There was none of that refinement or humour we find in the case of Claude Duval and others.

Richard Turpin, as I say, was apprenticed to a butcher in Whitechapel. One of his first exploits as a highwayman was to lead a gang of robbers in attacking an old woman at Loughton, who was known to possess eight hundred pounds. They broke into the house of the old lady, who lived alone with her maid, and blindfolding the two terrified women, these gallants set to work to torture the old lady to confess where she kept her savings by placing her on the fire and holding her there till the tormenting pain made her confess. The villains then took her money and made their escape.

Indeed, Turpin by right should be placed in the category of common burglars. Most of his crimes were housebreaking, molesting quiet citizens at their own fireside, torturing and bullying them, and, if necessary, murdering them. It was not until he met King, a highwayman who became his right-hand man, that he "took to the road." But Turpin's brutal callousness seems to have shocked the highwayman King, for it is on record that the

returned to Essex and joined a gang of smugglers. The Excise Officers were soon after him, so he threw up that business and joined a party of deer-stealers in Epping Forest. That sport not being sufficiently profitable he started burglary at Watford.

By the way, the mention of Watford reminds me that not long ago a follower in the profession of Dick Turpin came out of a shop and noticed a bicycle resting outside against the curb. No one being apparently near, Dick Redivivus jumped on the bicycle to make off with it. He started all right with the first push, but directly afterwards, going down a steep hill, to his surprise he failed to find the other pedal, and he came an awful cropper, which led to his capture. He then discovered that the man whose bicycle he had stolen had a wooden leg!

Turpin, having no fine feeling or sentiment in his nature, took every penny from them.

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two men, taking a ride to Bungay, in Suffolk, observed two young women receiving fourteen pounds for corn, on which Turpin resolved to rob them. King, however, strongly objected, saying it was a pity to rob such pretty girls; but Turpin, having no fine feeling or sentiment in his nature, took every penny from them! There was in the whole life of Dick Turpin no incident to class him above the common—and rather cautious—robber. Why such a man should have a historical name is a mystery only explained by the fact that the romantic writer, attracted by the sound of Dick Turpin's name, wrongly gave him credit for a famous ride to York which was accomplished by a much greater highwayman than the overrated Turpin.

For some years Turpin went through the country, acting in a brutal fashion to every one he came across, and eventually returned to London, where he committed many robberies. It is long before one hears anything of his romantic life on the road. Indeed, it was not until some of his London accomplices were taken in hand that we find Turpin as we see him in pictures, and then the first scene is rather a comic one.

Dick Turpin's *real* ride to York—in the "Black Maria" of the period.

On a journey towards Cambridge he met a man genteelly dressed and well mounted. Expecting good booty, he presented a pistol and demanded the stranger's money. The person he stopped happened to be one King I have already referred to, a celebrated highwayman, who knew Turpin. When the latter threatened instant death if the man did not deliver his money, King burst into a fit of laughter and said, "What! dog eat dog? Come, come, brother Turpin; if you don't know me, I know you, and shall be glad of your company."

The rest of the history of Dick Turpin is simply the squalid life of any commonplace bandit, robbing and shooting people, including his friend King. Subsequently taking the name of Palmer, which was that of the young woman he had married early in life, he turned up in Lincolnshire, where he was questioned about his horses and his money. The magistrates, not being satisfied, "thought it prudent to remove him to York Castle," and there he was duly tried and hanged.

So from this authentic account it will be seen Dick Turpin's famous ride to York was not on Black Bess at all, but more likely in a "Black Maria" of the period. Crowds came from all parts of the country to see the notorious highwayman, and "debates ran very high as to whether he was the real person or not." There was just a chance he might not be recognised.

Now comes the one comic touch in his career. A young fellow who boasted that he knew the famous Turpin well was allowed in the prison to examine him carefully. After a considerable time, with looks of great attention, he went up to the keeper and said that he "would bet him half a guinea that was not the real Turpin." On which the prisoner whispered to the keeper, "Lay him the wager, and I'll go you halves."

There is such a halo of romance painted by the ingenious hands of the chroniclers of crime around the heads of notorious highwaymen, particularly if the heads eventually dangled at the end of a rope at Tyburn, that one is sceptical when reading them, and must look upon the biographers of such scoundrels as clever inventors. No doubt some of the anecdotes circulated about Turpin and others are true, but many are pure inventions and others are transplanted. Dick Turpin's famous ride to York, just mentioned, is but an instance of how a hero of romance gets credit for the exploits of another.

Dick Turpin, however, has become *the* Hero of Highwaymen, and others who were just as daring and as ingenious are forgotten. For instance, few nowadays have heard of James Whitney, a notorious highwayman who flourished in the reign of William III. Yet Whitney in his day, and for a long time after, was the peg upon which most highwaymen's stories

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were hung. If any story of a particularly ingenious robbery came to light in those dark days of crime, Whitney was the hero. Stories of his intrigue, told with all details, are handed down as fact; yet when one comes to consider that nearly all these famous highwaymen were either the ne'er-do-well sons of butchers, or their blackguard apprentices, with the hereditary taint of the criminal and generally totally uneducated—men whose environment was sufficient to kill all refinement if, by accident, such men had any (Claude Duval was the brilliant exception)—the stories of their pretty wit, their courtly behaviour to ladies in society—who were, we are told, not infrequently deceived, believing the brutal butcher's boy was a gentleman in disguise—and all that, are absurd, and to a great extent mythical. The authors may have had some foundation for the stories, but the detail is word-painting and nothing more. Take, for instance, the following:

"Whitney had now become a confirmed highwayman, and meeting a gentleman at Bagshot Heath, he commanded him to stand and deliver, to which the other replied, 'Sir, 'tis well you spoke first; for I was just going to say the same thing to you.' 'Why, are you a gentleman thief then?' quoth Whitney. 'Yes,' said the stranger, 'but I have had very bad success to-day.'

"Whitney upon this wished him better luck, and took his leave, really supposing him to be what he pretended. At night it was the fortune of Whitney and this person to put up at the same inn, when our gentleman told some other travellers by what stratagem he had escaped being robbed on the road. Whitney had so altered his habit and speech, that the gentleman did not know him again; so that he heard all the story without being taken any notice of. Among other things, he heard him tell one of the company softly that he had saved a hundred pounds by his contrivance. The person to whom he had whispered this was going the same way the next morning and said he had also a considerable sum about him, and, if he pleased, should be glad to travel with him for security.

"When morning came, the travellers set out, and Whitney about a quarter of an hour after them; all the discourse of the gentlemen was about cheating the highwaymen, if they should meet any. When Whitney at a convenient place had got before them and bade them stand, the gentleman whom he met before, not knowing him, he having disguised himself in another manner, briskly cried out, 'We were going to say the same to you, sir.' 'Were you so?' quoth Whitney, 'and are you of my profession then?' 'Yes,' said they both. 'If you are,' replied Whitney, 'I suppose you remember the old proverb, two of a trade can never agree, so that you must not expect any favour on that score. But to be plain, gentlemen, the trick will do no longer; I know you very well, and must have your hundred pounds, sir; and your considerable sum, sir,' turning to the other, 'let it be what it will, or I shall make bold to send a brace of bullets through each of your heads. You, Mr. Highwayman, should have kept your secret a little longer, and not have boasted so soon of having outwitted a thief; there is now nothing for you to do but deliver or die!'

"These terrible words put them into a sad consternation; they were loath to lose their money, but more loath to lose their lives; so of two evils they chose the least, the tell-tale coxcomb disbursing his hundred pounds, and the other a somewhat larger sum, professing that they would be careful for the future not to count without their host."

That is a fair specimen of Highwaymanese as it is wrote. Further, the inevitable speech on the scaffold of these illustrious scoundrels is invariably couched in the language of the melodrama, carefully edited, and in no sense what a rough adventurer could possibly utter, no matter how long he had been in prison to think out this "last dying speech." When Whitney, the ex-butcher, appropriately hanged at Smithfield, addressed the mob just before he was turned off, it is recorded he spoke as follows:

"I have been a very great offender, both against God and my country, by transgressing all laws, human and divine. I believe there is not one here present but has often heard my name before my confinement, and has seen a large catalogue of my crimes which have been made public since. Why should I then pretend to vindicate a life stained with so many enormous deeds? The sentence passed on me is just, and I can see the footsteps of a Providence, which I had before profanely laughed at, in my apprehension and conviction. I hope the sense which I have of these things has enabled me to make my peace with heaven, the only thing that is now of any concern to me. Join in your prayers with me, my dear countrymen, that God would not forsake me in my last moments."

Far more likely is the comic side of this butcher's adventures:

"Going with another butcher to Romford

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in Essex, in order to buy calves, they met with one they had a particular fancy to; but the owner demanded what they thought an extravagant price for it, so that they could not strike a bargain; however, as the man kept a public-house, our companions agreed to go in and drink with him. They were much vexed at not being able to purchase the calf, when Whitney suddenly proposed the stealing of it, to which the other consenting, they sat drinking all night.

"In the evening, a fellow came into the town with a great she-bear, which he carried about for a show, and put up at the house where the two butchers were drinking in a near room; the landlord was some time before he could contrive where to lodge the bear, but at last he resolved to move the calf into another out-house, and tie Madam Bruin up in its place, which was done accordingly, without the knowledge of Whitney and his friend, who continued drinking till they were told it was time to go to bed. Upon this warning they paid their reckoning, and went out, staying in the fields near the town till they imagined the time favoured their design. The night was very dark, and they came to the stall without making any noise or disturbance; Whitney was to go in and fetch out the calf, while the other watched without; when he entered he felt about till he got hold of the bear, which, lying after the sluggish manner peculiar to these creatures, he began to tickle it to make it rise; at last, being awake, the beast being muzzled, rose up on her hind legs, not knowing but it was her master going to show her. Whitney still continued feeling about, wondering at the length of the calf's hair, and that he should stand in such a posture, till the bear got hold of him and hugged him fast between her fore-feet.

"In this posture he remained, unable to move, and afraid to cry out, till the other butcher, wondering at his long stay, put his head in at the door, and said in a low voice, 'What the plague! will you be all the night stealing a calf?' 'A calf!' quoth Whitney, 'I believe it is a devil that I am going to steal, for he hugs me as closely as he does the witch in the statue.' 'Let it be the devil,' says t'other, 'bring him out, however, that we may see what he is like, which is something I should be very glad to know.' Whitney was too much surprised to be pleased with the jest of his companion, so that he replied with some choler, 'Come and fetch him yourself, for may I be hanged if I half like him.' Hereupon t'other entered, and, after a little examination, found out they were bit. By his assistance Whitney got loose, and they both swore they would never attempt to steal calves any more."

A reputed portrait of James Whitney, a notorious highwayman of William III.'s reign.

Most probably an old plate of some nobleman, or Justice, slightly altered.

Not only is the "word-painting" in the description of these coarse criminals false, but the portrait-painting is also. "The true effigies of James Whitney" represent him a refined, cultured gentleman with small feet and the hands of a gentlewoman, dressed and posed more like a Lord Chancellor in state attire than a butcher highwayman chained in prison.

II

Of course there were "gentlemen highwaymen" in the "good old days," as there are "gentlemen robbers" in these bad ones, but, with the exception of William Parsons, an Eton boy, nephew of the Duchess of Northumberland, who was "publicly disciplined in the school" for robbing several volumes of Pope's "Homer" from the shop of Mr. Pate the bookseller, and who led a life of debauchery, gambling, stealing, and was guilty of every crime, in different parts of the world, only taking to the road as a last resource, and not having a very good time as a highwayman either, they do not really come under the category of knights of the road. In fact, in "Canfield's Memoirs" Parsons comes under the list of "convicts," and not highwaymen. Yet the story of this blackguard is one selected by dramatists and novelists when dealing with the gentlemen

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highwaymen: "The bad boy at school—the bad boy at home—the bad midshipman. The Duchess' anger with her son; the destitute outcast; the intriguing Don Juan; the heiress; the fortune; the false friend; the ruined gambler; the starving heir. A life of fraud and deception and imprisonment. Highwayman—convict—bitter remorse and penitence—death on the gallows"—all this shows that Parsons' career of crime is invaluable to the writer of fiction.

James Macleane, Esquire—his name is sometimes spelt McLean—who flourished in the reign of George II., was the son of a gentleman in the north of Ireland, descended from a very honourable family in the Highlands of Scotland, and he was a highwayman of the aristocratic order, but neither did he walk out of the drawing-room or the gaming clubs to join the ranks of the knights of the road. He also first debased himself. Reduced to becoming a gentleman's servant, he married the daughter of a dealer in horses, and set up a chandler's and grocer's shop in Welbeck Street, Cavendish Square. His wife dying, the business went to pieces, and the idle, lazy Macleane joined another Irishman, an apothecary of the name of Plunket, and together they became highwaymen. James Macleane was known as "The Ladies' Hero"; around him are woven many stories of the dashing, romantic life of his time. However, the truth about this "gentleman highwayman" really shows the comic side of crime. To begin with, Macleane, ex-valet and grocer, could not possibly have been a lady-killer. He was young when executed—twenty-six; was of middle size, well-limbed; of a sandy complexion, broad open countenance, but, according to his biographer, pitted with small-pox.

James Macleane, "The Lady's Hero," a "gentleman highwayman," who flourished in George II.'s reign.

The humour of Macleane's exploits became evident when he undertook the *role* of the desperate highwayman. No sooner had his friend Plunket induced him to join him in crime than he began to tremble and seem shocked at the bare idea of such a romantic life. Yet his pride and indolence outweighed his fright, and he yielded. As Plunket remarked: "I thought Macleane had spirit and resolution; with some knowledge of the world, a brave man cannot want; he has the right to live and need not want the conveniences of life; while the dull, plodding, busy knaves carry cash in their pockets, we must draw upon them to supply our wants; there need only impudence and getting the better of a few idle scruples; courage is scarcely necessary, all we have to deal with are such remarkable poltroons."

But no sooner had they made their first attempt, which was to seize a poor grazier coming from Smithfield Market, and rob him of £60, than all courage left the dashing Macleane. He was cowed with fear and cowardice; in fact, he sat by quite passive without speaking a word or drawing his pistols. It is said he was in greater agony than the man his companion was robbing, and that if any resistance had been made he would certainly have taken to his heels!

The next robbery these worthies engaged upon was to stop a coach on the road from St. Albans. It was arranged that Macleane was to stop the coachman on one side, while Plunket attacked on the other. Macleane rode up

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frequently with the intention of calling out "Stand and deliver," but as quickly rode away again, and Plunket had again to act single-handed. Plunket, extremely angry with Macleane's cowardly behaviour, railed at him to such an extent that this dashing hero of the ladies, to show what stuff he was made of, managed to rob a gentleman in Hyde Park, and afterwards took the lead in attacking and robbing Horatio Walpole. But this was so much for his nerves that he was obliged to go over to Holland for a change. On his return his nerve had so much improved that he helped to rob the Salisbury coach and Lord Eglinton in his carriage on the same morning. This looked as if he was really going to be a successful highwayman, but he had as little tact as he had valour. His old foppish instincts induced him to strip the lace from off some clothes he had stolen from a passenger on the Salisbury coach and sell it to a man who, suspecting it was robbed, gave information which led to Macleane's arrest. Thus ended his career. Surely no comedian could have cut such a sorry figure as a highwayman as James Macleane, the celebrated highwayman hero!

John Rann, a costermonger who took to the road and styled himself "Sixteen-stringed Jack, the Famous Highwayman."

The apparently easy way in which a highwayman played the game of exchanging horses, claiming as his any he came across better than the one he was riding—and getting it with the greatest ease, too—strikes one as perhaps the most amusing side of his history.

A notorious ruffian of the name of Cook, who terrorised the country round London in such isolated country spots as Finchley, Bow, Enfield and Shoreditch—in those days out-of-the-way retreats—was evidently very difficult to please as regards his mounts. He began his highwayman's career without a horse, but with a pair of pistols. Powder and ball in his pockets, he walked out in the country to Finchley, where, coming across a gentleman on horseback, he seized the bridle and, presenting a pistol, ordered him to dismount on pain of death. He robbed the dismounted citizen of all the money and valuables he had on him, and then mounted the horse. His victim offered him three guineas if he would send the horse to an inn at St. Albans, which of course Cook, though he took the three guineas for a horse worth ten times as much, did not do. He then rode to Enfield, and while making merry with the cash he had, read an advertisement in which the stolen horse he had in the stable was exactly described. He therefore quickly decamped. Going on to Barnet he came across another gentleman on horseback whom he "held up" and robbed, taking his horse, and generously giving the gentleman the one described in the advertisement.

Proceeding to an inn at Mimms (which, by the way, seems to have been a favourite haunt of highwaymen in those days), to his consternation he saw the gentleman he had first robbed; he ran into the stable and took another horse and escaped. But, alas! he was only out of the frying-pan to find himself in the fire. In a lane between Mimms and Barnet he came across no less than eight men on horseback, one of whom recognised the horse he was riding as a stolen one. But Cook was not to be found napping. With the utmost *sang-froid* he informed his cross-questioner that he (Cook) had bought the horse at the Bell at Edmonton, of which he could give convincing proofs. It was there and then settled that the whole party should proceed to the Bell (subsequently made so famous by John Gilpin's ride), but before they reached their destination Cook faced the whole of his escort with his loaded pistols and swore he would fire. He managed in this way to keep them at bay till, the light failing, he slipped off the horse and found retreat in a wood, from which he escaped and made his way to London, as he had left it, on foot.

Shortly afterwards he again started to Finchley, this time mounted, and again, as luck would have it, he came across a lonely equestrian on Finchley Common. It was an old man on a horse, not a good one certainly, but better than Cook's own mount. He robbed the old man, and exchanged horses with him.

The comic side of all this exchange lies in the poor old gentleman on the highwayman's horse. The poor unfortunate citizen, a dazed, robbed, and frightened old man, had not proceeded far when he was again stopped. He must have really thought his end had come,

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for he had no money—and having no money he would receive no mercy. To his surprise, however, those who stopped him protested they were not highwaymen, but the gentlemen from whom Cook had taken the horse he had given the old man, which was the truth. They demanded it, and the poor old fellow, still convinced they were highwaymen, made no resistance, but dismounted, and, swearing the place was infested with thieves, walked wearily back to London.

The poor man lost no time in advertising for his horse. Some days afterwards Cook saw the advertisement and again made off, but the old gentleman had engaged three competent men to lie in wait for Cook, and he was arrested and conducted to Newgate. At the Old Bailey Cook was acquitted for stealing the horse, because, in the witness-box, the old gentleman, who had been so frightened when attacked and robbed, could not positively swear to his person. So Cook continued his career of a quick-change horse-artist for some years, being finally hanged at Tyburn in 1741.

A highwayman of the real type.

If all the world was really a theatrical stage, and all the men and women on it merely thieves, John Rann, known as "Sixteen-Stringed Jack," would figure as one of its most famous low comedians. That such a man ever looked upon life seriously one might seriously doubt. His conceit was theatrical, his dress burlesque, and his behaviour when condemned to death better suited to the last act of a comic opera than to anything—even in those far-gone days—in everyday life.

Costermongers have been elevated by song and art of recent years into a poetical bathosistical atmosphere, considering their environment, altogether ridiculous and untrue. The London costermonger has been immortalised on the stage by Gus Elen and Chevalier. The latter, a clever impersonator, endowed the coarse coster with quite an æsthetic radiance, and society followed. The coster has always been a comically conceited figure. I say always, because I find, a century and a half ago, John Rann, a costermonger, was, as his prototypes are in our days, a Beau Brummel as regards dress. Their rage in attire in our time is the pearl button; in John Rann's day their affection was for knee-strings tying their breech over their boots. Early in life Rann gave up costermongering and became a post-boy, and from that humble position he rose to coachman to a gentleman of wealth and distinction in Portman Square. He then decked himself out with eight strings on each knee, and was known about town as "Sixteen-Stringed Jack." He soon drifted into crime and became a notorious highwayman, but in place of hiding his crimes he boasted of them and proclaimed himself "Sixteen-Stringed Jack, the Famous Highwayman." So far was his conceit carried that on one occasion when an execution was taking place at Tyburn, he broke into the cordon of constables round the gallows and claimed a sort of right, as a criminal, to stand within the circle, for the admiration of the multitude of spectators!

It was not long before this conceit led him to the gallows himself. At his trial he was attired in a new suit of pea-green cloth, with silver strings bound round and round his hat, and a huge ruffle to his shirt. On the Sunday evening before his execution he was the centre of a scene such as one might expect to see in a musical farce—he gave a supper to seven young ladies! Had he lived up to his reputation he ought of course to have made the number sixteen.

The man whom nature has endowed with a ready wit need never carry a pistol. Many a quick-tongued humorist has saved his life at the critical moment and not infrequently captured his assailants. No better illustration of this can be found than an incident related

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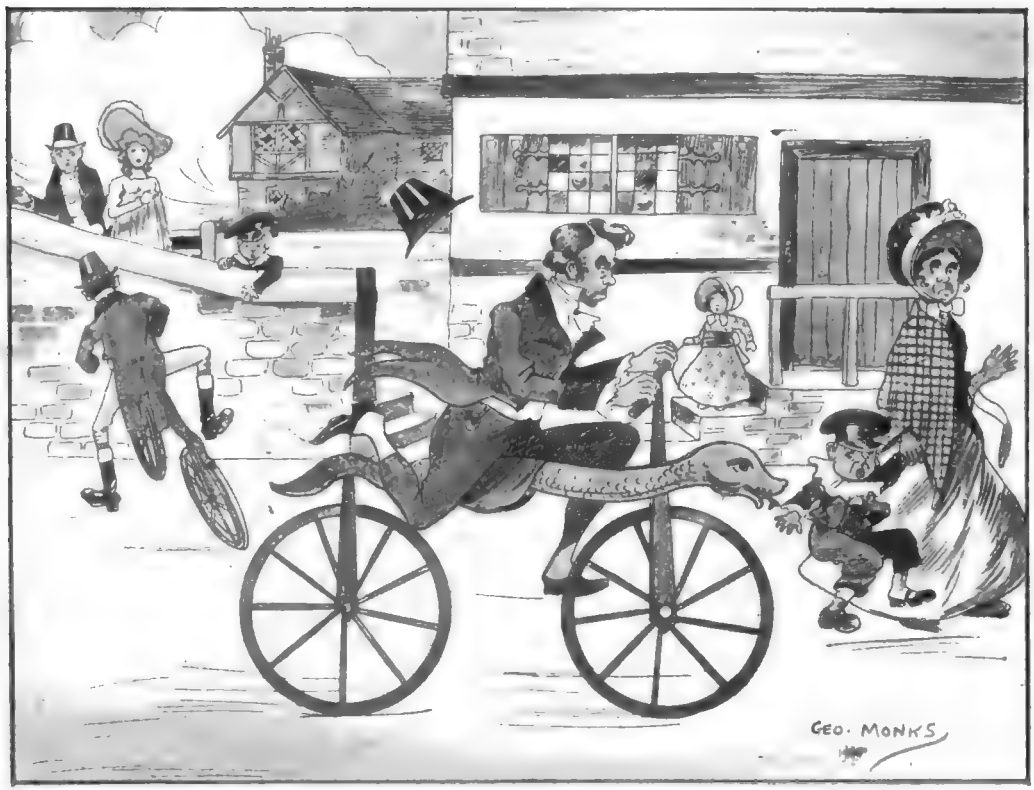
of a gentleman in the days of highwaymen.

The country was excited by a sequel to the famous duel between the Duke of Hamilton and Lord Mohun. The latter had as his second a friend of the name of Macartney, and when the Duke fell, mortally wounded, Macartney was suspected of treachery. It was believed that he had stabbed the Duke, and this idea was emphasised by his disappearance after the duel. A handsome reward was offered for his apprehension. It may be said that nothing was circulated quicker in those days or excited every one more than a reward of that kind. Just at the time a gentleman was set upon by highwaymen. He was on the point of being "put to sleep" when a happy thought struck him. He told the ruffians that he was Macartney!

The reward would be theirs. They secured him. In vain he protested. To a Justice of the Peace they handed him. Then the truth came out, and the highwaymen were, to their chagrin, locked up and duly tried.

The life of a highwayman was a short and a merry one, but far less romantic than we imagine, and far more comic than cruelly criminal.



THE EVOLUTION OF THE BICYCLE. NO. II.—THE CÉLÉRIPÉDE, 1816.

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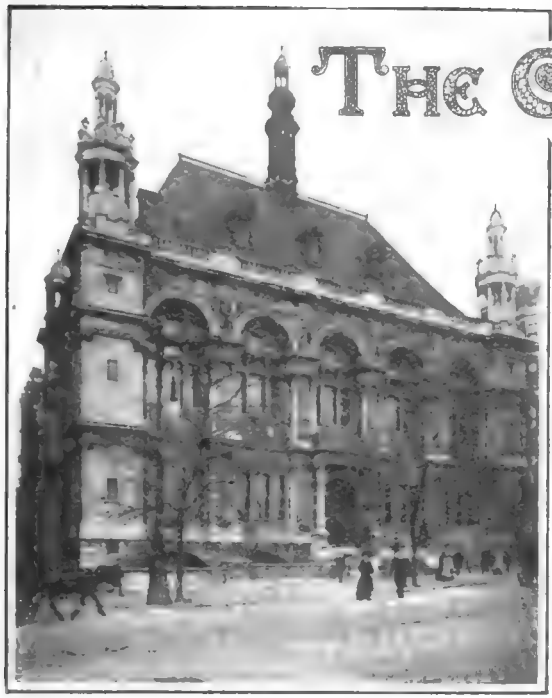
The City of London School



The School from Victoria Embankment.

JOHN CARPENTER, town clerk of London during and after the mayoralty of Sir Richard Whittington, whom we all know, left in 1442 an estate bringing in nineteen guineas per annum which was to be devoted to the education and maintenance of four poor men's children. The property rose in value during a period of four hundred years, and there was often a surplus after the four poor scholars had been properly attended to. In 1827 the bequest was extended to four boys at Tonbridge Grammar School, and in 1835 Mr. Warren Stormes Hale, an eminent Common Councilman, discovered that £900 a year was a rather large sum to devote to the education of four boys. He contended that the City ought to have a school worthy of itself, and through his efforts it was decided, with the Carpenter bequest as a nucleus, to found a school that should be the especial pride of the Common Council. Munificent additional sums were voted for the remaining expenses, and the City of London School became an established fact. Lord Brougham in the same year opened the first building in Milk Street, on the site of Honey Lane Market. In 1878, however, it was found that that the accommodation was inadequate. The Milk Street building had been built for 400 boys, and there were now nearly 700. Furthermore, here was no playground, and the boys were forced to seek their exercise in the crowded streets of the City. Accordingly, a spacious site was granted at the east end of the Victoria Embankment, opposite Blackfriars Bridge, and here stands the City of London School of to-day.

The City of London School is a difficult school to write about, because it possesses the features of so many different types of school rolled into one. Here is a paradise for anti-Grecists. Their sons can obtain that eagerly-sought blessing, "a sound, commercial education," on the Modern Side. On the other hand, the upper part of the Classical Side gives the same type of classical education that is given at St. Paul's or Winchester. On the Science Side the mysteries of modern research and discovery are

Lord Roberts' Reception by School Cadets at Aldershot, 1908.
Photo. by Sergeant-Major Fullalove.

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The Rev. Arthur Chilton, D.D., Headmaster.

expounded to lofty-browed enthusiasts, while all those who have reached the sixth form may specialise, if they will, in advanced modern language study or the higher mathematics.

G. A. Bird,
Football Captain.

The result, one might expect, is a smattering of everything and nothing done thoroughly. But it is just the peculiarity of the City of London School that in all these branches of study her pupils reach the highest degree of excellence. In 1907, for instance, Old Citizens went up to the Universities with scholarships for Classics, Mathematics, Science and Modern Languages alike, while last year five open scholarships and an exhibition were gained.

The school assembles for prayers at 9.5 every morning, and by a quarter past lessons have begun. Work continues till 12.30, with a quarter-hour's interval at 10.45, and is resumed at 1.15, continuing till a quarter past three. On Wednesdays school ends at 12, and on Saturday there are only extra drawing classes. During the luncheon interval the large asphalt playground is the scene of many a fierce encounter with bat and ball. The Junior House Matches come off here, the principal

T. J. Dannhorn,
School Captain and Senior Prefect.

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House Matches and all school matches being played on the official grounds at Catford, where there is a splendid level field of several acres, and a large pavilion.

There are six Houses — Abbott, Beaufoy, Carpenter, Hale, Mortimer and Seeley. These names are not ephemeral, as they would be if the houses were called after the presiding masters and changed with them: they are the living remembrances of our "eponymous heroes," as they have been happily called — men who have done pioneer work for the City of London School that she is not likely to forget.

The School Library.

Labouring under the great disadvantage, from an athletic point of view, of being a day school, it is remarkable that the City of London School, in the midst of its multifarious duties and interests, finds time to beat and be beaten by such schools as

The Headmaster and Staff.

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Physics Laboratory.

Cranleigh. Berkhamsted, and Mill Hill. The seven hundred Citizens spend little more than six hours of their day in the school, and that only for five days in the week; yet there is a cadet corps, efficient if small, and a swimming club which stands in an abnormally high position amongst London schools. In 1907 the team beat St. Paul's, Mill Hill, and every other side it met except Richmond; and the mere fact that we swam Richmond is in itself a diploma.

Yet another development is the Modern Side Saturday Club, which was recently started by one of the oldest and best-known masters. This society, the members of which are drawn from all the classes on the Modern Side, devotes its Saturday afternoons each week to seasonable excursions; now visiting the offices of a great newspaper, now exploring the "innards" of the latest thing in turbines; one week at Tate's sugar factory; the week after, at the Tate Gallery. Last year, indeed, the arrangements included, amongst the holidays, a ten days' stay in Paris. One often hears of that old pill with the jam on, "Instruction blended with amusement." There is no pill in the Saturday Club. The organisers see to that!

Wednesday and Saturday afternoons are devoted to practice and matches on the ground at Catford. Considering the situa-

Chemical Laboratory.

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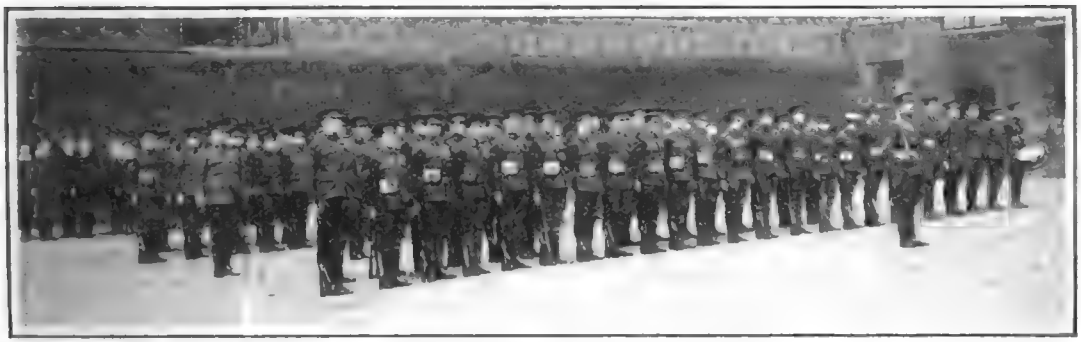

The Cadet Corps on Parade.

tion of such a place as the City of London School, a very creditable number turns up at all games, whether inter-House or School fixtures. The fact that a boy has been "up at Catford" will often suffice to excuse him a good part of his next day's homework, especially if he lives the other side of London. The masters of the City of London School believe in *esprit de corps*.

There are six prefects; nominally, one for each House, though this rule is not always strictly adhered to. These red-capped and very important personages, headed by the captain of the school, have the supervision of all games and sports committees, and not a little to do with the disciplinary side of affairs. Besides these, all the rest of the Sixth are monitors, and keep the crowd back in playground football matches, or give lines to incorrigibles who *will* play fives on the courts in boots. Now and again a prefect is chosen from the Fifths or the Fourths, but for this honour he must be a person of exceptional eminence in the athletic world.

A visitor to the school, strolling through the playground at midday, cannot fail to be bewildered by the maze of games that are going on all around him. In the winter terms goals are chalked out opposite each other east and west of the playground, and as there is room for at least a dozen of these, one "team" frequently encroaches on the "ground" of another. The games are played with small india-rubber balls, which are usually indistinguishable from each other, and many an eager footballer goes madly careering after the wrong ball, only to find his mistake when an angry class that knows him not is pouring recriminations on his head! Frequently there are two or more claimants for the same ball, and the result is chaos, which the monitors and the playground master manage, by what means only they can tell, to reduce to order. In summer, goals are replaced by chalked wickets, and the winged balls fly in all directions through the air, and there is no shelter but in the arms of Providence or some one else's pitch. The fives courts, another midday and after-school attraction, are six in number—two covered and four open. The

A peep behind the City of London School "Lines" at the Public Schools Camp, 1908.
Photo. by Sergeant-Major Fullalove]

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Eton game is played, and there is always a rush to "bag" courts, for even those to whom football is rough and cricket monotonous, find in fives a congenial and healthful diversion.

As for the Athletic Sports, they take up two April afternoons; the heats and junior events being run off at Catford, and the senior events on the famous ground at Herne Hill. It is true that the weather has conspired for the last ten or fifteen years against making the latter afternoon a success, but Citizens have learnt by bitter experience to do without the weather and always expect the worst. They are seldom disappointed. And yet, when one comes to think of it, a Long Jump of 20 ft. 3 in. and a 100 yds. in 10$\frac{3}{5}$ secs. are not exactly records to be ashamed of.

The gymnasium is large and well-appointed. Every year a competition is held, and gold and silver medals and prizes of a more or less athletic type are given.

The Morris Tube range, which runs along the side of the playground, is always well filled on afternoons when there is no cadet drill. Most people have extra classes in the afternoon, for in the City of London School there is nothing from Carpentry (appropriate subject!) to Spanish, from Shorthand to Elocution and Life-saving, that one cannot learn after school in an extra class without extra charge. The single exception is Drawing, for which a charge is made and fully justified by the quality of the teaching.

The school may well be proud of its great Hall, where prayers are said and announcements made. It is a huge, lofty, oak-panelled affair; and across the roof, 50 ft. from the floor, run huge cross-beams, and many a "tanning" has been incurred by adventurous spirits who have sought to make a Blondin-like passage across these straight and narrow paths, all heedless of their necks. The Hall, with its daïs and beautiful stained-glass windows and marble tablets with the gold-lettered names of famous Old Citizens round the walls, is eagerly sought after as a concert hall by the Guildhall School of Music and kindred institutions. It is one of the finest of its kind in England, and makes a splendid picture on the Shakespeare gala-day, when the Mortimer and Beaufoy English Prizes are distributed. The June sun shining through on to the bright colours of sisters and cousins and aunts, the scarlet of uniforms, the solemn-robed masters on the daïs, all combine to make a striking spectacle. On midsummer Prize Day, too, when the Lord Mayor comes in state to distribute the prizes, with a guard of cadets lining the

The School Playground.

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marble staircase to do him honour, and that idolatrous mace carried pompously before him; and on the night of the Conversazione Ball, when the seats have been removed and there is left such a bees-waxed floor as warms the heart of the confirmed dancer, and the couples are moving gracefully to and fro to the music of the waltz—then the Hall comes into its own and is invested with a dignity and a beauty that are quite unique.

And when the Citizen leaves, to become a Citizen in a greater world, he is not forgotten by his old schoolfellows. There are three flourishing Old Boys Clubs: one of them is a benevolent institution, and all are doing good work. There is a Mission, too, that the present Headmaster, Dr. Chilton, has started with a view to social reforms, and this has a great future before it.

Of famous Old Citizens it is difficult to speak without running the risk of becoming tedious. One need only mention the names that first occur to one's mind, names such as Asquith, Ritchie, Rufus Isaacs, Perkin, G. W. Steevens, J. S. Reid, Sidney Lee and Israel Gollancz to give some idea of the variety of the distinctions won by Old Citizens.

Pavilion on the School's Ground at Catford.

The City Fathers have reason to be proud of their very own school, and their generous subsidies have never failed, and never will fail, to prove an investment profitable in the highest degree to themselves, to London, and to the Empire.

AN ARAB'S LETTER

THE following letter was received by an Englishman who had for some years been a teacher in Arabia:

"HONOURABLE TEACHER,

"Most humbly and respectfully I offer you my best compliments and greetings. What joy and pleasure for writing this letter? The delightful opportunity presents itself of corresponding with you. I have enclosed separately an account of my adventures and proceedings, wishing to devote these lines exclusively to you; and to allow my heart to pour out uninterruptedly all that it feels on your account.

"Oh! my dear master, words cannot tell how deep and abiding is the Love I feel for you! While toiling from place to place your image sustains me and the recollection of words kindly spoken and tenderly conveyed, serve to invigorate my energies and reanimate my spirits while I was your pupil at the Zagazig School. Without the possession of your affection my present life would be darkness and void, but solaced by your love, knowing that I have in my keeping a treasure that kings might envy, I move on your ward with light and certain step, looking forward to that blissful moment when I may clasp you to my heart, and lay at your feet the results of my toil. I have traversed thousands of miles, and have been identified with every variety of human life's ever-shifting scene, my feelings remain unchanged, and beneath the varying surface an undercurrent still sets in towards you.

"Adieu, my dear master, may God bless and guard you! Remember me to your family; keep me in your good wishes and let your heart remain all my own and

"Believe me,
"My dear teacher,
"Your ever devoted and pupil,
"A—— F—— S——."

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MY LEOPARD

A Fourteen-Year-Old South African Boy's Adventure

By GRAHAM WEDDERBURN

THERE was a lot of talk about town that a leopard had been seen at the Ebb-and-Flow, about eighteen miles up the Kowie river from Port Alfred. As the Ebb-and-Flow was my favourite camping-place, and also as I had just completed arrangements for a few days' camp, my feelings may well be imagined.

I had decided to start on the following morning, and had already packed my kit and seen that everything was ready when I heard the fateful news. I was informed by an old Kafir, who added that the leopard had carried off one of his dogs the day before, and that fowls and lambs were being missed by his neighbours.

Now, such an event as a leopard appearing in this district was very unusual, as they were supposed to have trekked from there long since, and the old native was only half believed by every one. As I doubted him myself, I told Natu, the Kafir who always accompanied me on my expeditions, to be at the Port at 6 A.M. the next morning, and to have my boat ready. He tried to dissuade me by saying that it was dangerous. My mind was set on the trip, however, and I would not be overruled to take the safer course.

I was at the starting-place at the time specified, and found everything ready for us to set off, which we accordingly did.

As the tide was favourable I let Natu do the rowing, and sat in the stern, meditating on my chances of coming in contact with the leopard—if there was one. I had no doubts as far as my own safety was concerned, for I was a fair shot and had a good gun—a B.S.A., No. 16 bore, left-hand barrel rifled and sighted up to 500 yards, though it could carry 800 yards, and the right barrel was choke. I also had a revolver, which I let Natu carry, for he had already shown that he could use it to some advantage.

We reached Ebb-and-Flow at 9 o'clock and

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at once set to and constructed our camp, which was merely a lot of thorn bushes in a circle of about 20 ft. diameter, with a fire in the centre and the blankets placed on the ground next to it.

As the tide did not yet serve for fishing, I left Natu to collect firewood and look after the camp, and went to see if I could knock over a buck for our meat-supply.

I had the gun loaded as usual, with a bullet in the left barrel, and a charge of buck-shot in the right. I went along the bank of the river till I reached the end of the tidal portion, beyond which there were several pools of fresh water where animals were wont to quench their thirst.

As soon as I came to the pools I proceeded with much caution, searching the ground carefully for a new spoor. When I came in sight of the largest pool I saw, on the opposite side to me, a small blue buck having a drink. I shot it, of course, and was making my way round to it, when I beheld something which nearly knocked me flat with astonishment—or fright. It was a footmark as large as a saucer, the impression of soft pads showing as plain as could be, too plain for my comfort, that it was a leopard's spoor.

As I was examining it the thought struck me that the beast might be in the immediate vicinity, so, carrying the blue-buck, I scooted for camp as hard as I could. The buck did not hamper me, as this animal is only a little larger than a hare when full-grown.

I made the camp in record time, told Natu what I had discovered and asked his opinion. His idea was to strengthen the camp as soon as we had finished our mid-day meal. I acted on this advice, with the result that by sundown our stronghold seemed impregnable even against an elephant.

We pulled the boat high and dry, set her across the entrance, placed some bushes on top, and prepared for our night's rest, with no small misgivings as to what the hours of darkness might bring forth. We fixed on two watches—Natu to take from 10 P.M. to 2 A.M., and I the rest, and, everything having been arranged, I lay down and soon dropped off to sleep.

It seemed that about five minutes had elapsed when I was shaken violently by the shoulder. I looked up and saw Natu's face, aglow with excitement.

"What is the matter?" I asked.

"The leopard is hanging round, Baas."

I did not wait for any more, but jumped up and seized my gun, searching the undergrowth as well as I could with my eyes.

"Build up the fire, Natu, and get your revolver ready," said I, in Kafir.

The fire blazed brightly, illuminating the large hill on the opposite side of the river with startling distinctness, but failing to reveal anything in the undergrowth.

I glanced at my watch and saw that it was 1.30, so I told Natu to have his sleep, and I would watch until morning.

As I had not heard or seen the leopard, I concluded that he was gone, so making the fire up again I sat down with my gun across my knees.

I had been in this position for about thirty minutes when I heard a terrible crashing noise at the rear of the camp. I jumped up, trembling in every limb, for at that time I was only fourteen years of age and my experience of wild beasts was limited to a modest bush-buck.

The crashing continued, and not knowing what else to do, I picked up a piece of blazing wood and threw it in the direction the sound came from. It fell true to its aim, and I saw a dark body spring into the bush on my right.

I fired my right-hand barrel, charged with buck-shot, at the place where the body had entered, and on the instant heard an awful cry of pain and rage, and then dead silence.

The shot and the cry had aroused Natu, so that there was no more sleep that morning for either of us.

We sat talking until the first glow of the welcome day spread across the sky, and then rose to dig some bait for the day's fishing. After having found a sufficient supply, we had our morning meal, which consisted of grilled blue buck, "ash-cookies," or dampers, and coffee.

When the meal was finished I carefully examined the bush around our camp for any sign of the leopard. I spotted some drops of blood on the grass in one place, and followed them for about twenty yards into the bush. They were very distinct, so I came to the conclusion that the great cat was wounded pretty severely, and decided that, instead of fishing that day, we would follow the trail and see if we could corner him.

Telling Natu to coil up his line and make everything secure, I prepared for the chase by arming myself with a knife slung at my belt, as well as the gun and ammunition. After seeing that everything was safe, we started.

At first the blood was thick and easy to follow, but after traversing half a mile or so the spots were few and faint. We therefore had to go on with the utmost caution, falling

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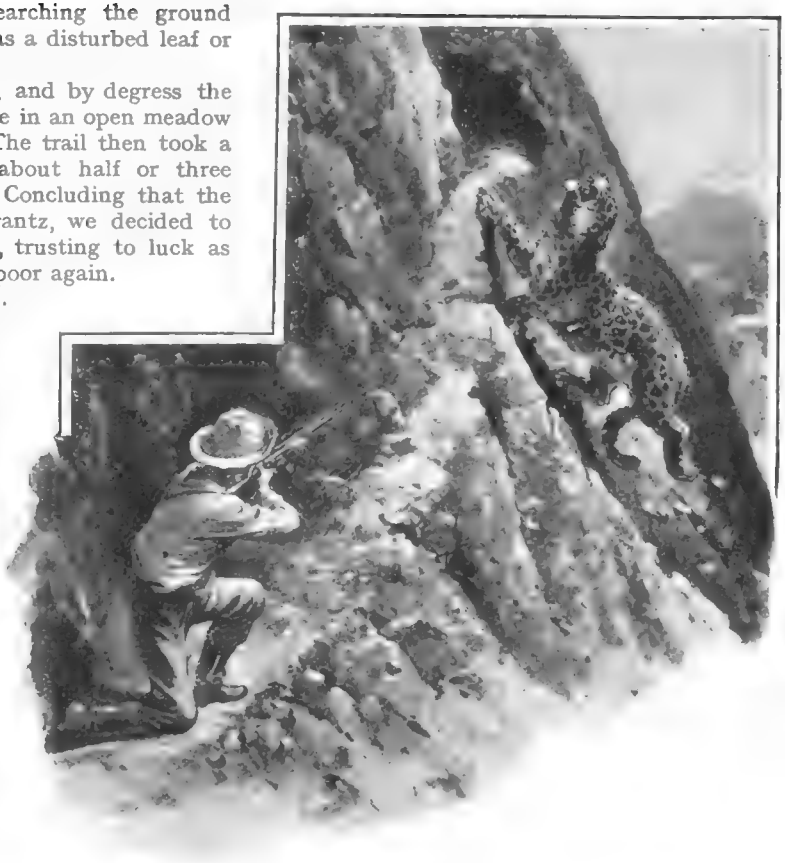
on hands and knees and searching the ground carefully for any sign, such as a disturbed leaf or a freshly broken twig.

We were rising gradually, and by degress the bush grew thin, until we were in an open meadow stretching up the hillside. The trail then took a direction towards a krantz about half or three quarters of a mile distant. Concluding that the beast had its lair in this krantz, we decided to make a bee-line across to it, trusting to luck as to being able to find the spoor again.

When we reached the krantz we searched up and down for the spoor, but for some considerable time were unable to find it. At last Natu, who was some distance away, shouted that he had discovered it. I hurried towards him as fast as I could and began following the spoor up a sort of path. We rose higher and higher, until we reached a point about 250 ft. up, and here the trail branched off horizontally along the cliff's side.

We now took every precaution and advanced along the narrow ledge carefully. Above us the krantz ran almost perpendicularly for a further 250 ft., and below there was a precipitous slope with only one path to clamber up or down by. Far away in the distance we could see the river, with another range of bush-clad hills in the background, and in the foreground the bush was as a deep green sea between us and the river. I could not help admiring the scene, even though it was a common one to me.



TAKING CAREFUL AIM BETWEEN HIS EYES, I FIRED.

The ledge grew narrower and narrower, until it was about a foot wide where we walked. At last it ended in a cave. And this was the leopard's lair.

We held a consultation and decided that it would be risky to enter, as the beast might spring on us unawares.

From where we stood, the cave was about thirty yards distant, so, kneeling down, I put the gun up to my shoulder and fired the charge of shot into the cave's mouth, and hastily loaded again.

A low growl was the response, and when the smoke cleared off we beheld, in the extreme entrance of the cave, his lordship, crouched as if to spring, and blinking in the sunlight.

Taking careful aim between his eyes, I fired. He made an effort to reach me, but his legs gave way and, rolling off the ledge with a last convulsive quiver, he began sliding down the krantz.

Trembling with excitement, we reached the body after an extensive detour. We skinned it there and then, and went on our way to camp rejoicing, feeling well inclined for our mid-day meal.

Little more remains to be told. Except for the shooting of a bush-buck by Natu, and the landing of a 15-pound Cape salmon by myself, nothing exciting happened during our holiday.

Of course, on our return to Port Alfred a lot of unnecessary fuss was made over us for ridding the district of such a dangerous visitor as the leopard. But some people said that we were very foolish for venturing to camp when we knew what might happen, &c. However, all's well that ends well.

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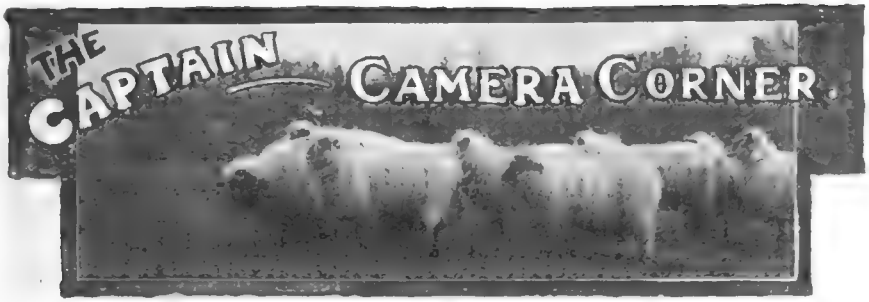

SOME USEFUL HINTS

"Ensyna" Paper.

MESSRS. HOUGHTONS have introduced to the public a photographic printing paper which will be found a great help and convenience to the amateur. I refer to "Ensyna."

The chief points to be noted about this paper are:

That it resembles gas-light printing papers in taking a latent image in a few seconds.

That development is quick and simple.

That half a minute suffices to fix the prints, and two minutes to wash them so thoroughly as to render the image permanent.

That in appearance the prints resemble ordinary glossy silver P.O.P.

That the *tone* of the print is produced, not by a separate process, but by the length of exposure. Short exposures give purple, long exposures, brown and sepia tones.

That the nature of the paper enables prints to be made from negatives of all degrees of strength. A thin negative and a short exposure yield a plucky print; while a soft print can be obtained from a harsh negative if the exposure be prolonged and the developer weakened so as to act slowly.

Be it understood that the principle of the paper is different from that of other papers. The image is *built up* on the surface of the gelatine instead of being "cut out" chemically. The mechanical nature of the process is shown by the fact that, as soon as the developer has got a good grip of the film, the development can be completed, if you wish it, in broad daylight; which would, of course, be quite impossible with a gas-light paper.

The image has the further advantage of being absolutely permanent, consisting of nothing but pure metallic silver.

The user of "Ensyna" is therefore able to get a print quickly, and that print will be of a kind eminently suitable for reproduction by the half-tone process, and be permanent into the bargain. The Art Editor's pressing demands for illustrations at a moment's notice will henceforth be robbed of half their terrors for me.

By-the-bye, the paper is as cheap, or nearly as cheap, as ordinary P.O.P.; and the special developer, called "Ensynoids," needed to bring up the image can be purchased from any photographic dealer. This developer is absolutely essential; no other will do.

Imperial Plates.

Photographic plate-making is one of the industries in which Britain is able to more than hold its own against all comers. I have not bought more than a few dozen "foreigners" in my life, and, except possibly for three-colour plates, don't expect to purchase any more. A brand which I have used for years with complete satisfaction is the "Imperial." So I am much interested in a little booklet that has reached me from that firm. It describes, with illustrations, the ills to which plates are liable; pin-holes, bubble marks, granulated surface, smears, wave marks, &c.; and the information is given in language which is intelligible to the merest amateur. At the end of the brochure is a list of "Don'ts" which every amateur might well keep before him. I don't remember ever seeing so much useful advice for photographers given in so few pages, so I advise you to apply for the publication to the Imperial Dry Plate Co., Cricklewood, and ask for a copy of their catalogue of plates and papers at the same time.

Wellcome's Diary.

After papers and plates I come naturally to chemicals, and from chemicals to mention of Messrs. Burroughs Wellcome and Co., whose Tabloid preparations are too well known to require specific mention. Their "Photographic Exposure and Diary" should be in the possession of every photographer, as, like the booklet just mentioned, it contains in a handy compass a

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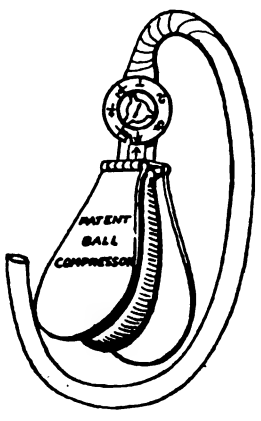
mass of information of a thoroughly practical nature, in addition to calendar, diary, and a large number of pages ready ruled for recording particulars of plates and the conditions under which they are exposed. The mechanical exposure calculator, attached to the inside of the cover, is the next best thing to an actinometer for ensuring good results. I think that if you set to work and mastered all the hints contained in this little book you would have advanced far on the road to a thorough understanding of the photographic art in both theory and practice.

Thornton-Pickard.

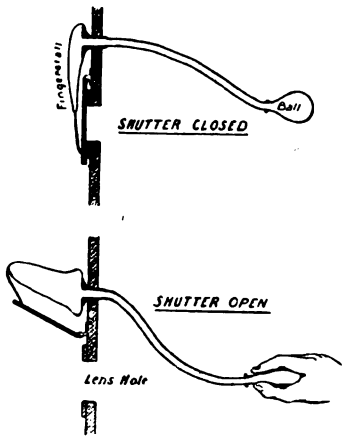
This firm made its reputation on its roller-blind shutters, and has extended its business into all departments of photographic apparatus. Their new catalogue is well worthy of your perusal. It includes many things which will at least interest you. Glancing through it, I notice the new Ball Compressor for fitting to the bulb of a pneumatically released shutter, controlled by an air-escape exposure valve. The use of the compressor—which resembles on a small scale the wooden part of an ordinary pair of bellows—is to enable one to squeeze the ball lying between its two flaps more effectively than is possible when the ball is held bare in the hand. The specification of the thirty-shilling "Weenie" Pocket Camera, given on page 81, suggests to me that this machine would about fill the bill for a boy who hasn't much money to spend and wants to get good value. On the last page of all is described the "Telemeter," by means of which the distance of an object from the camera is determined quickly and accurately. This fitment is specially useful for a camera which has to be focussed by scale.



THORNTON-PICKARD BALL COMPRESSOR.

A Simple Shutter.

"F. W. D." sends me two sketches of a very simple form of silent shutter working behind the lens inside the camera. The shutter itself is a hinged flap pressed up against the lens-board by a spring. To the centre of the flap is attached the tip of a rubber finger-stall, the open end of which is tied round a brass nozzle connected by a tube to a rubber ball. When the ball is compressed the air makes the finger-stall stand out stiffly and raise the flap; and when it is released the air returns to its original position and allows the stall to become limp, and the shutter to close. I don't know whether the device is a home-invented and made one; if it is, I congratulate the inventor on his ingenuity. I could have found a use for the shutter in the far-off days when I had time to spend on the photographing of birds sitting on their nests. The shutter I then employed gave a loud click which scared the mothers badly, and largely nullified my hiding behind cover at the far end of a long rubber tube.



A SIMPLE, SILENT SHUTTER.

"Nestography."

This suggests a further "par" which should come in quite seasonably. The Keartons have done more for the protection of bird-life than a good many laws, by making the public realise that a good photograph of a living bird is much better than a stuffed skin; and that one can get more fun out of taking a picture than is afforded by the seizure of a clutch of eggs. Though this particular branch of photography has been well worked, there is still plenty of room for the enthusiastic amateur blessed with plenty of patience. A week or two of the quiet watching required teaches one a lot about the smaller habits of birds, and serves as a valuable lesson in natural history, besides being a good test of one's qualities as a photographer. If you are keen enough to decide to take up "nestography" seriously, you ought to purchase one or more of the books written by the Keartons, Lodge, and others, telling the public how to set about the business. These books are somewhat expensive, but well worth their price.

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SOME PICTURESQUE AND HISTORIC GATEWAYS.
Photos. by Ernest W. Jackson.

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"THE SCRAGS"

A Tale of "Hickson's," the "Mixed" School at San Francisco, Concerning Which Various Stories Have Already Been Told in These Pages

By F. L. MORGAN

I

THERE was nothing conservative at Hickson's; they were ever for the "survival of the fittest" with regard to both persons and things. They did not insist on a man having to go through years of probation at the college before taking up any responsible position. If, at the end of his or her first term, anybody became a member of the Cabinet, he or she was not regarded as an interloper or an upstart, but as one who had proved himself or herself worthy of a high position, with brains more than the ordinary and—well, no one can be *born* a Hicksonian. Sometimes it would seem rather rough luck when an occasional brilliant star shot into the college at a ripe age and, romping over the heads of those who had worked steadily upwards for years, collared a prefect's berth or became a leader in the field almost before he had unpacked his box. But Hickson's understood that it was by means of intelligence and fitness and did not grumble. They wanted the best man, that's all.

Howard Pillsen was one of these. If ever the square peg found the square hole it was when Howard Pillsen, at the beginning of his second term, stepped into the shoes of departed Joseph White (only departed as far as Oakland, where his people lived) and became Games Secretary to Hickson's College. Of course there had been others in the contest, but at the finish only Pillsen remained. When told of the honour Hickson's had conferred upon him he felt not a little elated, and listened with difficulty to his house-master's useful and gratis advice.

"And now, Pillsen," said Mr. Carr, after about a quarter of an hour's hard talking, "there is something I want to say to you."

Pillsen reflected that the greatest of men may be wearisome at times. But if Mr. Carr hadn't "wanted to say" all he had given voice to in the fifteen previous precious minutes, but had merely felt it his duty, this bit ought to be more interesting.

"This is confidential, Pillsen, and quite as—in fact, as man to man."

Pillsen checked an impulse to rise and bow his acknowledgments of the delicate compliment.

"It is about the 'Scrags,' as I believe they call themselves. Now, my boy, it is quite time that these Scrags were ruled out of order—that is, put down; in fact——"

"Squashed, sir," suggested Pillsen, with great presence of mind, considering that he had not the faintest notion of who or what the Scrags might be.

"Exactly, exactly," said Mr. Carr, waving his hand to signify that he would not have used the expression himself, but that it might pass for once.

"You see, Pillsen, the Scrags are growing in—" He paused again, and Pillsen longed to supplement "grace," but thought it wouldn't do in his second term.

"In strength and numbers," continued the house-master, "and will soon reach the point where they must either be acknowledged by Hickson's, which of course is out of the question, or else be disbanded by the head-master; and that would be a great pity. It is far better to manage these little things amongst ourselves. And it has reached that point where something must be done, Pillsen. They cannot go on as they are, for we know what becomes of 'a house divided against itself.'"

"Yes, sir," agreed Pillsen vaguely.

"Very well, then. In your position as Games Secretary and part-manager, I hope you will be able to restore harmony on the field and finally abolish the Scrags. That's all, Pillsen."

Pillsen closed Mr. Carr's study door with care and walked down the stairs one at a time in deep thought. Here was where his "newness" at Hickson's rose up and hit him in the face. He felt like a well-meaning soldier who has received orders from his commanding officer to go and instantly annihilate an unknown something lurking behind a distant

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bush. It might be anything from a raging tiger to a swaddling infant.

What were the Scrags? He had no means of telling just then, so he looked at his watch to divert his attention. It was nearly four o'clock and a free "half." Those who were not in the field would be thinking about tea, for though Hickson's College flourished in the westest of western America, the study "tea" was an institution as fixed and unalterable as it is at Harrow or Marlborough. Should he go in search of Isabel Uridge, Games Treasurer and his fellow manager, and have a business talk, or—anyway, what *were* the Scrags?

How jolly fortunate he was to have come into his present position so early in his college career! He would do well by it, all there was in him. Already he had noted room for several improvements in the management of Hickson's games. Of course, being still rather "new," he would have to go carefully and to—but, *what were the Scrags?*

II

Jonathan Flower of the Sixth, a thoughtful student of human nature, as he was fondly wont to style himself, made his way into Bowen's House, through a bevy of chattering girls, and, after a preliminary and unanswered knock, into Theodora Tyler's study. All Hickson's studies were comfortable and especially Bowen's, for girls have a knack of making a room look cosy with very little to do it with; but Theodora's study outshone them all, being furnished with all that loving thought and almost unlimited cash can provide. In one corner was a little black ebony piano, for Theodora could play; in this she was Hickson's shining light. She was the pride of Mr. Parkinson, who vowed that never had he taught so receptive and persevering a pupil. Yes, Theodora's success on the piano was due to a little talent and very much honest endeavour. And she loved it, or thought she did, second to nothing.

Jonathan Flower, who was long and thin, with a clever shrewd face, had barely got comfortably settled in the second-best chair when he had to unfold himself and rise to receive the owner of the study. Theodora

"THE SCRAGS!" INTERRUPTED A HOLLOW VOICE.

dropped a pile of books on the table and then turned to close the door. She was a tall girl with a long fair plait, and was dressed in a navy serge skirt with a jersey to match.

"Hallo, Jonathan, been here long?"

"No, but ma says I may stay to tea if you invite me."

"Good. I've got a whole truck of things from home and was wondering how they would

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get despatched before they went bad. I foresee there will be no difficulty."

Jonathan tried to look hurt.

"I hope you are not casting aspersions on my appetite, Theodora, because in that case I——"

"Soothe down, Weed, and help get tea. Take the things out of that basket marked 'Perishable,' will you?"

"Right O! Here are sardines, jellies, cakes, a stunnin' box of candies and some pots of something."

Theodora considered.

"Oh well, let's have the sardines, one of the pots (jam, isn't it?) and some cakes. I've put out an extra cup and plate, as I half-expect Mary Baker. Let's see, you do take sugar?"

"Yes, lots, please," said Jonathan, drawing up his chair. "This is no end decent of you, Theodora. What I really came for was to speak to you about the Scrags. Seems to me——"

"The Scrags!" interrupted a hollow voice at the door. ("I did knock, Theodora, only you didn't hear it.) Will some one tell me about them? I can't find Isabel Uridge." But, as he spoke, the new Games Secretary caught sight of the tea-table and was for backing out.

"It's all right; come in and have some tea," said Theodora hospitably. "Here's a place already laid for you. Jonathan wants to talk about the Scrags too, and I'm agreeable."

Pillsen hesitated. Up to the present he had not had much to do with Theodora, who was not at all given to athletics, and he did not want to seem to be "cadging" a tea. Theodora divined this with feminine thoughtfulness.

"Of course," she said, "not if you're busy. But Isabel Uridge is 'teaing' in Carr's, I know. So come and sit down and tell us about the Scrags."

So Pillsen sat down, with a glance of admiration at the cosy little room and well-appointed tea-table. Your ordinary boy can do without luxury and not fret, but he has a well-developed sense of appreciation when luxury comes his way.

"Tell you about the Scrags?" he repeated. "I'm just searching after knowledge in that direction myself."

"Why, there's nothing new, is there?" asked Theodora. "Ross Scraggleton hasn't challenged the First Mixed or anything, has he?"

"Scraggleton!" exclaimed Pillsen. "Isn't that the name of that tall dark chap in the Fifth with the mighty solemn cast of countenance?"

"Just so," said Jonathan. "Have a sardine before you give way to further excitement."

"Thanks. But what *are* the Scrags? And what has that fellow to do with them? Not much, I hope, for his sake."

"Why?" asked Theodora.

Flower became suddenly interested.

"Because," replied the new Games Secretary calmly, "my mission in life, at present, is to wipe the Scrags off the face of the earth."

Theodora looked amazed, and it was only by a mighty effort not to show his surprise that Jonathan was able to continue unmoved in the making of a sardine sandwich.

"Jingo!" he said. "How true it is that great minds jump together. I suppose the authorities have at last awakened to the fact that something must be done with regard to the Scrags. I arrived at that conclusion all by myself yesterday, and after falling out with the Britisher, came here to talk to Theodora about it. Well, what did they say to you, Pillsen—it was Carr, I suppose?"

Pillsen patted the table softly, but with determination.

"I absolutely refuse to speak another word on the subject unless you explain fully and concisely, but as briefly as possible, the nature, property and status of an unknown band, party, society or something, called the Scrags. In my pilgrimage here last term I did not come across any such body, party, society——"

"Try team," interrupted Theodora. "Hockey team, led by Ross Scraggleton."

"Hockey team! Great guns!"

Jonathan Flower raised a protesting hand.

"Now, my dear lad, don't get excited. Just pass your cup to Theodora for some more nice tea, take a bit more cake, and compose yourself while I tell you all about it. In the first place you must have seen an odd team knocking around, and, in view of your present position, you should have made it your business to inquire into it before this."

"Yes," interrupted Pillsen eagerly, "but I never dreamt——"

Jonathan silenced him with a gesture and continued his explanations. "The Scrags are a team of mixed hockey players, founded some years ago by their present captain, Ross Scraggleton, in a naughty little temper. Since that time they have grown and so improved their play that they have somehow insinuated themselves until they are acknowledged by the Juniors and Middle School, and play (and incidentally lick) the

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younger regular teams. But, all the same, they are an outcast lot—a team that is not Hickson's, but Scraggleton's. A beastly private team which you in your position as Games Secretary must do your best to remove."

Jonathan stopped, and there was a pause while the new Games Secretary digested this rather astounding news. He did not know *what* he had expected, but he rather thought it hadn't been this.

"What's his object?" he asked at last. "Scraggleton's, I mean."

"Oh," said Theodora, "don't reckon he had one at first. He was just a kid in a bate, wasn't he, Weed?"

Jonathan nodded and explained further.

"But, as he got higher up in school and wouldn't give it up, of course it made him shockin' unpopular with the seniors and—well, we have got into the habit of not talking about it, because it makes us too sick, so it's not so wonderful that you didn't get to know Scraggleton and his lot during your first term. It has been that way for a good time. I don't believe the chap cares a cent about Hickson's, so long as he's got his hockey team to boss about."

Howard Pillsen looked rather fierce.

"It's very rotten," he said; "an outcast team in a place like this—a team that follows one chap and refuses to belong to the school. It's horribly rotten."

"That's what I've just told Stanborough," replied Flower, "but he floored me with his 'British Peerage' expression of countenance and said he wouldn't touch Scraggleton with the end of a barge-pole, and that the only way to put down the Scrags was to ignore 'em. But we've been doing that for some time now and they seem to thrive on it."

Pillsen rose, refreshed, strengthened and determined.

"I'll go and have a talk to Scraggleton about it right now. Thanks ever so much for the tea, Theodora; see you presently in the Lecture Hall, I suppose? Coming, Weed?"

"Yes, do go, Jonathan," said Theodora, with beautiful frankness; "I want to have an hour's practice."

So they went, Jonathan taking his dismissal in the spirit that it was given. They were like that at Hickson's.

III

Mr. Bowen, the girls' house-master, looked annoyed. Then he read the letter again.

"Very tiresome," he muttered. "Why couldn't they have sent the child at a reasonable time, or have brought her right to the college? Now, how can I get her here? The 'bus must go, of course."

Meditatively he went over to the window, and was just in time to see a tall boy walk across the court, leading a bicycle in the direction of the gates. It only wanted five minutes to lock-up, and when labouring under the species of insanity known as irritability, the best of men are liable to give way to an unsportsmanlike impulse. Mr. Bowen did so now. He threw up the window and bellowed, "Hi, there!" it being too dark to recognise any one at the other end of the court.

The boy stopped and looked round, and in answer to Mr. Bowen's further instructions to "come here," he leaned his machine against a post and sauntered back. He was a decent-looking, straight-limbed fellow, with a nice enough face, marred only by a heavy lowering shadow that never seemed to lift. He kept his eyes on the ground most of the time.

"Oh, it's you, Scraggleton. Do you know the time? Where are you going?"

"To Dunk's, sir. I have Mr. Carr's permit."

"Dunk's" was a San Francisco tailoring establishment which was much patronised by Hickson's for all sorts of necessaries in the way of field garments. Also they were the agents for the College caps and colours in general.

Mr. Bowen's irritability slid off him as a small boy slides down a water-shoot, leaving no trace. He saw a way out of his difficulty.

"To Dunk's, eh? Well, the 'bus is going into the city in a few minutes to bring back a new junior. Perhaps you would like to go in it instead of cycling. If so, I should be obliged if you would just go into the station and see the new junior and her luggage into the 'bus all right. Her train arrives at seven, and her name is Joy—Elizabeth Joy. She will wear the school colours, so you can't miss her."

"So that's it," said Scraggleton fiercely to himself. "He offered me the ride in the 'bus merely to serve his own ends—to save himself the trouble of going or sending some one to meet a new kid!" And the senior gritted his teeth and fumed and fretted over the fancied slight all the way to San Francisco, arriving there in a mental condition that boded ill for the peace of mind of any wretched little new junior with whom he might come into contact.

Half an hour later, nearing San Francisco, Elizabeth Joy, a small girl of eleven or twelve, was having a slight skirmish in the train with a bug-bear known as sentiment.

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"I don't think I'll cry," said she, staring out of the window with a rather pitiful smile. "I am glad to come to Hickson's College; it is right for me to, and of course I—don't—*want*—to—cry."

HE POINTED TO THE HOCKEY STICK, AND ASKED, "DO YOU PLAY?"

She seemed to find this train of argument quite successful, for it was a very cheerful young person who hopped out at San Francisco and handed the check for her luggage to one of the porters, after grasping a hockey stick and a music-case which she had brought in the car with her. The man soon returned with her box.

"Reckonin' on some one from the college to meet you, eh?" he asked.

"Of course," replied Elizabeth. "But I don't know who it'll be. Couldn't you just see if there's any one around from Hickson's that you know?"

The arrival of a senior Hicksonian at this moment saved the porter further anxiety and covered Elizabeth with genial smiles.

"I suppose you are Elizabeth Joy?"

Let it be said to his credit that Ross Scraggleton tried his best not to show how disagreeable he felt. He had instantly spotted the Hickson green and blue on Elizabeth's very new straw hat, and had come up from behind. He now took command, mentally vowing that he felt like a "darned nurse-girl," and in a few minutes the new junior and her belongings were installed in the school 'bus.

"This is beautiful," said Elizabeth Joy. "I didn't expect so much. I was thinking I should have to walk to Hickson's College, and then I couldn't have my box till to-morrow. But there, you never know," and she sighed contentedly.

"Don't talk so much," was all that was forthcoming from Scraggleton by way of response. So there was silence, save for the rumbling of the 'bus, for quite a mile. The new junior had an irritating habit of smiling every time she met Scraggleton's eyes.

At last he pointed to the hockey stick she still held and asked: "Do you play?"

"Yes, I play the piano and hockey."

"Where have you played hockey?"

"At home at the New Yarra Springs, with the Doc's team. I play very well for a small one," replied the new junior complacently;

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adding, "but I play the piano 'most better'n hockey, and that's why I've come to school to be educated."

Scraggleton regarded her with pity.

"Poor little idiot," he thought; "what a rotten time she'll have with the other kids."

Elizabeth Joy chatted on.

"It seemed as if we couldn't afford for me to come at first, but then mother thought we might manage, and I'm going to win a scholarship very soon, so as not to be a burden."

"Oh," was all Scraggleton could think of to say.

"But I was just wondering what the Doc would do now I've left home. You see, there were only just enough, counting us all, and it's hard luck to lose a man out of your team in the middle of the season, isn't it?"

Scraggleton felt his ill-humour melting away, and looked at the new junior with a wild desire to laugh. But something in the little serious face made him choke it down in a cough.

"Very rough luck, I should say," he replied. "I'm captain of a hockey team myself."

Elizabeth regarded him with tremendous respect.

"You don't say! Well, I'm real pleased. It must make you happy."

The senior grinned. He was beginning to feel glad that Mr. Bowen had let him in for this. He looked at the new junior's seasoned stick and wondered if she could play any good. Then he looked at her face, which immediately broke into a smile that somehow did not irritate him, it was so friendly.

Suddenly obeying an impulse which he was destined bitterly to regret later on, he said: "Look here, kid, you may join my team if you like."

Elizabeth Joy went very red, and her breath came rather fast.

"Oh, but—but are you sure? I should just *love* to, but——"

"That's all right, then. My name is Ross Scraggleton, and my team is called the Scrags. Don't forget the name."

"No, I won't forget, *dear* Ross Scraggleton. I didn't know I should like to come to Hickson's College so much; and I don't think mother did either. I shall write and tell her how real good you are to me."

Until now Scraggleton would have denied the possibility of being made to feel in the slightest degree uncomfortable by any one or all the lot of Bowen's juniors.

"Oh, you'll soon shake down with the other kids," he said after a moment. "You don't want to tell your mother every little thing."

"But I always do," said Elizabeth. "Don't you?"

"I haven't got one," replied Scraggleton briefly, but with no feeling at all, for he had been motherless from babyhood—and that, perhaps, accounted for many things.

The effect of his words, however, was rather remarkable. Elizabeth Joy made a rush for his side of the 'bus, and pressing close to his coat-sleeve, whispered: "Never mind, you dear boy. God is our Father-Mother really, and He'll look after you just the same. I hadn't got my mother at the station, but you see He sent you to take care of me."

Before the senior could recover from the onslaught or think of any sort of a reply, the 'bus drew up with a jerk and then rattled over the court, coming to a final stand outside Bowen's door.

"Is this Hickson's College?" said Elizabeth, jumping out after Scraggleton. "My land, what a—what a tre—mendous place. Oh, but isn't it just beautiful!"

IV

When Pillsen left Theodora's study to go in search of Scraggleton he found him gone with a special *exeat* into San Francisco, and it was not until the following Wednesday afternoon that he again signified his intention to interview the captain of the Scrags.

"After footer," he said, "I'll speak to that chap Scraggleton."

Jonathan Flower nipped off an inoffensive bud which had hurried up a little before its time and chewed it thoughtfully.

"And what," he asked, "are you going to say to him?"

"I shall approach him nicely and tell him that the existence of a private hockey team at Hickson's is out of order, and appeal to——"

"No use," interrupted Jonathan. "Scraggleton won't let you get close enough to appeal to anything. He'll cheek you in his beastly way, keep you miles off, and go on just the same."

Pillsen stopped short dramatically.

"D'you reckon on persuading me that nothing can be done to put down this bounder and his team except to go to the Head?"

"Come on, man; don't stand still like a moon-struck buffalo. No, I mean that talking to Scraggleton won't affect him now. You'll have to wait for a suitable opportunity to do anything."

"But Carr——" began Pillsen.

"Oh, Carr knows you can't do away with the Scrags in five minutes. What does Isabel Uridge say about it?"

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"She doesn't think we can do anything."

Pillsen's tone was depressed. He had learnt to labour, but not to wait. He would like to tackle the rebellious Scraggleton at once; but he saw the wisdom of Jonathan's advice. It would be less than useless to try to make a fellow like the captain of the Scrags do anything he didn't want to by talking. Nothing less than written law would have any effect on him, and there was no written law at Hickson's to meet this particular case. Rules with regard to games were few, especially in the lower and middle schools. It was this lack of law that had so tried Stanborough the Englishman, when he found that the cricket he meant to have must evolve from the efforts of himself and one other fellow unaided by any but their own rules and methods.

Hickson's fields on a half-holiday were very pleasant to behold. Before time for play, little groups of mixed seniors would stand and talk, or break away into pick-up games with any sort of ball. Here Stanborough captained the mixed hockey in winter and the cricket in summer. Here Kennett gathered together in odd moments Hickson's first base-ball nine, and here the great Messent trained and gently bullied Carr's A1 footer eleven, keeping them up to the mark that had never been reached by any other school in Western America.

Hickson's football was of the kind seldom met with, more's the pity, on the "other side." It was fast, furious and absolutely first-class, combined with a clean sportsmanship that lifted it far above the play of most of its opponents. This was due to Messent, the captain. Messent would have no dirty play in his team, though out of every twelve matches —played by Hickson's—ten were against the usual "rot your opponent's play all you can, but keep clear of the umpires" style. "We'll play clean and silent, fellers," said Messent, "whatever."

Jonathan Flower played right guard. Football was responsible for his maddest moments. He was one of Messent's choicest men, and seemed momentarily to forget his study of human nature when careering down the field in a wild American "charge." At the end of the afternoon, muddy but cheerful, Jonathan again attached himself to Pillsen.

"Now for lots of drink; I've got a fearful thirst on me. I shan't wait for the Britisher. Let's see, who are they playing this afternoon?"

"Oakland Blues," replied the Games Secretary.

"Um—beat us last term. But Hickson's have made that all right to-day, bet your bottom dollar. Wonder what time they'll be back. Hullo, what's up?"

The way was barred by a group of excited juniors, all talking at once in tones of shrill indignation. In their midst, apparently the cause of the trouble, was Elizabeth Joy, looking very small and new. She stood with her hands over her ears and her eyes tightly closed. Struck by the "fearful odds," the two seniors stopped to make inquiries. After some difficulty they learnt that the juniors' indignation had been aroused by the fact that Elizabeth Joy had already become a member of the famous Scrags.

"Is it fair, Pillsen, and she's only been here three days?" asked young Johnson.

"She must have strutted her hockey tremendous to Scraggleton to make him let her join without even seeing her play," commented another.

Pillsen ran his eyes over them in disgust.

"Look here, you kids," he said quietly, "you're on the wrong tack altogether. You seem to think it's an honour to join the Scrags, but I tell you straight, you're wrong—it's not. The Scrags are no earthly good to Hickson's. and will have to quit calling themselves a team, because Ross Scraggleton has no right to any team. They are only a pick-up lot of—of—" Pillsen paused a moment, and Peter Marsh, a youngster who hailed from the Prairies, interrupted.

"But sakes, Pillsen, jest you see 'em play!"

"Then they should play for us—for the Coll.," said Pillsen sharply. "They've no right to do anything else while they're here."

He noted that most of his listeners had not seen the matter in this light before, but that they seemed ready to consider the new right idea.

Elizabeth Joy, who had heard nothing of all this, now opened her eyes and ears and beamed on the seniors.

"I thought some one would come in a minute," she said. "They are such chatterers, aren't they? It's about the Scrags. Of course I wouldn't be a Scrag if it's not right, but Ross Scraggleton is one, so I think it must be."

Every one grinned except Jonathan, who looked pleasantly sympathetic. Elizabeth addressed herself to him.

"You know, directly I see it's wrong, I won't be a Scrag. But I think Ross Scraggleton knows; he reflects intelligence 'most all the time."

"Thanks," said Ross Scraggleton himself, hardly knowing why he had joined them. It

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was usual for him to pass by on the other side, and Hickson's had got into the habit of not encouraging him to do otherwise. He looked quickly over the group and then lowered his eyes and spoke again.

"You can cut off now, Elizabeth, or you'll be late for tea, and that would be a pity! Clear off, all you kids."

"NONE OF YOUR SAUCE, SCRAGGLETON."

The juniors melted away, and Elizabeth, dropping a little behind, was joined by Jonathan Flower, who accompanied her all the way to Bowen's, enjoying himself immensely. He discovered in the new junior what was to him an entirely new phase of human nature.

"This is a nice sort of thing to do, Scraggleton," said Pillsen warmly, when they were left alone; "to bag a raw kid for rule-breaking before she knows the ropes."

"Ah, you're the new Games Secretary, aren't you? I wasn't aware that I was breaking any rules. But perhaps you've made some new ones? If so, I shall be delighted to have a copy. In the meantime, you needn't bully the kid."

"None of your sauce, Scraggleton, and I am not in the habit of bullying kids. I've been wanting to speak to you, and I'd like to get on with it now if you're agreeable."

"We are rather overcome by the importance of our new position," sneered the captain of the Scrags softly.

Pillsen flushed a bit, but continued quietly, "You must see, Scraggleton, that your so-called team is no good to Hickson's. If you can play, you ought to be ready to play for a school team under a captain. The Scrags will have to be——"

Pillsen stopped, for, after one look, full of bitterness and defiance, Scraggleton turned on his heel and walked away. The interview was most decidedly at an end. But Pillsen felt relieved as he trotted briskly schoolwards. Scraggleton had declared plainly enough his ultimatum, and hostilities had already commenced,

(To be continued.)

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How to Train for Sports

By C. B. FRY

[As we have received inquiries on the subject of training for sports, we are reprinting an article by Mr. C. B. Fry which he wrote for the first number of THE CAPTAIN (April 1899), as it does not appear to us possible to give better information than that herein contained.—ED. CAPTAIN.]

THE term "training" covers the whole preparation for an athletic contest — manner of life, diet, and exercise. There is no such thing as a method of training, absolute and fixed; the course of preparation to be pursued in a particular case depends both upon the object in view and upon the person concerned. Each athletic event requires a special method of training, and this again must be modified to suit individuals. It is possible to give a general idea of the way to train, and some general hints upon the special requirements of certain events or groups of events, but nothing save observation, common sense, and experience can teach an athlete how best to adapt the recognised methods of training to his own case.

MR. C. B. FRY.

DIFFERENT RULES FOR MAN AND BOY.

It is well worth notice that the advice given in athletic books, being intended for adults, is liable to be misleading for the purposes of school sports. The *régime* and exercise suitable to a grown man are quite the reverse for a boy. A man can both stand and requires stiffer work; he is stronger, his muscles are more set, his habit of body is less adaptable, and in most cases his general condition is inferior. Then, again, in after life, an athlete is usually a specialist, confining himself to one event; at school, however, one usually trains with a view to competing in several events. The following remarks are made from the point of view of school athletics.

DON'T BOTHER ABOUT FOOD.

First, as regards *régime* and manner of life. Training demands, as a primary condition, regular, healthy habits, and a proper amount of simple, wholesome food. A man, on going into training, may have to alter his habits and diet; but with a boy at school the case is different. It would be impossible to invent a system of living better suited to training than the ordinary *régime* of an English school. To bed early, up early, regular hours in every way; the food of exactly the sort required for training. Boys often make a great mistake over this point. Knowing that at the 'Varsities, and in general, athletes make alterations in life and food, they think the same course incumbent on themselves; they overlook the fact that their daily life is precisely similar to that in favour of which a man makes a change on going into training. It is almost universally accepted nowadays that, for athletic purposes, the less the ordinary diet is altered the better. Certainly a boy at school has no need to bother himself on the point. He is always, as far as food is concerned, in training. If a boy tries to refine upon his school life and diet he is

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almost sure to do himself far more harm than good; instead of improving in health he simply becomes jaded and peaked. Of course, it is a great mistake to eat between meals; the "grub-shop," or whatever you call it, must be abjured; heavy afternoon teas are out of order, along with pastry, stodgy puddings, and such like. But beyond a few such obvious prescriptions, the best course for a boy is *to forget that diet in any way affects athletic prowess.*

Boys are Always Fit.

Now let us turn to the question of exercise and practice. First observe that here again there is a difference between school and after life. Before beginning special exercise and practice for an athletic event a certain basis of solid health and fitness is necessary. This can only be acquired by a preliminary course of training, varying in length and rigour in different cases. A man who leads a sedentary life needs at least six weeks' gradual but regular training to get his muscles into the required state of fitness; a 'Varsity man needs about three weeks; at school the necessity may be disregarded. Boys play games and take any amount of hard exercise week in, week out. They are in just the right fettle to begin straight away upon special practice.

When to Begin.

At most schools the final Sports Day is at the end of the Easter term, the heats and one or two long races being run off during the preceding fortnight, so there is generally a month or two clear of football which may be devoted to training. But, if possible, it is better to begin training about six weeks before the "final" day. A well-spent month suffices, but as "slow and sure" is one of the secrets of training, the extra fortnight is worth while.

Here it is well to emphasise an important point. Your object in training is to be at your very best on a certain date, and to secure this result you must do exactly the right amount of work, neither too little nor too much. But impress upon yourself thoroughly that to overtrain is the worst you can do. Overwork is the commonest and most fatal mistake in training at school. Boys overtrain in two ways—either they begin too late and crowd so much work into so brief a space of time that they simply exhaust themselves, or else, though starting in time, they are in such a hurry that they wind themselves up too soon. It is infinitely better to be under than overtrained; indeed, many boys perform better when half than when fully trained. To avoid overtraining you must give yourself time, and set about your preparation gradually and systematically. It is a mistake to start vaguely and, as it were, train from day to day. If keen, you are sure to get training fever; you will suddenly imagine you have not time to get fit and are short of work; you will fidget, grow nervous, and overdo yourself.

Make a Time-Table.

The best way is to map out your work on paper, arranging your daily bit for the time you have at your disposal. The main lines thus settled, you can, if necessary, from time to time make alterations. In this arrangement you should aim at distributing the work evenly, so that the different kinds of exercise may alternate.

With six weeks before you the first fortnight may be devoted to general work, the second to specialised practice, the third to winding up. This is a skeleton outline that suits every kind of work; the detail must be filled in according to the particular events in view.

It is impossible within the limits of this article to take each event separately and describe in detail the course of preparation required for it. But in any case that is unnecessary, as at school there is not much specialising; a competitor rarely takes up one event alone—he goes in for a batch. For our purpose athletes may be divided into classes—sprinters and long-distance runners. To the former belong all distances up to the quarter; to the latter all beyond it. The quarter is common ground; the hurdles and the jumps are extras.

Some Advice for the Sprinter.

Let us take the sprinter first. His main object is to cultivate sheer pace—incidentally, he must learn to start well. He must avoid such work as may render him stiff-limbed or slow, for he should come to the post springy, elastic, and fresh. His preliminary fortnight may be arranged somewhat thus. The first week should include two brisk five-mile walks—say one on Sunday and one in the middle of the week—and three days of light running work. If the training is on a cinder track, running must be gingerly and carefully begun, to avoid sore feet. In any case, two

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easy sprints of 50 yds. and a slow striding 150 is enough work each day. In the second fortnight he may devote four days to running. The work may be increased slightly; three or four high-pressure dashes of 40 yds. and either a fairly stiff 200 or an easy striding lap make a typical day's work. This is quite enough. Runs across country are bad, and heavy work of any kind is bad—they take the edge off a sprinter's pace. In the fifth week three days' sprinting is enough; in the sixth two, and those light. The work should be divided evenly through the week; intermediate days may be filled with walks, or such games as racquets and fives. An occasional rest of a day or two is time well spent.

With regard to a sprinter's special practice, pace comes from an ability to repeat the stride rapidly—the quicker the repetition the faster you go. At the same time, the longer you stride the more ground you cover. Hence sprint practice should aim at quickening and lengthening the stride. The best way to cultivate sheer pace is to run frequently at top speed short bursts of 40 yds. To improve the stride it is useful to stride through 200 yds. or so, paying attention to form, poise of body, and lengthening of stride. The two processes should be followed together. A typical day's work would be to stride through 150 yds. and then sprint four bursts of 40 yds., or to begin with four short dashes and then race 80 yds. In training for a particular distance, the best course is to supplement the short distances by racing two-thirds the distance twice a week and the full distance once. With a view to getting off quickly and into full speed at once, every start should be to the pistol, just as in a race.

And for the Miler.

For a long-distance runner, the essentials are stamina and stride; he must be able to last his distance without losing his form. His training must be based on this consideration.

During the first fortnight the long-distance runner should take three long, grinding walks a week. Two days a week is enough on the path. In the first week he should run half his distance one day, or, if he be training for several distances, half of his best distance and two-thirds another day; in the second, two-third briskly, and the full distance easily. During the next three weeks, four days a week should be devoted to the path, and the other three to moderate walks. The distance run each day may vary from half to three-quarters the full distance, the longer and shorter trips alternating. The full distance should be run in earnest twice, at the end of the third and the middle of the fifth week. Two light days is enough for the last week.

The runner must learn by experience, and know by heart, the best pace at which he can go his distance, otherwise he may either lag or get run off his legs in the race. A friend with a stop-watch is helpful. If stale, or over-done, it is a mistake not to knock off work at once for a day or two. The great difficulty in training for long distances is to get fit without over-working. A runner must diminish or increase his work as he finds occasion; but let him not forget that *it is suicidal to overtrain.*

Hurdlers may follow in general the methods suggested for sprinters; they should practise over three or four flights, and run the full distance twice a week.

Jumpers should not practise more than three days a week. Three or four serious jumps are enough at a time, but miniature jumps often and in small quantities are excellent training. The jumper must supplement this by running nearly as much as a sprinter.

It cannot be too emphatically repeated that every individual must look out his own training for himself. The general lines suggested above are intended rather as an example than a pattern, but some such plan should be followed. Vague training is of little use.

C. B. Fry

Eights

YOUNG Tait was 18
For school, O f8!
He felt his p8
Grow very gr8,
As with his fr8
Of books he s8
Beside his m8.
"You naughty T8,
To emul8
The tardy r8
Of snails, and pr8
Outside the g8
To aggrav8
With stubborn h8!
I stipul8
That you shall w8
And do sums 8
On future d8,
If you be l8,
Beware your f8,
You slothful T8!"

Reginald P. Clements.

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How I would Spend £5 in a Week

[Some little time ago I commented on and quoted a number of the essays submitted in this competition. This month I print some more, all of an interesting or amusing character.—Ed.]

IF some one presented me with £5, with the stipulation that it must be spent within a week, I would take a short course of motor-driving lessons.

I am very fond of motoring, but am not fortunate enough to possess a car; so I think that the next best thing to having one is to be able to drive one. Also, I consider that every one should be able to drive a motor car, just as every one should learn to swim, for it might be quite as useful sometimes—in the event of sudden illness, for instance.

C. E. D. (Brighton).

Being at a public school where the food, as at most, is indifferent, I and four friends would go out to tea at a farm-house four times during the week at 1*s.* each. This would account for £1. Then, as I am an ardent stamp collector, and know of a man who is tired of it and willing to sell an excellent collection for £1, I should buy that. For a long time I have been bothered by the tendency my fountain pen (price 2*s.* 6*d.*) has to leak, so I should get a really good Waterman's "Ideal" for £1 1*s.* Next term being the cricket term, I should get a good cricket bat for £1, which would be very useful in the house matches, and as I keep wicket I should get a good pair of wicket-keeping gloves for 10*s.* 6*d.* The remaining 8*s.* 6*d.* I should send my sister, whose birthday is next month, so as she could get what she liked with it.

MY FOUNTAIN PEN HAS A TENDENCY TO LEAK.

N. C. (King's Norton).

If I were required to spend £5 in a week, I think success would be possible. Firstly, I should give a little supper to about twenty friends; cold roast sirloin of beef and fowls, salad, milk puddings, trifles, blanc manges and jellies, cheese, coffee, cigars and cigarettes, among other things.

A DAY ON THE WATER.

If the cash survived this I should engage a car and chauffeur, and have a little picnic with a couple of lady friends.

Then, in the event of finding that I had any money left, I would charter a small yacht, a two-ton cutter, say, and with a few friends—two or three—spend a day on the water. And, Mr. Editor, I think you will agree with me that times would have to change very much before I should be able to show a balance in hand then.

As to time, the first day would be spent in making arrangements with the motor and yacht people and seeing my friends about the supper, which I should fix for the evening of the third day. The motor picnic could then follow on the fourth, and the yachting on the fifth day.

S. E. C. (Ilford).

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Undoubtedly the most fascinating amusement that a wealthy young man can indulge in is the theatre, and in order to do this he must have sufficient money to cover his expenses.

If I had £5, I would take a ticket to London, which would amount to 2*s.* 6*d.*, drive to a friend, in a hansom, costing 1*s.* 6*d.*, and

I SHOULD GO TO THE THEATRE EVERY NIGHT.

during the week I'd go to the theatre every night. Including cab fares and taking the centre of the front row in the dress circle, which are undoubtedly the best seats, this would run away with £2 9*s.* 6*d.* I would also go to Olympia, spending quite 5*s.*, and have my tea at the nearest café, spending 3*s.* Then, to finish up with, I'd take a box at the Albert Hall to see the suffragette meetings. Including my journey back, this last would amount to £1 16*s.*, and by that time I think my enjoyable little week would be up.

R. F. B. S. (Bognor).

On the Monday I would go down town and buy a camera and its accompaniments for about £1, and also a really good football for 15*s.* In the afternoon I would test the ball with some comrades, and at night I would go to the "Theatre Royal" with three friends (I standing treat) in the five shilling seats. On the Tuesday I would have a feast with a lot of friends, providing 9*s.* for the victuals of the party. By now I should have a lot of admirers, so that we would be able to have a good game of "Soccer." On the Wednesday, I would spend £1 at the "Gaiety" with friends, and the remaining 16*s.* I would spend in making presents to different people.

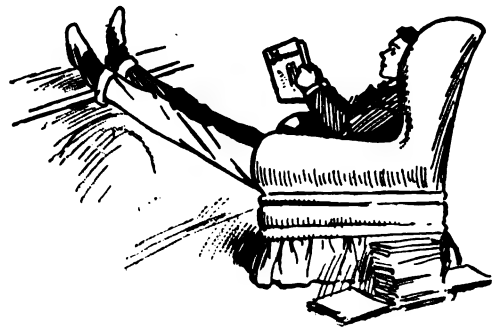
E. D. (Manchester).

This, at first sight, appears a very easy thing to do; but, after considering it, it seems more difficult, because five sovereigns is a hundred shillings, and one week is seven days. Therefore, I should have to spend 14*s.* 3*d.* per diem. and that is a very considerable thing to do.

Now, being a Liverpool boy, I would frequent Liverpool amusements mostly. Starting with Monday, I should arise at 7.30 and partake delicately of my breakfast, and so (if you will excuse the phrase) leave room for dainties which pleased me better, and take the 9.30 train to Southport (1*s.* 6*d.*) and there indulge in its flying machines, rowing boats, bathing, side-shows, water-chute, Winter Gardens and theatres, which would probably consume the sum allotted.

Next day I would try the skating rink, plunge bath and channel cruise, and in the evening a good seat at the "Shakespeare." With the money over I would buy a good "Stylo" pen. Wednesday arrived, I would try a sail to the Isle of Man, and enjoy myself there according to funds. On Thursday I would visit my friends at Stonyhurst College and give them a "feed" in return for their previous kindnesses.

Then, I suppose, when Friday came I should feel rather tired, and so I would expend 10*s.* in books, magazines, &c., and have a quiet day. In the evening I would go to the skating rink. On Saturday morning I would get up early, go



FRIDAY WOULD BE A QUIET DAY.

to the baths and then travel to Manchester. Occupying myself diligently till 1 P.M., I should dine, and then away to see Everton *v.* Manchester United. On Sunday there would be less opportunity to spend (remembering this early in the week, I paid 8*s.* for a pair of football

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boots), so I would give liberally to Church collections, and in the afternoon I would go to the "Sunday Societies" Concert.

Of course, this would be a frivolous manner of spending the £5, but I am afraid if I had my way I would act so.

P. N. O'H. (Liverpool).

In the first place I should send to Gamage's for a travelling bag, which would be sure to be very useful in the near future, and for which I should be prepared to give 15*s*., in order to obtain a really serviceable one. Then I should expend £2 in the purchase of a second-hand typewriter, closing with what I thought the best offer in the *Bazaar, Exchange and Mart*. I have a leaning towards authorship, and editors always take much more notice of typewritten matter than of manuscript; and besides, the fatigue entailed in producing a long story is cut shorter to a vast degree when the pen is exchanged for a good typewriter placed under skilful hands. A "Surrey Driver," from John Piggott, to replace my old bat, which has become too small for me to use in the coming season, would take another 15*s*. 9*d*.; and a new gong, of which I should make a present to father and mother, would, with the cost of postal orders and postage, bring the amount disbursed up to £4. Finally, I should invest in a good bookcase, priced at 15*s*., and a copy of *Pitman's Shorthand Instructor*, with a key, which would make a total of exactly £5.

H. E. C. (Newark).

The first thing I would do with such a sum would be to spend it, not save it; I am noted as rather a spendthrift at home. The thing I would buy would be a broad-brimmed American cowboy hat, with a leather band round the middle or crown, costing at least from 30*s*. to £2 2*s*. Then I'd get a stunning cricket bat, price £1 1*s*. That, so far, would amount to £3 3*s*., allowing the highest price for the hat. Then a good Rugby football at 16*s*. 6*d*., with some bladders—say, altogether, £1 3*s*. 6*d*. That adds up to £4 9*s*. 6*d*. The remaining 11*s*. 6*d*. I'd spend on odds and ends at school—school absorbs 11*s*. 6*d*. in no time; what with pea-shooters, sweets, &c., it's soon gone.

I SHOULD BUY AN AMERICAN COW-BOY HAT.

M. D. C. (Great Russell Street, London).

I should first give £1 to my brother. Next I should have all my CAPTAINS bound (those not already done, that is). Then I should give my sister some of the money, and buy my father and mother something (though I cannot think of anything they want). I should then buy a St. Bernard or some other large dog. If there was any left I should buy a good cricket bat, as I belong to a cricket club in the summer, and have a phonograph mended. Then, if by any possibility there should be something over, I should buy a pound of sugary biscuits for my fox terrier all to himself, and some of Mrs. Luff's sweets for the girls at school.

D. H. (Clapham Common).

In the very unlikely event of any one presenting me with £5, with injunctions to spend it in a week, I should probably be so overpowered by the shock as to forget what possessions I had most coveted before the advent of this lucky windfall. I think, however, that it would be spent in this way. I should buy a greenhouse with £4 10*s*., if possible. The remaining 10*s*. would be spent on large flower pots and one penny packet of tomato seeds. I should hope, by growing tomatoes, to be able to refund the £5 very soon, and fairly easily, and be sure of a permanent income if the tomato venture succeeded.

I. D. (Manchester).

I SHOULD GROW TOMATOES.

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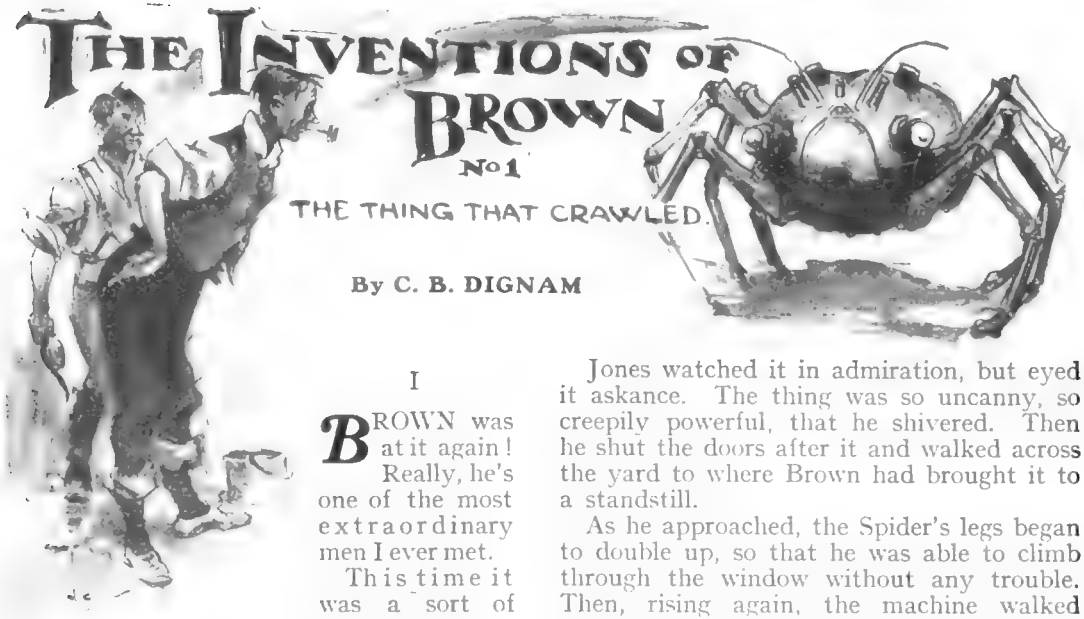
THE INVENTIONS OF BROWN

No 1

THE THING THAT CRAWLED.

By C. B. DIGNAM



I

BROWN was at it again! Really, he's one of the most extraordinary men I ever met.

This time it was a sort of metal land-crab. What his idea was goodness only knows, unless it was to frighten every one that saw it. Anyway, he had succeeded in turning out his invention in record time, and with his friend Jones was standing in his shed, gazing at their handiwork.

I say *their* handiwork, because although Brown invents the things Jones is very useful, and doesn't mind doing all the dirty jobs and getting in a fearful mess.

"Now," said Brown, looking at his watch, "let's have tea, and then we'll take the Spider out." So Jones called it, and the name was eminently suitable.

The thing had an oval body, about seven feet high and five broad, which contained the motor and machinery generally, and was supported by light metal legs, the end of each being sheathed in rubber. Altogether, its height, from the under-side of its body to the ground, was nine feet.

Half an hour later they were ready to start, Brown at the wheel and Jones giving the machine a final dose of oil. The motor was running, but was absolutely noiseless.

Brown put his head out of the window, and said: "Now, old buck, if you're quite ready, we'll make a move for the open air."

Jones handed up the oil-can.

"Right O!" he replied; "take the Spider outside, and I'll get in there."

The inventor applied the power to the driving mechanism, and slowly and in dead silence the great metal affair crawled out of the shed.

Jones watched it in admiration, but eyed it askance. The thing was so uncanny, so creepily powerful, that he shivered. Then he shut the doors after it and walked across the yard to where Brown had brought it to a standstill.

As he approached, the Spider's legs began to double up, so that he was able to climb through the window without any trouble. Then, rising again, the machine walked across the yard, calmly made its way over the wall, and stalked grimly down the meadow, where it drove some cows nearly mad with fright.

"Reminds one of the machines in Wells' 'War of the Worlds,' doesn't it? I got the idea from there," said Brown, as he steered round a tree. "Here comes a good test," he went on, as they neared a stream; "but I'll bet she takes it like a bird and——"

"Fish, you mean," replied Jones, who was hanging out from one of the windows, as they waded through three feet of water.

Five minutes later he pointed ahead.

"Staple Hill to negotiate, my boy," he said. "If the Spider takes it on the top without a falter, I'll give you twopence for being a good little inventor!"

Brown smiled cheerfully, and as they struck the hill he shortened the stride of the machine's front legs, and increased that of its back ones.

The way the Spider climbed the hill was, as Jones afterwards described it, "a fair knock-out!" To see it striding gloomily over the gorse was a revelation of what Brown could turn out when he gave his mind to it. The thing seemed actually to *live*.

At the top they paused to admire the view, and Brown caught sight of a man painting. The artist's back was towards them, and they approached him silently.

The inventor whispered to Jones: "Just for sport, let's give him a bit of a jump. Pull the shutters over the windows, and we'll creep nearer."

Jones grinned and quietly obeyed. Then

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they moved forward till they were, perhaps, four feet from the painter.

It was all very peaceful and quiet, and the man, pleased with his canvas, whistled cheerfully, as he stepped back, head on one side, to survey his work, and collided with the Spider's front legs.

The shock was the greater because he had been so absolutely certain that he was entirely alone. His whistle faded away into a gasp as he looked up. *Heavens! What was it?* His heart nearly stopped; then he recovered the power of speech, screamed aloud, and fled.

Jones pulled the cord of the siren, and as the hoarse bellowing note echoed across the valley the man almost collapsed.

Brown and Jones laughed heartily at the success of their joke, and made their way over fields and hedges and through a wood.

"Now," said Brown, when they reached a clearing, "I'm going to try some pace work. I advise you to hang on. We'll bump a bit, I think."

At the end of a quarter-mile stretch at sixteen miles an hour, having been violently thrown about the while, Jones cried, "Stop her, Brown! I'll be seasick if you don't. I didn't come out to be hit in six different places at once by sharp metal corners!"

As the speed moderated, he added: "All very well for you, sitting in a leather armchair, but—what! You took her over a ploughed field? Well, for goodness' sake, don't do it again with me aboard, unless you have a hammock."

II

They arrived at Water End at last, and Brown marched his machine into the stream, about four or five feet deep.

In the gathering dusk they crawled slowly along behind the trees that border the water, and were discussing various improvements when Jones spied a fishing-rod left unattended.

"My hat!" he cried. "I can see some fun over that rod. Stop the Spider where it is, and I'll get out and pick up the hook. Then you back her a bit behind these trees and I'll bring along the hook, and we'll pretend the chap has had a bite. The man is sure to turn up in a few minutes, and when he sees his line jerking about, he'll think he's got a whale at least. Then, as he is winding up the winch we'll appear round the clump here, and he will be quite certain he *has* caught something!"

Brown acquiesced heartily, and Jones jumped on to the bank and skirmished round for the float, bobbing in the water some few yards from the rod, which lay on two crossed sticks. Having succeeded in catching the float—and a possible cold, through getting his feet wet—he returned to the Spider and climbed inside.

The inventor depressed the legs until the thing's body was only two feet or so above the water, and they waited for the fun.

After some fifteen minutes, getting a trifle tired, Jones caused the siren to give a long-drawn-out and mournful wail.

"It's a dead cert," said he, "the chap will turn up to see what that was."

Sure enough, a few moments later a man strolled out of the wood and looked round him, evidently wondering what could have caused the noise.

Jones reached out a hand to the line, which he had tied to the top of one of the legs, and gently jerked it.

The man at once noticed the pull on the rod.

Ah! A bite! It was two hours since his last, and that had only been a small fish. But now——

Here was a giant of a fish. He rushed at the waving rod and grasped it. Great Scott! How the fish pulled—it almost broke the rod, but he stood his ground exultantly.

The disciple of Izaak Walton was mad with joy. Wouldn't he astonish them at the village that night! He little knew how true the thought was to come.

Yes. He was certain—he had conquered. He could feel the strain lessen, and he wound up fast. There was a splashing in the stream that made his breast swell with pride. Only a hundred-and-fifty-pounder could make a noise like that!

With his eyes glued on the clump of trees, he pulled in hand over fist. With a sudden start, he stopped and became rigid as marble.

What was it he saw? Some awful prehistoric beast, perhaps, that had roused itself from its thousand-year-old slumbers.

With his eyes bulging from his head the angler watched a vast uncanny bulk come lurching slowly up the stream in the eerie half-light. Then he dropped the rod, and fled towards the village like a frightened hare.

Brown held fast to the wheel and roared with laughter. Jones was so amused that he rocked about, and, missing his footing

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THE SPIDER PUSHED HIM GENTLY BACKWARDS.

fell with a bang on the top of the engine-cover.

"That's it, you idiot, laugh!" he cried savagely. "Your beastly machine is made of corners, and I have tried them all." He rubbed himself violently. "For goodness' sake," he went on, "stop giggling, and let's finish the joke."

"Finish it? Why, what do you mean?"

"My idea is this. The man's sure to tear straight to the village and tell them he's caught a fish as big as a church, and they'll rush back here to see it. Now, I'm going to get out again and see if there are any fish in his basket. If so I'll put one on the hook, and when the locals arrive they'll think him a first-class liar. You take your sharp-edged beast into that wood over there, and I'll soon follow you."

Jones found in the basket a small fish, barely three inches long, which he impaled on the hook, chuckling to himself as he did so. Then he joined Brown.

The angler's pace for the first hundred yards was excellent; indeed, making allowance for his want of practice, it would have puzzled many a trained sprinter to have beaten him. Even Dorando might have been a proud second. But then, you know, you *would* hustle a bit if you thought you'd got a large specimen of a prehistoric lobster paddling along in your wake!

So the poor man tore along in great style—his goal the village. Even as he gasped for breath, his thoughts were busy over the everlasting fame he would achieve through-

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out the length and breadth of England—nay, the very world itself. The Premier Fisherman! What?

He was almost spent when, afar off, he espied the lights of the "Rising Sun." Courage, my friend, you're nearly there! Fifty—ten—but a yard it is, and you crash gasping through the door.

III

The villagers who were yarning in the "Rising Sun," after a hard day's work in the fields, were astonished to see the door burst open, and a white-faced, dishevelled man fall in.

They gazed open-mouthed at him as he struggled to his feet and shrieked: "I've caught a fish! And it's chased me from Water End!"

A roar went up that shook the walls. Chased by a fish! It was *too* funny.

The angler almost frothed at the mouth. To have his word doubted after he had *seen* it!

"I tell you," he cried, "I was down there by the stream, and I caught a great beast nearly fifty feet high and twice as broad. Then it tore out of the water and ran at me with open mouth. I wasn't frightened, but I ran up here to tell you all about it."

A voice broke the silence that followed his words: "*Liar!*"

"Come along and look at it for yourselves, then."

The men all crowded into the road, and fetched sticks and pitchforks and things. Then, with half the village, including the one policeman there, to back them up, they started to capture this strange beast.

Now that they had started, a good many wished they had stopped behind. Of course, nobody believed the fisherman had *really* seen anything, but——

The narrow lane had never seemed so dark before, and the trees rustled in a horrible manner, so they closed up and marched along in silence, save that every now and then somebody said "What's that?" in a thrilling whisper, and they grabbed one another in fear.

Ah! There was the water, and, as far as they could see, nothing in sight.

The villagers walked about in groups, and rapidly recovered their self-confidence.

"Look 'ere," cried one, picking up the rod, "'ere's the fish as chased 'im up the lane!"

He held up the wretched specimen that Jones had impaled on the hook.

The crowd roared with laughter, and derided the idea of the creature as big as a barn.

"I tell you," again cried the angler, "the one as I caught was as bi——"

Jones pulled his cord, and a long wail came from the siren.

They all stood still, dumb as stones, and looked at each other with staring eyes.

Supposing he *had* told the truth? What was that over there, moving from out the wood? The weirdest creature of imagination, and—alive!

What was to be done? They dared not go forward towards that crawling monster; and behind them was the stream. Closer and closer crept the Thing.

Were they to be caught and possibly eaten? No! So they plunged like otters into the extremely cold water, and, gasping, waded across.

There was one exception—the village constable. The water looked *so* cold and so nasty; besides, he was fascinated, as by a snake.

Brown drove the Spider up until its front legs were but a yard from the paralysed man, and, lifting up one of the legs, pushed him gently backwards. How he managed to join his fleeing friends across the stream the poor fellow never knew.

IV

Our old friend Farmer Tuffin was walking slowly homeward, his thoughts on matters agricultural, when he saw a white patch on the dark road in front of him.

He stopped and scratched his head.

"Dang me, if I don't think," he muttered, "as it be Jenny, my white cow. Coop, lass!" he went on, making his way forward.

Yes, he was quite certain now. He would pitch into some of his men on the morrow, for not locking up the cattle properly.

He caught the cow after some trouble, and was struggling with the obstinate animal, when the moon appeared from behind a cloud. He gripped a horn with one hand, and endeavoured to pick up his hat with the other.

While he was risking a bad strain by his violent contortions, owing to the frantic efforts of Jenny to free herself from his grasp, the Spider came crawling in ghostly fashion from a side lane.

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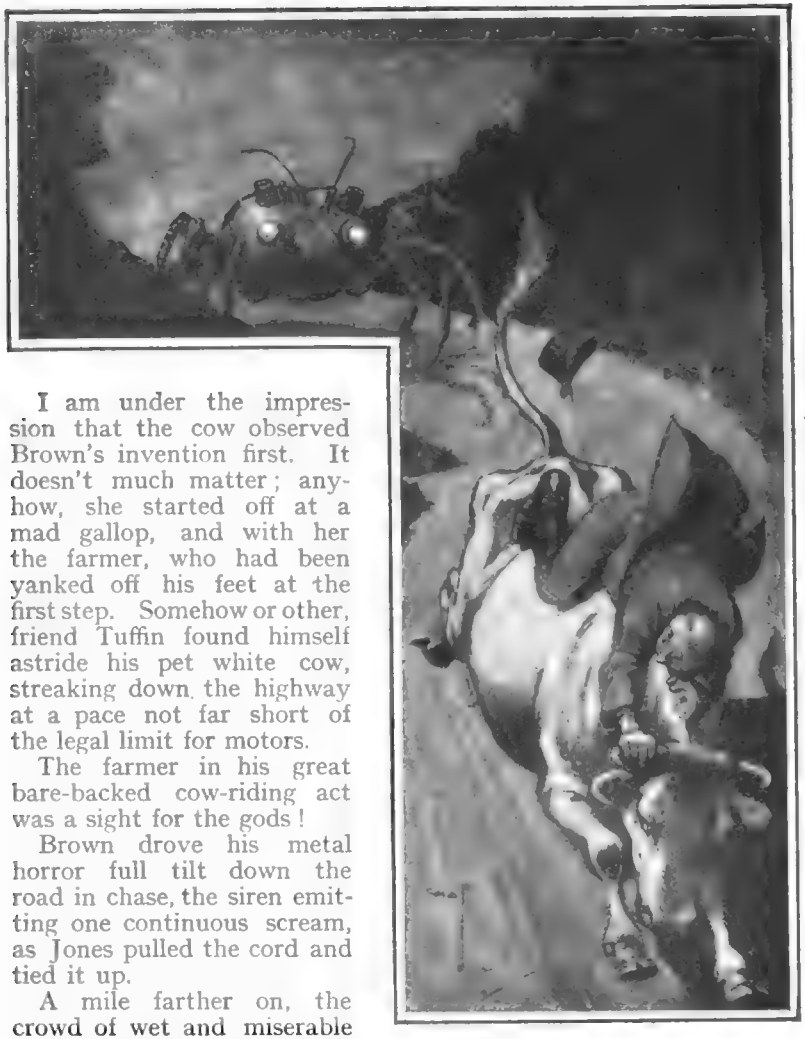

THE COW STARTED OFF AT A MAD GALLOP.

I am under the impression that the cow observed Brown's invention first. It doesn't much matter; anyhow, she started off at a mad gallop, and with her the farmer, who had been yanked off his feet at the first step. Somehow or other, friend Tuffin found himself astride his pet white cow, streaking down the highway at a pace not far short of the legal limit for motors.

The farmer in his great bare-backed cow-riding act was a sight for the gods!

Brown drove his metal horror full tilt down the road in chase, the siren emitting one continuous scream, as Jones pulled the cord and tied it up.

A mile farther on, the crowd of wet and miserable rustics, trudging wearily homewards, heard a clatter of hoofs.

Nearer and nearer came the sound. Was it that awful leviathan again?

Somebody broke into a run, and panic, like the measles, being infectious, every one followed suit.

But their pace was nothing to that of Farmer Tuffin's mount which rapidly overtook them and fairly rode them down.

It was almost like a cavalry charge—they lay as they had fallen, and waited for the worst. Fright wasn't the word.

Brown throttled down as he saw the heap of men in the road, and then stopped. Starting again, the machine stepped over the hedge, and, stalking rapidly over the ground, arrived at Mr. Tuffin's farm in time to see Jenny charge into the yard and fling her long-suffering owner in a heap on his own doorstep!

"That's enough excitement for one night," said Jones. "Don't tell the farmer we saw him. He'd never forgive us!"

"No, we won't. But it was funny, wasn't it?" replied Brown, as he turned the Spider round and went out of the yard.

Ten minutes later they were striding homeward over Staple Hill, an uncanny sight in the bright moonlight.

Next Month: "THE MAGIC FLUID."

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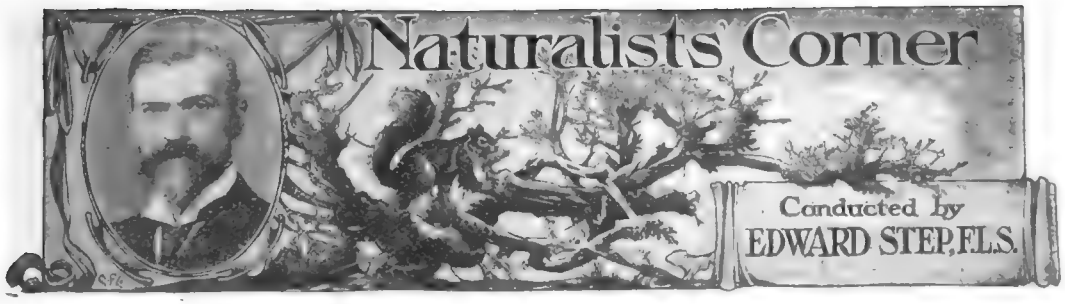

Dead Animals.—F. T. T. (Wellingborough) has lost a canary by death, and would like me to state the cause. The bird was moulting, and the painters were in the house at the time. A friend of his, too, had recently lost three canaries whilst the house was being painted. If the bird was kept in a newly painted room it is very probable that it was poisoned by emanations from the paint.

Aquarium Queries.—P. J. Randall (Hanwell) puts several questions, mostly relating to aquatic life, the substance of which is indicated in my replies. (1) The Boatman and the Water Scorpion both belong to the Bug family (Hemiptera) and are, therefore, blood-suckers. They must not be trusted with fishes or newts, or these will surely be killed by the bugs. (2) The correct spelling of the great Water-beetle's name is *Dytiscus*. The only author I remember who wrote it *Dyticus* was the late Rev. J. G. Wood, but he was clearly wrong, for Linnæus, who bestowed the name, wrote it with an *s* between the *i* and *c*, and so it must remain. (3) Mosses require to be dried and pressed precisely in the way prescribed for flowering plants. Of the species that form cushion-like masses, a thin slice should be cut out of the middle to show the whole length of the plants, and it is always well to separate a single moss-plant and dry same by itself to enable one to examine the parts more easily. P. J. R. also describes the way in which the newt gets rid of its old clothes when these have become too small or too shabby for further wear, and his account is so clear that I append it. He says, "Some weeks ago my largest Great Warty Newt seemed very uneasy, and, finally, when he dipped his head into the basin of water, the skin split all round his mouth. Then he commenced to walk round, rubbing his head on all rough corners, till he had got the skin on a level with his fore-paws. With these he jerked the roll of skin about a quarter of an inch further down. When this was done, he drew out his paws, one by one, and proceeded to get the skin down to his hind legs by catching it on a bit of twig. He acted the same with regard to his hind legs as he had with the fore-paws. At last the skin reached the end of his tail, and then with a snap he swallowed his own skin! I have heard of toads doing this, but is it usual for a newt to do so?" —They do it occasionally, but in most cases the skin is left to float like a ghostly newt in the water.

Young Squirrels.—"Taffy" (Flint) writes me an interesting note. He says he is living amidst beautiful country, as he has the sea, the fields and the moors all within two or three miles. I have never stayed at Flint, but have passed through it, and can understand his enthusiasm. I hope he will make good use of his opportunity for observation. He says: "One day I had a long climb up a pine-tree to a squirrel's drey, quite sixty feet high, which turned out to be its winter home. Quite close to it, in another pine, a friend found a nest with young ones about three days old. This nest was not more than fifteen feet from the ground. Three days later we returned to have another look, but found the nest empty. Now, why were the little ones gone, and how did they go? We had carefully abstained from handling them or the nest, and I think they were too young to be frightened by us. Furthermore, we were not discovered by the old one till the climber was just dropping off the tree." I think that would be quite sufficient warning of danger; but even without it, the contact of hands with the bark in climbing would leave sufficient scent behind for the squirrel to know it was time to remove her family to new quarters.

Guinea-Pig.—W. M. Disney (Clifton) has a guinea-pig whose claws have grown so long that they curl up, and are so sharp they catch in everything he comes near. "I have had Jake two years," she says, "and keep him in a hutch with bottle-straws cut open and put on the floor with sawdust. He has a lot of hay in his bedroom. Ought I to let him run on the wooden floor to let him wear them down? I don't want to do that, if I can help it, as he

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has grown very faddy, and does not like the floor bare." Well, Winifred, whose fault is it that Jake has grown "faddy"? Keepers of pets should realise that coddling is cruel, for it is sure to bring trouble of some sort. The claws must be cut carefully and cleanly, and then, faddy or not faddy, he must be enabled to keep them the proper length by your allowing his feet to touch a hard floor. A little of the straw may be retained, but the sawdust must be got rid of, or this trouble will recur.

Marsh Marigold.—E. Ogilvie (Streatham Hill). It depends upon the season, but the flowers are sure to be in evidence before the end of March; and as they continue for a month or two, one may quite rely upon finding them at Easter. The name must not be taken too literally, however, for though they are plentiful in the marshlands, they are also found by the stream-side, in swampy meadows and wet hollows in woods, and often in ditches and open drains as well.

Housing Snake.—"New Reader" (Muswell Hill) has been promised a dice snake when the warm weather comes, and wishes to know how he should house it and feed it. There are many species of snake, and I fear I cannot claim to know them all. I certainly do not remember one by the name given. A little more information about it—where it comes from, or its Latin name, for instance—would have helped me to identify it. Generally speaking, snakes are best kept in a vivarium, with gravel floor, some dry moss in a corner, and a pan of clean water. The donor could tell "New Reader" what he has given as food, and if the snake has done well upon it so far it would be well to continue the same diet. But most small snakes will eat young frogs, newts, beetles, &c.

Bird's Egg.—Given a single bird's egg without any information as to the kind of nest, situation, &c., it is often difficult to be certain as to its identity. Yet my correspondents often set me similar puzzles. Any one who has taken an egg must remember the circumstances under which he found it; but here is W. Richardson (Wandsworth) sending me an egg to name, and the only help he vouchsafes is the information that "it was found in a clutch of five." I do not think there can be much doubt that it is the egg of the reed bunting, but I should have been certain if he had told me where it was found, the kind of nest and its position.

Aviary.—J. Watt (Westcliffe-on-Sea) should get Dr. Greene's "British Birds for Cages and Aviaries," published by L. Upcott Gill, price 3*s.* 6*d.* The birds named do breed in aviaries—the siskin only rarely. Boughs or nesting boxes should be provided, and small bundles of hay, moss, and wool hung up for the birds to select from if inclined to build. Nothing can be done to repair a greenfinch's broken tail feathers. When she moults, her tail will be renewed; but J. W. must give her more room, or the same thing will occur again.

Big Puffball.—N. Alleyne (Ilminster) sends me a photograph, reproduced herewith, of a large puffball found growing last summer at Hythe, Kent. "It was over 3 ft. in circumference and weighed 7 lb. 5 oz.; it was only growing for three or four days." A fine specimen, but by no means establishing a record. It is a pity it was not set up for photographing nearer the camera, so that more detail might have been shown. As it is the terrier is the important feature. I have no doubt the species was *Lycoperdon bovista*, which has been known to exceed 5 ft. in circumference. A smaller specimen (4 ft. 6 in. in circumference) was exhibited some years ago at an exhibition of Fungi, in Edinburgh, and its weight was 20 lb. N. A. does not say what happened to the puffball after it was photographed, but it would have made a meal for a family, for all the puffballs when young—that is, before the firm white flesh has become tinged with yellow—are edible, and if cut in slices and fried with butter make an excellent feed.

A LARGE PUFFBALL.

Mistletoe.—I fear that J. Barnard (Acton) will not get the berries of mistletoe that have been used for Christmas decoration to germinate. I believe the seeds in the berries are not actually ripe until about March; and, of course, partially ripened seeds would not germinate. Still there is no harm in experimenting, but berries that have been exposed to air heated by gas and have got shrivelled, should not be used. The skin should be broken and the seed pressed into a crevice of the bark on the underside of a branch of the apple-tree or poplar.

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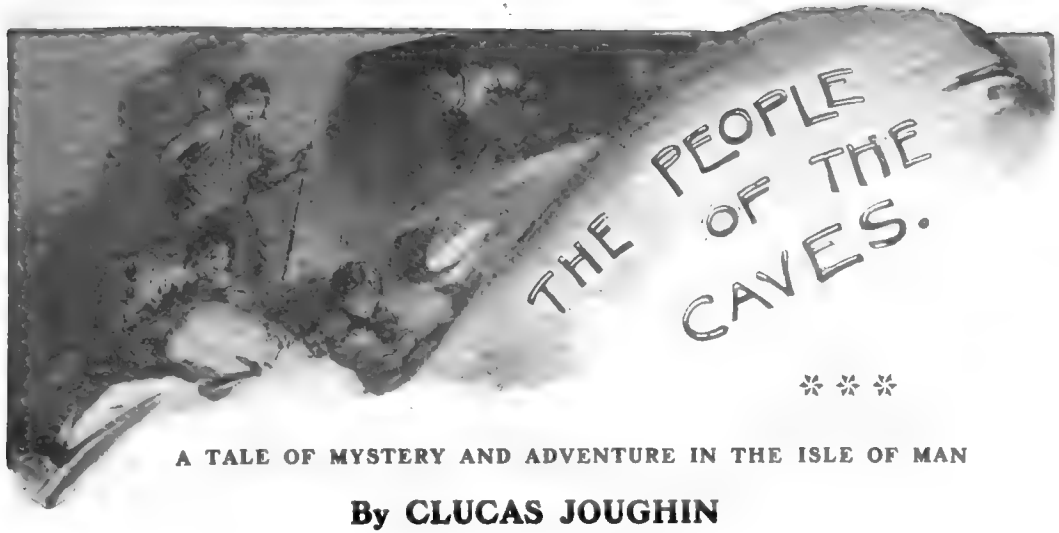

* * *

A TALE OF MYSTERY AND ADVENTURE IN THE ISLE OF MAN

By CLUCAS JOUGHIN

CHAPTER I.

THE CREW OF THE "TRAP."

ON June 2, 18—, I, that is to say, Peter Christian, joined three other boys for a cruise of sport and adventure round the coast of the Isle of Man. The other boys were Ned Corjeag, the skipper; Faraday Faraker, commonly called Friday; and Johnnie Wesley, the son of a minister, who had never seen the sea until the day he had crossed to the island, one year before, and who was, therefore, what the New Zealanders call a "new chum."

The *Trap*, the boat we cruised in, was sixteen feet keel, and fitted with a lug sail and a weather-board. As she had been built for hand-line fishing she was strong in the timbers and had beam enough to make her a good sea boat, without being too heavy to row or to beach. These were important qualities, for we would have to row or sail according to circumstances, put the boat into caves, and frequently to beach her on the creeks to explore cliffs, secure water, cook, or camp for the night.

Our cruise was to have occupied a week. It lasted longer by reason of a series of adventures, the incidents of which I will relate as accurately as I can now remember them. It will serve, if no other purpose, to show the healthy recreations, and dangerous sports, which were pursued in those days by island boys, probably on most of the islands on the north-west coast of Britain, of which the Isle of Man is by far the largest. It cannot but be remarked, however, that since these islands have become the resort of summer visitors from gay cities the native youth devote themselves more to soft and effeminate pleasures.

As we dropped down the harbour with the ebb of the tide, at seven o'clock in the morning, many of the herring fishermen were busy shaking herrings from their nets, as they hauled the nets from one "room" to another in the quarter-decked luggers, while other members of the crew were audibly counting the fish into skeps. From the decks of some of the vessels which had been cleared of their fish, men made comments on the things we had stowed away in the forepart of our boat. We had a pair of double-barrelled, muzzle-loading fowling-pieces; half a dozen fishing-lines, a long coil of "spring-back" (strong rope used by the fishermen for hauling in their mackerel nets); two crowbars, a sledge hammer and an axe; a kettle, saucepan, and frying-pan; a folding tripod, a bag of coal, and other things numerous enough to make a long list. Every boy had brought his own provisions, according to the custom of the old-time fisherman, and there was enough in each boy's hamper to last half the crew the whole cruise: allowance being made for the fish we were sure to catch and the young rabbits and birds we might shoot.

There were over two hundred fishing-vessels in the harbour, having come in with the early tide; and as many of those crews who had sold their fish were pushing out, so as to get on the bay before low water, we had enough to do to get a clear way for ourselves, and to keep our heads from boat-hooks and luggers' oars. As we were well known to every man in the fleet, the younger ones chaffed us about the gear we had stowed away in the for'ard

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part of our boat, and some of the older men seasoned their remarks with the salt of good advice; but we gave measure for measure to the young men, and took the warnings of the old with those careless assurances which usually mark the mood of those who most need friendly caution, but don't know it.

On the bay there were nearly as many herring boats as there were in the harbour, among which we easily distinguished, by the letters on their mainsails, the smart-looking craft of the Cornishmen: God-fearing, sober men, who spent most of their lives on their little vessels, and kept them as clean as their own mouths.

Friday Faraker and the skipper, who had the oars, pulled the *Trap* round the rocky islet on which Peel Castle stands, and when we got off Fenella's Tower—so named because Sir Walter Scott, in his "Peveril of the Peak," describes the escape of Fenella from thence—we stopped to overhaul our gear and stores, allowing the boat to drift with the ebb, which runs south as far as Contrary Head and then goes off to sea, towards the Irish coast.

As it was calm water, there being only a light breeze from off the land, we did not set our sail, and the skipper and Friday held to the oars until we reached Traie Cabbage (the cabbage shore), but, long before reaching there, we shot three or four young cormorants from among hundreds of the adult birds on the lower rocks of the coast—easily distinguishing the young by their paler plumage and smaller size. These birds, though the fact is not much known, are excellent eating if killed before they begin to feed themselves. Those we shot we packed round with earth in a box, and ate them with great relish two days afterwards.

A friendly altercation arose between the skipper and Friday on the question of where to put in for breakfast: Friday being all for taking it easy, and trolling for some callag (pollock) along the coast; and Ned arguing in favour of pulling at once to a little shore where, he said, he was certain of one or two half-grown rabbits that would make our dinner a success, when dinner-time came round; and, further, that the chances of catching callag with an ebbing tide were anything but favourable. Ultimately, we ran the boat on to Traie Cabbage, cooked our breakfast over a fire of driftwood, to save our coal, and, after collecting an armful of seakale, rowed along south to to the haughs where we were to make an effort to secure some young ravens that had been reported to us as a late brood—the raven being an early hatcher.

These birds were then, as now, considered valuable pets, because of their extraordinary intelligence. The dangers attending the capture of them made them rare prizes for boys: the two we secured, on this day, being afterwards taken to Australia, where, as the raven is said to live to considerably above a hundred years, they may still be amusing themselves and their owners, lost to all recollection of the wild rocks and colder clime whence they were taken as nestlings.

As the wind was off the land, we disembarked on the rocks, without any risk, at the foot of a circuitous way to the top of the craig in which the nest was built. After landing our crowbars, sledge-hammer, and rope, we gave the boat in charge of Johnnie Wesley, who had often assured us that he could row "beautifully" on the park lake of his native city, but who now cut a sorry figure when handling a pair of the *Trap's* oars and rowing a boat of her depth and weight.

The duty of the new chum was to keep the boat away from the rocks, as well as to signal to us whether the rope, when lowered from the top of the haugh, came properly over the nest, which he could easily discover again, we thought, after having it pointed out to him. To us, the sticks and twigs which formed the greater bulk of the nest were as plain reading as an open book, though we viewed it from far below, as we lay some fathoms out from the land. But, as we afterwards discovered, Johnnie admitted seeing the nest before he was sure of it, gazing all the time at a tuft of ripe grass rooted in a crevice quite ten feet on the south side. This stupid pride in pretending to comprehend what he might, very reasonably, have begged to be further instructed on, came near costing the skipper his life, and did actually cause my right arm to be so pulled that it ever after remained much longer than the left, though how much longer it may have been originally is not within my knowledge.

Many men who dwell in our great cities, or who have spent their lives in level countries, may think the adventures of this story mere romance, though, indeed, there be nothing in it beyond the belief of those who have passed through such perils by land and sea. Once in my life, I, Peter, saw a boy go down a precipice, to rescue another boy, by the aid of a rope which a man held by a turn of it round a pinnacle of rock. If the man had failed him he would have been dashed to death, but he knew he would not fail him, for it was his father who held the rope. So may everybody trust the Great Father!

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CHAPTER II.

DOWN THE CLIFF.

WHEN the skipper and Friday and I reached the summit of the cliff, and let down the rope by the side of a white stone I had observed from below to be in a perpendicular line from the raven's nest, the new chum kept signalling from the boat that we must go farther to our left. As there were other white stones — pieces of granite deposits since the ice age—the skipper and Friday decided that I had made a mistake, and despite my assurances to the contrary, drove the crowbars according to Johnnie's directions, the new chum then holding up an oar as the final signal that the rope hung over the nest.

The skipper claimed the privilege of descending for the birds, as he was bent on securing them for shipment to his brother in Sydney, under the care of a sailor who was booked for a voyage there in a sailing clipper. So down he went, going hand over hand until he came to where the rope hung clear of the precipice, and then sliding down until he came to a ledge of rock so far down that he stood there to scratch his head and think.

These movements, though invisible to us, were watched by the new chum, who hallooed and gesticulated that he had slid down beyond the nest. The information was scarcely necessary, as Ned had already come to that conclusion; and so he began to swarm up the rope. When he saw the nest, and discovered that the rope was ten or twelve feet away from it, he decided, as he afterwards explained, that if he could swing himself so far he could hold on by the projecting rock on which the nest was built until he got the birds into the angler's basket he had slung on his back for the purpose.

As Friday and I had nothing to do but amuse ourselves until the skipper returned up to the edge of the cliff, we went sneaking after young rabbits until the time we thought we might be useful in helping him over the last corner.

Friday Faraker's bones now lie in a foreign land, his soul in that paradise prepared for those who exercise themselves in faith and good works, but though I should live to the full age of the raven, which the ancients said

FROM THE NEST OF FIVE YOUNG RAVENS THE SKIPPER HAD ONLY BEEN ABLE TO SECURE TWO.

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IT WAS A CASE OF A HUMAN LIFE TO BE SAVED OR LOST.

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attained an age equal to twenty-seven times the span of human life, I could never forget the horror which seized upon my heart when I detected, on our return, that the strands of the rope were half cut through by the angle of the cliff!

If we had known, at that moment, what we afterwards learned, that the skipper had a ledge below him on which he could stand and rest, we would have hallooed down to him to lower himself gently to it, and then have slipped the crowbars and sledge-hammer down to him, in the hope that he could drive them home in some crevice and then let himself down to the sea. But it was one of those occasions in which no one can foresee what might have been best, but demands prompt action according to the visible facts.

Hurrying down the declivity of the hill on all fours, I peeped over the edge of the cliff and saw the skipper labouring up the rope about fifty feet below me. There was not a moment to lose, and I called to Friday to come down and seize me by the belt. This he did with considerable despatch, sinking his heels into holes he kicked in the turf. He saw in a moment what I intended to do, for I laid hold of the rope below the frayed part with my left hand, the arm bent at the elbow against the angle of the rock for support, while with the right hand I held on like life struggling with death to the upper portion of the rope.

Not a word was spoken now. A cry to the skipper that the rope was cut would have put all his nerve to the utmost test in getting over my back when he reached me. If left to his own surmises he would think it but a novel method of helping him over, and he would thus gain the summit without a quiver.

All these thoughts, and many awful fears for my own ability to hold on until he did get over me, racked my nerves like a galvanic battery. I lay full length on the sloping ground, with my right cheek pressed against the short grass of the hill side. I felt every upward movement of the climb: tug, tug, with each fresh jerk of the swarm; and always an audible thump of my heart when I saw the remaining strands of the rope straining. The bent position of my left arm gave me great power, but the weight of the skipper tested the strength of the sinews. The strain on my right arm, however, was the most painful, for the incline of the hill prevented Friday from putting more than his own weight on my belt, and he had to take care that he did not slip by the heels and go over the cliff. The whole thing, for me, was like a mild wrenching from an ancient engine of torture. It was not a case of confession, though, but a human life, the life of a dear chum, to be saved or lost there and then. But the Christians come from the old Viking stock, so poor Peter held on.

Soon I heard Ned puffing and grunting below. Then his hot breath came up and curled softly and sweetly around my clenched fist. How soothing and assuring it was! No modern elixir for the comfort of athletes' muscles and joints could have given me such relief. Then a hand touched mine. O, the joy of it! It was like the hand clasp of some loved one rising up from the grave.

Then the skipper gave a low, chuckling laugh, and said, "Hello, Peter, what new idea is this? Get away back; I don't want any help."

Never a word said I in reply, but gave a grunt or two, like a hog telling another hog to hurry up. And up he came, seizing me by the shoulder first, then by the scruff of the neck, until he dragged himself over my shoulders, and finally seized my leather belt, which Friday was holding on to with his teeth hard set.

It was a feat not to be proud of, but for which to be thankful. When we pulled up the rope and showed the skipper how near death he had been—and what a horrible death to contemplate!—he admitted at once how foolish he had been to swing so long to gain the nest, and vented such threats on the new chum that we were glad to see that the tide had carried the latter, in spite of his "beautiful stroke," to where a jutting headland in the distance had made a buffer, not for the prow of the *Trap*, but for her stern as she drifted back against his rowing.

By the time we had rescued Johnnie from drifting out to sea, we had all forgiven him, especially as he exhibited to us so great a display of those delicacies which an English mother knows how to prepare for her son when he is embarking on a hungry cruise—we poor islanders being accustomed to much simpler fare, and to rough-and-ready treatment.

From the nest of five young ravens the skipper had only been able to secure two, the others fluttering away beyond his reach. After putting the birds in a creel on the sheep's wool which Ned had taken from the nest, we rowed back to Traie Cabbage, pulled the boat up above high-water mark, lighted a great fire on the shore, and stuffed ourselves with fried herrings and some of Johnnie's pork pies, washing all down with tea made in the kettle, after the fashion of the herring fishermen when at sea: the only difference being that the fishermen

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of those days drank theirs without milk, while ours was enriched from a jar of thick cream drawn from the new chum's treasures, for which he received much praise as a sequel to his honest tears of repentance.

Before the daylight had changed to the soft and slumberous twilight which, during the month of June, takes the place of night in our northern sky, we were all wrapt in our thick, homespun blankets, and as sound asleep in the bottom of the boat as if the terror of death had never been upon us.

CHAPTER III.

THE "TRAP" IN A SQUALL.

AFTER breakfast the following morning we got the *Trap* afloat and lifted the lug, for the wind had freshened and now blew in from the sou'-west, compelling us to keep clear of the rocks. In the midst of a heated discussion as to whether we should sail south, double the calf-island, and then explore the coast on the other side of Spanish Head (so called because two vessels of the Armada were wrecked there), we sighted two old hand-line fishermen putting off to sea from beyond the Niarbyl Point. As these men knew all the best marks for fishing on hereabout, we settled our discussion by resolving to dodge in their wake until they dropped anchor, and then sail up and drop on the same mark.

When they had sailed out about two miles from the land, the fishermen put their yawl up in the wind and lowered their sail. But they were not quite on the mark, evidently, for they took to their oars and pulled about until they got their landmarks properly in line: say, Jack Sam's chimney in a line with the cairn on the mountain before them, with Thistle Head opened on Contrary Head to the north of them.

Directly we saw them drop anchor we put the *Trap* about and bore down on them: the old men, without once pausing in their work, watching us keenly. The skipper was at the tiller, and Friday sat up on the for'ard thwart ready to throw the anchor overboard. The skipper was a good fisherman, the best in our boat by a long way, so he sailed past the old men until he got between them and the flow of the tide, put the *Trap* up in the wind a few fathoms to the windward of the mark, and shouted to Friday to let go the anchor.

We knew the crusty nature of the old men, and were quite prepared for the storm of language which followed our move; but we answered by a lusty cheer, and gave jaw for jaw, and claimed our right to be on any mark on the sea, and on the side of the flowing water if we could manage it that way. So we unshipped the mast, and got out our lines and bait—some broken herrings we had begged as we dropped down the harbour.

As the men kept blustering cussed things about fouling their lines, with remarks on old customs and young ignorance, Johnnie Wesley wanted to modify the anger of the old curmudgeons by the offer of a half-crown piece he possessed; but we threatened to throw Johnnie overboard if he suggested such corruption. The men, however, had their revenge before the day was over, and that without any effort on their part, unless, indeed, the superstitious stories told of some of their Celtic forebears are true, viz., that they could call up storms by the power of witchcraft.

Notwithstanding the greater number of our lines and our better position, the men caught quite as many fish as we did, so long as they kept fishing, but after about two hours they hauled up and went home. The move was a little mysterious, for we had all been killing fish freely—our own fishing amounting to over a dozen of callag, rock cod, and conger—all good big fish.

Soon after our lunch, when the westering sun brought out the diverse colours of the coast, there came widening into our view, from behind Contrary Head, one of those sights which, though common enough in those days, can now be rarely met with anywhere: a fleet of sailing drifters on their way to the herring-ground. Three hundred smart-looking craft, their thousand brown sails reflecting the sun, like bronze-winged ships started in a regatta by Neptune himself, were heading for the open sea, and a hundred more came up along the land.

Most of the boats, as they came crowding into our view from behind the headland, four miles to the north of us, stood off to sea on a long port tack. A few of those that came up by short tacks along the land, passed within speaking distance of us; many of the men calling to us to ask "What luck?" and what mischief we were up to "with all them things aboard," as well as to give us a deal of innocent banter, which we gave them back in as good as we got.

After a while, Friday Faraker, who had been studying the weather-sky for a long time with dubious looks, cried out that there were some boats coming back, and that he believed there was a gale of wind brewing.

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"Ha," said the skipper, "that accounts for the two old Couthas running home. Very likely they have lobster creels out that they want to get up before the storm comes on."

"Strange," said I, "that those two old men could foretell a storm hours before any men of the fleet saw sign of it! As for me, but for the freshening breeze and the rise of the swell, I see no difference in the weather yet."

Years afterwards, however, I came to the conclusion that such men as the Couthas, descendants of the old Celts who inhabited the island centuries before the Scandinavian dynasty, and even long before the Christian era, possess those instincts common to the birds which affect sea-coasts, which always forsake a lee shore hours before there are any visible signs of a coming storm.

A man standing on the deck of a lugger that passed us, running before the wind with a reefed main-sail, put his hands to his mouth and shouted to us that we had better get away home, as there was "dirty weather coming."

"Can we get round to Port le Murra?" shouted Ned.

"Better not try; you'll catch it going round the Calf if you do," the man answered, as the lugger sailed away.

But to go home was to be kept there; so we hauled up the anchor, boxed the mast, lifted our lug, and stood away south for Bradda Head, intending to run round into Port Erin.

The wind came on in squalls, and the sky was darkening, but we met no heavy seas until we lost the shelter of the Head, and then we began to pitch about in the run of the coming storm. The tide, which had turned, was against us here, for the ebb from the south runs north to Contrary Head, as the ebb from the north runs south to it; and as to clear the Head we would have to make a long tack away to sea, we began to seriously consider our position, more especially as the *Trap* was now beginning to ship water. The men on two or three more luggers that came up close to us, hailed us to know where we were going, and told us that we had better run for home unless we wanted to risk our lives for the fun of it. So we put the boat up in the wind, changed the lug, and determined to run back for the Lhag shore, and there take our chance of beaching her.

Now we danced over the waves to the tune of the rising wind, and ran before the coming storm, with the herring fleet crowding the sea outside of us. The little *Trap* scudded over the water like a sea-bird; the skipper, who was steering, smiling at every breaker which rose up behind him and threatened to wet his jacket. When we had run as far as we dared, without losing our chance of making the Lhag shore, we hauled in our sheet and sailed as close to the wind as we could on a starboard tack for the land. By this time the rain, which we expected, was coming down in wild gusts, but as our provisions and blankets were wrapped in oil-skins we did not give it much heed.

The Lhag shore is a little beach where the shingle is all milk-white. No house is visible from it; and the green flat at the back is protected on one side by the high boundary rock of the creek, and on the other by the rising land. Here, we said, we should find a safe camping-ground for night, for, if we could but get our boat up so high, using the four oars as skids, we would turn her over, prop up her gunwale with her beam to the weather, and sleep through the storm, rid of our wet garments and rolled in our blankets. In the morning it would be fine weather perhaps, and we would be on the prettiest shore in the island.

It was all very nicely planned, but it began to blow so hard that we saw, even after trimming our boat to make her sail a point closer to the wind, that we had not allowed enough for leeway before tacking for the land. If we ran her for the shore now, we said, we would surely get smashed on the rocks to leeward; so we were compelled to steer for the Niarbyl shore, where the two old Couthas lived in their lonely cottage, built above the high-water mark of the spring tides.

There was a heavy sea running now, for the coming storm was forcing it hard. We knew we were in for a dousing when we ran the boat aground, but if we could only save her timbers from being stove in, and get our gear and stores ashore, we would risk all the rest.

There was not much sea room to get in, and although the ebbing tide would be in our favour by making the ground-swell less, the shore was rocky in places below the half-tide mark. But we headed the boat for a clear part of the beach and let her go, until the skipper called out, "Down sail, unship the mast and get to the oars!"

It was smart work, and not too much time to do it; but the skipper and I were now at the oars, and Friday in the bow, holding the scope of the anchor, ready to leap ashore the moment we touched ground. Then we rose on the top of a swell and shot in like a rocket. Friday jumped ashore with the painter, and the skipper and I stood with our oars aground to keep the boat from getting broadside to the swell. Breaker after breaker washed over us,

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half swamping the boat, but we held on to get her further up the beach before leaping ashore to haul her up.

The two old Couthas had now their morsel of revenge, for they stood smoking in the shelter of their porch, and laughed over our predicament. But we only stormed within ourselves because they would not come down to lend a hand. Shouting to Johnnie Wesley to lay hold of an oar and get ready to jump ashore directly we gave the word, we watched for the opportunity of a long back-wash, and, calling to Johnnie to save himself, the skipper and I sprang overboard and laid hold of the gunwales to save the boat from getting broadside to the sea. The next wave came up to our chests, but we gave a loud "heave-ho" to Friday, and between us we sent the boat up high and dry with the swell. The next moment we missed Johnnie, but almost at the same instant saw him turning a somersault in the crest of a rolling swell. The weight of the oar had probably caused him to be overtaken by the wave which washed up the boat, and he had gone back to sea in the back-wash. Fortunately he stuck to his oar, and what was still more fortunate he could swim—only in smooth water, it is true, but that was enough to aid him now if he could but keep up his heart when he found himself drifting to sea on the ebb.

More lives are lost from want of promptitude than from lack of bravery. Many boys, young and old, who are courageous enough when their minds are made up first, find themselves paralysed by the events of a sudden emergency. But boys who are left to their own devices on mountains and wild sea-coasts, until they become almost *ferœ naturæ*, act in moments of danger with the quick decision peculiar to wild animals; and they never think a body is likely to die until they see it dead. We thought not of Johnnie's mother or father: there was no time for anything other than the thought of saving him.

Ned, who was almost as much at home in the water as on the land, threw off his clothes, while Friday and I cut away the anchor scope from the boat and made it fast to the tow-line we used as a scope for the grapplin. All this did not take up much time, but Johnnie was fast drifting seawards. To launch the boat was so out of the range of possibility that we never thought of it. Ten men could scarcely have got her through the breakers. The two Couthas, now that they saw real peril, showed the manliness which underlay their crustiness. They came running down with a head-cork (a loose ring of cork bearers equal, as a float, to the ordinary lifebuoy), and Ned slipped it over his head, putting only one arm through it to keep it secure on his chest. Then one of the men made the tow-line fast to the back part of it.

It was a grand sight to see the skipper take to the sea, diving below the roaring breakers, and coming up the other side like a porpoise. We could not see Johnnie now, but we knew that the oar was big enough to float him, and believed his British pluck would make him stick to it. Ned kept diving under the breakers until he got past the ground-swell, and we lost sight of him also, but we kept paying out line until the elder Coutha, who had run up the shore to high ground, roared out that he had "got him," and shouted down to us to haul in the line. Then Friday ran along by the line and helped the rescued and the rescuer until they had their feet on the shore.

Johnnie looked frightened and exhausted, which was to be expected of a boy not used to the sea, but the skipper came in as fresh as a bee from a honey hunt and as red as a cherry.

An hour afterwards, and after the gear of the *Trap*, with all our implements and fishing-tackle, had been stowed away in an outhouse, and the *Trap* hauled up beyond risk from the storm, we were seated before a big fire of peat in the Couthas' cottage, making a supper off our best cod fish—the remainder of Johnnie's pork pies winning the affections of the old men.

Soon we drew the settles round the red embers of the turf, and prepared for our night's repose: the old men going away to their beds. The gale was now at its height. A darkness as of mid-winter had settled over the sky, and the roaring of the storm might well have communicated intelligence of its approach to the quick sensibilities of sea-fowl hundreds of miles along the water. Howling winds, and wild gusts of rain, and sea spray, dashed against the cottage window. The mighty billows which now thundered upon the coast would have thrown the little *Trap* ashore like a bottle-cork. But, safe and snug in our blankets before the warm fire of the cottage, the in-rolling and receding roar of the breakers on the shore made for us but a native mother's lullaby.

Well was it for us that we had taken the warning of the friendly men of the herring fleet, who, doubtless, bore down our way to save us. But, alas! how many precious lives are shipwrecked through the unwillingness of youth to be warned of coming storm, simply because it sees no signs of it until it is too late for anything but unavailing repentance.

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CHAPTER IV.

THE LITTLE PEOPLE.

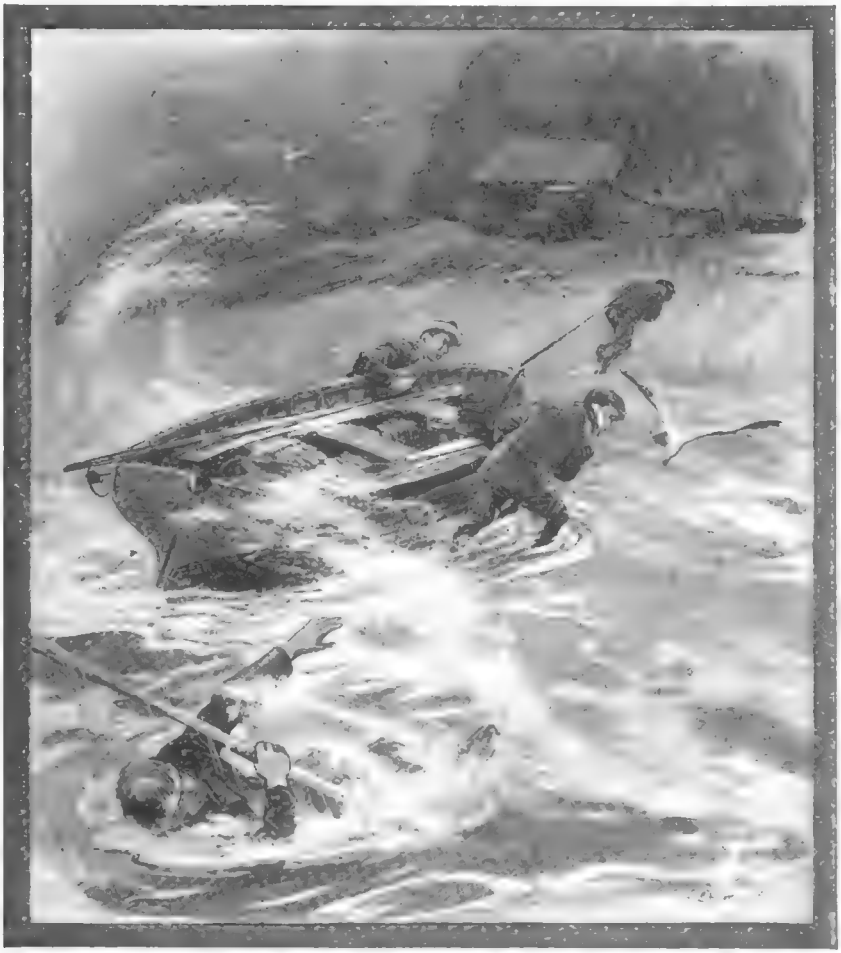
IT was late next day before the storm abated; but we had cosy shelter, and welcomed the opportunity to splice our cut cables. Our provisions made a recompense for the hospitality of our hosts, who told us old stories of the days of their fathers. One of these stories led to our next adventure.

One day, many years before, a shepherd on the slope of Eairy Cushlahan, which rises from the sea to a height of nearly a thousand feet, gave his dog a brutal kick for not performing his work properly. The poor dog, on going howling away from the blow, disappeared through a hole in the earth which was hid by rock and ling. Three days afterwards, a man, rowing along the coast, saw the dog come swimming out of a cave below the hill. No one had ever explored this cave to its utmost depth, and we resolved to take advantage of the next opportunity to make a thorough investigation of it.

The elder Coutha said that in a short time the wind would fall away to the south'ard, and leave the sea calm enough to take the boat into the cave. Next day we saw a clear sky, and were refreshed by the purity of the atmosphere and the exhilarating beams of the sun.

There were other stories about this cave: stories going back to old times, when so-called "fairies" made noises in its depths, and were seen and heard, by men and women too superstitious to go near them, sporting and chattering around little fires on the hill above, when the nights were dark.

What these fairies really were cannot now be a matter of much doubt, for the explorations of archæologists have laid open subterranean dwellings of a pigmy race which inhabited all Europe in pre-historic times. It may be necessary to say something more on this theory, in connection with the adventures of the crew of the *Trap*, but, at the time of which I am writing, our own belief was the one held by the great body of the people, viz., that they were a people "belonging to another world."



THE WEIGHT OF THE OAR CAUSED HIM TO BE OVERTAKEN.

We determined, however, to risk a meeting with any of the Little People (as they were called) who might be in existence, although we had no serious apprehension that such an event would occur. A description of what did

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happen may be believed only by those inhabitants of remote and sparsely populated countries where the evidence of trustworthy men, held in respect for their veracity and sobriety, gives corroboration of our story ; or by those scholars whose patient investigation of the hidden secrets of the earth enlighten the understanding of their contemporaries. and of succeeding generations.

Among our miscellaneous stores there was a bundle of torches, made from short lengths of old tarred " spring-backs," which burn well and emit a bright light when the strands are opened and frayed. Johnnie Wesley's half-crown piece, which had twice escaped drowning —first, in rum by the old men, and afterwards in water with his own body—secured the services of the Couthas to row us into the cave at half-ebb, and to come back for us at half-flood of the tide. As they preferred to use their own boat for the purpose, we left the *Trap* where she lay.

The sea was now as quiet as a sleeping infant, in one of those calms which follow all kinds of storms, lulling into rest the disturbed forces of nature. It is only on such occasions that sea caves can be entered with safety. Hundreds of seagulls and cormorants, many guillemots and razor-bills, and other divers were visible on the smooth water, as we rowed along the beautiful bay from the south of Yn Niarbyl (The Tail), a long needle of rock which runs out straight from the shore named after it. As there was now no danger in hugging the land, we kept close the bases of the precipitous crags along the coast which separates the cave from the shore : watching, as we were rowed along, for nests of the black guillemot, not that we expected to see actual nests, for the guillemot does not make a nest, but for any places where we might espy the birds resting on the bare ledges of rock where they deposit their pair of eggs.

The old men pushed the yawl into the cave, stern first, to where some shingle rose up from the water a few fathoms in from the cave's mouth. As a measure of precaution we had brought our crowbars, climbing rope, and sledge-hammer ; so we threw these on the shingle of the cave, and jumped from the boat with our torches all ready for lighting, and accepting the cautions of the old men as charitably as could be expected, saw them pull out and head for home.

I will here beg the reader's permission to remark on a difference I have always observed between the English and the Island boy. The former never starts on any kind of an expedition without having his pockets stuffed with what he calls " tucker." The latter never thinks of " tucker " until he gets home. I, Peter Christian, the sole survivor of the old crew of the *Trap*, can remember occasions of adventure when we were twenty-eight hours, thirty-six hours, and on one occasion, three days and two nights without a morsel of food, and yet arrived home apparently none the worse for our fasting. It may be that our coarse flour-cakes, oatmeal porridge, salted fish, and barley broth—the latter, you will know, being a daily dish of the Spartans—kept our stomachs stronger than if they had been fed on the white bread and muffins of the present day.

When Johnnie Wesley stepped aboard the yawl, on the Niarbyl shore, he had the skipper's fishing-basket on his back ; and when we asked him what he was going to do with it, he answered, much to our amusement, that he wasn't going to do anything in particular with the basket, but that he hoped to do something useful with what was in it, as it contained the half of a ham and a loaf of bread. How our laughter over Johnnie's enormous precaution was turned against us, later on, will soon be discovered. We did not always have it our own way with Johnnie !

When we got in to where a turn of the cave shut out the light of day so much as to throw a shadow on our further way, the skipper produced a strong, oval, wood box, containing lucifers. With one of these he lit a torch, and led the way through a high but narrow passage to what really was the end of the cave. A low, arched tunnel, however, gave evidence of a further passage.

The tunnel, which was about three feet high and two feet wide, may possibly have been the work of the high tides in stormy weather, though it was so regular in its width, and so precisely carved, that it might well have been the workmanship of some accomplished artificer. It looked as if it had been formed after the method of some plan. Through this aperture the shepherd's dog had unquestionably made his exit from the interior. What the length of the tunnel might be, or what the size of the caverns to which it led, no person, so far as we then knew, had ever been curious enough, or sufficiently adventurous, to discover.

Friday, who had all along been somewhat sceptical as to the story of the dog, now got on his hands and knees and began to crawl in, saying, as he did so, that the wash of the sea might have filled it up with gravel in the fifty years since the dog came through. The skipper held the torch down to give him light, and we waited to hear him call out the result of his search.

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After waiting about as long as a boy might walk a mile on a racecourse, we heard a sharp, shrill whistle, or rather, three double whistles, quickly repeated, and very unlike our usual signal, which was the night-call of the curlew when on the wing.

There was something uncanny about the whistle, reminding us of stories told by men who had heard the Little People whistling on the mountains on misty nights.

These creepy sensations of ours, springing from the traditions of our Celtic forbears, whose anthropological history goes back so many thousands of years, will be pardoned by the sceptical but generous Saxon. Our remote ancestors may have been the people which drove Neolithic man to hide in his subterranean dwellings, forcing him to make raids on their belongings in the darkness and security of misty nights. If so, what could be more in harmony with natural law than that we should be the bearers of evidence of the existence of the Little People to the succeeding races of mankind who may proudly claim descent from a new creation?

When Friday came creeping back, stern first, we asked him if he had come to the end of the tunnel, and why he whistled? He assured us that he did not whistle, but that he heard the same whistling at the far end of the tunnel, and so scampered back as fast as he could come—backwards.

The skipper suggested that it might be a ghaary brek (oyster-catcher) that had got blown in through the tunnel during the storm, though the improbability of such an event made him doubt his own words.

Johnnie said it might be the sound of a whistling shepherd on the hill coming down the hole the dog fell through.

Friday replied that it sounded much nearer than that.

I had met so many men that had seen the Little People, that I was inclined to the belief that "the lil fallers," as the Island peasantry term them, might be the whistlers.

Johnnie then suggested that it might be the draught coming down through the hole into which the dog had fallen, and playing a tune among the rocks.

WE WERE STARTLED AND ALARMED BY A WHOLE CHORUS OF SHRILL WHISTLING.

Here we stood debating when we should have been acting up to our intentions, some will say; but there are times when prudence is as valuable as pluck; and the o'er rash horse often breaks his harness in the middle of the hill, and gets shoved into the field or sold to a hawker, while an old nag that pretends to be blind on one eye, and lame on one leg, lugs the load over the hill and eats his oats.

So we took our time and held a council of war. Then we cut a torch into three, fagged out the ends, and lighting them all, went in one after the other, with Johnnie and his fishing-basket in the rear.

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It was worse than a three-legged race for those of us who had the torches, crowbars, and sledge-hammer, but we stuck to our work. What struck us as odd was that the smoke, which we had expected to half-smother us, passed in before us like smoke from a chimney ascending from below. We crawled along painfully for a distance of a hundred or two hundred feet; our ideas of distance befogged by the nature of our task, and the slow method of travelling. At last Friday, who had taken the lead by right of his former essay, called out that he had come into another cave; which information gave a stimulus to our movements, until we joined him in an upright position beneath a mighty dome, where the light of our torches seemed but a feeble flicker when held up to view its height and length and comparative width.

The torches, however, were more than sufficient for an examination of our immediate surroundings, and gave us a dim view of the distance where the light terminated at the vanishing-point. Of the formation of the rock, or of the terrestrial disturbance which had caused this inner cavern, we heeded not; but our surprise may be imagined when we came upon a great heap of the shells of mollusks—mussels, limpets, and periwinkles—all thrown into a corner, as if deposited there by the hands that had opened them and used the flesh they once contained.

While in the act of examining this heap of shells we were startled and considerably alarmed by a whole chorus of those shrill whistlings, one only of which disturbed our minds when on the *outside* of the cavern.

The ground plan of this inner cave might be compared to the form of a tennis racket lying on the grass. We stood in the open end, and the weird, uncanny chorus of whistles came down from the shadows of the narrow extension.

We were now fully persuaded that we had invaded a subterranean dwelling of the Little People, and the stoutest heart among us felt that if we did not make a speedy exit there would be such reprisals as might put our lives in jeopardy.

(*To be continued*)

THE EVOLUTION OF THE BICYCLE. NO. III.—THE DRAISENA, 1820.

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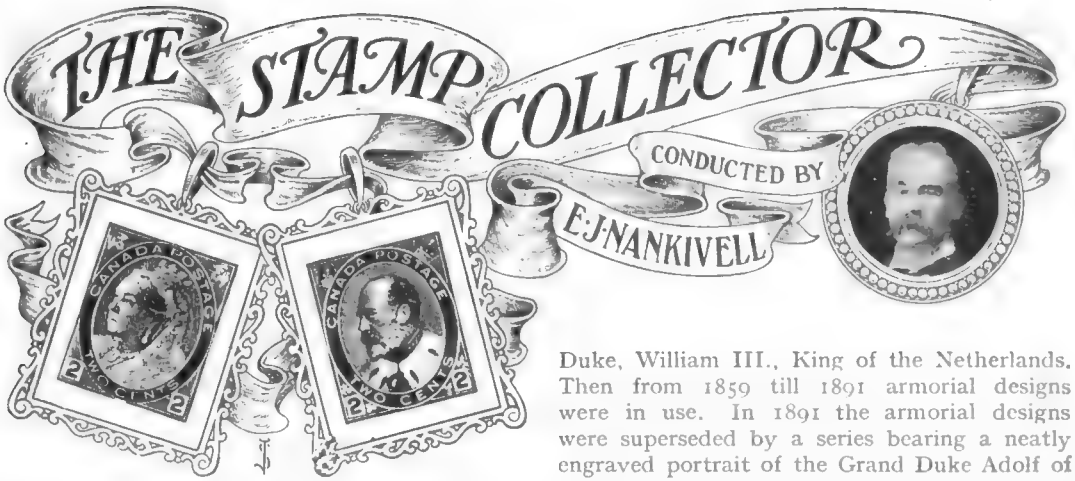

THE STAMPS OF LUXEMBURG

History of the Duchy

THE independent Grand Duchy of Luxemburg lies between the Rhine Provinces of Prussia, Lorraine, France and Belgium. The Government is a constitutional monarchy, administered by a Grand Duke.

The history of Luxemburg stretches back to a time when it formed part of the Holy Roman Empire. It was a Countship in the Middle Ages and we are told that it furnished the Emperors Henry VII. (1308) and Charles IV. (1347). It was united to Bohemia in 1311; became a Grand Duchy in 1354, and passed to Burgundy in 1443. It passed, by the marriage of Maximilian, to the House of Hapsburg, and to Spain in 1555. Part of it was ceded to France in 1659. It was ceded to Spain in 1713, was occupied by France in 1795 and annexed in 1797. By the Congress of Vienna (1815) it was made a Grand Duchy under the rule of the King of the Netherlands. It joined in the Belgium revolt against the Netherlands, and continued provisionally in Belgian hands until 1839, when part of it was ceded to Belgium, the King of the Netherlands ruling as Grand Duke over the remainder. Its neutrality was guaranteed by the Treaty of London in 1867.

The total area is only 998 square miles and the population 236,543.

Its Philatelic History

The first postage stamps of Luxemburg, issued in 1852, bore the portrait of the Grand Duke, William III., King of the Netherlands. Then from 1859 till 1891 armorial designs were in use. In 1891 the armorial designs were superseded by a series bearing a neatly engraved portrait of the Grand Duke Adolf of Nassau, first as a full face and in 1895 altered to a profile. In 1906 the portrait of the present Grand Duke Wilhelm appeared and continues on the current stamps of the Grand Duchy.

The stamps of Luxemburg are full of interest and are not expensive for the general collector, though the specialist finds varieties that increase the cost and complexity of the issues.

1852.—Two values. Design: head of the Grand Duke, King William III. of the Netherlands, with profile to left. The dies were engraved on steel by M. Barth, a Luxemburg engraver, and were reproduced in copper plates. They were printed in sheets of 100. The 10 c. value was for inland letters and the 1 silbergroschen for countries within the German-Austrian Postal Union. The stamps were issued imperforate.

Imperforate

	Unused. s. d.	Used. s. d.
10 centimes, black	30 0	0 8
1 sgr., red	25 0	2 6

1859-72.—Nine values. Design: the arms of the Grand Duchy. The portrait type of stamps was abandoned on the score of expense. Tenders were invited for a cheaper method of production and the offer of Dressler, a typefounder of Frankfort, was accepted. Dressler is said to have commissioned L. Kurz, an engraver of Frankfort, and with his

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assistance dies and electrotype plates were manufactured; the values were inserted in movable type. Westoby tells us that the printers of Luxemburg were not able to print from the electrotypes when they got them, and the work was handed over to the firm of C. Nauman, of Frankfort. The lower values were of the design of the 1 centime and the other values of the type of the 12½ in our illustrations.

Imperforate.

	Unused. s. d.		Used. s. d.
1 centime, brown	3 6	..	5 0
2 centimes, black	4 0	..	4 0
4 centimes, yellow	12 0	..	10 0
10 centimes, blue	3 0	..	1 6
12½ centimes, rose	5 0	..	3 0
25 centimes, brown	8 6	..	8 6
30 centimes, claret	8 6	..	5 0
37½ centimes, green	7 6	..	6 0
40 centimes, orange	20 0	..	10 0

Rouletted.

	Unused. s. d.		Used. s. d.
1 centime, brown	1 0	..	0 6
2 centimes, black	1 6	..	2 0
4 centimes, yellow	15 0	..	10 0
4 centimes, green	3 6	..	2 0
10 centimes, lilac	1 6	..	0 4
12½ centimes, rose	2 0	..	0 9
20 centimes, brown	5 0	..	0 6
25 centimes, blue	5 0	..	0 6
30 centimes, claret	8 6	..	2 6
37½ centimes, bistre	35 0	..	22 6
40 centimes, orange	20 0	..	3 0

1872.—*Provisional* one value. Design: the 37½ centimes of the previous issue surcharged UN FRANC in thick capitals technically known as Egyptian capitals. Westoby explains that the 37½ c. representing 3 silbergroschen having become useless in 1868, it was withdrawn from circulation, but a new value of 1 franc being required in 1872 for postal orders and registration purposes, the stock of the 37½ c. was in October 1872 surcharged in black with "UN FRANC."

	Unused. s. d.		Used. s. d.
1 fr. on 37½ c., bistre	10 0	..	6 6

1874-80.—Nine values. Designs: as in the 1859–72 issue. This is a local printing. A Luxemburg printer, M. Pierre Bruck, sent in a request to the Government to be allowed to print the stamps, and after various attempts he succeeded in sending in satisfactory supplies. So far as possible he reproduced the colours of the Frankfort printing, but the ordinary collector will have no difficulty in distinguishing this Luxemburg printing by its being perforated instead of rouletted. In the Gibbons Catalogue there is the following note: "The stamps of local printing are distinguished from those printed in Holland, not only by the perforation but also by the size. The former always have less margins than the latter, and are consequently smaller in size. They are printed closer together in the sheet."

Perforated.

	Unused. s. d.		Used. s. d.
1 centime, brown	0 3	..	0 3
2 centimes, black	2 0	..	0 6
4 centimes, green	0 6	..	0 6
5 centimes, yellow	2 0	..	0 6
10 centimes, lilac	2 0	..	0 6
12½ centimes, rose	6 0	..	1 3
25 centimes, blue	10 0	..	0 4
30 centimes, rose	10 0	..	10 0
40 centimes, orange	1 0	..	2 6

1879.—*Provisional.* One value. Design: the 37½ centimes of 1859-72 surcharged in Sans Serif Capitals and small letters with the words "UN FRANC." The stamps were perforated.

Perforated.

	Unused. s. d.		Used. s. d.
1 franc on 37½ c., bistre	4 0	..	6 0

1882-4.—Twelve values. Design: a new design similar to the Peace and Commerce type of France. Designed by M. A. Marc, editor of *Illustration*, and engraved by M. E. Monchon, the engraver of the French stamps. The initials of A. Marc and E. Monchon will be found on the bale under the right knee of mercury, the right hand figure. The design is intended to be emblematical of Agriculture and Trade. The stamps were printed by I. Enschede and Sons, Haarlem and were perforated. Specialists make four varieties of perforation.

Perforated.

	Unused. s. d.	Used. s. d.
1 centime, pearl-grey	1 6	1 0
2 centimes, grey-brown	2 0	0 4
4 centimes, olive-bistre	0 4	0 4
5 centimes, pale green	0 4	0 4
10 centimes, carmine	—	0 6
12½ centimes, grey-blue	1 6	2 0
20 centimes, orange	1 0	0 6
25 centimes, ultramarine	2 6	0 6
30 centimes, olive-green	9 0	0 9
50 centimes, pale brown	1 6	0 6
1 franc, lilac	3 6	3 6
5 francs, brown-orange	4 0	5 0

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1891-6.—Ten values. Design: full face portrait of the Grand Duke Adolphus of Nassau. Designed by Prof. Michael Engles and engraved and printed by I. Enschede and Sons, Haarlem, in sheets of 100 in ten rows of ten stamps.

Perforated.

	Unused. s.	d.		Used. s.	d.
10 centimes, carmine	0	4	..	0	1
12½ centimes, grey-green	0	4	..	0	3
20 centimes, orange	0	9	..	0	6
25 centimes, blue	1	3	..	0	3
30 centimes, sage-green	2	0	..	0	4
37½ centimes, bright green	2	0	..	0	4
50 centimes, brown	1	6	..	0	2
1 franc, purple	2	0	..	0	5
2½ francs, black	5	0	..	4	0
5 francs, lake	7	6	..	—	

1895.—Five values. Design: head of the Grand Duke Adolphus in profile to right, with bolder figures of value in the lower corners. Printed at Haarlem as before and perforated.

Perforated.

	Unused. s.	d.		Used. s.	d.
1 centime, pearl-grey	0	1	..	0	1
2 centimes, grey-brown	0	1	..	0	1
4 centimes, olive-bistre	0	1	..	0	1
5 centimes, green	0	2	..	0	1
10 centimes, carmine	0	4	..	0	1

1906-8.—Seventeen values. Design: the arms of the Grand Duchy for the lower values, and the head of the reigning Grand Duke Wilhelm with three-quarter face to left, for all values above 6 c. Printed by I. Enschede and Sons, Haarlem and perforated.

Perforated.

	Unused. s.	d.		Used. s.	d.
1 centime, pearl-grey	0	1	..	0	1
2 centimes, grey-brown	0	1	..	0	1
4 centimes, olive-yellow	0	1	..	0	1
5 centimes, green	0	1	..	0	1
10 centimes, carmine	0	2	..	0	1
12½ centimes, slate	0	3	..	0	3
15 centimes, chestnut	0	3	..	0	3
20 centimes, orange	0	3	..	0	4
25 centimes, blue	0	4	..	0	4
30 centimes, olive-green	0	5	..	0	5
37½ centimes, green	0	6	..	0	6
50 centimes, sepia	0	8	..	—	
87½ centimes, slate-blue	1	0	..	—	
1 franc, purple	1	2	..	—	
2½ francs, vermilion	2	8	..	—	
5 francs, maroon	5	6	..	—	

We are indebted to Mr. W. H. Peckitt, 47 Strand, London, for picked copies from his stock for illustrating this article.

A PRIZE ESSAY

I HAVE always read Mr. Nankivell's articles with great interest and have received many benefits from them. When I first began collecting I thought, like most beginners, that stamp-collecting consisted of getting as many different stamps as possible and sticking them in an album. I had no friends or relations to advise me how to collect, and my views did not change until I read one or two of the Stamp Editor's articles in THE CAPTAIN. My eyes were opened and I commenced to think more seriously about my hobby. I first got a new album and, acting on Mr. Nankivell's advice, arranged my stamps in it in their order of issue, as indicated in a good catalogue. Thus, under the guidance and tuition of Mr. Nankivell, as it were, I gradually formed new ideas of my hobby.

Each month added a little more to my store of philatelic knowledge, not to mention the historical and geographical information I was also acquiring. I learned to avoid all tempting and pretty "Central Americans;" not to buy stamps singly off sheets, but in sets and packets; the history, position, and stamps of various countries; what was going on in the stamp world, and all about famous collectors and their stamps. When I had about twelve hundred varieties, I began to think of specialising, so I compared the countries Mr. Nankivell had dealt with and chose Egypt, which appeared to me to be the most promising.

As my collection increases I find it harder to obtain additions, but I shall always be grateful to Mr. Nankivell for his helpful articles, for I grow more enthusiastic every day, and I am sure I should have given up long ago if I had not started to read "The Stamp Collector."

R. WILKS, JNR.

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A BATTLE ROYAL WITH A TIGER

By SARATH KUMAR GHOSH

ONE evening I was sitting in the veranda of my bungalow in the Mirzapur district in India, when Ramsingh, my valet, came to me to request permission to sleep that night in the neighbouring village, where his aged mother was lying ill. He said, with many apologies, that he was loth to leave me alone that night – for he usually slept in the veranda, to be within call in case of necessity—but, as his mother was not expected to recover, he was very anxious to see her as soon as possible.

I could not refuse so reasonable a request, though I knew that in consequence I would have to pass the night quite a couple of miles from any human being; for my other servants slept in the village, and, being a bachelor, there was no other occupant of the bungalow besides myself. The bungalow stood in the middle of a large field cultivated by the villagers, and on the outskirts of the field there was a jungle which the natives seemed to hold in considerable dread.

Before Ramsingh left, he begged me not to keep my bedroom door open that night, as I usually did owing to the extreme heat. He explained that news was brought to him from the village that the ominous cry of the "fau" had been heard that evening, a sound which always sent a thrill of horror through the hearts of those who heard it. The "fau" (pronounced fay-oo) is a small animal, about the size of a cat, which is named so in imitation of the cry it utters. This animal is popularly supposed in India to make its appearance just before the arrival of a tiger—hence the consternation caused by its low, dismal cry. If the fact be true, then what the scientific explanation of it is—whether this animal accompanies the tiger merely to profit by the remains of the latter's prey, or as some necessary adjunct to the well-being of the tiger—I cannot say. The natives at any rate look upon it as a Providential arrangement to warn them of the approach of their terrible foe.

Being, however, somewhat sceptical about the matter, I told Ramsingh not to fear about me, as a shot from my gun would probably be a satisfactory welcome to any tiger that might care to visit me that night. So I told him to take out my gun from its case, and place it, with a few ball-cartridges, in the drawer close to my bed.

In spite, however, of my apparent boldness, I thought it prudent to bolt my bedroom door when I retired. And now I shall give a rough description of the bedroom, as its general arrangement was destined to play an important part in my story. It was rather a small room, with two doors, one opening into the veranda and the other leading into the dining-room. The bed was placed in the corner opposite the former, with its head and inner side about a foot from the two adjacent walls; close to the foot of the bed was the toilet-table; hence it will be observed that there was only just sufficient space to squeeze round the bed, except of course on the outer side. Facing that side, and about 4ft. from it, stood a chest of drawers, in the lowest drawer of which my servant had placed my gun. By the side of it was the door opening into the veranda, and on the adjacent wall was the door leading into the dining-room. My bed was a heavy wooden affair, such as is generally used in India. Its upright pillars were some 6in. in diameter, and the four horizontal beams of about the same dimension. Consequently, as the bed was some 7ft. square, it will be noted that it was of considerable weight. It was rather low, though, there being only just sufficient space under it for a person to crawl. The four upright pillars terminated in thin rods, to which were tied the four corners of the mosquito-net.

After I had vainly attempted to sleep for a couple of hours, the heat became so oppressive that I was compelled to get up and open the door leading to the veranda in order to let in some fresh air. Thinking that there was no real danger—or, if there had been, that it was now passed—I left it open and got into bed again. The cool air soon began to have its beneficial effect and I fell asleep in a few minutes.

How long I slept I know not, but I awoke with a start and a horrible presentiment of

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coming disaster; a deep, oppressive feeling seemed to choke me—the air was hot and stifling, as if I were not the sole occupant of the room. For a few minutes I was in a drowsy state, with my eyes turned upwards, half open and half closed; for those brief moments I had a vague desire to get up and see what was the matter with the room, but the oppressive feeling of drowsiness made me linger on a while in my semi-conscious state.

Suddenly I thought I heard a deep, harsh, long-drawn breathing close to my bed. What was it? I dared not turn round to look — and yet that breathing seemed to grow deeper and harsher every instant. I made up my mind that, whatever the cause of that strange, mysterious breathing might be, it were better for my safety to appear to be motionless. So I began to work and turn my head round, almost imperceptibly, towards the outer side of the bed, from which the sound seemed to come. It took me some two or three minutes to do that, as I dared not turn my body as well. I partially opened my eyes, so as still to appear to be asleep. What did I behold? A huge form lying on the ground parallel with the bed, and between it and the chest of drawers! Its head was erect and turned towards me—two fiery eyes were fixed on me! By the dim light of the moon, which had now risen, I made out the faint outlines of an enormous tiger! For a few moments I remained motionless, paralysed with terror. There was not a human soul within two miles to hear my cry for help, had I dared to utter it. I thought of my gun, but the brute was lying between me and the chest of drawers in which the gun was placed. I was at the tiger's mercy! But why had not the brute attacked me already? What was the reason for this strange, untigerlike conduct? I began to think—I could do nothing else—perhaps that reason, if I happened to discover it, might afford me some chance of escape. What could it be? Then an inspiration struck me—the mosquito-net! Yes, that was it! The brute had seen a motionless form under the net, and had mistaken the whole arrangement for a tiger-trap, with me as the bait! If so, then my only chance lay in maintaining that delusion by not moving or uttering the slightest sound.

ITS HEAD WAS ERECT AND TURNED TOWARDS ME.

There I lay helpless, like a log of wood—the seconds seemed to be like hours, and the minutes like years. It may be easy enough to remain like that under ordinary conditions, but when it is done under compulsion, it becomes a veritable torture.

At last I know not what I did. Perhaps I coughed, or perhaps I moved—the desire for it had become irresistible—at any rate, the tiger stood up and glared at me with his fiery eyes! Was he beginning to realise that after all it was not a trap, or was his hunger getting the better of his instinct of caution? His enormous head came pressing against the mosquito-net as if he were

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scrutinising me more closely. It came nearer and nearer. I felt his horrible breath, and yet I dared not move. Then snap went the slender cord, by which the net was suspended, and the whole curtain came down upon me. The delusion was over.

I hesitated no longer; helped by that brief moment of confusion, I slipped out from the falling curtain against the inner wall, and crawled under the bed. With a savage growl the tiger jumped on the bed, thinking I was still there under the heap, and began tearing the net into shreds with his claws. Not finding me there, he jumped out in front of the chest of drawers, lashing his tail in fury, and looking round on all sides to find his prey. It was but a brief respite, for the tiger soon espied me under the bed. With a triumphant roar, as if, at last, he had got his victim, he dashed his head in—but no, the bed was too low! His chin rested on the floor, and his forehead against the beam of the bed—the bed was not high enough for him to get his enormous head in! Another dash, and yet another, with the same result. At each effort, the bed was shaken violently and seemed to be lifted up a few inches. Maddened by the pain—for the brute must have injured himself considerably—he made a more furious onslaught than before; the bed yielded and his head went underneath, bleeding profusely from a hideous wound on the forehead where the skin had been peeled right off by the sharp edge of the beam. With one more thrust he endeavoured to get his body in—but, no! In the narrow space between the bed and the chest of drawers his body was arched up at an angle, and could not be worked in under the bed.

THE TIGER BEGAN TEARING THE NET INTO SHREDS.

There we lay, face to face! I squeezed myself hard against the inner wall to get away from those fiery eyes. His frightful fangs worked in a hideous manner as if they were already crunching my bones to dust and tearing my flesh piecemeal. I began to be paralysed—fascinated by those eyes. A torpor seemed to come over me, as if I were but a mouse, and the tiger a huge cat shaking my senses out of my body; my eyes began to grow drowsy. Thus we lay a few minutes—it seemed countless ages of purgatory to me. Short, sharp growls came from those enormous jaws, not less of pain than of fury; for the brute was suffering intensely, not only from the wound on his forehead, but also because the sharp edge of the beam was cutting into the back of his head. At last the pain seemed to overcome his fury for a moment, and he endeavoured to withdraw his head from under the bed. He pulled back—but, oh! a gleam of hope seemed to shine before my dimmed eyes—his head was wedged in under the bed, and the sharp beam seemed to enter all the deeper into the back of his head at each attempt to withdraw! *The tiger*

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was caught as if in a trap! Maddened by the pain, he struggled with frantic fury. The bed was shaken violently—would it stand that determined onslaught? What if it were upset?—then all would be over with me in a few seconds. I clung on to the side of the beam to add to the weight of the bed by pulling it down. It was, however, a feeble attempt from the cramped position in which I lay. The bed jumped up and down like a see-saw, more violently each time, as the tiger struggled. Then, when every moment I was expecting the bed to be overturned, an inspiration struck me—would I risk the danger? Yes, that was my only resource to prevent the bed from being upset, my only chance of safety. I crawled out from under the bed, and jumped upon it and pressed hard just over the tiger's head with my whole weight.

The tiger's body arched out before me from under the bed, which seemed to grow steadier with the increased weight. But what could I do to *kill* the brute? If I could only get at my gun—but the tiger's back was pressing against the chest of drawers, and it was impossible to get the gun out. I racked my brains to think of something, anything, to kill the tiger with—and that very soon, for the terrible tension of my nerves was becoming unendurable; nay, the tiger had noticed my escape from under the bed, and was struggling more violently than ever to upset it. "Yes! I have it," I thought! There was my dining-room—perhaps there were some knives there! But would the tiger notice my absence, and seize the opportunity to make one last attempt to upset the bed? It was my one chance, however, to kill my terrible foe, and I resolved to accept it. I slipped over the head of the bed, and ran noiselessly into the dining-room. Yes! There I found a huge carving-knife! I crept back to the bed as noiselessly as before. I hesitated for a moment. I knew that I could strike but a single blow, and that must be a mortal one; for a mere wound, however serious, would but exasperate the brute to make one stupendous effort to release himself. I watched my opportunity—how could I reach a vital part? There was only one possible to reach, and that was the heart. I held the knife with both hands, its point almost touching the tiger's back between the shoulder-blades. In breathless suspense I waited; the tiger moved, the shoulder-blades separated — down went nine inches of steel, thrust with my whole weight, deep into the tiger's heart.

A terrific roar, a frightful crash, as if an earthquake had shaken my bungalow to its very foundations, and I lost consciousness.

Next morning, when Ramsingh returned from the village, he saw the tiger, "enormous still in death," lying in a pool of blood, by the side of the upturned bed. Blood he found on every side, but nowhere found his master. At last, after a careful search, he discovered me still senseless under the heap of bed-clothes by the side of the wall. In that awful dying leap of the tiger, which had upset the bed, my head had been dashed violently against the inner wall, and I had fallen between it and the bed under the heap of clothes.

For a fortnight I lay between life and death in a burning fever, owing to the injury to my head, and the terrible tension of that deadly struggle; but a vigorous constitution enabled me to recover eventually, and now, as I sit writing this account, the magnificent skin of the tiger hangs on the wall to bear testimony to the fact that it was no night-mare through which I passed, but a stern reality.

A True Story from Nature

WE hear of many instances of animal courage in times of extreme danger and necessity, but none, I think, will equal the following. A poor hare was chased for many miles by a collie and could at last run no longer. Emboldened by desperation it turned upon its formidable foe with no small measure of success. Do what he would master collie could not get hold of his wished-for victim. But alas! poor lupus was not to have fair play. The natural and happy end would, we think, have been its triumphant escape. The owner of the dog, however, a burly farmer, coming upon the strange scene at that moment, evidently thought differently. Perhaps hares were scarce that season and the thought of hare soup too tempting. At any rate, the poor hare's brave fight was unavailing, and with one blow from the farmer's stick all was over!

C. U. KERR.

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LITERARY MEN OF THE MONTH

SHAKESPEARE

APRIL 23 is the most memorable date in English annals. Why? Was some great king born, or crowned, or victorious upon that day, or was some world-shaking, freedom-winning battle fought, or did some statesman pass into law some Magna Charta? No, none of these things happened. But in a little, remote, hitherto unheard-of market town in Warwickshire a baby boy appeared on life's stage who was destined to be the greatest "human" ever born—"the myriad-souled Shakespeare."

It is a remarkable fact, too, that this date is the one dedicated to England's patron saint—he of the Dragon, "St. George for Merrie England!" Is it not fitting, then, that this man, William Shakespeare, so born in the county which lies at the verdant heart of this pleasant land, should have been the grandest, most whole-hearted, most freedom-loving patriot—Milton alone excepted—of all the minstrels who have tuned their harps to sing of her beauties, her glories, and her splendid destiny?

I think it was Sir Philip Sydney who said that he could never hear the "Ballad of Chevy Chase" recited but it went through him like the sound of a trumpet, and I should pity the English boy who is not similarly stirred by such a passage as this:

This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-paradise;
This fortress, built by nature for herself,
Against infection and the hand of war:
This happy breed of men, this little world;
This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands;
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England.

Is not that splendid? Where is the boy who would not be ready to take up arms against a world of foes, rather than "this scepter'd isle" should ever "beat to the sound of the foeman's heel"?

Never shall I forget the first time I dipped into Shakespeare. He was not "taught" at my school. I had, perhaps, read an extract or two in the reading book, but otherwise I was unacquainted with him until I reached the mature age of thirteen! Then I obtained *The Works of William Shakespeare—with Notes* in ten volumes from the Town Library, but newly opened. I renewed those ten volumes scores of times. And I was not content to read them myself only. I read them aloud to any one who had the grace—and the taste—to listen. My favourite in those days was "As You Like It." I revelled in its exquisite descriptions of nature, its delightful humour, its sense of being out of the world, its Robin Hood-like outlawry and freedom from restraint. I learned by heart, of course, Jacques' famous speech beginning, "All the world's a stage." Ah, I shall never find quite the same flavour in these things again, but they were good while they lasted, and the impressions they made upon my mind and heart have never wholly been erased. The love of Shakespeare became a lifelong possession.

The boy who has only read Shakespeare as "English Literature" for the Oxford Senior, has not read him at all. The best place to read Shakespeare's outdoor plays is under a hay-stack, and the best place to read "Hamlet," or "Lear," or "Macbeth," is before a wood fire, holding the book down in order to read by the blaze. It is bad for the eyes, but good for the fancy.

And what an outdoor man Will Shakespeare must have been! He knew the points of a horse or a dog better than a judge at a cattle show knows the points of a short-horn. There is not a sport, from hunting to marbles, which is not mentioned in his plays. You may take Shakespeare as a guide to all the flowers and herbs of the hedge-bottom. He seemed to see everything with a swift, sure eye, and when it fitted his mood or his theme it dropped into its place with a fitness which is a sheer delight.

At this very moment you can go into the country—happy boy if you are already there!—and see

Daffodils
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty; violets dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
Or Cytherea's breath.

These are the pictures which show that Shakespeare was a man who saw with his own eyes, who was no mere bookworm, no grubby student, but a free, jolly, splendid Englishman who saw

Books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

But April 23 has still another distinction. It is also Shakespeare's death-day. He died in the town in which he was born on April 23, 1616, having exactly completed his fifty-second year. Think of it! Only fifty-two, and yet what he accomplished!

A. B. COOPER.

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COMPETITIONS FOR APRIL

Last day for sending in, April 18. (*Foreign and Colonial Readers, June 18.*)

NOTICE.—At the top of the first page the following particulars must be clearly written, thus:

Competition No. ——, Class ——, Name ——, Address ——, Age ——.

Competitors may enclose their attempts for the various competitions IN ONE COVERING ENVELOPE, but each attempt must be put in a separate envelope inside the covering one, plainly marked with the number of the competition and class.

Letters to the Editor should not be sent with competitions.

We trust to your honour to send in unaided work.

Pages should be connected with paper-fasteners, not pins.

Write only on one side of the paper.

COUPONS.—In order to ensure that those who compete for our prizes are actual purchasers of the magazine, we require all competitors to affix to their competitions the coupons which will be found on an advertisement page. A coupon is provided for each competition. Please use paste, gum, or paper-fasteners for attaching these coupons to the paper.

You may send as many attempts for each competition as you like, but each attempt must be placed in a separate envelope and bear a coupon.

HONOURABLE MENTIONS.—Any competitor who has been honourably mentioned twelve times may apply for a Certificate of Merit.

Address covering envelope: "Competitions for April," THE CAPTAIN, Southampton Street, Strand, London, W.C.

All competitions should reach us by April 18.

The results will be published in the June number.

In every case the final decision lies wth the Editor, who cannot enter into correspondence with unsuccessful competitors.

No. 1.—"***April Features.***"—State, in order, the features you like best in this number. Taking them as they come, the features you are to place in their order, according to your taste, are the following twelve:

The Twins of Tendring.
A Close Call.
The Comic Side of Highwaymen.
The City of London School.
My Leopard.
How to Train for Sports.
"The Scrags."
How I would Spend £5 in a Week.
The Inventions of Brown.
The People of the Caves.
A Battle Royal with a Tiger.
Literary Men of the Month.

Prizes: Three Miniature Rifles of Martin Pulvermann and Co.'s latest pattern.

No age limit.

No. 2.—"***June Authors.***"—Send an essay, not exceeding 400 words, dealing with the life and work of any author whose name is associated with the month of June. Prizes: Three "Benetfink" Cricket Bats or Tennis Racquets. (See Prizes page.)

Class I. . . No age limit.
Class II. . . Age limit: Twenty-five.
Class III. . . Age limit: Eighteen.

No. 3.—"***Pictorial Competition.***"—Send a coloured copy, enlarged or reduced, of the sketch by Mr. Tom Browne on page 92 of this month's "Editorial." Prizes: Boxes of Water Colours or Drawing Materials from George Rowney and Co.

Class I. . . Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class II. . . Age limit: Sixteen.
Class III. . . Age limit: Twelve.

No. 4.—"***Jumble Sentence.***"—Compose a sentence, not exceeding thirty words, from the titles of stories, articles, essays and poems, &c., in this number. Prizes: Goods to the value of *7s. 6d.* from the catalogue of F. H. Ayres, Ltd.

Class I. . . Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class II. . . Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 5.—"***Photographic Competition.***"—Send a print from your best negative. Photographs must be original, *i.e.*, not copied from the work of others. Neatness in mounting will be taken into consideration. Prizes: Photographic goods to the value of *7s. 6d.*

Class I. . . No age limit.
Class II. . . Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class III. . . Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 6.—"***School Notes.***"—A prize of Five Shillings will be awarded for the best paragraph (not exceeding 200 words) dealing with school life. Each paragraph should bear a *nom-de-plume* for publication. Half a Crown will be paid for those we print. Photographs dealing with school life will be paid for at the same rate.

No age limit.

FOREIGN AND COLONIAL READERS are invited to compete in all competitions. In their case the time limit is extended to June 18, Australian readers being allowed ten days longer. By "Foreign and Colonial" we refer to readers living outside Europe. There will be no age limit. One prize of *5s.* will be awarded to the sender of the best entry in each competition. Envelopes should be marked: "Foreign and Colonial April Competitions."

We shall be glad to consider comic pictures suitable for summer numbers.

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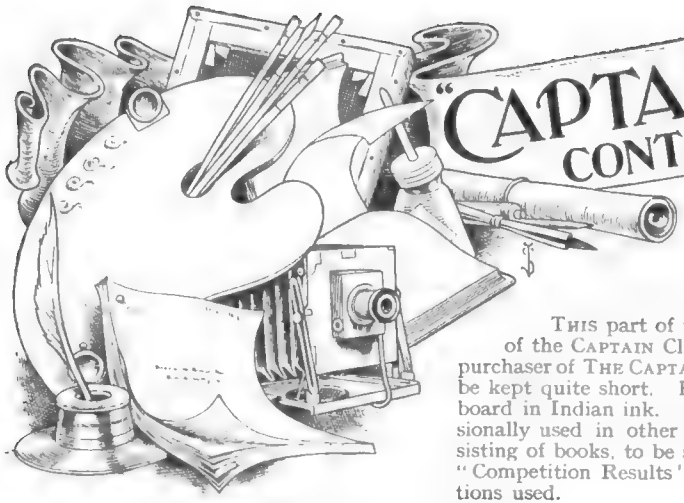

"CAPTAIN" CLUB CONTRIBUTIONS

THIS part of the Magazine is set aside for Members of the CAPTAIN Club, to which anybody who is a regular purchaser of THE CAPTAIN may belong. Contributions should be kept quite short. Drawings should be executed on stiff board in Indian ink. CAPTAIN Club contributions are occasionally used in other parts of the Magazine. Prizes consisting of books, to be selected from those mentioned on the "Competition Results" page, are awarded for all contributions used.

Some Howlers which DID Howl

EVEN the most "howlery" of howlers yet published in THE CAPTAIN are, I think, surpassed by a budget recently compiled by the *University Correspondent*. That my fellow Captainites may be enlightened by the wisdom of the youthful prodigies of learning who were responsible for them, I quote a few of the best:

The letters of the alphabet are divided into continents and bowels.

Stirling was famous for its sovereigns, who used to be crowned there; a sovereign is still called a "pound stirling."

The earth revolves on its own axis 365 times in 24 hours; this rapid motion through space causes its side to perspire, forming dew.

England has much coal beds. When it is finished we shall have to use our brains for fuel, and it will be scarce.

Alfred Austin was chosen by the Queen as poet laureate. He said: "If you let me make the songs of the nation, I care not who sings them." (Which, incidentally, is the sentiment of a good many who write for THE CAPTAIN Club pages—eh?)

OSCAR E. SEYD.

INCIDENTS IN A SCHOOL PAPERCHASE.

Pike Shooting.

THERE is very good sport to be had in pike shooting, and so few people know of it that a description of the method may be interesting.

Last summer, while living at a small farm on the banks of the river Tay, we went pike shooting with a friend. Early in the day, armed with a double-barrelled gun and a plentiful supply of cartridges, we rowed our boat across the river to a secluded backwater where pike were known to abound. Creeping cautiously across a field we came upon the pool from behind a clump of bushes and there saw a big pike lazily basking a few inches from the surface. Allowing an inch or two for the deflection of the pellets when they struck the water, I fired. I was lucky enough to hit the fish, which turned over and slowly sank to the bottom. Going back to where we had left the boat we rowed round into the backwater, and by means of a gaff lashed to the end of a long

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pole we fished up the pike from the bottom of the pool. The water was quite still and transparent and the whereabouts of our quarry easily found.

We secured several pike that morning ranging from ten to fourteen pounds in weight, but much bigger fish than that are often shot in this fashion.

DAVID R. FYFFE.

Lines Written after re-reading "Treasure Island"

WHEN Silver's voice is heard no more,
And winds no longer beat the shore:

When the old refrain of the Dead Man's Chest
Has lost its magic interest:

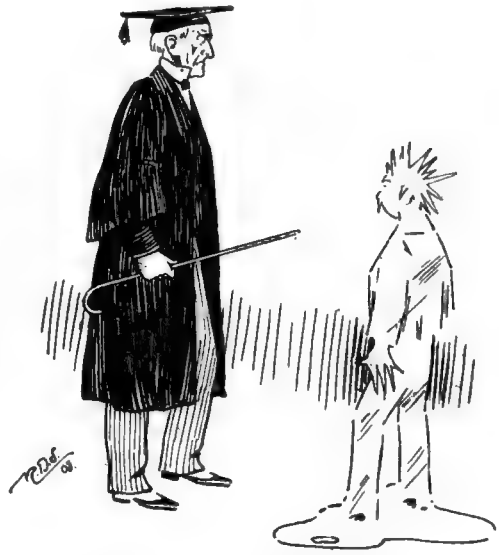
When the parrot's cry of pieces of eight
Has ceased to awe and fascinate:

When pirates' tales of hidden gold
Strike listless ears and pulses cold:

Then, then, indeed, our youth is dead;
The ancient days of gold are fled.

"PUER."

"Hi, mon! What's the fare?"
"A halfpenny."
"Ah! But, mon, have ye no excursions?"



THE HEAD GAVE YOUNG JONES A LOOK WHICH FROZE HIM TO THE SPOT—*vide* THE AVERAGE SCHOOL STORY.

A Mouthful

AT last I have made quite an original joke (really good for one like me):
Why is a door like a cannibal?
Because it is an aperture (a napper chewer)!

BEAR CUB.

How Irishmen don't Talk

IN "Ram Pershad" Mr. Sarath Kumar Ghosh introduced an Irishman, and I want to say that no Bengali, Englishman, or any one else ever heard, or ever will hear, a genuine Irishman say "Oi," "sohn" (!), "oup," or any other of Mr. O'Rourke's outlandish vocables. But I *have* heard a Chelsea man say, "Oi fink it's goin' to royn." Mr. Kipling's Mulvaney says "Oi," &c., but Rudyard is as far out there as your contributor. Let your next Irishman be described by some one who *knows* Irishmen. In a high-grade paper like THE CAPTAIN it is sickening to find an outcrop of the "Oirishman" of the halfpenny and penny dreadful type. No wonder Ireland is to so many of you English a seething boghole of savagery, navigated by pigs, Paddies, moonlighters, Glenaheiry dynamiters, and industriously stirred up by the U.I.L. and the Gaelic League.

M. C. LYNCH.

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SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, LONDON.

Ten Years Ago.—The fact that I have reprinted the first article Mr. C. B. Fry ever wrote for THE CAPTAIN naturally calls to mind our first number. Dear me! To think that exactly ten years have elapsed since the bookstalls all over the country were bright with piles of the first number of THE CAPTAIN, which was published on March 22, 1899.

We actually got to work on the magazine on November 28, 1898. No. 12 Burleigh Street was at that time partly empty—a couple of floors being occupied by Messrs. Sands and Co., the publishers—so the first floor was apportioned to me for THE CAPTAIN office. This, I may tell you, was the editorial sanctum of Sir George Newnes in the days when TIT-BITS office was at 12 Burleigh Street, before this great building in Southampton Street was erected.

Mr. Hassall's sketch of himself. It was Mr. Hassall who drew the heading to this "Editorial," following the instructions of the Editor. The picture of the Old Fag is one of Mr. Hassall's very happiest efforts, and has been copied and parodied by CAPTAIN readers times out of number.

Well, the furniture being a little slow in arriving, and the electric light man taking his time about putting up the wires, I had to start planning out THE CAPTAIN with a couple of tables, a couple of chairs, and a couple of bedroom candles. So it was in a dim light that I sat, in a big overcoat, the room being a trifle chilly, and began to look round for authors and artists and ideas.

I was sitting there alone one evening about five o'clock when the door opened and a head appeared. It was the head of a handsome, athletic young man in the pink of health and strength. "My name's Fry," said the head; "you wrote to me," and in walked, with a smile of greeting, our esteemed future contributor. Our interview was not long, and we discussed things in a rather amateurish way, as I was certainly rather green at editorial work, and at this time Mr. Fry had only written a few odd articles in the *Windsor Magazine* and the *Daily Mail*. Anyhow, we fixed up the first article, and so one item, at any rate, of my future programme was arranged by the light of those humble paraffin candles.

After that, Mr. Fry often used to call up, and so enthusiastic was he—as he still is—about points upon which he is an expert that the discussion of a new article generally led to an informal lecture on his part—on the art of batting, or kicking, or running, or training, or whatever the subject happened to be. It was a pity that some lightning short-

Basketville, our Hound, as he appeared in our first number. He was not then called "Bask," because Sir A. Conan Doyle had not then written his famous story, "The Hound of the Baskervilles," which suggested the title by which our dog is now known, his full name being the "Hound of the Waste-paper Basketvilles."

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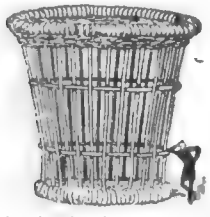
hand writer was not hidden away in the room, for it would certainly have required the very fastest man from Pitman's School to have got down Mr. Fry's hurricane eloquence anything like accurately.

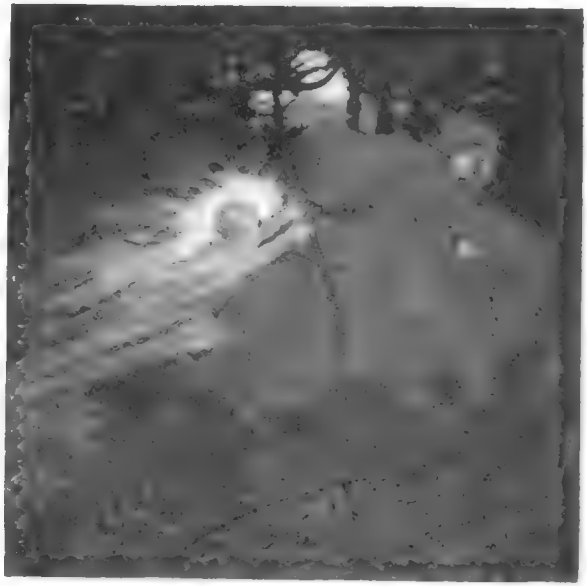
Fortunately, the day after our No. I appeared happened to be the occasion of the University Boat Race, and so I chartered a launch, and, as old readers will remember, had streamers prepared bearing the words THE CAPTAIN in large red letters, which were fixed along either side of the launch. Then, before the race commenced, we careered up and down the course, finally coming to a halt at the winning post. Cambridge won pretty easily, and, with a light blue flag at her stern, THE CAPTAIN launch was the second down the river with the result, being led only by the *Sportsman* launch.

Various fair young ladies condescended to come aboard and have a sort of picnic lunch in the tiny cabin of the launch, one of these guests being Miss Enid Dickens, a daughter of Mr. Dickens, K.C., and of course a granddaughter of the immortal Charles. Appropriately enough, ever since there has been a rather Dickensy touch about THE CAPTAIN. Another of the guests who accompanied us was Mr. A. C. Murray, who has always been an enthusiastic member of the "Artists" corps, and who represented Great Britain in the Sabres at the Olympic Games. Mr. Murray is also one of the best men in the country with the bayonet, and has performed on several occasions in the final bouts at the Royal Military Tournament. I mention him because, together with another old journalistic friend, Mr. William Bayfield, he was good enough to give me some very kindly assistance in preparing my first number, and, in fact, introduced to me Mr. D. H. Parry, who wrote one of our first serials, "The King's Red Coat."



This sketch of a waste-paper basket was the last illustration in our first issue ten years ago. This and the other sketches in the Editorial were executed by Mr. Frank Gillett, who has since achieved much success with his clever work in the *Graphic* and *Daily Graphic*.

I don't care much about writing, or even thinking, in a retrospective way, as what is gone is gone and there's an end of it, and I like to live for the present and the future. Still, these few reminiscences may prove of interest to new readers as well as to some of the old and faithful lot who have read us since number one. So I am not giving you these memories in an "Alas'! old dead and gone days" sort of mood, because I very much prefer the present time to the time of ten years ago. Looking back, one has to acknowledge many mistakes and many failures, but that doesn't matter very much so long as you have a sort of consciousness that you have always been plodding away to better yourself and your work. Some people achieve success with a few deft touches. Dame Fortune seems to wave her wand over them, and everything goes right. Others have to climb laboriously, often slipping down and having to start again. Personally, I think the people who have to do the slow climbing are the most fortunate, as there is no doubt that struggling and fighting is a healthier thing than basking quietly in the sun of assured success. There is nothing like a fight, boys, because it brings out qualities in you which, had one's lot been too easily acquired success, would have lain dormant.



An illustration from "Haunted Schools and College Ghosts," an article in our first number. We have since been informed that no ghost of the kind depicted in our illustration has ever been seen at Marlborough College (as stated in the article), but that something like it has been occasionally witnessed at Littlecote Hall, a place about twelve miles off.

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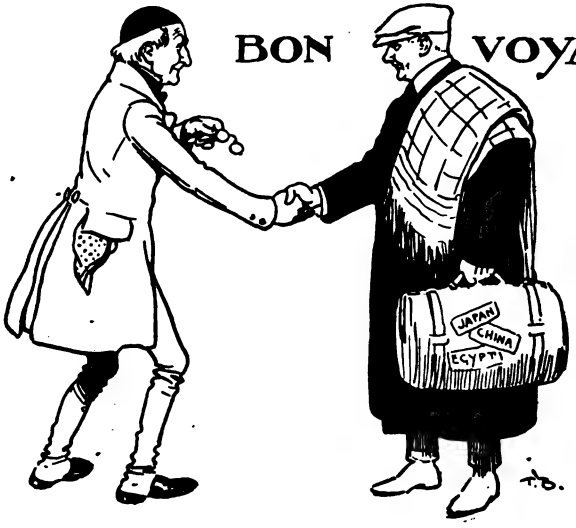
Some of you will remember that the Idea Merchant introduced himself in our first number. He proposed to do all sorts of things, such as crawl round the world on his hands and knees, hop from London to York, go to Klondike on roller skates, and so forth. The most extraordinary thing he produced during his first visit to me was his watch. Here is the passage regarding it:

I didn't get rid of him for two hours. He was in what he called his "social mood," and insisted on showing me a watch he wanted to sell as a curiosity. He called it "The International Ticker." It had Swiss works, and, though of French manufacture, was made in Russia, and imported by a German dealer into England. It was sold to him by a Scotchman, in Wales, stolen from him by a Jewish pickpocket, and regained by an Irish policeman. Several American millionaires had scratched their initials on it, and an Italian nobleman had offered him £3 for it. He wanted £300 for it, and would I buy? I said I would not buy, and so, after reducing his price by degrees to three guineas, he put the thing in his pocket, asked if there were any orders, and finally went away, as he said, to keep an appointment with the Duke of Cambridge.



Mr. Tom Browne made the Old Fag a present of the above little sketch when saying good-bye prior to starting on his new world-trip for the *Graphic*.

Dear old Idea Merchant! I am afraid you are as far off making your fortune now as you were then.

Our old friend Tom Browne came into the office the other day to say good-bye before starting on a new world-trip. He left Charing Cross at 2.20 P.M. on Wednesday, March 3, and he will arrive at Shanghai on April 25. From Charing Cross he went to Paris, from Paris to Monte Carlo, from Monte Carlo to Rome and Naples, and thence to Cairo. From Cairo he goes up the Nile to Assouan, and, returning by train, leaves Port Said for Shanghai on March 30. Thence he goes to Japan, and, returning from Japan early in July, he comes home by the Trans-Siberian Railway, arriving back at the end of July in time to go to camp with the reserve Army Service Corps, in which he has taken a commission. The wonderful part of this journey is that he will perform his return from China to England in fourteen days. Mr. Browne has been commissioned by the *Graphic* to draw pictures of this tour, and he will be accompanied by Mr. George Lynch, the famous war correspondent who represented the *Daily Chronicle* during the Russo-Japanese War.

Fame Indeed!—Just a little tale here about "Tom B." which hasn't yet seen the light of print. One day Mr. Browne was at the Savage Club, and a member introduced him to a hearty old gentleman from the country with the words, "Of course you have heard of Mr. Tom Browne?" "Heard of Tom Browne!" cried the hearty old gentleman, "well, I should say so. Why, sir, every Christmas we have no end of fun *with your crackers!*"

"Dick Turpin's Ride to York."—I have asked Mr. Harry Furniss what highwayman it was who performed the famous ride to York which has generally been put down to Dick Turpin's credit, and he replies as follows: "Nevison, better known as 'Swift Nick' (real name Brace or Bracy), was the highwayman who made the famous ride to York. The event happened in 1674. Nevison, after a robbery at Gadshill in Kent, crossed the Thames, and rode two hundred miles in fifteen hours to York. He was tried and acquitted. He got his *sobriquet* from Charles II."

E. Greig, who lives in the salubrious neighbourhood of East Dulwich (how THE

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CAPTAIN does get about !), sends me a little ballad in which he conjures up a picture of me going home and dreaming of CAPTAIN characters and experiencing vivid nightmares in which a game of football is being played, with myself as the object of assault—viz., the ball. Mr. Greig's lines are a little halting, and he will need some practice before he can put up as a rival to Stephen Phillips, but he manages to get down what he means, which, after all, is a thing some poets don't achieve. In accordance with my custom, I beg hereunder to reassure him about

My Dreams.

No, Greig, I don't think I am Psmith,
Nor yet a Tendring Twin ;
I do *not* seize my pillow with
A wish some fight to win ;
Such cares, with footstep light and fleet,
I leave at 8, Southampton Street.

I don't let Clucas Joughin cluc,
Or Charlie Gilson gil ;
Their waggling fingers I'd rebuke,
Or summon Basketville,
Who wanders near and wanders far
In search of hardy burgular !

I do *not* fill the midnight air
With curses, tears and sighs ;
Nor rouse the tenants of my Square.
Before it's time to rise ;
I sleep as soundly as a cat,
Dear boy, in my suburban flat.

I never let bold Archibald
Deprive me of a wink ;
By Nankivell I'm not appalled,
Or Step—well, I *don't* think
The Latin title of a fern
Would ever make *me* toss or turn.

No, Ernest, of the eye so bright,
Don't get that in your hat ;
It's true my slumber's sometimes light,
But not as light as that !
Such cares, dear boy, let me repeat,
I leave at 8, Southampton Street.

— —

What is Sport ?—T. Corry, of Wanganui, New Zealand, writes as follows : "I was rather surprised at the perverted ideas of sport entertained by a writer in the September number of THE CAPTAIN. He asks whether a sportsman who walks over twenty miles of moor on a hot day and returns with his four brace is any more a sportsman than his fellow 'gun' who gets his ten brace at the butts. Most emphatically he is ; in fact, we should deny the name sportsman to the latter. He stands at a given distance ready to shoot his birds when released ; now, I admit this is not easy for all, but what about the crack shots who rarely miss a bird ? Is that cruelty or not ? Has the bird a chance ? In New Zealand the scum of the earth hangs round the outskirts of the field, and if the unfortunate bird succeeds in evading the marksmen, there are twenty guns covering it wherever it flies, making its chances of liberty *nil*. If the 'gun' wounds his bird and it drops within the prescribed area it is flung with its fellows into a basket, probably still alive, and the writhing bloody heap is a sight to make the blood of all true sportsmen boil. Is it sportsmanlike to attend these meetings ? Success to the noble hearts striving to stamp out pigeon-shooting ! "

SHAKESPEARE
THE LITERARY MAN OF THE MONTH

And thou who didst the stars and sunbeams know,
Self-school'd, self-scanned, self-honour'd, self-secure,
Didst walk on earth unguess'd at—Better so !
All pain the immortal spirit must endure,
All weakness which impairs, all griefs which bow,
Find their sole voice in that victorious brow.
MATTHEW ARNOLD.

"Hockey Girls."—My remarks about hockey have brought forth some staunch defence of the hockey girl. Here is an extract from the letter of a girl signing herself "Sixthformer" :

As typical "gamesy" girls our hockey XI could not be beaten, yet goal has her matric. and is an expert needlewoman ; right back is a model

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sister; left back is an L.R.A.M., a beautiful sewer and tasteful arranger of flowers; right half is clever at lessons; centre half, however, is intending to be a gymnasium mistress; left half helps her mother housekeep, and draws well; right wing always looks after her little brother when home, is musical and clever; right inner, an only girl, is an artist; centre is a gym. student and a good sewer; left inner can draw, is good at lessons, and helps her sister, right wing, to help her mother; while left wing (myself) has inherited musical talent from her mother, can draw fairly well, has taken matric., and knows enough about household affairs to cook a dinner, make a cake or a bed, or to order "a leg of beef," as did the newly-wedded bride in the chestnut. The other "kids" in our school of 470 girls are much the same, in that games are not the "be-all and end-all" of their existence.

"Peep-Bo," another girl correspondent, writes as follows:

Certainly girls ought to learn to be domesticated, and sew and cook, but why will you take it for granted that they can't play games and do these things too? Take hockey, for example; one plays two afternoons a week—possibly three, but it's not usual; that leaves us every morning and evening to mend and do the house work. Do you know any girls who play hockey? I have played for three clubs, and I know from personal experience that nearly all those girls can cook, and most of us made our own blouses; why, we've each to help provide the teas and we make the cakes. I play both hockey and tennis for my town, and believe me, the athletic girl is a thoroughly capable one. Of course there are exceptions, but I would back her any day to make a good wife against the dressy girl and the teacher. It really is not fair to pick us out, as people so often do, as being *only* able to play games. You were right, mostly, in saying that a girl doesn't look pretty playing hockey; still, some girls don't look at all bad in short skirts and tan boots, especially if the club colours are pretty—and some are, very.

All of which goes to show that the hockey girl has been grossly maligned by the Old Fag, who doffs his ancient beaver hat in apology and begs particular pardon of those who "don't look at all bad in short skirts and tan boots," and play in pretty colours. Old men have queer fancies, and one of the Old Fag's is to see girls do nothing that is not graceful and well to look upon.

The "Captain" Club.—We are now going to start a CAPTAIN club in real earnest, and are engaging a gentleman solely to look after its interests. The headquarters of the club will be this office, and our object is to establish branches all over the country—all over the world, in fact. Clubs already exist at Nottingham and other places of which we have published particulars, and it is on these lines that we should like our club branches to be run.

THE CAPTAIN Club is going to be a real live thing to help CAPTAIN readers. The gentleman we are appointing to take charge of it will be at the disposal of every reader where advice and help are required. Do you wish to emigrate to the Colonies, you write to the Club Captain, as we shall call him, and he will send you the best advice available; do you require particulars of scholarships, chances in this and that profession, a list of subjects for this and that examination, the address of the nearest football or cricket club that you might be able to join—all these and many other things our Club Captain will do his best to tell you.

So all readers who wish to form clubs in their particular towns or villages or suburbs, and are willing to act as secretaries, are requested to send in their names and addresses. These clubs will exist for social intercourse, literary evenings, cycle runs, cricket and tennis matches, cycling and walking tours, and everything else that appeals to young people. The qualification for membership is that you must be a regular purc' aser of THE CAPTAIN, and this will be a hard and fast rule.

From time to time readers have written in asking to be enrolled on our Club List. Many of these addresses are now old, and so we must ask every such reader to apply again, in which case he should mention his age and occupation, and will then receive a number.

We have all sorts of things up our sleeve with regard to this club, but we must go slowly at first. When the Club Captain has got into the swing of his duties, he will no doubt form camps for the summer holidays, and organise lectures and entertainments for the winter months. At any rate, you will understand the possibilities of a scheme like this when it has been got into good working order, and the advantages accruing from membership. All letters desiring further particulars must be addressed to the Club Captain, THE CAPTAIN, 8, Southampton Street, Strand, London, W.C., and be accompanied by a stamped envelope.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

Mr. Wodehouse Month by Month.—People who write serials for THE CAPTAIN must be scrupulous as to their facts. Eagle eyes are always upon them. They must bear in mind the illustrious example of Macaulay, who once read ten books in order to write a single essay. In the present

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instance, J. B. W., of Gravesend, pulls Mr. Wodehouse up on two points connected with banking. In "The New Fold" Mr. W. has the sentence—"the gross piece of carelessness by which Sir John had suffered so considerable a loss," whereas, of course, a bank's customer never suffers by a forged cheque. The bank has to make it good. "I should not have troubled you with this," adds my correspondent, "had not Mr. W. previously erred in his knowledge of Banking ways—when he made it possible for a fellow to enter a bank immediately after being expelled from school."

B. Duggan.—The only way to tell whether long cross-country runs and races exceeding one mile are injurious to boys, is to compile statistics on the health of ex-public school boys, between, say, the ages of thirty and forty, who went in for long distance running at school. The five famous physicians you quote who said "the continued strain involved is apt to cause permanent injury to the heart and other organs" should be a little more definite, and supply concrete examples of injury actually done. Of course these strenuous trials of strength do leave their marks. I know a famous novelist who has a "rowing heart" owing to his exertions at Cambridge, and I know a publisher who has a "cycling heart," gotten by overstrain in his youth. I cannot help thinking, however, that in each case there must always have been present a fundamental weakness of the organ, which the exertion simply brought to light. It is an interesting subject, and one I shall refer to again.

"Altitudo."—(1) It is very unlikely any reader in that quarter would do what you say. Our competitors, whether home, colonial or foreign, are a square lot, and if occasionally one gets a prize by chiselling, you needn't envy him. His sin will pay him out, just as sin pays every one out. Life is an automatic affair, and man prepares his own Heaven or his own Hell by his own actions. Meanwhile God looks on, prepared to pardon and strengthen the sinner, *if He is asked to do so*. The pity is that more do not ask. (2) After this rather lofty talk, it is appropriate to mention that you live 1130 feet above the sea level, away out there in Kelowna, B.C., and, as you suggest, to ask whether any other reader is (residentially) nearer heaven than you are.

K. A. wants to know what sort of expression he ought to assume when he is playing cards and losing heavily. He says that if he looks glum, people declare he can't take a beating, and that if he looks cheerful, they declare he is "putting it on" and is a hypocrite. Well, what a question. I should say, look delighted when you win, and as cheerful as you *can* when you lose, K. A. From the fact that K. A. mentions playing bezique with a Fair Young Lady, I take it that his gambling is of a very innocent order.

M. H. C.—(1) Only a limited number of readers are clever enough to excel in literary competitions, and, as I have said many times before, "comps" must appeal to the many, rather than to the few. (2) Editors *must* enclose printed forms of rejection with the tales &c. they don't want. It is the only way to get through with the piles of manuscripts they receive. They haven't the time to tell contributors why their contributions are not acceptable.

"X."—(1) Germany doesn't want to invade this country, and we don't want a row with Germany. The Territorial movement hasn't been put in force because we think Germany wants to invade us, but simply to let Germany see that, should she ever contemplate an invasion, she would be wise to emulate Napoleon's example, and think better of it. (2) School notes are not bound up with the volumes.

"Open Air Cure."—You are not the only fellow who is dissatisfied with bank life and yearns for pastures new. As, however, you have no influence with anybody in the Colonies, it would be highly inadvisable for you to go out "on spec," as from every Colony I receive letters advising would-be emigrants to stay at home. Try and get into a *bank* in the Colonies, if you like. You will know best what steps to take to do that.

Daphne must be well posted in naval affairs, as her father was a captain in the Navy, and of six brothers, two are already middies and the other four divided between Dartmouth and Osborne, *in statu pupillaris*. And altogether the family takes in five copies of THE CAPTAIN. Captainites, these, in more senses than one!

P.E.N.—You have got the knack of drawing, but I must remind you that humour does not consist in the depicting of people with abnormally ugly faces. Only great talent can make ugliness acceptable in comic drawings.

E. E. Pashley (is that your name?)—We are availing ourselves of your suggestion that we offer miniature rifles as prizes. I am anxious to make our prize awards as varied and useful as possible, and am always glad of suggestions.

Cheltonian.—You are one of the reasonable people. Vivisection, as you say, is not *wanton* cruelty, as the shrieking faddists would have us believe. The experimenting surgeons who resort to it are, as I said last month, simply acting in the interests of that science which seeks to alleviate human suffering.

A Young Lady at a girls' school tells me that the Headmistress nearly fainted when she heard that she (the young lady) had "licked" another girl. Well, I should think so. We don't like to think of the gentle sex resorting to boyish measures of this kind.

J. M. B.—You are too young to write poetry yet. Try again when you are 19.

T. G.—I am always willing to publish portraits of school captains, the difficulty being to get them. I will see what I can do in the matter.

Puella.—Certainly you may give your competition coupons to your brother.

A. M.—If Spanish is likely to be useful to you in your career, by all means study it. Don't half-learn a lot of languages, however. What you learn, learn thoroughly.

D. L.—Back volumes of THE CAPTAIN can only be obtained by advertising in THE CAPTAIN. Try one of our "small" advertisements, for which the charge is 3*d*. per word.

"Paul."—Your drawings are crude as yet, but you have a certain amount of ability. Don't copy other people's work; that won't do you any good at all.

C. C. P. G.—I shall be interested to hear from you again when this volume has got well into its stride. Letters like yours are most helpful.

O. T. Morris.—Very glad to hear that your uncle takes in THE CAPTAIN as well as you. It shows what a sensible family you are.

"Sacco."—You have won your bet.

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R. H. Pope, Postal Department, Otira, Westland, New Zealand, would like to exchange postcards with other readers.

Letters, &c., have also to be acknowledged from S. I. L. (Bruxelles), E. A. Bernheim, Folkestone Reader, S. R. Batta (India), A. F. O. M., "Giacomo Fondi," H. Alexander, W. L. D., Collin Brooks, E. C. P., Paul E. Newman, Winifred Kerr, V. Coysh, May H. Clarke, H. E. H., A. J. H. (Greymouth, N.Z.), "Katherine," "Bono," E. W. Martin.

THE OLD FAG.

Results of February Competitions

No. I.—"Missing Words."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-five.)

WINNER OF GOODS FROM THE CATALOGUE OF THE SPORTS AND GAMES ASSOCIATION: H. Johnson, 90 Stamford Road, East Ham, E.

HONOURABLE MENTION: E. Blair Watson, George T. Taggett, R. S. F. Cameron, Dave Lang, L. Spero, Molly Morley, Gladys Davis, G. J. B. Bishop, Freda M. Kilner, Robert Morecroft, R. Mosher.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Eighteen.)

PRIZE DIVIDED BETWEEN: R. M. Dawes, "Lea Hurst," Great Western Road, Dorchester; Edith Drysdale, 101 South Norwood, S.E.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Hyacinth Drury, Edward H. M. Parry, A. D. Mansell, P. Ramage, John B. Dougal, P. Highfield-Jones, Norman M. Drysdale, J. Owen Davis, Stanley G. Wyatt, R. Cuddeford, Percy Purcell, T. A. Jackson, Lewis Irving, S. Fulljames, Ross E. Pilgrim, G. M. Puddicombe, Ellen R. Skine, Leslie A. West, Edgar La Mothe Stowell, C. H. Candle, G. S. Steel, Cedric Taylor, James H. Mitchiner, Fred. W. Wright, Edward Parry, Arthur H. Hicks, Reginald Lewis, E. S. Carter, Norman Whitehead, T. L. Christie.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Fourteen.)

PRIZE DIVIDED BETWEEN: William Atkinson, "Fernlea," Falcon Road, Birkenhead; J. H. Jenkins, 6 Eskin Street, Keswick.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: J. L. P. Lambe, New Grove House, Hampstead Heath, N.W.

HONOURABLE MENTION: D. Johnston Glenny, H. H. Chaplin, H. Gibsone, Marjorie W. Jones, R. Barclay, James Marshall, Neville M. Goodman, Eric Bradley, W. Salter, Lancelot Gay, Sidney Morgan, Dorothy Dale, Cecil H. Loveridge, J. C. Thompson, R. Jones, C. Croxon, James O'Connor, Eric T. Simpson, W. Trivett, Robin Phillips.

No. II.—"Books of 1908."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-five.)

WINNER OF "SWAN" FOUNTAIN PEN: Walter Dudley, The Rectory, Coleraine, Ireland.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: Piers Purcell, 33 Romney Street, Moston, Manchester.

HONOURABLE MENTION: J. Y. Morris, George E. Hughes, Richard P. Care, C. W. Braddy, Sydney G. Lloyd, D. M. L. Young, Oscar E. Seyd, Evelyn Byrde.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Eighteen.)

WINNER OF PRIZE AS ABOVE: Frank B. Palmer, 22 Sandtoft Road, Charlton, Kent.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: Edward T. Cox, 150 Redland Road, Redland, Bristol.

HONOURABLE MENTION: E. T. Pittom, Roddie Day, H. V. Wimpenny, E. Allison Peers, Reginald F. Clements, H. Alexander, Arthur Russell, V. Smith, James Smith, C. L. Bayne.

No. III.—"Jumble Sentence."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF PENETLINK HAND CAMERA: Reginald Howes, 16 Shenley Road, Camberwell, S.E.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: A. D. Mansell, 122 Vicarage Road, Wolverhampton.

HONOURABLE MENTION: F. J. Bossy, Gladys Davis, J. R. Shires, R. White, W. E. Cooper, D. Gladys Ghey, Lionel L. Benke, Walter S. Leeming, James Silcox, Jnr.; George D. Taggett, Robert Moreland, Ruth Williams, Robert Hyde.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF PRIZE AS ABOVE: Norman T. Janes, "Blendon," Grange Road, Egham.

HONOURABLE MENTION: E. S. Roden, W. R. T. Forbes, John M. Barrass, Walter Scott, Oscar Riches, L. Wright, H. Dale Johnson, Austin Fehrman, R. H. Whately, Francis W. Watson, Douglas N. Ross, A. L. French, Pauline Marshall-Hill, W. W. Cormack, Alfred James, Basil J. Davis, F. W. Roberts, W. K. Pearce.

No. IV.—"Handwriting."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF BOX OF WATER-COLOURS BY GEORGE ROWNEY AND CO.: Cecil Christopher, 51 Gladsmuir Road, Whitehall Park, Highgate, N.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Alfred James, Edward B. Horsley, Gerald D. O'Hanlon, V. I. K. Peake, Harry Butterworth, Harold Brindley, Percy Harker, Robert Edward Price, Charles L. Bradbury, Alfred H. Chapman, Gertrude Pike, John S. Quincey, Stanley O. Saint, G. Mackarness, Leonard Vickers, F. G. Roles, Robert J. Carless, W. W. Axtell, Winnie Jameson, Arnold Wilby, Donald F. Ferrusson, Austin Fehrman.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twelve.)

WINNERS OF PRIZES AS ABOVE: Robert Marshall, Dunard, Stirling, N.B.; Patricia Gibson, 1 Summerlands, Dudley Road, Whalley Range, Manchester.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Frederick C. Walton, I. Fearn, A. V. French, J. Andrew Marshall, Leslie C. Nicholls, E. A. Rudd, Phyllis T. Evans.

No. V.—"Pictorial Competition."

No age limit.

HONOURABLE MENTION: B. V. Slater, W. P. Porter, E. Price, G. A. Rose, Robert J. Cruickshank, Arthur S. Merritt, S. Woolger, Fred. Torr, Walter J. Holt, Norman T. Janes.

No. VI. "School Notes."

WINNER OF FIVE SHILLINGS: "Invicti."

HONOURABLE MENTION: "Significator," "Nec Fenui Ferar Penna," "Malvernian," "Spes," "Trident," "Jam Sahib," "Avidua Semi-Corona," "Fuscus Aristius," "Latymerian," "Snapshot," X. Y. Z., "Bromsgrovian," "Bedeite," "Bridlingtonian," "Nil Desperandum," "Juvat Impignos Deus," "Suttonius," "Claviniensis," "Nottingham," "Cooperian Secundus."

Foreign and Colonial Readers (December).

WINNERS OF FIVE SHILLINGS: (I.) D. O. Shiels, "Austral," Lisson Grove, Hawthorn, Melbourne, Australia; (IV.) Graham C. Elliott, P.O. Box 45, Port Elizabeth, Cape Colony; (V.) W. Hamilton, 601 South Street, Ballarat, Victoria, Australia.

HONOURABLE MENTION: (I.) Cecil G. Damant (South Africa), Harry H. Payn (Newfoundland), Ronald W. Tuckwell (Canada), Leslie H. Burket (Canada), R. L. Cooke (Canada), Cuth Walker (Transvaal), Reginald A. Ewens (Australia), W. H. Goodbrand (Natal), S. B. Arte (India), S. R. Robertson (Argentina), Gottlieb Bell (St. Lucia), James Whitely (Australia), Evelyn S. H. Morris (Jamaica), A. C. W. Adolphus (India), L. S. Raman (India), A. M. MacCrimmon (Canada), G. M. C. de Silva (Japan), R. A. Damant (Cape Colony); (IV.) G. Ackerman (Cape Colony), J. L. Matheson (Nova Scotia), George G. Proctor (Trinidad), Brian Alfred Harris (India); (V.) Cecil G. Damant, Ronald W. Tuckwell, Douglas Evans (Transvaal), S. R. Robertson, Kenneth H. Joly (Syria), R. J. N. Harris (Cape Colony).

Winners of Consolation Prizes are requested to inform the Editor which they would prefer—a volume of one of our magazines, or one of the following books: "Green at Greyhouse," "The Gold Bat," "J. O. Jones," "Tales of Greyhouse," "The White Feather," "Jim Mortimer," "The Lost Column" (Charles Gilson), "The Rebel Cadets" (Charles Gleig).

Comments on the February Competitions

No. I.—The missing words were *look, alarming, sultry, becalmed, blazing, horizon, north-west,* and *hard.* The prize-winners in Classes I., II., and III. had eight, five and four right respectively.

No. II.—Works of biography and history shared an equal popularity with novels published in 1908. A number of essays, which were hardly more than synopses of the books they dealt with, would have been improved by some attempt at criticism.

No. III.—The prize-winning sentences are; Class I., *A Whimsical Idea* in some *School Notes* caused *The Old Fag* to dream he *Hunted Hares* through *The Tube Railways of London* with *The Buglers and the Blow-pipes.*—Class II., *Too Anxious to Learn Why Girls Can't Throw, The Muddy of the "Blunderbore"* enquired of *The New Bo'sun,* who soon checked *The Ambitions of Edward* with *A Real Boomerang.*

No. IV.—A keenly contested competition. Competitors, especially the younger ones, should endeavour to maintain a uniformity of size and slope in their handwriting. THE COMPETITION EDITOR.

The attention of all readers is called to advertisement p. xiv where they will find full particulars of a novel and liberal scheme of Accident Insurance specially devised for their benefit.

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A PROVISION AGAINST LOSS

"Half a crown deposit, please."
"What for?"
"We've lost a lot of machines lately, you see."

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"WHAT IS AMISS?" ASKED THE REVEREND MR WILBERFORCE.

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THE TWINS OF TENDRING

A Public School Story

By Captain CHARLES GILSON

Author of "The Lost Column"

TEMPLE Two and Simson—"The Twins"—are two irrepressible members of the Lower Fourth at Tendring School. They possess a genius for bullying in a subtle fashion, and what with breaking rules, playing cricket for their house—French's—indulging in witticisms and practical jokes at the expense of an exceedingly mild form-master (Mr. Wilberforce), and carrying on war against Rogers (otherwise "Kruger"), who keeps the tuck-shop, their hands are quite full. But they find time to coach the new boys in their house at cricket, and one of these is Potts, a timid little fellow who has hitherto been brought up by an aunt. Another person with whom the two find themselves constantly in conflict, it may be added, is Temple One, head of French's and the best bowler at Tendring. To celebrate the victory of French's in the semi-final of the inter-house cricket matches, it is decided by the juniors of the house, led by the "Twins," to drink sherry from the Cricket Cup, which is kept in French's common room, and Potts is chosen by lot to go "down town" and get the sherry. The Twins accompany him to the school boundaries, and on the way meet Temple One, who stiffly informs his brother that he has been awarded his first eleven colours. Potts is late for roll-call, and his absence has just been noted by Mr. French when it is intimated to the latter that Rogers wishes to see him in order that he may formally accuse Temple Two and Simson of having stolen goods rom his shop.

CHAPTER IV. (*Continued*).

THE SWORD OF DAMOCLES.

AND in less than a minute Paul Kruger himself stumped heavily into the room. He was exceedingly red in the face, and his white whiskers were somewhat ruffled; he had evidently walked over from the school buildings in record time.

"What is this, Rogers?" demanded Mr. French.

Rogers gazed round the room, and his eyes opened wide in dismay to see the self-same look of reproach upon the faces of so many innocent lambs. Then, he thought of the wrong that had been done him, and broke forth in terrible ire.

"I won't stand underhand things, Mister French, sir!" he exploded. "That I won't an' you arst my missus if it aren't true."

"Be brief, Rogers, please," said Mr. French, impatiently drumming his fingers upon the table and looking ominously black.

But Rogers could not be brief. He was far too excited. Excitement breeds volubility: to be brief one must first be calm.

"I appeal to you, Mister French, sir, as a gen'leman. I've treated Master Simson an' Master Temple here, sir, *as* gen'lemen—allus. An' how does they repay me, sir? I arsts you that? Why, by requestin' me to get a box of chocolates wot is on the top shelf at the back of the shop, and when me back's turned divesting the counter of a shilling's worth of my best biscuits."

"Eightpennyworth," corrected Temple Two politely, under his breath. "Eightpennyworth, to be completely accurate."

Mr. French glared round upon the Twins.

"What have you two to say to this?" he demanded.

For a moment the Twins were silent.

"Temple Two?"

"Yes, sir!"

"Do you own to this?"

"Rogers knows very well, sir, that on previous occasions when, as one might say, times were hard, we—Simson and myself, sir—have—er—helped ourselves. But we have always made it a point of honour, sir, to pay Rogers back."

"So you make it a habit," said Mr. French, "to help yourselves, as you call it?"

"We—the Rat—that is, Simson and myself, sir, *have* done such a thing before. But, as Rogers will tell you, sir, we have always paid him back."

"Is that so, Rogers?"

"I don't say as how it ain't, Mr. French, sir. Master Simson an' Master Temple have taken things outer the shop when my back was turned, an' they've come an' tell me arterwards wot they'd done, an' paid me, as gen'lemen

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should. But that don't make no difference, Mr. French, sir; it's the principle with wot I don't hold. It aren't gen'lemanly; and wot's more, it aren't legal. I could go to a magistrate or a justus of the police an' bring the law agin 'em. It's my right as a sober, voting man."

"You're quite right, Rogers," said Mr. French. "You can go. I'll see to this matter, and I'll see that you're paid. I'm much obliged to you for telling me. You can go."

Rogers stumped out, his lame leg falling heavily upon the uncarpeted floor, and sounding hard and harsh in the silence that had come upon the room.

Mr. French was in far from a pleasant mood. He turned savagely upon the Twins.

"So you're a pair of thieves, are you?" he cried.

The Rat called a blush into order, and caused his eyes to flash. Temple Two actually smiled.

"I think, sir," said Temple, "that we have shown you we are not."

"How dare you think anything?" roared the master. "You took this man's biscuits without his knowledge and without paying for them, and that's stealing. Do you know that?"

"No, sir. In our case, it was borrowing."

"Borrowing!" echoed the house master. "Then, if it's borrowing, I'll see you don't borrow for long. I'll stop the amount out of this week's pocket-money, and you'll both go before the head-master after school prayers to-morrow morning. We'll see if you can persuade Doctor Carberry that you've been borrowing."

They took their sentence with bowed heads. They might have been a pair of Protestant bishops in the reign of Mary, each sentenced to the stake, to whom a snow-white conscience gave the heart to play the man. They looked ineffably noble.

Indeed they were far from being out of the mire. Mr. French was still in the room; the boys stood around the table, motionless and mute. The Twins stood forward from the rest, side by side. There was absolute stillness and the windows were opened wide, when a pale little face, under dishevelled hair, suddenly appeared between the bars.

TWO BOTTLES HE HELD, BUT THE THIRD FELL TO THE FLOOR AND BROKE.

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There was something actually audible as the common room caught its breath. The sword of Damocles was indeed about to fall.

Mr. French turned to the window and caught sight of the face of Potts. Then he went out of the room, without a word, and they heard him unlock the door.

In a moment he had entered again, closely followed by Potts, looking terribly frightened, with his coat buttoned and bunched up around him in a most conspicuous way.

The little fellow stood trembling before the master, guilt writ large on his face. A groan went round the room.

"Potts!" said the master severely.

"Yes, sir?" nervously cut in Potts.

"You're late for lock-up."

"Yes, sir?" faltered the boy. "I'm—I'm afraid I am."

"It's a curious thing," said Mr. French, "that we never win a cup or a house match but that every boy seems immediately to think that he is justified in breaking rules. Why are you late?"

"I—I don't know, sir."

"Don't know? You must know! You must know what you've been doing."

"I don't, sir."

Oh, how poorly Potts could play the game! Either of the Twins would have had a thousand answers; but here was this foolish little fellow gibbering nonsense. The Twins could have burst into tears.

The suspense was extreme. There was not a boy in the room who was able to take his eyes away from Potts' bulging coat.

"Do you mean to tell me," demanded Mr. French sharply, "that you don't know what you've been doing?"

"I—I didn't know what the time was, sir," proffered Potts.

"The school clock is big enough, I should have thought," said Mr. French. "Didn't you hear the bell?"

"No, sir."

(This was going from bad to worse.)

"Oh," said Mr. French. "You didn't hear the bell. Is that so? And why, pray, didn't you hear the bell?"

"I don't—I don't know, sir."

"Then, shall I tell you why?"

"Yes—please, sir."

(Potts appeared to be eager, but his voice was pitifully weak.)

"Because," said Mr. French, very distinctly, "because you were out of bounds."

The master was looking at Potts. Potts' eyes were fixed upon the Twins. The Rat made a very big "No" with his lips, and Potts took the prompt.

"No, sir, really—I wasn't out of bounds."

And then, from snow-white in the face he turned to purple, and shuffled his feet.

"Then, where were you?"

"I—I was—sir, I was on the other side of the football ground."

"Oh. And if you were on the other side of the football ground, how is it that you did not hear the bell?"

Potts turned imploringly to the Twins, but this time Mr. French caught his eye.

"You need not look at Simson or Temple, Potts. I am asking you how it is that since you were on the football ground you did not hear the lock-up bell."

Potts was silent. He had come to the end of his very limited tether. He actually hung his head.

"Potts," said Mr. French, "I am afraid you have told me a lie. You have been out of bounds to buy something——"

"No, sir!" cried Potts, with a most perceptible start.

He had begun to tremble in every limb.

"Then what have you got under your coat?"

(The blow had fallen at last.)

"What have you got under your coat?" repeated the house master.

Potts was suddenly rigid. He appeared able neither to speak nor move.

"Unbutton your coat."

He hesitated a moment, and then a thin little hand, shaking terribly, went up from button to button,—and the sword of Damocles fell.

Two bottles he held, but the third fell to the floor and broke, and a light-brown liquid spread itself out and filtered slowly between the boards.

CHAPTER V.

THE VERDICT.

THERE he stands upon the mat, pale and trembling, with his cap first in one hand and then in the other, looking smaller and weaker than ever, and thinking fearful thoughts. (These thoughts we purposely omit. They would curdle the printers' ink.) Some day Potts is going to be a man, with a banking account and bills; and then it may be that he will conjure up in his memory certain things that happened when Potts was a boy at school. But it will not be Potts' pleasure to remember this. Neither have we any use for such

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occasions. They are no more to our liking than Potts' or any one else's, and we pass them by in haste. All that it is necessary to say can be very briefly told. The door opened, Potts went in, and then the door was closed.

What actually happened on the other side of the door was public property in the common room half an hour later. Its occupants heard Potts come slowly up the gravel pathway and Mr. French go down to the door to let him in. A few words were exchanged, and then the house master went back to his own part of the house, slamming the green-baize door. After that, they expected Potts every second. But he never made his appearance, until the Rat went out and brought him in.

They questioned him, but he never answered: he seemed frightened of them all. He passed through them, with an arm raised, as if he expected some one to strike him, though it was but to hide the tears that were welling into his eyes. He sat down upon his box, where he had sat on the day he arrived, and rocked his arms, with a look of despair in his face. All that they could get out of him was: "What will my parents say?" He would not—it did not seem he was able to—tell them anything else. Yet, it was wholly necessary they should know what had passed on the other side of the door. So the Twins kindly took the matter in hand.

"Potts," said Temple Two in a kindly tone, "buck up, my son, buck up."

No one ever yet looked less like "bucking up" than Potts did then. He only groaned.

"Did you speak?" asked Temple gently.

Potts shook his head.

"Pardon, I thought you did. Stand back, you fellows," he shouted. "Don't crowd round; you make the kid nervous. Rat, clear the rabble."

The Rat did so—with his foot.

And then, the Twins seated themselves on the box on either side of Potts. For a brief space of time nobody spoke. Temple Two stretched out his long, thin legs and cocked his eye at his boots.

"I like to be well shod," said he. "In fact, I cannot afford to dress badly. By the way, I suppose Carberry was wearing his ever-green coat?"

"I didn't notice," said Potts. And again the look of despair came into his pale little face.

"Sure to have been," said Temple. "He bought it when he was at Oxford. Since when he has used no other. By the way, once again, did he cane you, Potts?"

"No," said Potts.

Temple looked surprised.

"He didn't!" he exclaimed. "What *did* he do, Potts?"

Potts swallowed something in his throat, and when he spoke, it was in a very shaky voice.

"He told me," he got out; "he told me that I was evidently a dangerous boy to have in the school. That—that I was likely to lead other boys astray. And that I was—*expelled*."

No one said a word. They stood perfectly still and looked at the boy who had been expelled, who kept his face between his hands and, putting his elbows on his knees, rocked from side to side before them all.

Indeed, there was nothing they could say. Sympathy they all felt, but they had not the power to express it. "Rough luck" seemed hardly to meet the case.

They moved away, and stood whispering, and looking back, from time to time, upon the boy who had been expelled. They were all ineffably sorry for Potts.

That evening when Mr. French read prayers, with the prefects seated beside him, he was as black as a thunder-cloud. It might have been the Funeral Service; and, indeed, it seemed to Potts that he was listening to his own. When prayers were ended, they went to their dormitories more quietly than was their wont, and there they whispered together in groups.

The Rat sat down on his bed and addressed himself to Temple Two.

"Are all the biscuits finished?" he asked.

"I'll see," said Temple.

He searched the pockets of his coat and produced the remnants of the *petit beurre*. These he laid out upon his bed.

The Rat was for helping himself, but Temple stayed his hand.

"Business first," said he.

"True, O King," said the Rat. "But is there anything to discuss?"

"*Re* Potts, nothing at all," said Temple. "We are already agreed to save him, or at least to tell Carberry the whole truth. It will be an excessively noble thing to do."

"*We* may also be expelled."

"We must take our chance."

"It's on the cards," gloomily added the Rat.

"Then," said Temple, "we will go together to the Colonies, Rat, and begin life over again. We will join the legions of the lost ones, build empires and get sunburnt."

"Where shall we go? Klondyke?"

"Australia," said Temple. "There's no

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cricket in Klondyke. At least, I have never heard of a Klondyke team."

So the matter was all arranged, and once again the Rat stretched out an arm for a *petit beurre*.

"Not yet," said Temple. "In the event of our remaining members of this excellent scholastic institution, we have still another matter to settle."

The Rat was mystified, and candidly owned as much.

"*Re* Rogers," said Temple, in an exceedingly ominous tone.

The Rat whistled, his own particular method of expressing admiration.

"Stout fellow, Little One," he said. "I had forgotten Rogers. We'll make him rue the day he was born."

"Sixty-one years ago come next Christmas," reflected Temple Two.

"Have you any particular plan, Little One? Rogers will not be an easy fellow to tackle."

"You're right, Rat. In Rogers we shall find a foe worthy of ourselves. But we'll be equal to the occasion, Rat; I'm a dickens of a chap when I'm foiled."

"We are the people," observed the Rat. "I follow you, Little One, word for word. We must do nothing rashly. A frontal attack would fail."

"I've an idea," said Temple.

"Expliquez," said the Rat, with his crafty eye still on the *petit beurre*.

"You may have observed, Rat, in the course of your peregrinations about the school buildings," said Temple, "you may have observed, I say, an infantile Rogers."

"I have," said the Rat. "A person of the approximate age of five, and very like a diminutive Rogers, without the whiskers."

"Precisely," said Temple. "That individual is the direct lineal descendant of *our* Rogers; his grandson, in fact. I myself have frequently discussed the subject of grandsons with Rogers, and have come to the conclusion that Rogers dotes upon grandsons. This juvenile relation is the apple of his bleary eye. Now, we have only to become friends with the apple, and the eye can be struck. Do you follow me?"

"Chapter and verse," said the Rat. "A spy in the enemy's camp; it comes to that."

"It can do no harm," said Temple. "I have a soldier uncle, and I have had it from him that good information is the secret of success. For the present, we must lie low, Rat, trusting that the tide of war will sooner or later give us an opportunity of striking home."

"I wonder," pondered the Rat, "I wonder whether it would be possible to enlist the juvenile Rogers upon our side?"

Temple sagely shook his head.

"Blood is thicker than water," said he, "or even than ginger beer."

"But the pacific gravity of a jam sandwich," observed the Rat, "is a very remarkable thing."

Temple Two placed the points of his fingers together, after the memorable manner of Sherlock Holmes.

"Our scheme has evolved," said he. "Rat, are you any judge of character?"

"Pretty fair," modestly owned the Rat.

"Then, tell me, do you think the younger Rogers looks as if he had any moral sense worth mentioning?"

"None at all," said the Rat, as if he had not the least doubt on the point.

"Do you think, Rat, that dear little Rogers would deliberately steal of his own free will?"

"I feel quite sure of it," answered the Rat. "He's got a thief's face. So has Rogers."

"Then, Rat, you and I will give dear little Rogers the chance to exercise this hereditary failing of his to his heart's content. We'll shut him up in the tuck-shop. If Rogers will not permit landed gentry to open accounts, we'll see how much credit he'll give to his own kith and kin. It will be a most satisfying and appropriate form of revenge. And little Rogers will like it, too."

"Little One," solemnly uttered the Rat, "you're a genius! This is the great game of war! Poor little Rogers is but a prawn upon the chess-board, doomed to be caught in a net."

"The metaphor's mixed," said Temple, "but your heart's in the right place, Rat. Rogers little dreams to-night what calamities are in store for him—that is, if we are not both expelled."

This last was an after-thought. They had forgotten already the serious plight of Potts. "Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof." In other words, look after the present and let the future look after itself. We all recognise the wisdom in such a philosophy, and remain careworn and anxious, because of our inability to carry it out. It is only your true boy who holds the future of no account. The Siamese Twins, in more ways than one, were only ordinary boys. A new scheme was devised, a new prospect opened before them, and everything else was for the moment forgotten. The present was concerned with Rogers. Temple Two, beyond a doubt, was a born leader of men. He would crush the unworthy Rogers, as a toad is crushed by the heel—that is to say, if they were not both expelled.

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This was bathos, and they knew it. They had come down to earth from their very loftiest flight. Yet, as is often the case in bathos, it was undeniably true. There are times when nothing is more repugnant than the cold, unvarnished truth.

"Little One," said the Rat.

"Hullo."

"*Must* we do it?"

"I'm afraid so," said Temple, sadly shaking his head.

"I suppose we must," reflected the other. "But, Temple, I don't fancy Klondyke, I really don't."

"It was to be Australia, I thought," said Temple.

"So it was," said the other.

"I shall wear a red shirt and carry a stock-whip," Temple reflected. "And, Rat, we will sit in the shade of the wattle-tree when the day's task is ended, chewing tobacco and thinking of the days when we were boys at school. Once every six years the mail from England will arrive, but it will never bring a letter from Potts. Potts will be prosperous and rich, but he will have forgotten us. It's the way of the world, Rat," added the younger Temple, with a most prodigious sigh. "We can't expect gratitude. We must rest content in the knowledge of what wonderful fellows we are."

"We're really heroes," modestly observed the Rat.

"Of the most pronounced type," said Temple.

"If the world was right-minded at all," said the Rat, "we should be universally admired. Our names would go down to posterity along with Casabianca and Coriolanus. And, perhaps, even as it is, Carberry will be forced to admire us, after all."

Temple looked up and wrinkled his boyish brow.

"I'm counting on that," said he. "And now for the *petit beurre*."

CHAPTER VI.

THE FIRST APPEARANCE OF NAPOLEON.

THE following morning, when school prayers were over, the Rat and Temple Two passed through the cloisters—the Rat almost sulkily, Temple after the manner of Charles I. on his way to Whitehall Yard.

They had intended to deliver themselves up, of their own free will, with such a display of dignified humility as they deemed it best to assume. But Mr. French had been there before them and had reported the matter of Rogers and the biscuits, informing the head-master of the Twins' reprehensible custom of "borrowing" things behind Paul Kruger's back.

The head-master had immediately wished to see them, and this information came upon them something in the nature of a blow. As the Rat adequately expressed it, Mr. French's action had "taken the gilt off the gingerbread," and they were hardly martyrs now. Even Temple, who, it must be confessed, was the more brilliant light of this twin constellation, was more than a little put out. He observed to the Rat that they would probably get "touched up" for borrowing Kruger's stock-in-trade, after which a frank and magnanimous confession of the sherry affair would not be easy to make. "It might seem," reflected Temple, "as if we wanted more."

Upon which the Rat looked exceedingly glum, and answered never a word.

"It's rough luck," Temple went on. "To be whacked occasionally is part and parcel of our very existence, and it's my belief that it's good for the human boy. But to be touched up *twice*, in the space of as many calendar minutes, is literally more than flesh and blood can bear. Rogers has let us in for six strokes apiece. The second man in may get one extra, for Carberry deals in baker's dozens. But that is all by the way. The gist of the thing is this: each stroke produceth a wale—not a w-a-i-l, Rat, from such stoical natures as ours, but a w-a-l-e, from *walus*, a rod or staff. Now, the chance of stroke number two falling upon wale number one is remote, and it may even be said that the chance of stroke number six exactly coinciding with any previous wale is also remote. But a second innings, Rat!" groaned the crestfallen Temple, sorrowfully shaking his head. "A second innings on a bad wicket!"

In a word, neither was half as heroic as he had been the night before. They were realising the cruelty of that Fate which has long since decreed that calamities never come singly, and thus it was that their hearts were heavy as lead.

They wended their way up the steps towards Doctor Carberry's room, and half-way up, came face to face with Rogers, coming down. Kruger gave a grunt as he saw them and significantly rapped the stick he carried on the ground. Then he smiled.

"I wouldn't be in your shoes, masters," he uttered, "not for a hunder poun'."

Temple shot his cuff in a most superior way.

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"Rat," said he, "is this individual an acquaintance of yours, may I ask?"

The Rat looked Rogers up and down, from his gouty, square-toed boots to his grey and greasy hair, and then blankly shook his head.

Rogers grinned.

"There's some as it ain't allus convenient ter reckerlect, Master Simson," he archly observed.

The Twins looked at each other, and heaved a two-fold sigh.

"He knows our names," said Temple. "He has obviously looked us out in Debrett. Give him a wide berth, Simson. He's a three-card-trick man; I can tell by the cut of his nose."

Rogers merely continued to grin.

"There aren't nothing the matter with my nose, Mast'r Temple. My nose is right enough. But I could tell you the names of two young gen'lemen as are going to have theirs put out of joint, an' that soon," and Rogers slyly closed his left eye and looked particularly knowing.

"What a terrible vice drink is," said the Rat sadly. "A respectable man, too, by the look of him."

By now Kruger was restraining himself with difficulty.

"I suppose it is on account of the good examples we have seen," Temple reflected with infinite piety, "that we associate goodness and grey hairs. I think, Rat, that this world can show us nothing more sad, no sight more degrading, than that of a vicious old man."

Kruger's face swelled out like a blown paper bag, and his voice went off with a "pop."

"Who's a vicious old man?" he exploded. "Look 'ee here, you young varmints, I'm——"

Temple, looking pained, took the Rat's arm in his own.

"Let us leave him," said he. "I expect he will take off his coat in a minute and want to fight."

Kruger grew purple in the face. For some seconds he could not speak, and before he was able to do so the Twins were gone.

"I'd give something to have the hiding of you," he grunted aloud, "that I would." The tone of his voice left little doubt that he was in earnest; but the Twins were out of earshot, beyond the head of the stairs.

So we come once more to the fatal door, through which little Potts had so lately passed, before which the stoutest heart will quail.

"Rat," said Temple, "will you knock or shall I?"

"No hurry," answered the Rat. "Latin's on, and I haven't prepared a word."

"Nor I," said Temple. "But we can't remain here indefinitely. Sooner or later it will have to be done."

"Toss you for it," suggested the Rat.

"Right. Got a coin?"

"No."

Neither had the Rat, so they played "Up Jenkins." Temple lost, and it was he who knocked unnecessarily loud, till an awful voice from within cried "Come in," in the most sepulchral tones. Temple shoved the Rat in first.

Mr. French had told the whole story, and Rogers had evidently drawn largely upon his imagination, for when the Doctor called them "a pair of thieves," though they both maintained a bold and indignant front, they recognised themselves for lost, and looked up for the cane on the top of the book-shelf, in a blind hope that it might not be there.

But it was, and Doctor Carberry took it down.

They bore their chastisement like the heroes they fondly imagined they were, the Rat taking first knock.

Afterwards they met on the door-mat, but never a word was said. Their hearts were far too full for speech. They came down the stone stairs, not arm-in-arm as usual, but one behind the other, with teeth still clenched and each with a fixed and stony stare in his eye.

At the foot of the stairs the Rat stopped and waited for Temple Two.

"Temple, that baker's dozen was bosh. I had a dozen all to myself."

"So had I."

The Rat looked revengeful. It was seldom that he was moved by any excess of emotion, but such, indeed, was now the case. He paused in the cloisters, and with the grey, moss-grown walls around him, resembled the villain of true melodrama as he hissed the words, "Rogers shall suffer for this!"

Temple also was infinitely more serious than nature had ever meant him to be.

"Rat, you have spoken," he said. "Rogers is a doomed man. The die is cast. The Vendetta is begun."

Thus it was that they swore vengeance together. And it is a significant fact that as they did so, Rogers Junior entered the cloisters, wearing a red tam-o'-shanter and a little red coat buttoned up to his chin.

"Napoleon," whispered Temple, "advancing on Moscow, ignorant of his doom!"

Napoleon halted, surprised at the presence of two boys in the cloisters during school hours. He regarded the confederates with vacant interest, and then began to walk round them

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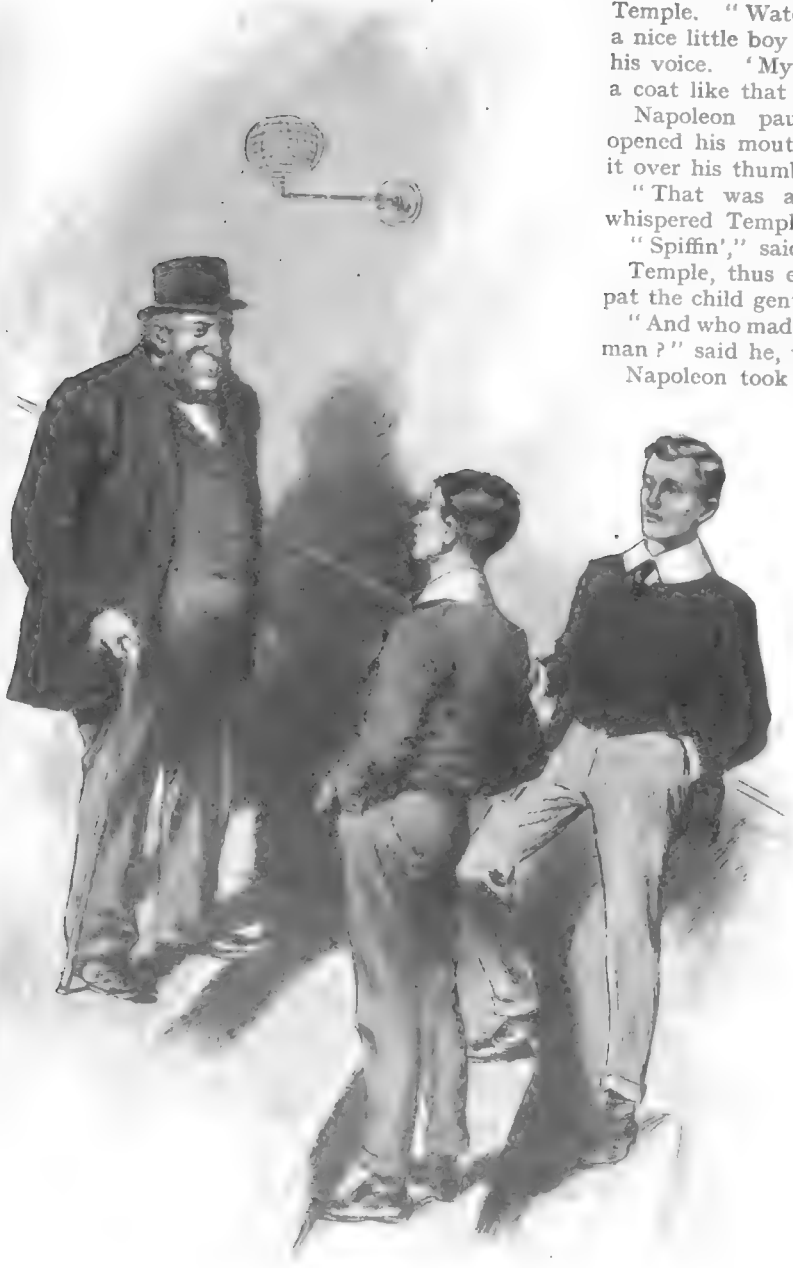
keeping at a safe distance, with his mouth open and his head very much on one side, wheeling a home-made wheelbarrow, half filled with a load of stones, before him.



THEY CAME FACE TO FACE WITH ROGERS.

The Rat regarded him as a fox might look at a rabbit. In Temple's expression a shade of pity was to be traced.

"He seems to take a healthy interest in us," said the Rat.

"The gods favour us from the start," said Temple. "Watch me tame the infant. What a nice little boy!" he exclaimed at the top of his voice. 'My word, Mr. Simson, I wish I'd a coat like that!"

Napoleon paused in his perambulations, opened his mouth still wider, and then closed it over his thumb.

"That was all right, Rat, wasn't it?" whispered Temple.

"Spiffin'," said the Rat. "Go ahead."

Temple, thus encouraged, went so far as to pat the child gently upon the back.

"And who made you this pretty coat, my little man?" said he, with quite a paternal air.

Napoleon took his thumb out of his mouth and, as he dropped the handles of his barrow, gave a grunt of interrogation.

Temple repeated the question even more tenderly than before.

"My muvver," answered Napoleon. At which he picked up his barrow and wheeled it deliberately off.

Temple called him back, but little Rogers took not the slightest notice.

"I *love* children," said Temple. "Don't you, Rat?"

"Dote on 'em," said the Rat. "Let's follow and play with the child. Old Wilberforce will never know how long Carberry kept us."

So they followed in the tracks of the Grand Army of Moscow, like the Hetman Platoff's Cossacks, until they were all come to the clump of trees that divides the cricket and football grounds.

"I say!" called Temple.

But Napoleon, in spite of his impedimenta, still bore strongly on.

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"I say, do you like sweets?"

Napoleon instantly halted, turned about, and, leaving his baggage behind him, came back at a jog trot, with a broad smile on his face.

"I thought that would fetch him," said Temple.

"I like sweets," said Napoleon, who was evidently a man of few words.

"Do you?" said Temple. "That's unfortunate, because I haven't any to give you."

"Has *he?*" asked the infant, indicating the Rat with a fat and slobbery thumb.

"He also has not," said Temple.

"Oh," said Napoleon, who immediately beat a retreat back to his baggage, whither he was followed by both the Twins.

The Rat took an intelligent interest in the wheelbarrow.

"And what is this?" he asked.

"My barrer."

"How interesting! Temple, this is his barrer. And what's your name?"

"'Erbert 'Ercules Rogers."

"And you like sweets?"

Napoleon gave a grunt.

"Well then, 'Erbert, next time you see us we will give you plenty of sweets."

"What for?"

"What for?" repeated the Rat. "Why, because we like you, 'Erbert."

"You ain't got any now?"

"Unfortunately not," said Temple.

"Good-bye," said Napoleon. And he was off with his barrow again.

The Twins watched him across the cricket-field.

"We've broken the ice," said Temple.

"Assuredly."

A silence fell upon them. But it was not long before they had other food for thought.

A twig snapped behind them. They turned, and there was Potts, the boy who had been expelled.

"Hullo, Potts!" said Temple. "Not in school?"

"No," said Potts. "I am going away by train to-day."

"Where to?" asked the Rat, who could think of nothing better to say.

"I'm not sure where; I think to my guardian in London. They've wired to ask if he can have me. You see, my people are in India, and I generally stay with my aunt. But they've all gone to the seaside, and I know there's no one at home. So, you see," he ended lamely, "I don't know where to go."

"Dash it, Rat," said Temple, "this is touching!"

The Rat thrust his hands deep into his trousers' pockets and assumed a determined air.

"We're to blame," said he.

"I know that, you ass," Temple snapped him up. "What's the good of telling me we're to blame, when I know it! I thought we'd settled all that last night."

"So we did," said the Rat, "but it seems so different now."

"What price Klondyke, you drivelling idiot?" laughed Temple, wild and ironical, and not at all the born leader of men.

"And the rotten wattle!" the Rat almost shouted. "And chewing tobacco, and wearing red shirts!" he cried in derision.

"To say nothing of the mail that arrives every six years!" grimly added Temple "Oh, Rat, what memories we have!"

All of which may seem the most senseless nonsense and less than useless talk. But, in truth, in spite of all their faults, the Twins were a pair of most exalted boys, as the sagacious reader will be able to see for himself. Even then they were feeling the smarts of Doctor Carberry's cane, and more than feared to return to his dreaded presence. Yet, there was no doubt in their minds as to the direction in which their duty lay, and each purposely egged the other on. They stood silent under the trees. Then, simultaneously, each linked his arm in his friend's. Potts was sitting on a bench, kicking a stone with his boot, when they left him without a word and arm-in-arm walked slowly towards the school. When Potts looked up they were gone.

CHAPTER VII.

THE AXE FALLS.

A CAB had drawn up before the door of French's House, and Potts' luggage was already on the box. Potts himself was searching for an overcoat that neither he nor the matron was able to find. The reason of which was apparent: Potts searched frantically, fingering first this coat and then that, but never pausing to look; whereas she, good motherly woman, was barely able to see, for her eyes were filled with tears.

At last it was found. Potts found it himself. He must have passed it over at least a dozen times. So, there being nothing more to detain him, he went out to the cab, and there came face to face with Mr. French, gown on arm, who had evidently hurried over from the school buildings at a most undignified rate.

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"It's all right, Potts; you need not go."

"Not go, sir?" faltered Potts.

"No. The head-master has changed his opinion. It has been found that you were not altogether to blame."

Potts could say nothing.

The house-master continued: "Simson and Temple Two have owned up to being the ring-leaders in the matter. It appears that you were no more to blame than any other boy in the common room. You should have said so, Potts. I do not approve of what, I believe, boys call 'sneaking,' but there are occasions when it is necessary to speak the truth. If a boy is expelled from a public school, it is not only himself but his parents that suffer. Fortunately, you have been saved that disgrace. Pay the cab, Potts. Mrs. Carson, will you be so good as to tell Buckets to take Potts' boxes back to his dormitory? Potts, you will attend school as usual this afternoon. The headmaster wishes to see the whole house in the school hall at four o'clock to-day."

Mr. French departed, leaving Potts in a comatose state. He turned back into the house as if in a dream, and sat down at the foot of the stairs to think it out.

The conclusion he arrived at was a feeling of inexpressible gratitude towards the Siamese Twins. They had risked all for his sake. It did not strike the little fellow that in the first place he had risked much for theirs.

At the foot of the stairs the house found him at the dinner-hour, and, one and all, they shook him by the hand. Their enthusiasm knew no bounds; it made him feel that, at last, he was one of themselves. In the simplicity of his heart he deemed it an honour they should think him so. He was overcome by gratitude. At dinner he could not eat. The food stuck in his throat, as, indeed, it did in the throats of them all; for, as yet, they were in very troubled waters.

Previously Potts had borne the weight of a punishment that had been justly due to them all, and he had been *expelled from the school*. It remained to be seen how Doctor Carberry might disperse such a sentence upon a score of guilty heads. At four o'clock they would know. Until then, they were suspended from a pinnacle of doubt. To surmise they were not able: precedent there was none.

Four o'clock came, and French's House trooped up the wide stone staircase into the great school hall, where the organ is and morning prayers are read.

Doctor Carberry stood at the lectern, Mr. French at his side. Temple One called the house roll, and when it was ascertained that they all were there, they listened in silence to the sum of their own transgressions, till they shuddered and wondered when and in what manner the axe would fall.

Doctor Carberry informed them that they had deliberately thrown discipline to the winds; a taste and desire for alcohol in youth foreshadowed degraded manhood, upon which he had a great deal more to say that caused his hearers not a little alarm. Fortunately, from having inquired into the matter, he did not think that this breach of school discipline was due to anything more serious than unruly elation at the house having won a cricket match. That such a state of things should exist at all he blamed principally the head of the house. It was clear that Temple One attached undue importance to games; whereas the moral as well as the physical welfare of the boys of the house was to a very large extent entrusted to his hands. He hoped the head of the house would take this lesson to heart; and in order that this should be the case, he intended to put their punishment into such a form as would bring it more nearly home to him. Though he could not overlook laxity on the part of a prefect, he thought he had said enough by way of punishment for a boy of the seniority of Temple One. The boys of the common room were directly to blame. They would be directly punished.

Dr. Carberry here took off his spectacles, wiped them with his pocket-handkerchief, and continued in measured tones. He understood that by defeating Mr. Wilkins' House, French's had to meet the School House in the final of the house cup matches. Was that so, Temple?

Temple said it was.

Exactly. This final cup match, he understood, was to be played off in a fortnight's time.

And Temple, on being asked again, replied that that also was so.

Here Doctor Carberry put on his spectacles again. And the axe fell.

Very well. Every common room boy who had played cricket for French's against Wilkins', the result of which match had been the occasion of such a grave breach of discipline, would not be allowed to play in the final match. They could go.

They did, like mourners leaving a grave.

At the foot of the stairs they gathered themselves together. Temple One had been the last to leave the hall. They waited to let him

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through. He looked irrevocably downcast. He no doubt knew in his heart that there was more than a modicum of truth in the doctor's words. He felt that he had failed in his duty ; and that, by itself, was enough to depress him. What the doctor had said was true : he *had* made too much of games. But he could not help it. He saw the type of boy who worked, who gained honours for the school. There were exceptions, like Hewitt, but, for the most part, they were lacking in animal spirits, manliness and power of initiative ; they were usually of poor physique, short-sighted and wore glasses. Their pleasures—the Debating Society, the School Magazine, the Friday Lectures—were not Temple's pleasures. All his school life was centred in the playground. He could not help it. He had been made that way. And now the cricket cup, that had been so difficult to gain, was as good as lost to French's.

He passed through his schoolfellows with his eyes on the ground, wearing the old faded cricket cap that had seen so many triumphs in the past. He spoke to no one, not even to Cunningham, who was by way of being his friend and no one dared to speak to him. He crossed to the house, and there changed into flannels. At the nets that evening he broke a stump, and by a curious chance the broken end passed through the meshes of the net and stood upright in the ground. Every one laughed—except Temple. He did not even smile.

As for the Twins, arm-in-arm they patrolled the school grounds, "voluble in discourse" that was hardly "sweet." It is to be feared they did not give Doctor Carberry credit for that impartiality which was his due.

"If we had been in the final with any other house," protested the Rat, "I would have had nothing at all to say. But the School House ! Why, Carberry has practically given the cup to himself ! "

"I suppose we'll scratch," said Temple.

"Expect so," answered the Rat. "There were eight common room chaps in the house eleven. Only Cunningham, Thurston and Temple himself will be allowed to play ; and old Thursty's no good."

"Temple will be able to get 'em out all right," pondered Temple Two.

"Sure," said the Rat. "The Big 'Un can do wonders if he likes, but who's going to get the runs ? Cunningham won't stop long. He can't play Logan, and never will. He wouldn't be in the eleven at all if the school wasn't short of wicket-keepers. It isn't every chap who's willing to get his hands knocked about by Temple One, so we won't grudge old Cunningham his colours. But the cup's as good as lost."

"There's many a slip 'twixt cup and lip," philosophised Temple Two. "This is a heavy hour, but has it never occurred to you, Rat, who is primarily to blame ? "

The Rat thought it out.

"Rogers," said he.

"The very man. If he had not come over to the house to report us, French would not have been in the common room when Potts turned up late for lock-up. Potts could have passed the sherry through the window, and there would never have been this row. Potts would have got five hundred lines from Froggy for being late, and that would have been the end of the whole affair. So Rogers is to blame ; and, Rat, he'll suffer for it."

"You have spoken," added the Rat.

"The anxiety of the house match being removed," Temple went on, "we can devote our entire energies to Rogers. I think Napoleon seems amenable all right, don't you ? "

"I thought him a bright, intelligent infant," observed the Rat.

"Intelligent ! I think not," said Temple. "The sportsman is slow to think, of heavy and avaricious temperament. So much the better. You and I, Rat, will do his thinking for him."

They found Napoleon, with his little red coat and the wheelbarrow which constituted his baggage train, not a yard from the tuck-shop door. He greeted them with cordiality and undisguised approval.

He smiled from ear to ear.

"Got any sweets ? " he asked.

"Have patience, 'Erbert," breathed the Rat.

He placed the tips of his fingers upon the infantile Rogers' head.

"We have here," he observed, "a man with a single idea. All his hopes and aspirations are embodied in the one word—sweets. Temple, we might draw a lesson from the example of this worthy Briton. Nothing will deter him from his purpose ; nothing will deflect him from his aim."

The greater part of this oration was lost upon Napoleon. He kept his mouth open, also his eyes, and regarded the Rat in wonderment. Then his mouth shut.

"What about them sweets ? " he asked.

The Rat looked at Temple and laughed.

"As I said," remarked Temple, "slow to think."

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NAPOLEON GREETED THEM WITH CORDIALITY.

"Got any money?" asked the Rat of his comrade.

"Why ask?" said Temple sadly. "Have you?"

The Rat did not deign to reply.

"Little One," he whispered, after a silence of several seconds, during which Napoleon sat down on the barrow to give his fat little legs a rest, "Little One, how much do you think it would cost to make him really happy?"

Temple looked at Napoleon.

"Five bob?" he hazarded.

"A dickens of a lot!" said the Rat.

"The sinews of war," said Temple.

But the Rat was now resolved.

"I'll sell my microscope," said he.

"Noble!" cried Temple.

"It's my sister's," said the Rat. "I borrowed it last holidays."

Temple Two was of a chivalrous disposition.

"H'm. Rather rough on her, isn't it?" he asked.

The Rat was profoundly serious, both in the tone of his voice and his look.

"Little One," said he, "we also are men with one idea, and nothing should hinder us from the carrying of it out. We'll get rid of this bauble without delay."

The Rat held out his hand to Napoleon, who looked at his palm in expectation and then drew slowly away.

"Farewell, our only 'Erbert. Meet us here to-morrow."

"What for?" demanded the infant.

"You'll hear something to your advantage."

"Sweets?" suggested Napoleon.

"Better," answered the Rat.

"Not jam sandwidges!"

"The very thing."

"Jam sandwidges!" repeated 'Erbert, grinning from ear to ear, and then he breathed very hard, as if already full.

"I think, Rat," said Temple, halfway to the pawnbroker's with a small mahogany box under his arm, "I think that jam sandwidges *ought* to do the trick."

The Rat thought so too.

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CHAPTER VIII.

THE OPENING OF THE CAMPAIGN.

MISS SIMSON'S microscope having been disposed of for the sum of thirty shillings, the Twins returned to French's, which they reached only a few minutes before lock-up.

There they found the common room in a state verging on open mutiny. Had the Twins in any way desired it, they could have fanned the flame and brought about a revolt. But they had no such wish. They listened without emotion to talk of rank injustice and of how the House had been robbed of the cup. They took no part in such discussions. They were wise beyond their years.

In the dormitory they conversed together in hidden whispers, until suspicion arose in the breasts of the other boys. When the lights were out, Marlow, usually sluggish in temperament now made daring by curiosity, crept the length of the room on hands and knees to see what he could over-hear. He afterwards testified that he caught the words "jam sandwiches" and "our mutual friend, Napoleon;" and then the Rat caught *him*. His pyjamas were thin, and the Twins, armed with shoes, assaulted him without mercy or moderation.

The following day the dinner-hour passed wholly without event. It was at four o'clock, when the school came out, that the action really commenced. Napoleon had taken up his favourite position close to the tuck-shop, and, arm-in-arm, the allies advanced from the door of the senior school. They moved forward without flinching, with their eyes resolutely fixed upon the foe, in much the same manner as the British column went into the breach at Badajoz.

"You understand this business?" asked Temple quickly.

"Perfectly."

"Good! It's intricate, but success is assured."

They passed Napoleon, who gave them a friendly nod of recognition, and entered the tuck-shop.

Rogers was ruffled in temper and exceptionally hard at work. The shop was filled with boys of all sorts and sizes, clamouring to be served.

"Leave orf talking all at onst or I'll stop a'serving of you!" Rogers was bellowing from behind the counter. "Who said *cor*fee?"

"I did," cried a small boy, standing on tip-toe and impatiently beating a tattoo upon the counter with two pennies.

"Then you ought to know better, my son,' said Temple Two. "'Coffee' is the correct pronunciation of the word. We pardon these things in Mr. Rogers here, who has never experienced the benefit of any sort of an education, but not in you."

"Oh, it's you, is it?" uttered the worthy Rogers, casting his beady eye upon the Twins.

Temple ignored him.

"Hope you've got over that there hiding?" proceeded Kruger maliciously.

"What will you have, Rat?" asked Temple in rather an off-hand way.

"Two dozen jam sandwiches," was the Rat's most modest request.

"Two dozen!" echoed Rogers.

"I think I said so," said the Rat, with *hauteur*.

"Two dozen!" repeated Rogers.

The Rat regarded the worthy confectioner for quite a considerable time.

"Are you deaf or a fool?" he finally asked.

"You know what I am, an' you know *who* I am; and I aren't a-going to be spoke to like that."

"Two dozen jam sandwiches," sighed Temple.

"And be quick, please," put in the Rat.

"Precisely. Look slippy," said Temple. "Be quick."

Rogers caught his breath.

"Who are you a-talking to?" he gasped.

Temple became testy.

"Listen here, my good man——" he began, but Kruger took him up.

"Your good man!" he vociferated. "It's imperince; that's what it is, imperince! I'll report the two on you to the head-master, see if I don't."

"What for?" asked the Rat.

For the moment Kruger was non-plussed, but his *slim*-ness quickly came to his aid.

"Imperince," he got out.

Temple looked very weary indeed.

"Two dozen jam sandwiches," he repeated.

"Where's the money?" demanded the wily Rogers.

"In my pocket," answered the Rat.

"I sha'n't serve you till I see it," declared Kruger, "and that's gospel truth. Jam sandwidges is twopence each. Two dozen cost four shillings, which it's my personal belief is more'n you've got atween the two on you."

The Rat looked at Temple and heaved a sigh. Rogers thought he had guessed the truth. A broad, homely grin passed across his face, which, when the Rat put down four shillings on the counter, disappeared as quickly as it had come.

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"Oh, you have got it," ejaculated Rogers. "Then it's my personal belief as you ain't come by it honest."

The Twins were perfect models of patience.

"I suppose this man will serve us some day?" the Rat complained to Temple.

"Man!" echoed Temple. "Look again, Rat. It's not a man. It's a sort of human balloon."

Rogers was putting the sandwiches into a spacious paper bag. He let the bag drop on the floor, and looked up so quickly that the little pork-pie cap fell off his head.

"*Balloon!*" he bellowed. "There's the Reverent Wilberforce! I'll put a stop to this!"

He hobbled out from behind the counter and from the door of the shop hailed Mr. Wilberforce, who chanced to be passing by.

"Mr. Wilberforce, sir!" cried Kruger, his voice shaking with rage. "Arsting your pardon a moment, sir, but I ain't a-going to stand behind a counter and suffer unmolested insults to fall on me grey hairs wi'out resenting of it. Step inside, Mr. Wilberforce. I call upon you in your capacity of a reverent gen'leman and clerk in holy orders ter step inside."

The Reverend Mr. Wilberforce did so, adjusted his *pince-nez*, and mildly looked around. The crowd at the counter, to keep themselves from laughing outright, were filling their mouths with buns.

"What is amiss?" asked the master.

"Them!" cried Kruger, pointing to the Twins. "Them's amiss, both on 'em."

"Ah, Simson and Temple Two! And what may it be?"

"They step into this here shop, as high and mighty as the King of Israel, an' call me a 'balloon.'"

In addressing a gentleman of the cloth, Rogers deemed a biblical allusion of some sort necessary and likely to help his cause.

Mr. Wilberforce looked over his *pince-nez* at the accused.

"Dear me, that was very rude of you, Temple, very rude indeed. What may you have to say?"

Temple shot his cuff and answered, calm and self-possessed.

"Rogers had the impertinence, sir, to tell Simson and me that we were not honest. We were somewhat——"

"Nettled," suggested the Rat.

"The very word—nettled. Simson and I felt somewhat nettled, sir; I think, not without reason, and perhaps we may have been rather abrupt."

"Don't you believe 'em, Mr. Wilberforce, sir. You don't know 'em as well as I does. The brand of Cain is upon their brows. If it ain't it ought to be," he added by way of a saving clause.

"Pardon me, Rogers," Mr. Wilberforce took him up, "but Simson and Temple are in my form, and you must give me credit for knowing the boys in my form. You say this is not true?"

"Not a word on it, Mr. Wilberforce; there ain't no truth in any of it. They ain't seekers after truth, neither on 'em, and never will be."

Mr. Wilberforce turned to Temple.

"I am afraid, sir," said the masterful Temple, "this good man is inclined to be quick-tempered. He's a peppery old gentleman, but there's no radical harm in him. I know him well. I think he might be induced to tell the truth in a calmer moment."

"That will do, Temple," put in the master. "I have been asked to inquire into this matter and I will. Did any boy hear Rogers say that these two boys in my form were not honest?"

The Twins were general favourites, and, besides, thanks to Temple's mental agility, they stood on the safest ground. Every boy in the shop said "Yes" in one unanimous voice.

"What reason had you, Rogers," asked Mr. Wilberforce, "what justification had you for saying such a thing?"

The master was clearly annoyed.

"I don't say as how I did say it," growled Rogers, dropping the "sir" and all reference to the Book of Books.

"I will tell you, sir," volunteered Temple. "We ordered four shillings' worth of jam sandwiches. Rogers said we had not got the money to pay for them. Simson gave him the money, and when Rogers took it, he expressed the opinion that we had not obtained it by honest means. I have always understood, sir, that receiving goods, knowing them to be stolen——"

"That will do, Temple," cut in Mr. Wilberforce. Then, turning to Rogers, he added, "I think, Rogers, you have only yourself to blame. You should restrain yourself; and you should also have a stricter regard for the truth. Nevertheless, Temple, you most certainly ought not to have been personal. Personalities are of the lowest form of wit."

"I quite see that now, sir," reflected Temple, looking for all the world as if butter would never melt in his mouth. "And I think, before you go, sir, I ought to tender my apologies to

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Rogers. I assure you I am most ready to do so."

"Apologies!" roared Rogers, like a smouldering fire bursting suddenly into flame. "Apologies! I won't have none of 'em! It's heaping insult on injury, that's wot it is. You wait till I can get the law on the two on you!"

"Rogers," said Mr. Wilberforce severely, "I'm ashamed of you. Temple, and Simson also, leave the shop."

'Certainly, sir," said Temple. "Rogers, I think you have a parcel of ours."

Rogers picked up the paper bag and put it down on the counter with a very bad grace, pouting his lips like a child.

"Take it," he snarled.

"Thank you *so* much," gushed the Rat.

"I don't want your thanks. I've done wi' the two on you—onst and for all."

Temple smiled most winningly and slowly shook his head.

"But we haven't done with *you*," he whispered; "not by a long chalk, my old bloated balloon."

He was close on the heels of the master of the Lower Fourth before Kruger had time to recover his breath.

Outside the tuck-shop, peal upon peal of laughter came through the opened windows. Then above it all they heard the raucous voice of Kruger:

"I'll stop a-serving of you! I'll shut up the shop, that I will! I ain't here to be laughed at, an' I'll show you that I ain't."

And so on at considerable length, but the merriment never abated in the least, until the Twins were out of earshot under the clump of trees.

"The campaign opens favourably, I think," said Temple.

"We may say," observed the Rat, "that already the enemy's outposts are driven in. And see, the main army itself advances upon the flank."

The Rat turned. There was Napoleon, coming towards them, baggage and all, with a face bright with expectancy, his mouth opened wider than ever and his socks fallen over his shoes.

(*To be continued*)

THE EVOLUTION OF THE BICYCLE. NO. IV.—THE BONE SHAKER, 1867.

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THE BALL THAT WILL BEAT ENGLAND

AN ARTICLE ON THE "GOOGLIE"

By P. A. VAILE

Author of "Swerve," &c.

THE "googlie" is not a phantom ball, the chimera of some imaginative cricketer's brain. It has won test matches. It is being used every day in South Africa. Mr. Abe Bailey, the well-known cricket enthusiast, tells me that out there "Every boy bowls it." We know to our cost that four or five of their best cricketers do!

English cricketers don't know it.

Now, this won't do. Unless our cricketers set to work and master the googlie, it will master them. It is not only the googlie that they must master. They must be up with the scientific development of it, for it will not long remain merely a googlie. Before long it will be a raking ball with apparent leg-break action, but still with off-break—in fact, a fast googlie. Then will naturally follow, especially with left-handers, its sister ball, the leg-break with apparent off-break action.

These two balls are going to be as important and as deadly in attack in cricket as the American service has been in lawn tennis. The googlie is the American service at lawn tennis delivered with the fingers and a cricket-ball, instead of with racket and tennis-ball. The American service at lawn tennis has placed our erstwhile shining lights exactly where I said it would. A neglect to study the googlie, and to systematically and scientifically develop it, will put our cricketers away in just the same manner.

The History of the Googlie

is quite remarkable. So far as I am aware, the honour of being the first man to bowl it belongs to Mr. B. J. T. Bosanquet. It is unnecessary for me here to recapitulate the great things he did with it—and the great things the batsmen did with it, when he couldn't get his proper length and work. It was this ball that led to some one calling him "The best worst bowler and the worst best bowler in the world," a paradoxical but expressive description.

Of late years Mr. Bosanquet has been unable to reproduce his form with the ball. This has more than ever convinced me that Mr. Bosanquet's idea as to how he gets the ball he himself has bowled with so much success is erroneous. At first glance this statement seems rash, indeed almost rude, but on reflection it may not appear so. The matter is of extreme importance to the game in England. Mr. Bosanquet has explained how he gets or used to get his break. I also have explained. Our explanations differ. Albert Knight, in *The Complete Cricketer*, says that he believes my explanation is right.

It is the duty of cricketers who love the game, and desire to uphold the honour of the old country in the cricket field, to try out the issue between us and to use the result for the benefit of the game.

In the days when I was publishing my books on lawn tennis, Mr. George W. Beldam, who was doing the photographs for me, was going in third for Middlesex, and we often discussed Mr. Bosanquet's bowling and how he got his results. I told Mr. Beldam then that I was under the impression that Mr. Bosanquet was not sure how he got his break, and that that accounted for the erratic nature of his bowling.

Vaile *v.* Bosanquet

Shortly afterwards I published my opinion. I am afraid it annoyed Mr. Bosanquet, for he "roughed" me a little, but I never object to that. I have played Rugby football in New Zealand; and it is all in the game, and for the good of the game. While he was "roughing" me, Mr. Bosanquet

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asked me, through the press, this question, "How does he explain the fact that a ball after swerving either from leg or off will frequently break back from leg or off?"

Then I knew that Mr. Bosanquet did not fully understand the googlie, for what he describes is exactly what any one fully understanding the googlie is watching for it to do, in fact, is trying to make it do.

Now, you may say my duty here is not to show that Mr. Bosanquet doesn't know how he bowls his own ball, but to show that I do, and that it would be much better to get on with that. Herein you would be both right and wrong. Neither Bosanquet nor Vaile matter a scrap to cricket. They are mere atmospheric displacement. The one thing that matters is what they produce, their knowledge or their work.

Mr. Bosanquet has been, and I hope will be again, a picturesque personality in cricket. As the inventor and user of the googlie alone, he commands our interest, but as the great exponent of a ball of acknowledged value, in my opinion, there lies upon him the duty of spreading his knowledge. That is my view of a man's duty to his game, and that is why I am now about to explain to the boys of England how the googlie is obtained.

The Secret of the Googlie

The secret of the break of the googlie is that it is not obtained by ordinary spin such as is used in the common off or leg break. *It is obtained by over-spin.* This is the essential difference between the googlie and every other break that is bowled in cricket.

As bowled now the arm is turned right round so that the knuckle of the wrist is facing in towards the body, the wrist is bent so that the hand is almost at a right angle to the forearm, the back of the hand faces the batsman, and the ball runs out over the upturned fingers, making last contact with the little finger. It will thus be seen that the spin is got by cutting down *in front of the ball.* It stands to reason that one cannot get much pace out of such a delivery.

When the ball is better understood, exactly the same spin will be obtained by cutting *up behind* the ball, and then, of course, much greater speed will be achieved. I use the term "cutting up" for want of a better. The hand, in this ball, as it swings across, does relatively, and by comparison with other balls, a much larger amount of work than in ordinary breaks.

I must now try to explain clearly the mechanics of the ball, for nobody who has not the clearest possible idea of what he is trying for will ever succeed in getting it.

The Mechanics of the "Googlie"

In Fig. 1 (p. 116) you see a common top spinning. It is "asleep." It is the simplest of mechanics that the plane of its spin is horizontal, as shown by the line AB.

Now, in Fig. 2, I want you to introduce into your top an imaginary cricket ball.

MR. B. J. T. BOSANQUET,
The inventor of the "Googlie," who, says Mr. Vaile, doesn't know how he bowls his own ball.

We now see the top, still asleep, and the plane of its spin still horizontal, as shown by AB, which is the seam of the cricket ball. Here we get horizontal spin on a vertical axis, the peg produced, but this is no good for break.

In Fig. 3, however, let us imagine that we are looking at our top, with the imaginary cricket ball in it, before it goes to sleep. We see it lying over at an angle of about forty-five degrees. This has, of course, tilted the plane of spin AB over to a corresponding angle.

We will imagine that the ball is now in reality a cricket ball spinning vigorously in the plane AB, and that suddenly the

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top becomes imaginary, vanishes. What happens? The ball falls to the ground and strikes it at C. The spin grips the earth, and influences the bound so that, instead of bouncing straight up, the ball is carried away in the plane AB. That is the explanation of the break of the googlie.

An Experiment with a Plate

To make it even simpler, we will experiment on a cricket pitch. Suppose you stand at one wicket and face the other having in your hand a flat circular plate of wood with a rubber tyre round its edge. Throw that plate straight down the pitch towards the other wicket so that it is at a right angle to the pitch, and give it plenty of over-spin. Over-spin is the same spin in the air as it would have if rolled down the pitch. When the plate hits the ground, it bounces up and goes on towards the wicket in the plane of its flight and spin.

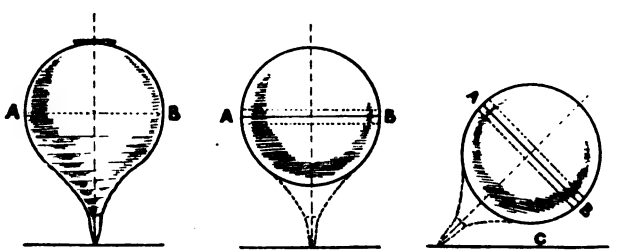

FIG. 1. FIG. 2. FIG. 3.

A Simple Explanation of how the "Googlie" is Obtained.

Briefly, the ball, when t leaves the bowler's hand, has a certain "over-spin" imparted to it that causes it, as it travels through the air, to revolve in the same manner as a top would spin if inclined at an angle of 45 degrees, as indicated in Fig. 3. The seam is shown in the plane of spin merely for convenience.

Now put the plate over to an angle of fifty-five degrees, and throw it a yard to leg with plenty of over-spin. It swerves in to the wicket because it is striving to keep in the plane of its spin, and *here is the important part,* because it so strives to remain in its plane of spin, instead of breaking away in the direction in which it is swerving, it breaks back in the same plane as that in which it was before it struck the earth, or as near to it as it can get.

This compromise makes the all-important break, the only break that will get a man out leg before wicket, for *it is the only one that breaks straight between the wickets.*

Swerve is a natural accompaniment of the googlie, although by no means necessarily always in it. I am told, however, that in South Africa they are developing swerve in connection with this ball to a remarkable extent.

I am hoping that the boys of England will get to work and worry out this break, for evidently our county cricketers will not trouble themselves about it until they find it knocking at their wickets and they have to take a back seat for a few seasons.

Has Bosanquet got a "Freak" Wrist?

Mr. Bosanquet says that he gets his break by producing exactly the same spin as, say, Jack Hearne's, and he has shown by photograph how he gets his wrist round to do it.

I am convinced that such an action is impracticable for all men who have not a universal joint in their wrists. One thing that makes me doubtful about Mr. Bosanquet's explanation is that, with the spin he describes, the ball would not swerve one way and then break back against its swerve. It would probably have no swerve at all, but even if it did swerve, it would break naturally.

So far as I can judge, both from practice and theory, there is very little doubt that the googlie is obtained from over-spin lying over at an angle of say, fifty degrees, or perhaps a little more, and obtained now from the front of the ball. When, later on, we have got it from the rear of the ball, we shall have done much to enliven cricket—and who shall say it does not want it?

The fact is that in England the mentality of sport, if I may use the term, is not very high. We have seen this in Rugby football, in lawn tennis, and in many other sports. Games are not played so much for themselves as they used to be. The win is worshipped too much. We should bear in mind more than we do that winning is not the chief object of games. Then we should enjoy them more and understand them better.

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THE SON OF SILENCE

By FRED WHISHAW **Illustrated by JOHN DE WALTON**

A HERD of beautiful little antelopes grazed in a patch of open pasture-land on the veldt near the borders of the north-western portion of Rhodesia. They cropped the sweet grass, and raised their heads to chew and to blink their splendid big eyes at the sun in perfect enjoyment of life—absolutely ignorant of certain facts which, if known to them, would quickly have converted their complacent satisfaction into sudden terror, wild panic, headlong flight.

Three enemies were, as a matter of fact, arrayed against the unfortunate little "dik-diks." Two were actually engaged in stalking them with mischievous intent. Of these one was a tall youth, a person with the eye of a hawk, the courage of a wild boar; the other was a hungry, angry lion. The third enemy, a passive one for the present, was also a man, the father of the first, a scout of great renown who sat behind a boulder and waited for a shot.

A pair of the keenest eyes that ever watched out from an ambush gazed from behind his shelter.

"The little beggars are restless," he muttered presently; "what's up with them? either young Anak has made a mess of it—which isn't like him—or there is big game on the move!"

A moment later a catastrophe happened. The herd had scented or heard the lion, and in a moment the entire community had stampeded.

The sportsman stood up, uttering an angry exclamation.

"He *has* bungled it—little fool! Ah! he's trying to head them—by thunder, how the young rascal covers the ground! He may yet drive the tail of the herd down my way!"

A tall young form was to be seen for a moment scudding like the wind at a point beyond the antelope herd, then it disappeared.

A few minutes later the affair suddenly took a new turn.

Young Anak stood panting; he glanced after the portion of the herd which had escaped. Then he watched those which he had headed off, as they scudded back over the veldt.

"That one will go within shot of father!" he murmured. "The rest are too widely scattered."

Then, at one and the same moment, two sounds assailed his ear: one was that of a distant shot, the other was the roar of the hunting lion. One of Anak's flying dik-diks had come in the king's way; after all, his Majesty would not lack for dinner!

"Ah—ah!" the boy reflected. "Lions! I thought so—that accounts for the nervousness of the herd."

A moment later, a second roar, somewhat farther away, attracted his attention. "Two at least—probably male and female, and perhaps cubs!" he murmured. "This must be looked into."

A moment or two he hesitated. Should he wait for his father, or go tracking "on his own?"

Anak—with the instinct of the born hunter—had marked the exact spot where the first lion had roared. He decided to honour this one with his attentions.

"Dad will guess what I am after," he thought, "and won't spoil my sport by doing a stalk on his own account."

Then Anak fell to the work he had taken in hand, and pretty work it was; for when a man pits his cunning against the cunning of a lion, out upon the open veldt, he has bitten off, to use a colloquial phrase, quite as much as he is likely to be able to chew!

Anak, like his father, was a born scout and stalker. Truly there was never a snake that could creep with less noise through the jungle, no lynx that could cross a veldt and remain invisible more successfully than the big white boy. There were many natives—Zulus, Matabeles, Kafirs—who knew the lad by reputation; some had seen him at work, and among the kraals far and near he was spoken of and honoured by the name of "The Son of Silence."

But even the greatest of scouts is sometimes

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unsuccessful, and for once in his life poor Anak was to find that even the Son of Silence might be outwitted by an inferior creature.

Certainly he could scarcely have managed his stalking better than he did. Dragging his rifle as he went, the lad crept silently and swiftly forward, making the very most of every blade of grass, every leaf and twig to assist in screening his lithe body from observation. For half a mile he sped rapidly; then he paused, listened, and changed his tactics. He went very slowly, now, listening every few yards, and moving forward with the utmost caution.

Having noted, as I have said, with the instinct of the stalker, the exact spot where the lion must have stood when he roared and sprang upon his prey, Anak had headed straight for the spot. Having reached it, or very near it, he lay and listened. If the lion were the male, he would probably be feeding; if the female, she might or might not be taking her share of the banquet, before carrying a portion of the repast to her hungry family at home

Anak listened with all his might, and soon, to his joy, he heard the sound of feeding.

Knowing that the great beast, engaged in the pleasant occupation of satisfying his appetite, would perhaps be less disposed to worry himself about other matters, the lad determined to creep onward until he should reach a spot whence he could catch sight of the feaster and, if possible, give him something to think of besides his dinner! He moved on for a few yards and listened again. The sound of eating had ceased, and he lay still once more: there are times for moving onward and times for lying low, and this was one of the latter!

HIS CAPTOR PROCEEDED IN A SERIES OF GREAT BOUNDS.

And it was while listening all ears for the renewal of the sound of feasting, that a terrible thing happened to Anak; it happened in a single instant and absolutely unexpectedly. A sudden rush from behind him, a deafening roar, a crushing blow, which Anak fortunately contrived, to a certain extent, to dodge, and he realised in a second that he lay literally in the jaws of a lion.

He realised the fact in a semi-dazed fashion,

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as the brute dragged him roughly over the scrub and stones. He was conscious of pain in the shoulder and back, but was sufficiently in possession of his senses to reflect with joy that no bones were broken. The lion had seized him by the collar of his coat, and one great tooth, at least, had penetrated his flesh, but this, Anak felt, was a trifle and mattered little.

He had retained a grip of his rifle, and contrived to hold it tight during the marvellously uncomfortable journey to which the huge beast now submitted him. His captor proceeded in a series of great bounds, jogging and bumping its unfortunate victim, at each leap, in a manner which would have knocked the reasoning powers out of most persons. Rough treatment, however, and the sense of deadly peril only sharpened the intelligence of the veldt-bred Anak, and he exercised his somewhat scattered wits in trying to drag his rifle forward and to hold it in such a manner that he could place the muzzle against the great beast's tawny side in order to pull the trigger with deadly effect.

But this—in his present position—he found to be quite impossible. There was a sheath-knife at his waistband, but he could not get at it. The horrible journey seemed endless, and even the hardy Anak began to wonder whether he should be able to stand the strain of it much longer. His head began to swim; he felt sick and faint and utterly exhausted.

Suddenly the great yellow brute set him down, and stood over him, roaring.

Anak opened his eyes and looked about. The lion stood with his head up, apparently listening. An answering roar came at the instant from a point but a few hundred yards away, and before Anak could summon strength to point his rifle and shoot, the lion had grabbed him again, much in the same fashion, though the boy felt a new pain where a great tooth penetrated a fresh place.

Somehow, during the second and shorter journey, Anak's head came in contact with a stone, and he lost consciousness.

He never knew how long he lay unconscious. When he opened his eyes, it was to witness a strange scene, in which he himself was chief actor. Something or some one had rolled him over, and was tapping him gently here and there, pushing him from side to side. Anak endeavoured to collect his wits and determine what was happening. He opened his eyes.

Two half-grown lions crouched by him, playing with him, as kittens might with a young rabbit. He saw two other things: his rifle, lying three or four yards away, and a full-grown lioness growling over the carcase of an antelope, of which the greater part was already eaten.

With a supreme effort Anak contrived to bring his keen intelligence into action. "Dare I," he thought, "roll over and reach my rifle? The cubs count for nothing; if I say 'boo,' they'll disappear like a shot: it's the old girl I'm afraid of."

The male lion was nowhere to be seen, and Anak rightly determined that, having brought him along to replenish the family larder, he considered he had done his duty, and had returned to his venison. Anak reflected that the brute would not be long absent, and that no time must be lost if he was to get away.

Up to this he had made no movement; but the cubs had observed him open his eyes and look around, and they crouched, a yard or two away, ready to spring if he moved. Their mouths showed signs of recent feasting; they had evidently enjoyed their share of the dik-dik over which their mother still lay and growled and crunched. This was just as well for Anak, else, he well knew, all three of the brutes would have fallen upon him at sight and torn him to pieces.

He lay and reflected for a moment, making no sign of life.

Then suddenly he sat up and uttered a shout. In an instant two things happened. The cubs sprang away into the bush and disappeared. Their mother, with a roar, launched herself full at Anak and dashed him to the ground, or seemed to do so, though, as a matter of fact, Anak saw her coming and softened the severity of the shock by lying full length and turning half over.

The lioness stood growling over him for full three minutes. One great paw was upon his neck and the back of his head, the other upon his outstretched wrist. Her two hind legs bestrode his ankles. He could feel her hot breath, and the sound of her rasping snarls, half roar half growl, was deafening in his ear.

If seemed an eternity as she stood over him as motionless as he, but Anak, though in much pain, succeeded in lying as still as the dead. He knew that unless he should do so, a blow from her great paw might dash his brains out in a second.

At last, satisfied, apparently, that the last breath of life had now left his body, she relaxed her hold and returned to her meal, still growling savagely. She turned once to see whether

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THE KING OF BEASTS SPRUNG HIGH IN THE AIR, PIERCED THROUGH THE HEART.

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the victim should give any sign of life, but Anak knew better than to move a muscle, and a moment later she was tearing once more at the bones of her dik-dik.

Another minute or two passed. Anak opened an eye, but his limbs and every muscle of his body remained motionless. He saw the two cubs reappear stealthily from behind the boulders and prickly cover which had been their sanctuary. He saw them crouching, for all the world like two kittens, their tails waving from side to side; he knew that in a minute they would spring—and his active brain was busy over a plan of campaign.

A rustle, a quick rush, and the two lithe creatures, as big as sheep-dogs, were all over him. They tapped him softly with sheathed claws, sprang into the air and danced around him. They played with him and rolled him hither and thither; but Anak contrived that the ultimate result of the rolling process should bring him close to his rifle.

And as the game proceeded, he suddenly realised that his left foot had come in contact with a hard substance—the stock of his rifle.

The cubs had grown very bold, and one at this moment lay right over him. It took his ankle in its mouth and tried to roll over on its back. Anak gave a violent kick, for the process was painful in the extreme. At the same time, he grabbed his rifle.

In an instant the cub let go its hold, and with its companion darted aside and disappeared. The old lioness looked up from her feast, turned her great head and showed her teeth; fortunately for Anak, she did not spring at sight. He made no mo ement, but the gun was now in his hand. "Give me a moment, you brute," he thought, "and I'm safe!"

She gave him a moment. Either her dik-dik was too delicious to relinquish, even for a second, or it was a case of misplaced confidence in his harmlessness: at any rate, she gave him the necessary opportunity, and only stared and showed her great red fangs and roared

Slowly, cautiously, inch by inch, Anak drew his rifle forward until he held it to his shoulder. Still more cautiously he sighted his victim. The tail of the lioness suddenly began to wave—she grew uneasy, though she probably supposed that his mo.ements were but the harmless spasms of the dying creature. In another instant she might have made her spring.

But Anak was ready now, and pulled the trigger.

Right in the middle of the forehead the bullet struck, and the huge beast fell sideways over the carcase of the dik-dik, dead as a nail, without a movement. Anak knew as well as any grown man upon the veldt how to ensure instant death.

Then he rose to his feet, stiff and in much pain from several wounds; but of these he thought little or nothing. One would have supposed that he would have made his way homewards in order to see to his hurts, or boast to his father of his achievement. But he did nothing of the sort; he went and hid himself behind a boulder and lay there waiting.

"When he has finished his dik-dik he will come here to sleep!" he muttered. "He and I have an account to settle!"

The account was settled half an hour later. Anak crouched behind his cover, rifle in hand, listening most intently. Not a sound disturbed the silence. In the arena where lately the tragedy of the death of the lioness had taken place, not a living thing moved. The cubs, scared by the sound of the shot which slew their mother, had departed far away from the terror; perhaps they sought their father in order to acquaint him with the woeful news.

As Anak watched, a pair of vultures came flapping into the arena, but they saw him and clumsily took flight again, hovering and circling in the air at a safe distance.

Suddenly a lion's roar rent the silence, and then another, a little nearer. Anak prepared for action—the moment for a reckoning with his principal antagonist approached.

A minute later a splendid creature leaped into the open and looked about him. He caught sight of his consort as she lay motionless on her side, and he sprang towards her. For a moment he gazed and sniffed at her, then he raised his great head to roar. But at the same instant Anak sent down his messenger of destruction: the rifle gave tongue, out leaped the deadly harbinger of death, and the tawny king of beasts sprang high in the air, pierced through the heart—"Imperial Cæsar dead and turned to clay."

Then the Son of Silence limped home, his day's work done.

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A Bugler.

THE "MERCURY"

Telling of My Visit to Mr. C. B. Fry's Training-ship and what I Saw There

By A. B. COOPER

"England, must we leave it all? Hampshire, must we go
Back into the dark from whence we came?
Shall no others follow us—other boys to grow
Into men the Nation's good shall claim?
Sure, the tides that swell and sink, sob about the ship!
Hark! was that the wind, or Cap'en's sigh?
Nay! of course he's happy—but—to let his project slip!
Let the work he loved so fail and die!"

MAY DONEY.

The Leading Hand.

'THIS is the *Mercury*, sir." It was the voice of my jehu at the window of the cab which had brought me through the darkness—and it is dark in those tortuous Hampshire lanes—from Netley station, the nearest point by rail one can get to the banks of the River Hamble.

I hardly knew what I had expected to see, and I was not disappointed, because as yet I could see nothing. I stumbled out of the cab, and, by the light of its "lantern dimly burning" I discerned a door—evidently a front door, for it had a knocker. I knocked. Hey, presto! Had the knocker been a fairy's wand it could not have produced a more instantaneous effect. The stream of cheery light which poured from the wide hall was almost as dazzling to my purblind eyes as the sudden flash of a policeman's bull's-eye must be to the man who is raiding the butler's pantry.

A small, but particularly smart, well-found boy-in-buttons stood just within, and with his assistance I had in a jiffy sloughed off my travelling coat—that March snow you remember so well had not come, but was on the way—and a moment later still I heard a voice on the stairs which you have probably heard many a time cry "Yes!" when its owner has steered a "beauty" through the slips, or patted a short one towards the place where "mid-on" ought to be, and isn't; or shout "No!" when Tunnicliffe, for instance, has stretched out his telescopic arm and stopped a square drive which was meant for the ropes. It was the voice of the one and only C. B. Fry—on the stairs—saying, "That you, Cooper? Come up."

That was the hour and the manner of my arrival at the training ship *Mercury*. Of course, I

Going aboard the *Mercury*.

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had to exercise a good deal of faith in order to believe that I had arrived at all, for presently I was in a spacious room, crammed with ancient furniture, luxurious, tempting arm-chairs, with deep, restful hollows where scores of comfortable people had sat before me, set around a wide baronial-looking fire-grate wherein blazed cheerily half a dozen good-sized logs. I had to have faith, I say, that the *Mercury* was somewhere outside. I had to exercise this "evidence of things not seen." I knew that I had travelled from London to Southampton, from Southampton to Netley, and that Netley was on Southampton Water—but of the whereabouts of the Hamble I was profoundly ignorant. It was a river never taught in my school. Little did I think in those old days that a world-famed cricketer and I should be rowed across this unknown stream, in a flurry of snow, by two sturdy lads of the training-ship *Mercury* in the year of grace 1909. But that was on the morrow.

Mr. Fry and I sat talking by that tempting wood fire far into the small hours. He was telling me of the struggle he and Mrs. Fry had had, speaking allegorically, to keep the *Mercury* afloat after the death of that large-hearted philanthropist, Captain Hoare, who established it more than a score of years ago and had lovingly kept it going ever since. But more of that presently. Suffice it that I seemed hardly to have closed my eyes when the same page-boy who had opened the door to me, popped into my bedroom with my hot water. I looked at my watch and found it was 6.30, so I made a virtue of necessity and got up.

I have often had the pleasant sensation of arriving at a place in the dark and seeing my new surroundings for the first time in the morning, from my bedroom window. But I do not remember that sensation ever being more pleasurable than it was now. My window looked out upon a most varied scene. Away to the right I thought I spied a cricket field. Immediately below was a conservatory. Beyond that a pretty church. In the middle distance, winding paths, trees, bushes, flower beds, and more buildings, scattered about in what the poet calls "admired confusion," and all leading down to the banks of the Hamble, where was a little pier, and a hundred yards beyond that again the ship I had come to see, the ship which had given its name to house and church and garden and workshop—the *Mercury*.

Seamanship Class in the Conservatory.

Now, all this has taken some time to write about, but I can assure you I saw it almost in the twinkling of an eye. The fact is, I had to. I was not allowed time for contemplation. I learned very quickly, although I was in a very comfortable, well-carpeted, pleasant-looking bed-chamber, which had a most uncabin-like appearance with its huge four-poster and quaintly-papered walls, that I was nevertheless in the midst of an organisation, a machine, a well-balanced, well-trained, punctual and prompt naval community, to which, when it says "yea," no one must say "nay." Another

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Cutter and racing crew in the Mercury Creek.

knock came at my door and in stepped a man in naval uniform.

"Good morning, sir," he said. "I am one of Mr. Fry's officers and he particularly wants you to see the boys run through the bath." I had heard of swimming through a bath, and diving through a bath, and doing all sorts of other things in a bath—even washing oneself—but I had never before heard of "running through" a bath. "I would like to see it very much," I said. "We can only wait five minutes, sir," was the staggering reply. "Can you manage it?" I promised desperately, thinking to complete my toilet at a more convenient season, and, dressing in record time and omitting all but essentials, I missed my own bath to witness this new form of the exploit.

Now, one of the earliest lessons the English boy learns is that he must be clean at all costs. He may not always have a very clean conscience, but he must have a clean skin; probably the former will follow. I believe it very generally does in the case of the *Mercury* boys. But that is by the way. I was conducted to a spacious shed; some one turned on the "tap," and this shed was transformed into a huge shower-bath. It rained tepid water, which made a delightful mist and spray Then came the boys, hurrying in single file, and, as they passed him, the bath-master anointed the head of each with a butter-pat of soft soap, and into the steaming shed they rushed pell-mell. It was one of the funniest, jolliest, scrubbiest sights I ever beheld. The boys could hardly be persuaded to come out, for the

Breakfast.

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morning was cold and the water was warm. They rubbed and scrubbed and danced and capered, and then out they all came, in the order in which they had gone in, for inspection, ere racing away to their dressing room and their clothes. Well, that is how things are done at the *Mercury*. It all goes like clockwork. Mrs. Fry sees to that. She is the soul of things. She has the loving heart, and the wise brain, and the kindly eyes, which see and understand, which feel and know, which plan and sympathise.

It would be fruitless to attempt in the space of a short article like this to tell of all I saw and all I did on that full and memorable day. Mr. C. B. Fry piloted me round. He wanted me to see everything, and he saw that I did. The one thing which will always linger in my memory is hearing the boys sing. Mr. Fry had told me they could sing, and I thought to hear boyish voices piping forth some rollicking sea-song, like "A Life on the Ocean Wave." I heard, instead, singing which could only be equalled, and certainly not surpassed, in St. Paul's Cathedral or Westminster Abbey. To hear those boys sing "And the Glory of the Lord," from Handel's *Messiah*, was a sheer delight. I was entranced. How much loving care has been spent upon the training of these boys I can only surmise, or, rather, judge by its results. And what an ennobling thing good music is! I could not imagine even a rough, uncouth, hitherto ill-trained boy ever losing again the impress of that beautiful training of voice, of ear, yes, and of heart. I looked at the boys' faces as they sang, and I could scarcely believe that these bright lads, whose voices soared up and up and up, as true on the topmost note of this difficult chorus as upon the lowest, possibly hailed from Poplar or Ancoats, from some tenement in a mean street; at best from humble homes where such training as this would have been unthinkable.

Heaving the Lead.

I visited them in school, too. There is no corporal punishment at the *Mercury*—I say "at," because the boys only sleep on board, all their work having been transferred, bit by bit, during the passing years, to the shore — there is neither cane, cat-o'-nine-tails, nor rope's end used on the persons of these lads. Captain Hoare, the revered founder and, until his lamented death a year ago, the loving maintainer of this establishment, abolished corporal punishment years ago

Future Handymen—a Sewing Class.

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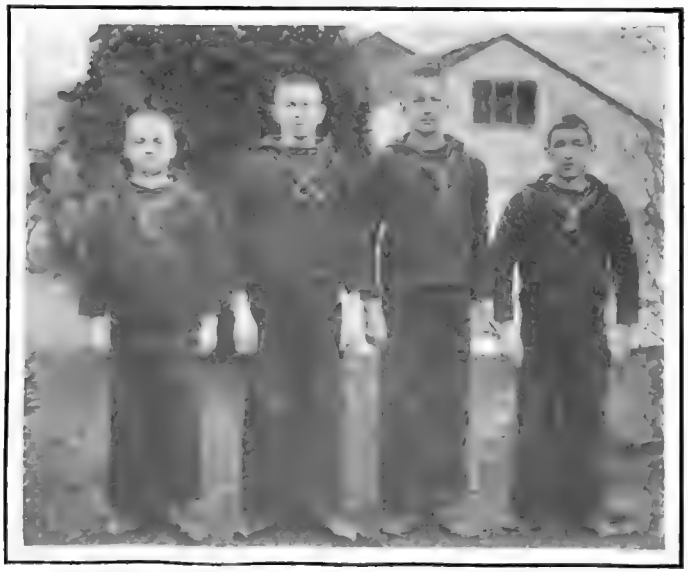
The Museum, one of the best in Britain.

in favour of "moral suasion." It has worked like a marvel. He believed that character was formed from within, through a boy's heart, and not from without, through his hide. His large faith has been justified, and there are hundreds of the best fellows in the Navy to-day who were trained without the cane or the cat and who bless the memory of their dear old Captain.



Leading Hands of the Four Watches

Well, as I was saying, I constituted myself, for the nonce, a school inspector, and I examined the work of the boys. Like everything else in connection with the *Mercury*, it revealed careful teaching, patient supervision, individual attention. Knowledge is not shovelled into these boys like coal into the bunkers of a man-o'-war. It is imparted. I think that is the right word. I do not wonder at all that these boys almost invariably get first-class ra'es in the Navy; I should think any ship would "jump" at a boy who had been trained at this splen-

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The Sick Bay.

did establishment. Yet, hitherto they have had no educational grant from the national exchequer. Mr. Fry thinks they ought to have one, and I think so, too. Perhaps Mr. John Burns, who saw these things with his own eyes a week or two before my visit, although he is not Educational Secretary, will see to that.

"I consider," said Mr. Fry to me, "that the Naval training is the finest, most highly developing and efficacious through which a boy can be put. Look how well-to-do people tumble over one another to get their sons to Osborne. Why? Because they know that this training of head and hand and eye; this constant application of means to ends; this daily exercise in resourcefulness, in discipline, in the doing of things and not merely in the talking or reading about them; this insistence upon self-dependence, regularity, promptness, and 'all that makes a man,' is of the essentials of the best education. These boys live in an atmosphere of achievement. They learn by doing things. Every man jack of them does everything by turn. They all go through the mill. They all learn the ropes. They all have to give a hand. I place training for the Navy in a class by itself, and this place, especially, resembles the public schools, inasmuch as it makes character-forming its paramount object, its main end.

"I believe," he went on, "that this sort of training, if it was much more largely used, would cut away the root evil of unemployment in England, that it would eliminate the drift-boy. I would like to see every sea-board county provided with one or more such establishments as this, to which could be drafted suitable boys, not only from that county itself, but from the inland counties adjoining. We are faced with the crying shame of a mercantile

The Shore Establishment of the Training-ship *Mercury*.

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navy largely manned by foreigners, and we seem content that it should be so, whilst we have an object-lesson here of a method by which, in a few years, we could make trained sailors to man both the Imperial and the mercantile navies twice over if necessary. Think of the tens of thousands of lads who jump at a casual job at the age of fourteen—errand-boys, golf caddies, van boys, and the like. What future have they? Absolutely none in the vast majority of cases. Ten shillings a week seems a little fortune at fourteen, but it is a poor wage at eighteen. Besides, people don't want a man for a boy's job, and so they are shot out by the thousand to become street corner loafers, unemployed at first, unemployable later. This is the way out; and I shall be delighted if representatives of county authorities will come here in their hundreds and see the thing in being, and go away gladder and wiser men, to do likewise."

Music is a great feature of the *Mercury*. We have seen how the boys can sing, and I must say a well-trained voice pleases my taste better than the sound of the cornet, trombone, ophicleide, "and all kinds of musick" commonly called "brass." But to be able to play even on the big drum or the triangle, really well, is a useful accomplishment, as may be readily assumed from the fact that about a hundred *Mercury* boys have joined Army bands. And they do not take duffers, I can assure you. A boy must be well trained in order to stand the least chance of such an appointment, and the fact that a tenth of the boys who have been trained on the *Mercury* have obtained these excellent appointments speaks for itself. I heard them play a hymn and I felt like kneeling. I heard them play a waltz and I felt like dancing.

Here are the figures of the *Mercury* boys up-to-date. On ships' books, 68. Joined the Royal Navy, 383. Joined Merchant Service, 146. Obtained good situations on shore, 233. Joined Army bands as trained musicians, 95. Joined the Army, 11. Found berths on private yachts, 57. Deaths four—two at home. Is this not a splendid record?

The Director in Charge particularly wants to hear of cases in which the T.S. *Mercury* can be of real assistance. The ship is like a helping hand stretched out to give just the kind of assistance needed, and exactly at the time of life when that assistance will be of most use to a boy in after years. The sons of men killed in the public service, or in mercantile shipping disasters, or in any other deplorable accidents, are especially welcome to the benefits of the Institution. That is its *raison d'être*. It is the life-line between the wrecked ship of Despair and the shore of Opportunity and Hope. Those who know of such cases should not fail to write to Mr. Fry.

The Naval and Mercantile authorities confess that their very best material comes from the *Mercury*. This is no matter for wonder. I saw the boys learning the mysteries of flag-signalling. I should think after such splendid training they would have little further to learn on that score. They also become most efficient watermen, and it goes without saying that they can all swim like otters. During six months of the year their only way from ship to shore or back again, is through the water.

For the present, the *Mercury* is saved. Mr. and Mrs. Fry believe that it is saved for all time, for they cannot believe that the public will allow such a noble work either to fall into decay or to be abandoned for lack of funds. They have faith that the people of England will not only help to keep the *Mercury* going, but that presently scores of other Mercuries will dot our coasts, like moral lighthouses, and thus help to keep England not only in the forefront as a naval power, but also in the front rank as a moral force in the world.

"Good-night."

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How Sparkes was Nearly Canonised

By H. HERVEY

I

ONCE a year a gala week was held at every larger station in turn. The European and Eurasian subordinates clubbed funds to provide some outdoor event for each of the six days, while at night there would be "big feeds" and "sing-songs"; the whole generally winding up with a saturnalian sort of high jink styled by courtesy a ball. The Company encouraged these gatherings as tending to promote sociability and give the staff something to look forward to in the way of recreation. Therefore passes were freely distributed to enable those posted up and down the line to flock to the scenes of festivity, which the district officers also supported by their subscriptions and attendance.

Away down south it was Tiroopaliem station week. Sparkes, the traffic superintendent, and Owen, the engineer, were both showing at the ball, and the former had wired me to come down for that function as his guest. So simply taking a bag, wraps, and rifle, I travelled to Tiroopaliem by the 7 P.M. local train that went no further and had to shunt out of the way for the down mail following shortly after.

"No dancing for me, and perhaps not for you," were Sparkes' first words as he lugged me along to the officers' room. "Read that!" thrusting a paper into my hands:

From SEEVALORE. *To* TIROOPALIEM.
From STATION MASTER. *To* F. S. SPARKES, Esqre.
Emergent. Burly tiger in outside. All staff enclosed in booking office. Please arrange for release. Signals closed.

"Whew! And you're going?"

"Rather! Will you come?"

"Of course!"

"Then we'll have dinner and take the mail; there's just time. Owen doesn't care for *shikar*, so he can represent us at the fandango and make our excuses. Bring your kit and rifle; my servants will see to all else."

The Seevalore station people had evidently got out of durance vile, for the signals were open. We ran in, Sparkes, I, and his servants bundled out, and away sped the mail.

Seevalore was one of a cluster of villages purely Hindoo. A wealthy inhabitant of the place had recently died, bequeathing a large sum of money for the restoration of a once famous temple dedicated to Brahma, a great god, and the tutelary deity of the neighbourhood. A sort of set-off to both temple and god had been lately introduced in the shape of a brahminy bull, sacred to Brahma, and held in the greatest veneration as the incarnation of the *swami* himself. This bull was a huge, splendid fellow, wallowing in fat, tame as a kitten, and so petted and pampered that he made a daily habit of poking his dewy nose into huts and bazaars to eat whatever grain or other provender the inmates thought it their spiritual duty to furnish him with.

Immediately to the north and west of the cultivated area occupied by the Seevalore group of hamlets were extensive jungle tracts, which, though known to harbour wild animals, had not within the ken of the oldest inhabitant ever sent forth a dangerous denizen to harass the villages; and how it was that this solitary tiger suddenly appeared on the scene remained a mystery, unless a forest fire in the interior had scared him out.

"Well," commenced Sparkes, addressing the native station-master who, at the head of his half a dozen understrappers, peered at us in the moonlight, "what's the matter? Where is the tiger?"

"As I have informed your honour in telegram," replied the official, a brahmin named Rungachari, "tiger came at the dusk, and not retired till past nine, sir."

"What did he do?"

"By lucky stroke porter Bapoo has seen it approach, so we running with one accord into booking-office and jammed door. Fortunately, windows are fitted with iron bars against thief rascals. Through bars we see tiger strolling and smelling to all direction, and scratching nails on my shed for cows. Then it has bestowed virulent glance through window on us, and go off."

"Go off where?"

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"LOOK HERE, THIS WON'T DO. I CAN'T ALLOW THE PLATFORM TO BE MADE A CATTLE-GROUND OF."

"We do not know, sir, owing to dark. Anyhow, villagers also have observed it, for after tiger disappeared from here, some persons, protected by torches and bludgeons, did come here and inform that they have seen beast by the light moon, that being in much fear, they have tied cattle in houses, and will not send for the graze to-morrow. When I told that I have telegraphed news to your honour, and you will come to shoot, puny yokels did rejoice."

"Humph! Won't get much assistance from these beggars, I expect," quoth Sparkes to me. "But perhaps we shall ferret out something in the morning. The tiger is not likely to pay us another visit to-night, so the best thing to do is to turn in."

Making ourselves comfortable in the tiny waiting-room we went to sleep and did not awake till dawn, when we were simultaneously roused by footsteps on the gravelled platform. We jumped up and listened.

"Not the tiger, at all events," whispered Sparkes, regarding me inquiringly

"Nor a horse or donkey," I muttered.

Shuffling into our slippers we opened the door and peeped out, to see the village brahminy bull! He had halted at the door of the station-master's quarters higher up, and now gave vent to a hoarse moo, whereat the door opened, and the station-master appeared with a large brass dish in his hand. After caressing the animal and mumbling something, Rungachari set down the dishful of grain and retired. The bull, after licking that platter clean, moved on to a farther door, where, in answer to another moo, one of the porters came out, went through the same antics as the station-master, and placed more food before the visitor. These donations

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must have constituted the bull's breakfast, for after demolishing the provender he composedly sat himself down on the platform and proceeded to ruminate. This, too, when a local passenger was due!

"What cheek!" exclaimed Sparkes, as we hurriedly dressed. "Just shows what these beggars of native employés will be up to unless looked after! I daresay that bull has had the free run of the place ever since he was brought here. Come on, let's have him chivvied out of this!"

Summoning the staff, Sparkes addressed the station-master.

"Look here," said he, "this won't do. I can't allow the platform to be made a cattle-ground of. I saw you fellows feeding that bull. Why do you encourage him here?"

"Sir," replied Rungachari humbly, "this bull is never fastened; he dawdles at own will. He is representative of our deity in village temple; all Hindoos worship."

"And blow him out, apparently. Well, if you must feed him, why not do so from your back doors opening on to the yard, instead of letting the animal make himself at home on the platform?"

"Excuse, sir; that will offer affront to bull; there is indignity in back door. If we have admitted your honour by that mean outlet, we shall incur your wrath."

"Putting a bull on a level with me, eh? That's good! But hang it all, Rungachari, supposing a train comes while the beast is on the platform?"

"No any inconvenience, sir. He is not afraid for train, and does not poke public with horn."

"Even so, I cannot permit it. Tell the porters to drive him out of this, and never let the animal come mooching round on the platform again."

But the station-master assumed a half-sulky expression, and remained silent. The attendant porters and signalman, divining the purport of the altercation, whispered among themselves, while several idlers from the village, hanging on to the palings, seemed to guess that something was wrong.

"Don't you hear me?" presently shouted Sparkes.

"We hear, your honour, and in ordinary course shall obey order. But in this case we must refuse; we cannot hustle bull."

"What is it?" at this moment asked a villager of the porters.

Sparkes knew scarcely a word of the vernacular, while my command of it was evidently unsuspected, for a man answered loudly and insolently, "He objects to our bull being here; he wants us to drive it away!"

At this, a murmuring arose among the outside onlookers, and though Rungachari rebuked them, it continued, and one or two ran off to the village, obviously to report what was happening at the station. A crowd soon gathered at the palings, and the murmurs grew loud and deep.

We were totally unsupported by police or any other kind of authority, so I whispered warningly, "Look out, Sparkes! better let the bull be, and complain to the District Magistrate. These fellows are ripe for a row!"

"I'm not afraid of them," he retorted contemptuously. "I'll soon show who's master here. Hanged if I don't shift these bull-worshippers and get some Mahomedans in their places!"

"That's as you please; but I'd do no more just now."

"Won't I? My two Christian servants are no respecters of bulls, unless it is for beef-steaks; they'll make this brute move on. Hi, Antony! Peter!" he bawled, whereupon his English-speaking domestics came cantering round from the rear of the waiting-room. "Here, twist that bull's tail, make him get up, and shove him out of the station premises."

Nothing loth, Antony and Peter started to obey orders. The station-master, clasping his hands, turned away as if in horror, while the porters and signalman whimpered like children. Not so the villagers, who owed no allegiance to Sparkes. These, seeing their bull in danger of being polluted by outcaste hands (for so do the Hindoos regard all converts to our faith), broke into angry exclamations; some, seizing the palings, threatened to tear them down, while the bolder spirits rushed to the various entrances and came surging on to the platform.

It was but a few steps to the waiting-room. We went there, got our rifles, and coming out again, faced the mob. The effect was truly magical. In a minute every native had skedaddled. Through all this commotion the bull sat on, complacently chewing the cud!

"Up with that beast!" insisted Sparkes. "Wring his tail and bundle him out!"

This was done, and the bull sauntered off towards the hamlet. Rungachari and his men reappeared one after another, looking mightily offended, but saying nothing; the villagers stood afar off in threatening groups, gesticulating, and, no doubt, slanging us roundly.

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"Now, look here, Rungachari," continued my friend, "I don't want to hurt your religious susceptibilities, but I will not have that bull loafing about the platform. Tell the villagers to keep him away from the station, and say that if I find him trespassing here again I'll complain to the District Magistrate."

"As your honour pleases," answered the station-master, as sulkily as he dared; "you are master here."

"I am, and don't you forget it. You fellows have not heard the last of this business yet."

The incident dropped, the excitement toned down, and we retired to the waiting-room.

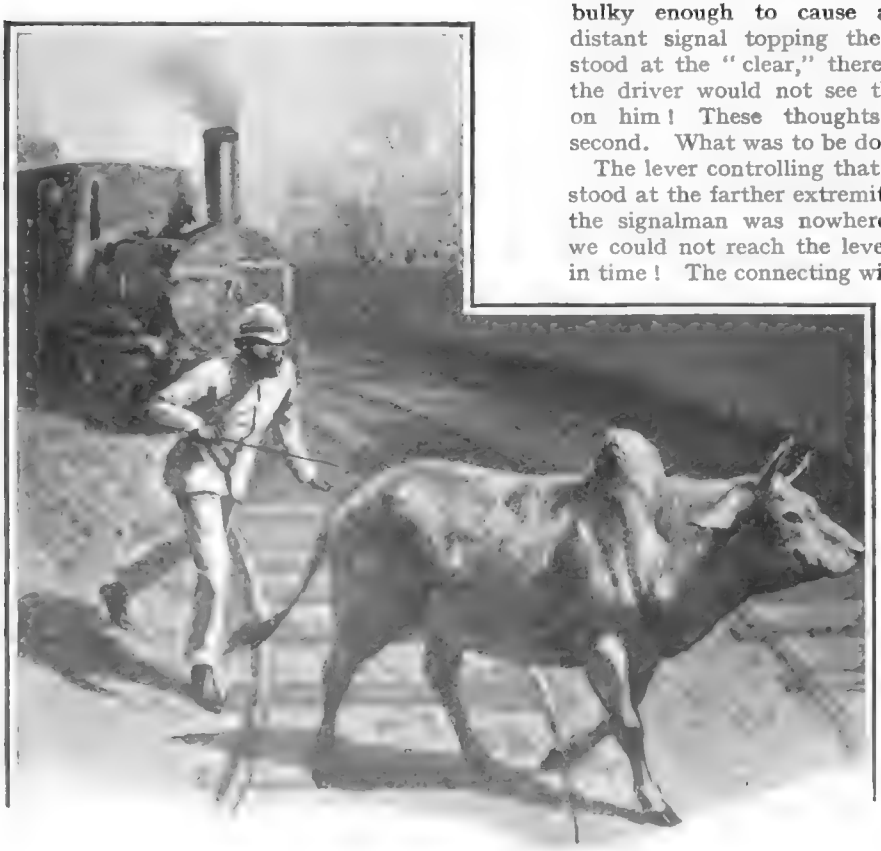
II

Believing that the tiger would not show till night, we whiled away the time chatting about the expected adventure, cleaning our rifles and so forth. The morning mixeds passed up and down; breakfast came, and there were no more trains till the afternoon, when a goods would go through without stopping. We read, talked, and dozed at intervals; we ate our lunch, and had just finished that meal when we heard the faint whistle of the approaching freight train. We skipped out, and on looking down the line what did we see but that pestilent bull, seated between the metals of the single narrow-gauge track, about half-way to the level crossing!

It forcibly struck us that in another minute or two the non-stop goods would run into him! The consequences were terrible to contemplate; that is, if the animal could not be driven off in time, for it was a question whether the phlegmatic creature would move of himself. The locomotives were not fitted with cow-catchers, because the entire line was carefully fenced, the only apertures being at level crossings, which were always provided with gate-keepers. No doubt this gate-keeper was a Hindoo; he reverenced that bull, and had permitted him to stray on to the line. The animal was quite bulky enough to cause a derailment, the distant signal topping the intervening trees stood at the "clear," there was a curve, and the driver would not see the bull till almost on him! These thoughts occupied but a second. What was to be done?

The lever controlling that distant semaphore stood at the farther extremity of the platform; the signalman was nowhere to be seen, and we could not reach the lever to throw it over in time! The connecting wire rope was carried on the usual little wheels affixed low down into the platform wall from end to end, close alongside the inner rail. Sparkes knew this, and calling me to follow, sprang down on to the permanent way.

"Now then," he cried, grabbing the wire rope, "pull for all you're worth, Hervey!"



THE DRIVER PRODDED THE BULL, CAUSING HIM TO SCRAMBLE TO HIS FEET AND LUMBER OFF.

Ere jumping

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down I caught a glimpse of Rungachari and some of his underlings, who, hearing the whistle and our ejaculations, had come out. They must have taken in the situation at a glance, but, like the generality of orientals in a crisis, they lost their heads, and did nothing towards helping to avert the tragedy, threatening both their sacred bull and the goods train. We had therefore no one to rely on but ourselves.

Clutching the rope in the same span we tugged with all our strength, but in jerks, a sustained pull being impossible. We saw the signal arm rising and falling in response, but the plaguy bit of board persisted in returning to the vertical. Our purchase on the rope was insufficient!

"Hold it!" yelled Sparkes; "Now, one—two—three—hold!"

We held like grim death. Hurrah! the arm stood out, the driver set to whistling it down; but as it kept horizontal he gave three short gusts, the hand-brakes screeched, and just as we were on the point of letting go from sheer exhaustion, the locomotive appeared at the curve-head and brought up a few yards only from that bull!

The English driver, seeing what it was, armed himself with a long iron poker, hopped down from his cab, ran forward, and prodded the bull, causing him to scramble to his feet and lumber off. By now, the fencing was lined with villagers. They saw it all, and on realising that their pet had been saved from a cruel death, they set up a hubbub of satisfaction; and then when they heard how the train had been stopped, their ululations of praise and thanksgiving were deafening.

"Come on, Hervey," said Sparkes, wiping his brow after the goods passed. "Come on! let's have a drink. Peter, lime-juice-and-sodas, big ones!"

"Look at my hands!" I laughingly exclaimed, exhibiting my bleeding palms.

"And mine too. Faith! 'twas a long pull and a strong pull, eh?"

"I expect the natives will think nothing good enough for you for saving their bull from being cut to pieces, leave alone a derailment."

"They ought to, but they're ungrateful beggars as a rule."

"Not in this case, I bet you. Listen to that," I added, as a subdued murmur of voices fell on the ear, followed by a knock at the door.

"Who is it?" demanded Sparkes.

"I, sir, station-master."

"Come in, Rungachari. Well, what's all that mumbling about outside?"

"The village people have assembled, your honour, and wish to thank gentleman for avoiding injury to holy bull; also make apology for previous rudeness."

"Ha! So you fellows have climbed down, have you? All right, we'll come in a minute."

Donning our coats, we went out at the back, to find a crowd, every member of which commenced *salaaming* profoundly. Then one of them stepped forward and, imposing silence, addressed us as follows:

"*Mighoom anaygha vundhanum, doringâlay! yengâloodya covil yerrudhu kâpârtinâdhurrkâgâ! Dyaseydu yengâlâku munipoo seyâ vendum; nângul indrukalyil tângâlâku thondhru kudduthâdhurkâgâ!*" ("Very many thanks, gentlemen, for saving our temple bull! You must please forgive us for having given you trouble this morning!")

"That's enough!" here interrupted Sparkes, raising his hand. "Don't bother to translate, Rungachari; I daresay it's all sugar and spice—rather a change from their Billingsgate of the morning. But what gibberish it all sounds! Thank them, and tell them to tie up their confounded bull, at least for to-night, or he may get shot in mistake for the tiger!"

"We will no disgrace sacred ox by imposing bonds, your honour," replied Rungachari. "We know you have come here to murder tiger, because it has been seen in vicinity, and may present fiend appearance again this evening. We shall take care of own bodies; but as for bull, he will be under protection of idol; we are confident that divinity will shield him from bloodthirsty grasp."

"Just as you please; but as you say the people have secured their cattle, the tiger in his prowl may come across the bull and take a fancy to him. What then?"

Rungachari translated the above, to which the people answered that Brahma would look after the bull; tie or fasten or imprison him, they would not.

No more was said; the assemblage melted away, and we made preparations for our expected visitor. From what I overheard the natives saying, they were in great terror, and evidently highly excited at the idea of a tiger-hunt at their very doors, and it was certain that the entire population would be on tenter-hooks till the trick was done.

III

Stripes had not gone far into the village the night before. Presumably, he issued from the nearest point in the jungle, and had sneaked up to the comparatively isolated station,

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attracted thereto by Rungachari's cows, stabled in a strong little shed at the back. This evening it was quite probable that he would take the same line, the more especially as all the village cattle would be safe indoors; while as for the brahminy bull, he would be in his usual stall within the temple enclosure and, according to his worshippers, under the protection of the idol.

After an early dinner, therefore, we loaded our rifles, and taking post at the waiting-room rear windows, kept our eyes ranging over the jungle fringe, some two hundred yards behind the station and about the same distance from the nearest hut of the hamlet. There would be no train till 11 P.M., the same by which we had arrived the night previous, and we hoped to settle the tiger's hash by that time. The station staff had barricaded themselves in the booking-office, the villagers had disappeared, and all was silent.

We watched. Seven, eight, and nine o'clock passed without a sign of the enemy: the moonlight was so vivid that a rabbit could not have traversed the open space 'twixt us and the thicket without our spotting it. The strange hush which reigned had a soporific effect on me; the excitement, the exertions of the day made me feel drowsy, and I think that we should have shortly let the tiger slide and tumbled into bed, for Sparkes was in the same boat, and nodded at his post. However, while thus struggling to hold on, we heard the thud-thud of naked feet and saw a native tearing towards us from the direction of the village. He came straight to our window, and we immediately recognised the porter, Bapoo. He was breathless, and could not speak, but kept beckoning frantically to us.

"Tell the idiot to drop that fooling and use his confounded tongue, Hervey!" cried Sparkes, now thoroughly awake.

I did so in the vernacular.

"The tiger, sirs!" panted Bapoo, in a loud voice. "It has taken another way; it is prowling along behind the houses—on the jungle side; it is trying to find some unguarded cattle! Hasten, sirs; otherwise it may get to the temple!"

"What's the odds if he does?" snapped my friend, on hearing me translate the last sentence.

"The bull is there, sirs!" gasped the porter; "the wall is low, and the tiger may jump over it!"

"Whew!" whistled Sparkes, clapping on his cap. "That is something to go upon. The bull as a bait, and not under divine protection after all! Come on, Hervey!" and we forthwith scuttled out by the back way.

There was a flip-flop of down-at-heel native shoes, and the station-master catching us up said, "I overheard blood-curdled bulletin of Bapoo, your honour; therefore I am presuming to follow. Our bull is in fix of life! I pray Brahma to infuse courage to your hearts and accurate aim to eye, so that you shall rescue beauty from beast."

"All right, but hold your row," replied Sparkes. "If the tiger hears you he may cut and run."

With Bapoo in advance, we two following, and Rungachari a good fourth, we stealthily yet rapidly threaded the silent, moonlit street. We met not a soul till Bapoo diverged into a narrow side lane, when the door of a corner house gingerly opened, and we were joined by a man who proved to be the head *poojari* or priest of the temple.

Seeing us armed he broke into joyous exclamations, and ranging up, said in Tamil, "Just now, sirs, when I went to the end of the lane, I saw the tiger in the moonlight. I raised no outcry for fear of creating a panic, but as I turned to fly, I asked Brahma to send the brave English gentlemen to——"

"*Choomma iroo!* (shut up!)" hissed Sparkes fiercely, using about the only Tamil he knew, whereupon the *poojari* dropped behind.

Having traversed the lane, we looked cautiously for Stripes; he was not to be seen, and Bapoo vehemently reiterated his opinion that the animal would visit the temple. The *gopura* was in sight; so bidding Bapoo fall back, we two, with loaded rifles at full cock, took the lead, the three natives at our heels. Carefully reconnoitring the ground ahead, we slowly made our way through a succession of hedged gardens and small paddocks, till at last we were within a stone's throw of the temple enclosure. The deathly silence continued. We kept on, we reached the *gopura* wall, and were about skirting it, to gain the entrance gate, when suddenly we heard a stamping and routing.

Rushing to the four-foot wall we looked over, to see the brahminy bull in a state of wild terror, while pinning him into an interior angle of the enclosure was an enormous tiger, bunched up and straining for the spring. In another few moments, ere either of us could act, the lithe yellow shape had shot into the air and landed between the bovine's shoulders. That jump was the tiger's last, for he had scarcely fastened on his victim before Sparkes' rifle cracked. A feline roar mingled with the

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agonised routing of the poor bull, and as the smoke lifted we beheld the tiger on the ground, kicking in his last throes, while the brahminy, with blood streaming from where the marauder's claws had pierced his hide, stood bewildered.

With one shout and with one cry the entire village started into life, and people came racing from all quarters, soon to realise what had taken place. Rungachari, forgetful of his stock of English, joined the *poojari* and others in Tamil pæans.

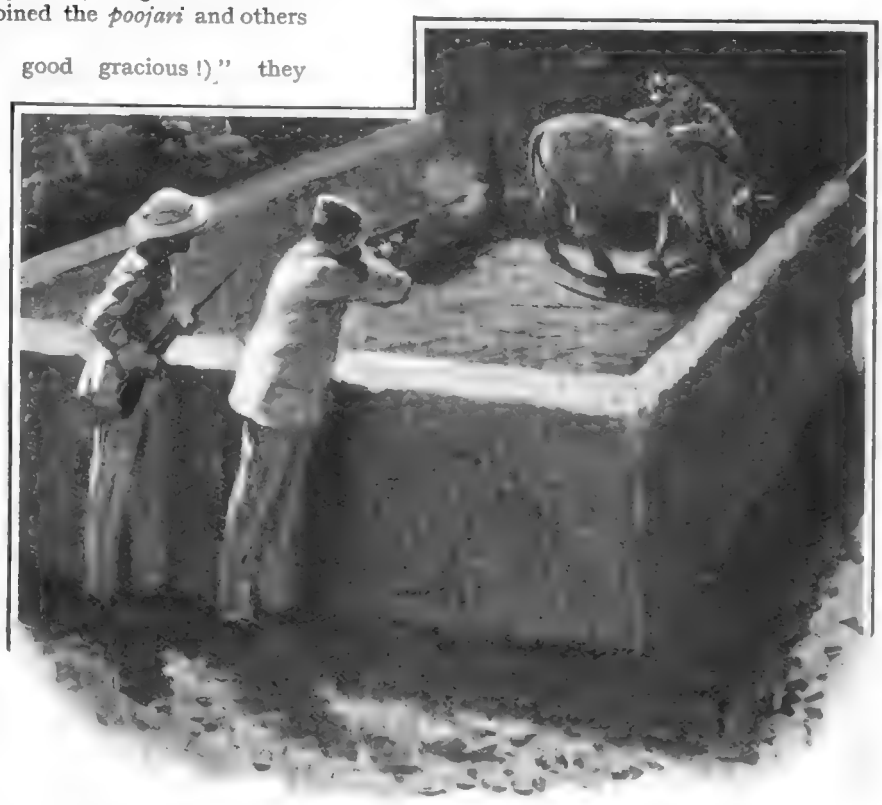
"*I-yo-yo!* (Oh, good gracious!)" they hysterically shrieked, bowing to the earth and dancing around us. "*Narayen! Naraen! Dhyrium Doringalay! yengâloodya covil yerrudhu tiroombavoom kâpârthinârul! Neengul yengâloodya swami!* (Praise God! Praise God! Brave gentleman! you have again saved our bull! *You* are our god!)"

"Oh, go to Jericho," laughed my chum good-naturedly, guessing what was being said, as we pushed our way through the exulting throng. We left them to dispose of the carcass and doctor their precious bull, while, highly satisfied with our night's work, we returned to the station and went to bed.

Next morning, between train time, there was a grand to-do. The whole village population, in gala attire, headed by a band of discordant native music, filed into the station yard. The chief *poojari*, our companion of the previous night, and other headmen carried garlands of yellow flowers and brass dishes piled with sweetmeats. Rungachari formed them up in a dense mass and then approached us, standing in the doorway.

"Well, station-master," queried my friend, "what's all this?"

"Sir," replied the official, with the air of an ambassador, "I have few words to address you on behalf of us poor fellows. We thank you from heart for risking life in fisticuff with perilous tiger, for salvation of our temple bull. Not only you have saved precious ox, but you have ridded wretched funks of fearsome intruder in person of fierce denizen. In consideration of this and yesterday's performance we have decided to include your honour's name in daily oft-repeated prayer recital at footstool of Brahma."



HE HAD SCARCELY FASTENED ON HIS VICTIM BEFORE SPARKES' RIFLE CRACKED.

"What! Make a saint of me?" gasped Sparkes, as Rungachari paused to take breath.

"Yes, sir. Some of us have read in your Bible that when Paul Apostle has mended lame beggar, the people wished to make sacrifice and worship saint. Your honour has emulated Paul Apostle, and we, grateful servants, wish to confer similar distinction. We ask your permission and approval."

"And I tell you, station-master, what Paul said on that occasion, though perhaps not in his own words. Why do you want to convert

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yourselves into asses? I'm not a whit better than any of you fellows in the eyes of the Universal God. He caused me to stop the goods train, and by His aid I shot the tiger. It was His work, not mine."

Rungachari appeared abashed, and when he translated the above there was an embarrassed silence.

"Anyhow," presently continued my chum, noticing their crestfallen looks, and being desirous of soothing their feelings, "I am flattered by the honour you intended doing me; but that's all bunkum, and I object to being bracketed with saints or angels figuring in the Hindoo Pantheon. If, however, you want to garland me, and wish me to accept all that grub, I'm quite game; but none of your *poojah* (worship)."

At this we went among them, whereupon the headmen speedily smothered Sparkes in garlands, every one presenting a lime, till his hands and mine could hold no more. Then the sweets were taken and placed on the waiting-room table, and finally, after the interchange of many expressions of mutual goodwill, the assemblage dispersed.

"I say," grinned Sparkes, when we were at last alone, "fancy a chap of my calibre nearly being canonised into a Hindoo saint, eh? How Maggs and the others will split their sides when they hear about it!"

That bull never again trespassed on the line or station premises.

THE WHITE CITY

All about the New Imperial International Exhibition at Shepherd's Bush

By a "Captain" Representative

TO follow up a big success which depends on the patronage of the public is not always an easy matter. There is a danger of the second venture falling flat and failing to maintain a grip on public interest. But there is no fear that this will be the fate of the second great exhibition which will be opened on May 12, on the site of the "Great White City." Mr. Kiralfy has hit upon the happy idea of combining a display of the resources of the world with a demonstration of the results and benefits of national expansion, and it is safe to predict that the Imperial International Exhibition of 1909 will in no sense fall short of the Franco-British Exhibition of 1908. It is only necessary to state that already the United Kingdom, France, Germany, Italy, Russia, Australia, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Holland and Belgium have shown their desire to co-operate, in order to indicate the widespread interest it has already aroused.

In general appearance the Exhibition will remain much the same as last year, and visitors will be able to revive memories of the brilliant spectacle presented by the Great White City under the blaze of a summer sun, or wrapped in the softer glow of its thousands of twinkling lights. A line of tramways will be laid down on which trams worked by motor power will convey visitors all over the Exhibition. These cars, each capable of holding thirty people, will take two different routes, one line completing an outer, and the other an inner, circle of the grounds. At the south end of the Elite Gardens two new terraces and a magnificent pavilion will be added, the latter containing a large statue of the King.

The Side-shows

will certainly surpass those of last year, not only in quantity but also in variety and ingenuity of mechanism. All the most popular ones of last year will again be found, among which the Flip-Flap, the Scenic Railway, the Spiral Railway, and the Canadian Toboggan will doubtless have lost none of their attraction. Of the new features the Electric Mountain Alpine Railway is likely to prove a dangerous rival to the Scenic Railway. The cars, which will be run by electricity on the third rail system—each car having its own motor—will take their occupants up and down terrific slopes, through wonderfully realistic scenery, and in the course of their journey will cross a steel bridge with an eighty foot span, and travel along the shores of two miniature lakes. The highest point of this mountain range will be about ninety feet. Then there will be the Scenic Aeroplane, which will provide all the sensations of a dash through the air on an aeroplane without the accompanying risk, for the cars will hang from steel rods so cunningly concealed that the impression will be given to onlookers that they

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are actually flying. Another source of delight to the younger generation will be

THE "WIGGLE-WOGGLE."

In order to be wiggle-woggled you must seat yourself in a round, tub-shaped conveyance on wheels, which runs down a slope intersected by an arrangement of almost semicircular parapets. The effect of the car striking the inner edge of the first parapet is to bump it on to the next, and so on, until the bottom of the slope is reached after a somewhat spasmodic journey. The "Witching Waves" can only be recommended to good sailors, for the machinery of this ingenious contrivance is so constructed as to produce the effect of a sea-voyage in a boat, but probably not long enough to cause any disastrous results.

The Irish village will again occupy the same site, and there will also be a Scotch village, a Dahomey village and a North Pole village. In the latter, real Esquimaux will live in huts of imitation snow, and Polar bears will roam about, presumably safely railed off from the public. An Electric village will demonstrate every possible application of electricity to modern requirements, while a vivid representation of the

MESSINA EARTHQUAKE

will take the place of the Great Johnston Flood, which last year was one of the cleverest spectacles shown. In addition to these various forms of entertainment there may be a motor racing track, on which you can drive your own car at a rate of something near forty miles an hour, without any previous knowledge of motoring, and possibly some submarine boats which will actually travel under the water, their occupants being afforded a view of their aqueous surroundings through glass sides. Thus it is evident there will be no lack of amusement for those who look to the lighter side of exhibitions for their money's worth.

Of the various athletic meetings to be held in the Stadium, special mention should be made of that to be held by the Territorial Army, June 26. There will also be displays of aviation, which should prove a great attraction.

As to the Exhibition itself, there will, of course, be exhibits representative of the trades and industries of the world. A feature of special interest will be the

HEALTH AND PLEASURE RESORTS

section. Here, by means of artistically designed dioramic and panoramic scenes, views of all the important watering-places of Europe and the Colonies will be displayed in a manner which will at once convey to the eye an impression of the general appearance of each place, and will thus provide opportunities for comparing their respective beauties and attractions. It is hoped that by this scheme much will be effected towards awakening the interest of foreigners in our principal health resorts.

In the Agricultural and Horticultural section it is proposed to hold flower shows of an international character, and there will be plenty of interest to the expert in the way of specimens of forestry, bedding, &c.

Already the administrative offices are humming with the work of organisation, and it is clear that no time is being lost in gathering together what is likely to prove one of the finest collection of exhibits ever seen in London.

Members of local CAPTAIN clubs might do worse than make up parties to visit the "Imperial International" in the summer, and it is hardly necessary to say that the newly appointed Club Captain will be glad to do all in his power to facilitate the organising of such excursions.

CONCERT ARENA IN ELITE GARDENS, SHOWING FLIP-FLAP.
Photo. Valentine and Sons.

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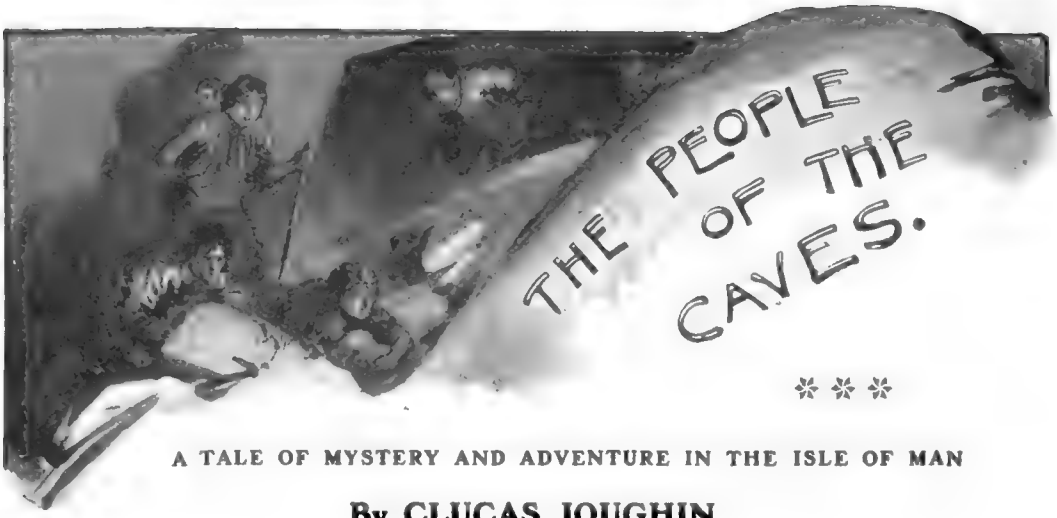

A TALE OF MYSTERY AND ADVENTURE IN THE ISLE OF MAN

By CLUCAS JOUGHIN

PETER CHRISTIAN tells this tale of how he, with two other sturdy Manx boys called Ned Corjeag ("the skipper") and Faraday Faraker ("Friday"), and an English "new chum," Johnnie Wesley, set out for a holiday cruise round the coast of the Isle of Man in the *Trap*, a fishing boat. They fall in with some old fishermen, called Coutha, who tell them tales about the "Little People," or pigmies, supposed to be still existent in certain caves of the island. The *Trap's* crew determine to explore one of these caves, and on entering it find signs of human occupation, and are startled by a shrill whistling proceeding from a spot above their heads.

CHAPTER V.

THE WHISTLERS.

THIS story of Peter Christian's is no fairy story of the books, but one experience out of a hundred, save that it is one of the few whereof I have any knowledge of the hiding-place of a remnant of the neolithic people being discovered in this island, where the indubitable evidence of excellent men and women leave no room for any but the severest sceptic to doubt the fact that the island contained, and may still contain, survivors of the smallest, the most cunning, and the most mysterious people that, so far as we know, ever had an existence on our planet.

Johnnie Wesley shook with mortal fear. The fishing-basket containing the half of a ham and loaf of bread seemed too heavy for his quivering knees to support.

Our sudden silence seemed but to encourage the whistlers, for they began to add the noise of barking dogs to their shrill and weird little calls.

There were two brave hearts among the crew of the *Trap*, as the subsequent careers of the skipper and Friday testify; the former living to distinguish himself in the war due to the great Sioux rebellion, opposed by the famous General Custer; to win the admiration of the rough miners who founded Deadwood City; and, afterwards, to earn the rewards of skill, originality, and courage, as one of the eight hundred men who went with the leaders of the expedition that gave us possession of Mashonaland. The ways of life and destiny led Friday into a different kind of warfare: one wherein manliness, and the elevating principles of the Christian life, made him the hero of a hundred moral conquests. But, for the time being, we all stood spell-bound under the influence of the actual presence of those peculiar whistlings so many times described to us by our old men. Nor had we the advantage of being above ground in the liberty and security of a mountain glen, but were in the very abode sacred to a family, or perhaps a whole tribe, of these Little People.

Our nerves vibrated as much as the shaking basket on Johnnie's back.

Unto this day, I have never had the shadow of a doubt that the purpose of the little people—who, for all we know to the contrary, may have added the wisdom of great age to their natural sagacity—was to act up to their knowledge of our superstitious dread of them, and scare us away. Though we could not see *them*, it is not unlikely that they were watching *us*, and that from some height in the inner part of the cavern.

The skipper and Friday had the crowbars tied to their belts, and I had the sledge hammer, so we may have looked too formidable for any other method of resistance. Indeed, no story

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of actual conflict with a so-called fairy has come down to us, as the Celtic people, from the tradition of remote ages, held the not unreasonable belief that to molest one was to bring upon the offender the unavoidable, and unpunishable, retaliation of a whole tribe. His cattle would mysteriously die, his children sicken with unaccountable fevers, or a murrain would attack his sheep on the mountains, or perhaps they would be driven by dozens over the cliffs on some wild night.

On this occasion, however, we did actually have the nearest thing to a hand-to-hand encounter with these pigmies that ever I heard of from any persons who lived in the locality of their midnight excursions.

The chorus of whistling and barking suddenly ceased, and the silence which followed caused that tension of mind which always follows the effect of mysterious sounds. As a contribution to our belief in the nerve-sustaining properties of the iron water of our native town, rather than to any opinion of our special courage, it is fair to say that not one of us sounded a note of retreat. We stood resolutely, though silently, on the spot, a dozen paces from the tunnel, where we saw the heap of shells: our torches burning away in flame and smoke, and the smell of the burning tar perfuming the cave.

The skipper, more adventurous, and more impatient of inaction, than any of us, now took a turn round the open part of the cave, and as a matter of ordinary course we followed.

Every few paces brought us to fresh wonders. Johnnie picked up a dagger-shaped knife made of stone. Friday came upon some branches of trammon (elder) tree. Some one else found a very small arrow, the head of which was of flint ground as sharp as a knife. The manner in which the arrowhead was fastened to the wood was curious: the flint being let into a slot in the timber and held fast by a warping of sinew, over which was smeared some grease. There were several stone axe-heads; and the unmistakable marks on a smooth surface of rock showed where these had been sharpened. Small blocks of granite, neatly hollowed in the centre, with corresponding stones to fit them, formed grinding mills (querns), and in these we discovered some husks of wheat. In one, however, we found a liquid which, on examination, appeared to be a red dye, as some of it which Friday applied to the wristband of his shirt-sleeve turned it red, giving it the appearance of linen stained by bramble and elderberry juice mixed. This somewhat puzzled us, as the season for berries had not arrived.

At this time we were more ignorant of what is now known as the Stone Age, than the survivors of that Age were of the new races of mankind that gradually invaded their solitudes. Eolithic, Paleolithic, and Neolithic Man, pigmies from the days of the first creation—as the elevation of their excavated dwellings prove—would further decrease in stature during the centuries of their confinement in subterranean dwellings by day, being thus for ever lost to the beneficial rays of the sun.

The stories of our forbears always represent the Little People as supernatural beings of about three feet high, proportionately formed, and exceedingly agile in all their movements. The stone weapons we found in the cave were such as could be used dexterously by people answering to that description—leaving the supernatural out of all reckoning.

As we moved about, here and there, we made other curious discoveries. By the side of two fresh-looking rabbit-skins, the skipper found a flint needle: short, but very sharp, and fitted with a groove, to which was fastened what appeared to be a sinew from the leg of a bird. Then we all came upon the skin of a lamb that had been but recently taken from the carcase; and not far away from it a refuse heap of bones that we recognised as those of sheep, especially as skulls of sheep were among them.

One thing which we found deserves special mention. It was a ram's horn with the narrow end carved into a very small lip-piece. We all had a try to blow it, but could not get a sound out of it. Our mouths were far too big.

It must not be forgotten by the reader that we were only a crew of ignorant boys, though we did not know it ourselves, and would have given a warm time to any number of people who would have dared to suggest as much. But we had common sense enough to associate the huge heap of sheep's bones with the well-known regular disappearance of sheep and lambs from the mountains; and it now appeared to us that we had discovered a clue to some, at least, of these mysterious losses.

Still supposing fairies to be "beings from another world," we did not think of them as living creatures in need of food: that was about the last thing we would have dreamt of. We were, therefore, much perplexed by the appearances of feasting on shell-fish, sheep, rabbits, corn, and even elderberry wine.

But the hunting horn made from the ram's horn was quite another thing, for we were all

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familiar with men who swore—that is to say, made the most solemn declarations—that they had both seen and heard the Little People hunting on the mountains, and blowing blasts on horns o' nights.

From this to the lamb's skin, rabbit-skins, and bones, was but a short step compared with the fifth problem of the first book of Euclid. What more likely than that the little imps were marauders who hunted the sheep down into the cave through the hole in the hill-side by which the shepherd's dog disappeared?

While we were discussing this problem, in no small state of excitement, there fell upon our ears the sound of the most piteous dirge that ever I have heard before or since. It seemed to come from right above our heads, and resembled nothing else so much as one of those psalming processions of little children in the streets of our towns, which the Celts always hear with a shudder, as they say it is a sure "sign" of a funeral in the neighbourhood.

What the whistling and barking failed to accomplish, this new scare succeeded in doing in less time than I take to write the fact; for we scudded to the tunnel as quickly as our scattered wits permitted us to find it, after our recent movements round the cavern. But when we reached the hole we had entered by, and had dropped on all fours to creep through, every one so howled not to be the last man, for fear of his being taken most inconveniently in the rear, without the smallest chance of self-defence, that we sprang to our feet again and stood at bay like driven stags; our crowbars and sledge hammer bristling like antlers.

I distinctly saw a little woman, with a tiny infant clinging to her back.

I had often heard that the Little People could "throw their voice," or in other words, that they were ventriloquists. It now occurred to me that this might be some similar trick, for no creature, I thought, other than monkeys, could have climbed to the dome above our heads. Yet the weird dirge was being sung up there, apparently, and it rose and fell in the most mournful cadences: now swelling into the piteous lamentations of an Irish funeral, and anon, sinking into the dreary moanings of the soughing of a storm through a mountain cottage chimney.

How long we stood under the spell of these pitiful sounds I cannot say. Giving a defiant shout to whomsoever, or whatever, made the wailing notes, the skipper called on us to follow him to the far end of the cave, and force a passage to the open air on the hill above.

We had scarcely started before the dirge ceased; but when we arrived at the far end of the cave we were startled by something falling within a foot or two of us, as if a stone had been hurled from some place over our heads. This was followed by others in quick succession—pieces of rock, we observed—but whoever dropped them had evidently no absolute intention of hitting us, for none fell nearer than a few feet from that member of our party standing nearest to it.

In our rush for the far end of the cave we had come up a steep incline, and the narrow gorge in which we now found ourselves, resembling in appearance a subterranean canyon, was brilliantly lighted by our torches. The torches had been repeatedly fagged, and were now so short that we lighted fresh ones.

While holding up my new torch, I distinctly saw, on a ledge of rock above me, a little woman in a red cloak, with a tiny infant clinging to her back. The face of the child, which was no bigger than a doll's, peeped over the mother's shoulder, and its little eyes stared at us in a gaze of terror.

Before my amazement admitted of an exclamation, the skipper cried out, "Look at them, look at them!" and we then saw, on a higher ledge of rock, quite a dozen more of the

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Little People, all dressed in brown coats that came down to their shins. The way up to them appeared to us to be impossible of either ascent or descent, though we could see that a sloping crevice ran from their elevated retreat to a still greater height.

What the object of the pigmies was in their next move we did not know at the time, but they completely disappeared; and it looked as if they had, at last, left us to our own devices.

Our subsequent experience proved us mistaken in this idea, and demonstrates the resources of their knowledge, which, studied quite apart from their almost superhuman craftiness, may well have caused the remote ancestors of our present age to attribute to these people an unearthly origin.

Finding that we could not climb to the platform of rock from which they looked down upon us, and from which we may have been able to gain access to the surface of the rising land, we descended the canyon to the more open part of the cave. Here, to our further astonishment, we were met by a new cause of alarm, for we saw quite fifty pigmies. Their feet and shins were bare, and their heads had short, bushy, red hair. Their clothes appeared to be made from the skins of hares and rabbits, dyed red and brown. After gazing at us for a few seconds, they all retreated from the level ground to the rocks above, going up with all the agility of monkeys.

On reaching a ledge of rock which extended along the elevation of the canyon, the little fellows, and fellowine, ran into the inner darkness with all the activity of their nervous and wiry little limbs. Nor did they go quietly, but chattered to each other in a gibberish of their own which greatly added to the confusion of our senses.

When we now searched for the tunnel to make our exit we could not find it! This made our confusion still more confounding.

While wandering about the circumference of the cave looking for our way of escape, we all began to suffer from a drunken stupor. A strange odour, resembling the musty smell of damp and smoking hides and burning herbs, mingled with the smell from our burning torches; and being unable to keep on my feet any longer, I dropped in a heap on the ground: the others following in quick succession.

A few moments afterwards we must all have become unconscious, for we knew nothing more until we awoke on the shingle in the outer cave, a few yards from the incoming tide.

As I had been the first to be overcome by the noxious fumes which had overpowered us, so was I the first to recover. On looking around me, in a hazy and dazed way, I found the skipper and Johnnie lying on either side of me, and Friday asleep with his head on Johnnie's shoulder.

The crowbars and sledge hammer, as well as the climbing rope we had left outside the tunnel before going through to the inner cave, lay by us, as if deposited there by whoever conveyed our unconscious bodies to the outside shingle.

How we came to be in this position, or how long we had been here, was quite beyond my comprehension; but that it was now night I soon realised. The light which rested above the western horizon visible through the cave, was the after-glow of the sunset. It may have been midnight, for the tide, I noticed, was low, but coming in.

The sea was still dead calm, and the slow and gentle motion of the wavelets made a soothing appeal to my senses. No sound other than that from the softly falling water disturbed the quiet of the summer night.

We had entered the cave at eight o'clock in the morning, when the tide was half-ebb. The two Couthas were to have come for us at half-flood, which would be about two o'clock in the afternoon. At five o'clock, therefore, it would be high-water, and at eleven low-water.

I reckoned this out slowly, with a brain addled as if by too much sleep. Sensations of pain, resembling the pricks from a thousand needles, hopped along my spine to the base of my skull, and I felt a strange numbness all over my body.

It looked as if we had all fallen asleep there and that I was now awakened from a nightmare. On my first awakening, this idea had indeed taken possession of my reasoning faculties in a dull, stupid kind of consciousness.

Seizing the skipper by the shoulder, I shook him violently. He sat up and muttered something about water, so I dragged him down to the water's edge, not quite knowing what else to do, and dipped his head in the sea. He then sat upright on the shingle and stared about him, putting his hand to the back of his head.

"Where am I?" he asked.

"At the mouth of the cave."

"How did I get here?"

"That's what I want to know myself," I answered.

"Where's Friday and Johnnie?"

"Inside, fast asleep."

"Who put us here?"

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"Why," said I, as I bathed my head with water to bring it more into the power of reasoning things out, "who else but the fairies? This comes of not taking the advice of the Couthas when they told us to have no meddling with such crathurs."

Finding the water so refreshing to our addled brains, we shook up Friday and Johnnie, and pulling them down the cave, dashed some on their heads and faces.

In a short time we were all as wide awake as ever we were, though our heads ached, and we all had pain as of nettle stings smarting our spines.

"Suppose," said the skipper, "we had all slept there until high-water?"

"We may have slept our last sleep," I answered, "for the flood tide would have drowned us long before high-water."

"Our bodies would have been found," said Johnnie, "and none but the Couthas could have offered any explanation."

We looked at each other queerly. The Little People, evidently, were not to be trifled with!

CHAPTER VI.

WE TELL OUR TALE.

IT may reasonably be presumed that it was the intention of the Little People, when they overpowered us by noxious vapours, to get us out of the cave by stratagem, rather than to destroy us and thus cause a search which would probably extend to their subterranean abode. Such a search, however, may not have led to the discovery of their presence, or even any trace of them, for after the manner of wild animals, they had two outlets from their hiding-place: a fact which the reader will learn more about later on.

I am personally, though most reluctantly, compelled to believe that it was their intention to cause us to be *found drowned* on the shingle, or on some spot along the wave-washed rocks. I hope I am wrong in my suspicion; the reader, at any rate, will form his own opinion, after making further acquaintance with these strange cave-dwellers. How the fumes were produced which deprived us of our senses, we never could learn. It for ever afterwards remained to us a matter of conjecture. The smell of burning hide suggested the idea of some narcotic herbs burned in packets of rabbit-skin. We knew that a pinch of cayenne pepper, wrapped in cotton wool, would, when ignited, produce dreadful fits of coughing and send everybody in a state of alarm from the room where it was placed. But the insidious fumes which so quickly overpowered our senses were more deadly than any burning pepper, or henbane, or foxglove. It may have been that most virulent of all vegetable poisons called by us monkshood, whose origin the ancients attributed to Hecate, who, they said, caused it to spring from the foam of the many-headed dog Cerberus? But how very modern "the ancients" appear to our view when we are contemplating the cunning, and the probable knowledge, handed down by a race so long forgotten that the ancients themselves invested them with all the obscurity and mystery of a supernatural order.

Friday proposed that we should take advantage of the low water to ascend the outer rocks and await the dawn of day, which would begin soon after two o'clock. We climbed up to a safe rock where there were tufts of grass and sea-campion, and threw ourselves down to watch and wait, to discuss the peril we had survived, and compare our experience of fairy enchantments with the stories of other adventurers. These meditations and confabulations occupied us until the seagulls, the earliest of all birds to take wing in the morning, rose in the air when they came along the coast and swept unexpectedly across our reclining bodies. The sun was rising out of the sea on the other side of the island, shoals of cormorants came swimming along the calm water, and sheep began to bleat on the hills above us.

To say that we were now very hungry would give but a faint idea of the gnawings of our digestive organs. There are so many ways in which hunger affects people. Fat preachers who are given to the practice of abusing poor Esau for selling his birthright to his scheming brother for a mess of lentils ought to go for a twenty-four hours' hunt on a mountain after wild goats, many miles from home, and with nothing to bring them there but their own legs. Sometimes we think it would be a good thing for one of these preachers to get lost in a fog on the mountains, and there to wander many days, until the pains and pangs of his consuming entrails would make him cry out "My living for a bowl of soup!" Would he not so describe his spasms and groanings at the very next convocation of clergy that every one of them would hurry home and put sundry strokes of the pen through their stock sermons on Jacob and Esau?

We had breakfasted at six o'clock, and it was now the early morning of the following day; and the strain on our nerves while in the

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cave had exhausted us terribly. But such was the force of our habits that we never gave a thought to John Wesley's half of a ham and loaf of bread until we espied Johnnie, in a corner by himself, digging into one after the other with his pocket-knife.

"Of course you fellows never have tucker until you get home," said Johnnie, dryly. "I am very glad you don't, for I am sure I can eat all this for my breakfast—*my* breakfast! You understand me, I hope?"

It was Johnnie's turn to laugh at us now; and as he had crept up to a secure position he made us eat humble pie until he was satisfied that our mouths would not put up with much more of it. Then he threw us the ham-bone and three-fourths of the loaf.

When the risen sun had warmed our chilled bodies and soothed our aching backs, we re-entered the outer cave to get our crowbars and sledge-hammer from the cleft of rock where we had put them to secure them from the flowing tide. The skipper went back into the dim recess to have another peep at the little tunnel. Presently he comes back looking very surprised, and declaring that he could not find it!

"Not very likely," said Friday, "when your eyes are not made for seeing in the dark. Take a torch and look again."

The skipper shook his head dubiously. "Torch or no torch," he said, "I am sure it's not to be seen."

Nothing doubting, however, we all made haste to light the torch, and paced in to the exact spot where we knew the tunnel existed, but, much to our perplexity, there was not a trace of it to be seen!

Here was another dumfounding mystery!

How many boys (and girls also) have had their heads knocked stupid by semi-savage schoolmasters for not being able to comprehend their confused and mysterious jargon. When will our schoolmasters decide to take lessons from Mother Nature, who puts out her hand gently, scratching the head of her son with the tips of her fingers, moving them sideways along the hollow place above the top of the ear, smiling at his fixed stare into the blank space from which he is prayerfully expecting a star to arise and guide him, like a wandering shepherd, to "peace and goodwill," and the way to true knowledge?

There was not a boy of us in that cave who did not unconsciously scratch his head in utter bewilderment. This gentle irritation acted on Johnnie Wesley's naturally quick and prehensile brain much better than if the skipper had struck him on the head with his fist. "I think," said Johnnie, "that the passage through to the other cave must have been covered up with gravel while we lay asleep. The Little People have carefully concealed it from this side, busily shuffling and smoothing the gravel, and frisking about within a few yards of our prostrate bodies."

"Ha!" said Friday, "and then they perhaps ran down over our very faces, skipped up the hillside, and descended into the cave by their other door."

"Well, the tide will soon be in here," said the skipper, "so I think we had better get up the hill also, and go and tell our tale to the two Couthas.

We found the Couthas seated by a three-legged table, smoking cutty pipes over the remains of their breakfast.

"Bless me!" cried out Tom, the elder, "whatever became o' ye at all, at all; we thought ye were tuk at the fairies!"

"Ay did we," said John; "we thought ye wor tuk at them, right enough! We stopped at the mouth o' the cave till it was high wahther, and then tuk our wayss home to see if ye would come back from somewhere on the mountain!"

"We'll tell you all about it after we have had breakfast," said the skipper. "I suppose we can use your fire to boil our kettle, Mrs. Coutha?"

"You are welcome enough to some breakfis, as well," said the old woman; "there's plenty o' herrin', and barley cakes; an' I can soon make ye some tay."

"The herrin' are comin' on well," said John, "they are not bad herrin' for the time o' the year: a couple o' warps o' them did my breakfis."

"A couple o' warps!" repeated Johnnie Wesley, smiling. "Twice three make six."

"Ay, only six; but they are right good herrin'."

"I think you can put the usual allowance for the men on the luggers on for us, Mrs. Coutha," said Friday.

"Aw, ye are welcome enough to as many as ye can ate, an more if ye could ate them."

"Lash the ushal 'lowance for a boat breakfis in the pot, misthress: three warps for every man and a warp for the pot: the bouys'll be mortal hungry, I'm afeerd."

"Ay, ay," said the skipper, "we'll manage three warps apiece all right, if they are fresh."

"Well, they are not too fresh for boilin', at all, for they are yestherday's fish; but if

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the misthress will put some chives with them, an' a good shake o' pepper, an' not too much wahther, they'll go down foin. Run out to the garden an' pull some chives, John!"

So John lumbered out to get the chives (Welsh onions), the mistress washed the thirty-nine herrings and put them in the three-legged pot suspended over the turf fire, and Tom cleared the decks and put on a tablecloth produced by "the misthress" for the occasion.

Whatever the breakfast may have lacked in variety was made up in quality. The barley cakes and new grass butter were fresh and nutty; and where is the cold ham that can compare with herrings but a few hours old, and uninjured by handling?

"Now for our story," said the skipper, as he emptied his bowl of tea for the third time. "You tell it, Friday; your brother is a parzon, and you are goin' to be a missionary, so get in the armchair and think yourself in a pulpit, and us a congregation."

So Friday told the story of our adventures in the cave; missing nothing of what the reader knows.

"I was tellin' ye," said old Tom, when it was ended, "I was tellin' ye that navver no good comes o' meddlin' with the lil fallers! Batter lave them alone! That's what my father said before me, and his father afore him, an' very likely his father afore that again."

"But that is just what we are not going to do!" said the skipper; "we mean to get in wi' them, and become as well acquainted as Phillie-the-Desert is with them over his side o' the island."

"I know Phillie well," said the mistress; "he spends nights on the mountains with the lil fallers: talkin' to them in Manx, and watchin' them at their games. I came from Phillie's side o' the counthry, an' Phillie's grandmother's aunt was my mother's third cousin."

"Aw well, woman, everybody says that Phillie isin all there."

"If thou were as clavver as Phillie, thou'd do, Tom, bouy!"

"Clavver or no clavver, woman, I don't believe there's a body that has talked to a fairy for a hundhred years! They are not so comman as they used to be in owl toimes."

"Tom," said Ned, "can you show us the hole in the mountain where the shepherd's dog dropped through?"

"Aw yes, I could show ye *that* right enough."

"Will you take us there to-day?"

"What for? Ye would'n go down into the cave that way, would ye? Ye might get killt!"

"Killed! We are not that sort. We are going to lower ourselves down on the rope, and where we can go down we can climb up."

"We can't go to-day, though," said Tom, with a meaning look at his son John, who was just then pulling his guernsey on over his braces, "as we're expectin' the *Peveril* for days now, an we hev to send word to Glen Meay the minute we can sight her from the mountain."

"The *Peveril!*" we all cried out. "She's been away foreign!"

"Ay, ay, she's been to Chayney for a cargo o' tay."

"Hurrah!" shouted Ned, "we'll get the *Trap* afloat and go out and meet her! Hurrah! My uncle Sam is the captain, and there's not a man on board we don't know as well as any uncle we've got alive!" And Ned, in the excitement of his prospect of boarding the *Peveril*, fresh from the land of pigtails and tea, sprang to his feet and waved his cap so recklessly that he caught his knuckles against the corner of the dresser at the right distance for peeling them. The sudden change in his countenance, and the whisk of the hand under his arm, made us all laugh most cruelly. But the skipper was a hardy dog, so he laughed with us, and held out the bleeding knuckles for the old woman to "tie a rag on them."

We soon had the *Trap* afloat, with all her gear and stores in their proper quarters. A light southerly breeze rippled the surface of the sea, and we hoisted the lug high to catch every breath of it. Friday steered, and the skipper sat on the for'ard thwart to catch the first glimpse of the *Peveril*—home from China with tea, an altogether more exciting kind of cargo than we had imagined, as we were presently to learn.

CHAPTER VII.

THE STRANGE SAIL.

"ALL hands on deck, there, you below! There's my uncle Sam standing on the bow of the *Peveril*, right ahead of us!"

"Is that you, Ned?" shouted a burly, sunburnt fellow from the schooner: his unbuttoned reefer jacket showing a powerful chest beneath a long, red beard.

"Every bit o' me! Welcome home, Uncle Sam! Hurrah for the homeward bound, and the land o' Mannanin Beg!"

"Hurrah for you, Ned! What's the news?"

"Good news, uncle; all your people well and hearty, an' the sea full o' herrin'!"

The crew of the *Peveril* stood along the deck watching us: every man as brown as a berry, with hair cropped round above the

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neck. They had donned clean guernseys, and new-looking red mufflers, the latter an article of dress which the Manx, like the Irish, had not then learned to dispense with, though the captain wore only a blue collar and black silk scarf.

After a call of "Stand by there," a line came uncoiling for the *Trap*, and dropped over her bows as if shot by a rocket. Two minutes afterwards we were on board the schooner.

We went down into the cabin for dinner: a huge round of steaming corned beef and a dish of potatoes having preceded us by the hand of the cook.

Hours flew past like minutes as we listened to stories of China and the conditions of life in her open ports. When we got on deck again, we were surprised to find ourselves standing in for the Irish land.

"Where are you bound for, uncle?" asked Ned. "Is your cargo for Ireland?"

"No, for the island; but I have to land some of it at Glen Meay, and the tide won't suit there until—until—it gets dark."

"Ha!" said Friday.

"Yaas," Ned drawled out, with a broad smile, "the two Couthas are expecting you."

"Very likely, Ned; they generally report our arrival directly they make us out from the top of Eairey Cushlehan."

Ned looked at the captain. The captain looked at Ned, lit his pipe, and then looked over the taffrail at the *Trap*, her bows high out of the water, and her stern deep, as she was towed along in the wake of the schooner.

"Smart little yawl, that," said Captain Watterson; "she belongs to Peter's father, now, I suppose? I remember when Peter's grandfather built her to go hand-line fishing. He was a keen fisherman. I suppose if I was to load her with bales of tea, you boys could land them on Glen Meay beach as dry as a bone?"

"Try us," answered Ned.

"Our own yawl is goin' ashore with a few loads, and one boat would be a help to the other. Time is precious with us on such occasions."

"I suppose the tea will be for old Quayle, the Glen Meay grocer?"

"Oh, as for that, there will be two or three merchants, friends of my own, on the shore to meet you; and a score of men in readiness to handle the stuff the moment you touch ground. What do you say, Peter? It's your yawl."

"Ned is skipper this time, though, and what he says I'll do. But won't the tea have to go through the Customs at Peel, before it is landed at Glen Meay?"

"The two gentlemen who will take charge of it ashore will see to that; and I'll be answerable to your father for the boat if anything happens to her. If it's agreed, we'll load her up when the time comes, and give you for yourselves a packet of choice first pickings that cost a guinea a pound in Pekin."

"It's agreed!" we cried.

At about six o'clock we stood a matter of fifteen knots away from the Mourne mountains of Ireland, and about the same distance west-by-south off the Calf island—which forms a speck on the map, south of the main island—where the owner of it claims to be a prince owing allegiance to no existing monarch or government.

The cook sounded a Chinese gong, and we descended the companion ladder to take tea, from a table loaded with Eastern luxuries.

When it was drawing towards what we call "the little evening," or the twilight, the schooner's mate put his head down the companion ladder and called out "Sail away on the line to the nor'ad, *Captain!*" "Sam" it would have been if we had not been present, but the true Manxman is always deferential to his superiors—before company.

Captain Watterson sprang to his feet, and we went on deck after him. Jim Cowin, the mate, was looking through a spy-glass at a speck of a sail away on the northern horizon.

"Can ye make anything of him, Jim?"

"No," answered Jim, "but he's rising up over the line, so I expect he's comin' this way."

The captain took the glass and had a long look. Then he directed the glass towards the top of the Manx mountains, the more southerly being now about seven or eight knots away.

"Ned," said the captain, handing the glass over, "see if you can make anything out on the sky-line of Cronk-ny-irree-laa? You used to have an eye like a hawk."

Ned took the glass, and levelling it for the top of the mountain, put his eye to the lens and began to focus it to his sight. "Cronk-ny-irree-laa," he muttered; "the hill-of-the-rising-day. Yes, I see smook enough rising from the top of it to make a mease o' kippers."

"Humph!" ejaculated Jim Cowin, as he looked at the captain.

"Now see if you can make out yonder sail, Ned," said Captain Watterson.

Ned took a long, steady look at the distant speck on the northern horizon; but he handed the glass back saying he could not make him out, "unless," he added, "he's some yachtsman coming away down from the Scotch coast?"

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"It's not your fairies that have lighted that fire on Eairey Cushlehan, though," said the captain, "but the two Couthas; and they have made that sail out from the top o' the mountain with the help of a glass that must have cost a power o' money. It is one old Tom's father found on the shore after a ship was wrecked on the Nyarbyl, many years ago. Still, they are miles nearer to the sail than we are, and more than a thousand feet above us. About ship, Jim; let her go for the Calf, and then we'll creep up along the land."

Jim shouted to the men, and we ran along the deck to help haul in the sheets and trim the sails for the starboard tack across to the Calf. The breeze had freshened a little, and we made the Calf island soon after dusk.

It was dark when we got off Glen Meay shore, but no lights were hung up in the *Peveril*. The schooner was put up in the wind and the hatchways cleared for unloading some cargo. The schooner's yawl—a heavy, bluff-bowed Dutchman, with timbers strong enough to stand rough knocking against rocks—was swung in the davits and sent overboard. The *Trap* was hauled up alongside, and the work of loading the boats began. Two men were in the hold tossing the bags on deck, two more in the yawls, and we boys busy enough lending a hand, some dragging the bales to the side of the schooner, and the others helping to stow them away in the yawls.

These bags of tea were really small bales made from closely woven China matting, lined with the usual tea-lead. The packages were useful for conveyance in horse creels, and were, probably, similar to the packages used for the conveyance of tea overland from China to Russia by camels.

As every man's heart was in his work, the yawls were soon deep in the water with their valuable freight; tea being then a higher priced luxury than it is now, and subject to an import duty of fourpence for every pound landed; and as the *Peveril* had about ninety tons aboard, her cargo represented between three and four thousand pounds sterling in duty.

We pulled the yawls ashore by the light of the northern sky, and were met on the beach by men who were evidently expecting us. It was difficult to distinguish them in the darkness, but we recognised two or three of them. One, who appeared to be foremost in command, was Mr. Dal Moughton, a part-owner of the *Peveril* with Captain Watterson, and also a landed proprietor and a dealer in sundries. He greeted Jim Cowin and the three other men in the schooner's yawl, shaking hands with them heartily, and asking for the captain; and came up to us to see who we were and to have a friendly word. But there was little time lost in talk. There were a score of men on the beach, and a dozen horses: each horse bearing a pair of large panniers.

We made three trips to the *Peveril*, and each time we returned we saw that the horses had carried away our loads and were standing in readiness for another.

Just as the last bag had been put on the last horse to be loaded, every man working with a will, and very little talk, a light-footed boy came running down the beach from the direction of the headland at the back, and hurrying up to Mr. Moughton, said: "There's a fire on Peel Hill, sir, on the bare place where there isn't no gorse!"

"Bear a hand there, men!" said Dal. "There's time yet for another run out to the schooner. Now then you crew of the *Trap*, show yourselves smart. The enemy of our country's prosperity will be here in less than an hour, and if we meet on this beach there'll be a stir!"

CHAPTER VIII.

A BRUSH WITH THE CUSTOMS.

THE shore towards which we were now pulling our last load of tea from the schooner is a little beach three miles south of Peel Bay. The land at the back of it rises to a considerable height in the form of a rapidly sloping headland, green with the thrifty vegetation which gives life and colour to those high banks of earth that the invading sea is no longer able to reach, and which, after a lapse of time, become serrated by the wearage of the rivulets which course down from the water-shed above.

At one end of the beach there is a rugged and rocky pass, the sides of which rise in places to a height of nearly two hundred feet: a cleavage rent by the hand of Nature, in some remote age, to carry the waters from the mountains beyond to the plain where now is the Irish Sea.

The road through the pass follows an ancient bed of the rapidly falling brook, until it leaves the river bed and ascends to meet the hilly and tortuous highways through valleys and over mountains, where fresh landscapes, and seascapes, coming into view at every turn, save the traveller from the weariness and depression of many larger mountain solitudes.

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"THERE'S A FIRE ON PEEL HILL, SIR; ON THE PLACE WHERE THERE ISN'T NO GORSE!"

The picturesque village of Glen Meay (formerly Glen Moij) lies at the head of the pass; and it was probably to some secret vault beneath one of the intervening cottages that the horses were conveying their loads.

On each of our former trips from the schooner to the beach we had found the horses in readiness for the transport of our loads in their panniers; but on our last trip outwards two or three men from the shore put off with us, at the bustling command of Mr. Dal Moughton, to lend a hand in loading the yawls, which were not only filled more speedily, but rowed out and back so much faster, that we reached the shore before the horses.

While we were waiting their arrival, Johnnie Wesley asked, "What did Mr. Dal Moughton mean when he said the enemies of your country might soon be here?"

"The plain English of it," answered Friday, "will be that the fire lighted by the two Couthas on the top of Eairey Cushlehan was a signal to Captain Watterson that the sail we saw away to the nor'ard, in the afternoon, was an English

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revenue cutter on the look-out for smugglers, and the news brought by the boy to Mr. Moughton that there was a fire started on the top of Peel Hill, is very likely a plain word to hurry up, for the cutter is coming up along the land."

"Father of mercies!" cried Johnnie. "Am I engaged in helping smugglers!"

The shocked and rueful tone of Johnnie's voice made us all laugh.

"Are you not aware," Friday asked, "that every Manxman is a smuggler at heart in these days?"

"Every Manxman a smuggler! Heaven help me! Whatever will my father say when he learns what I have been doing?"

We laughed again, the two men in our boat greatly enjoying Johnnie's perturbation.

"Your father," said the skipper, "is an Englishman, and he has not been long enough here yet to understand Manx affairs. When he does understand he will take an Englishman's fair play view of the situation."

"The situation—the situation!" cried Johnnie. "I don't know anything of the situation except that I appear to have been pulling away with might and main to get contraband ashore in the dark! *That's* a situation he'll make me smart for, and pack me off to goodness knows where."

"What would thee father say," asked Bill Sayle, one of the men from the shore who had come out to help us, "if the Roosians passed a law that foorpence a pound duty was to be paid on every pound o' tay landed in Englan', and then sent and tuk away all the foorpences?"

It was now Johnnie's turn to laugh. The idea of the Russians carrying off the revenues of England for the benefit of Russia was too funny for a free-born English boy. "What would he say?" he repeated, looking at Bill in open-eyed amusement. "He would say what I would say—that the English wouldn't allow the Russians to do it, that's all."

"Bill is right, though," said Friday; "he has put the situation pretty well. It's the same, with only a difference of colour."

Further comment from Johnnie was interrupted by a runaway horse coming down from the pass to the shore, his empty panniers flapping against his sides.

The horse was stopped by two of the men on the beach. Some of the bags of tea from the schooner's yawl, which had been discharging cargo while we were talking, were packed into the creels. Jim Cowin gave the word to shove off, and in a very short time he and the men from the *Peveril* were up alongside the schooner and the yawl was hauled aboard. The schooner's sails were at once trimmed to the wind, and she went creeping along the land, close hauled on a port tack for the Calf island.

The other horses emerged from the darkness of the ravine, coming down in single file at a brisk trot, their riders seated across their flanks behind the creels. As there were more than a score of men about them when they pulled up, the creels were soon packed; and in a short time our boat was empty and the last horse gone with his load.

Another minute and the shore was as deserted and quiet as if we had been its only visitors since the last occasion on which some villager, or farmer, pulled his fishing punt ashore, and took his fish home to his family, in thankful praise, let us hope, for the bounteous harvest of the sea.

The *Trap* lay with her bows on the beach and her stern in the water. The tide was ebbing. We were lying aboard of her in various attitudes of repose, resting after our four trips to the schooner, in which we had done our best to pull like galley-slaves. Friday was down aft munching some hard tack given to us by Captain Watterson along with the promised canister of tea. It was drawing towards midnight, and the question of supper and a camping-place was under discussion, when a light gig, pulled by four oars, came into view from behind the north point of the shore rocks.

"Ha!" said Friday, whose mouth was full of biscuit.

"Ay; here they come!" said the skipper, "but I think they are too late."

"I'm not so sure of that," said Friday. "If they only think of getting up the Glen sharp, they may make more than one discovery; they may nab the last consignment to Dal Moughton's vaults, and find out the vaults as well; and there's more than tea stored *there*, you bet."

"Dal will watch them against that," said I; "he'll have his scouts out."

"I'm pretty sure," says Friday, munching away at the hard tack, "that they were not so close up that they could see the yawls."

"My word, how he comes!" said I; "we'd stand no chance in a race with him."

"Let him change boats and see," said the skipper. "I'd bet all our stores and guns and lines, we'd be at the Calf before he would be half-way across the big bay."

The gig came along the little bay as silently and swiftly as the shadow of a cloud, and making

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scarcely more ripple on the smooth sea than a migrating porpoise.

"Got his rowlocks well greased," said the skipper, "and his oars muffled."

"Whatever am I to say if I am questioned?" said Johnnie Wesley. "I can't tell a lie."

"Nothing is a lie to the enemy of your country," replied Friday.

"I don't understand that, Friday; I can't look upon a revenue officer and men from an English cutter as *my* enemies, you know. Nor do I understand yet that they are your enemies. To me they are officers of the law, and I am bound to respect the law."

"Get out of the boat, Johnnie," said the skipper, "and hide yourself up the glen until we whistle for you—the feeding calls of the curlew along the shore. You know them by this time, I expect."

Johnnie leapt ashore and walked rapidly away for the dark shades of the pass. The gig came along, her oars dipping with machine-like precision. The helm was put hard a port when she got opposite to us. "Port oars, hold water," said the man at the tiller. "Away all! Let her go!" The light boat shot in like an arrow, her bows running up high and dry within two oars' length of us.

The next moment the oars were aboard; the four oarsmen jumped ashore, pulled up the gig a fathom, and two officers in uniform stepped along from the stern, leapt lightly from the bows, turned the flash of a bull's-eye light on us, and came up to the side of the *Trap*.

The darkness of a June night in a northern latitude is very different from the darkness of winter, and the eye is always helped on a shore by the phosphorescent light of the sea, as well as by the reflected light of the sky; but the glare of the bull's-eye so dazzled us that we could see nothing behind or beyond it.

"What are you doing here?" demanded a voice from behind the light.

"Mind your own business!" replied the skipper.

"And turn that light on it," said Friday; "it hurts my eyes."

Somebody behind the bull's-eye gave a suppressed laugh; the lantern was lowered to the gunwale of the boat, and the light directed towards the stores, covered by a tarpaulin in the stern sheets.

We now saw the glittering ornaments of the uniforms, and the distinguishing badges of a revenue officer and a naval lieutenant.

"What have you here?" said the revenue officer, speaking in an angry and blustering tone.

"What's here belongs to us," replied Ned, with a cool stare.

"And the boat as well," added Friday. "What do you want?"

The revenue officer put the bull's-eye on a thwart, and bent down towards the tarpaulin. He was a little, wiry man of about sixty years, with a hard face and a countenance that spoke volumes of travel and service. His cold grey eye looked as if it could see through a wall of tarpaulins, and suggested a born relationship with the weapons at his side. It was Sheffield cutlery vitalised by the brain behind it. He seized the tarpaulin and dragged it out of the boat; then laid hold of the blankets and tossed them on to the wet beach. The next moment he was on his back in the middle of the boat with Friday's hand on his throat, and his knee on his chest.

Friday could not help it. He was exasperated. It was a kind of way he had of springing without warning when he was hurt: and Friday loved a dry blanket.

Almost at the same instant the young lieutenant seized Friday by the scruff of the neck, and the skipper, who was amidships, put his arms round the lieutenant and threw him over in the yawl.

It was all so rapid that it was like the simultaneous spring of several persons started into action by the kick of a ball. The sailors sprang to the aid of the officers, two seizing Ned and two collaring Friday, whom they belaboured with those blows which the jolly tars of England know how to give on land or sea.

As I was seated on the bow thwart I was incidentally constituted the reserve force of our party, and now saw that it was high time for the reserves to be put into action. A struggling combatant beneath Friday, another beneath the skipper, and four man-o'-war's men raining knuckle shot on them from above was not a sight calculated to make a big, strong fellow with eighteen years of a wild life behind him, think of the sacred admonitions of the Christian doctrines of love and forbearance. No, it takes more than eighteen years to subdue the savage in some natures. I struck one of the lusty sailors such a blow under the ear that I thought I had killed him—for it is a dangerous place to hit a fellow—and the man fell over into the yawl like a log. Then I caught another by the thighs and threw him over the starboard gunwale. The boat upset and the scrimmage was transferred to the wet and and shingle.

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The whole shindy was as sudden, and as unpremeditated, as many a murder. Hampers and boxes of provisions guns, fishing lines, and stale bait; pots, pans, and crockery; lumps of coal, and pieces of firewood; the oars, the mast, the gaff with its trailing sail, all went into the *mêlée*. Our biggest crowbar, fully five feet long, tumbled within reach

I SEIZED OUR BIGGEST CROWBAR, AND SWUNG IT ROUND MY HEAD, CLAYMORE FASHION

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of my hand. I seized and swung it round my head, claymore fashion, and swore to the sailors (I hope I did not use *very* bad language, but I am afraid I did) that if they did not heave off and stand clear I would break some o' their backs!

The man I had thrown over the gunwale drew his cutlass. It was all the work of seconds, and the whole rumpus did not occupy more time than it takes to read of it. Ned and Friday were bleeding about the face; the two officers looked badly mauled; and in another second of time, if it had not been for the coolness and bravery of the young lieutenant, there would have been a desperate and bloody battle.

Lieutenant Hardy (I vividly remember this young officer's name) was now on his feet, looking the splendid fellow he really was. He ordered the man to put up his weapon, and was in the act of commanding me to drop mine, when four big and immensely powerful-looking men came running down the beach, kicked the bull's-eye to the water edge, and tore the men from the still struggling skipper and Friday.

(To be continued.)

THE AUSTRALIAN TEAM

I AM sending you some particulars (writes A. M. Douglass, of Geelong, Victoria) with regard to the Australian Eleven which has just been chosen to visit England.

The following is the team: W. W. Armstrong V. Ransford, W. Carkeek, P. McAlister, and F. Laver (manager), representing Victoria; M. A. Noble, W. Bardsley, V. Trumper, S. E. Gregory, A. Cotter, H. Carter, C. G. Macartney, and A. J. Hopkins (fifteenth man), New South, Wales; J. A. O'Connor, and W. J. Whitty, South Australia; and R. Hartigan, Queensland.

Appended are their averages in representative cricket in Australia this season:

BATTING.

	Innings.	Times not out.	Highest score.	Total.	Average.
Ransford	10	2	182	825	103.1
Noble	9	1	213	714	89.2
Bardsley	9	–	264	748	83.1
Gregory	9	1	179	546	68.3
Hopkins	8	1	218	410	58.6
Macartney	8	2	100	319	53.1
McAlister	10	–	108	312	31.2
Carkeek	3	2	15	31	31.0
Armstrong	9	–	171	257	28.5
Laver	7	1	47	163	27.1
Cotter	7	1	43	121	20.2
O'Connor	10	1	40*	102	11.3
Carter	5	–	15	44	8.8
Trumper	1	–	0	0	0.0

* Not out.

Hartigan has not played in representative cricket this season.

BOWLING AVERAGES.

Armstrong	16.9
O'Connor	23.1
Noble	24.0
Macartney	29.8
Ransford	30.5
Cotter	34.2
Laver	35.9
Hopkins	40.7
Whitty	49.0

The team includes a large percentage of players who have not yet visited England—namely, Ransford, McAlister, Carkeek, Macartney, Hartigan, Carter, O'Connor, and Whitty. Therefore, it will be interesting to note how the new players shape on the English wickets. Carkeek and Whitty have not yet played in test matches; Whitty is a slow left-hander, and Carkeek the second wicket-keeper. F. Laver was unanimously chosen to act in the capacity of manager to the team. Noble is, of course, the mainstay of the team, owing to his usefulness in every department of the game.

Of the players constituting this team, Gregory holds the highest aggregate for this season with 1887 runs; Trumper is next with 1783, then Noble with 1726 runs. Armstrong is the only other player with over a thousand runs to his credit viz., 1043. In bowling Noble is the only player to capture a hundred wickets or more, with 111 wickets and an average of 24.01 runs per wicket, then comes Cotter with 38, and Armstrong with 34.

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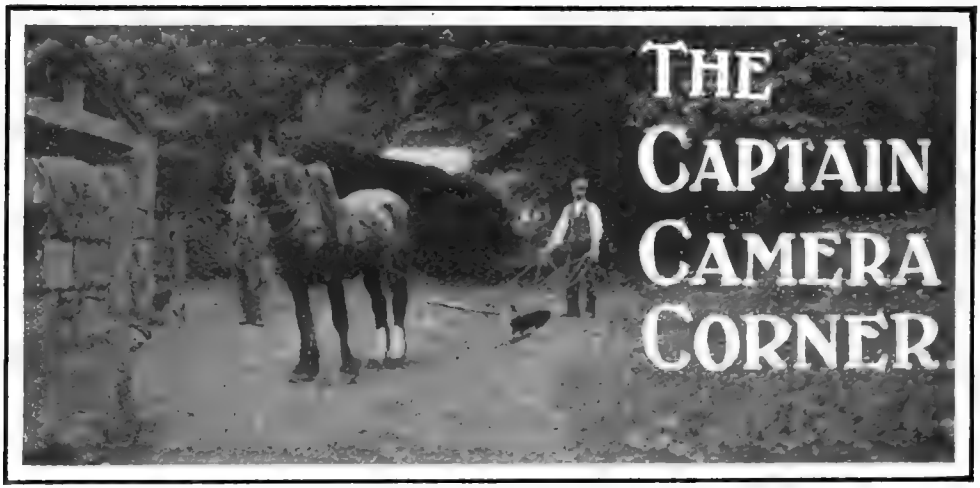

HOW TO SAVE MONEY

CHEAP as apparatus and all kinds of photographic materials now are, photography, even when indulged in on a moderate scale, may prove very expensive in proportion to the results obtained. I suppose that no hobby is a more insidious absorber of small cash. The temptations are great, I admit, to rush into camera work; and it is their very magnitude that prevents the beginner stepping warily while making his first essays.

Now, this month I want you to consider for a few minutes how you may save some of your coin; without, mark you, stinting yourself as regards reasonable expenditure.

Apparatus

The choice of apparatus is of the first importance. Advice on this point is generally useless when a youngster has already made up his mind as to what he desires. But I say unhesitatingly, nevertheless, that to invest in a stand camera rather than a hand camera is the proper way to begin. The first makes one methodical; the other makes one careless. With a stand camera you pay a decent amount of attention to the subject of exposure: whereas a hand camera breeds the belief that if the button is pressed things may turn out all right, and the outcome is that a vast number of plates are simply flung away. When you've got the hang of the stand camera and deliberate "time" exposures, then you may safely go for the snapshot. Not till then.

This you may vote awful rot, and point to the fine pictures you got with your hand camera, your first love, as soon as you started work with it. That was your luck, not your skill; and if you think quietly over the many spoilt plates and films—which you *have* spoiled since, now, haven't you?—you'll come over more to my way of thinking.

The Stand.—Don't bother about portability. The most important quality in a stand is *stiffness.* Better a single joint heavy article than a light three-joint which is shaken by every breeze—and blurs your pictures for you. The difference in weight is trifling: the difference in reliability is enormous.

Plates and Films.—Plates work out much cheaper than films. They cost less to start with. They are less liable to be scratched and stained. They are more easily handled. Therefore begin with plates.

Dishes.—Buy dishes of the most useful all-round sizes. If you go in for ¼ plates, have some half-plate dishes, as you often need to treat two plates in the same bath simultaneously. Whole-plate dishes are a wasteful size for half-plates, as they won't take two plates 6½ by 4¾in. Choose 10 by 8 dishes. You may take it that a large dish pays for itself very well in the long run.

Dark Room.—Don't stint yourself in the matter of a proper light in the dark room. Learn to work in a very dim light, but have a margin of lighting, so to speak, in reserve for use on occasion. The lamp should be of the turn-up-and-down kind; the non-actinic window screen should be reinforced by curtains. Too little light leads to mistakes in development, spills, and breakages. Use measure glasses that can be distinguished in a dim light.

It saves money to instal as good a water

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supply as circumstances permit. Timely flooding saves many a negative. Small conveniences in the way of shelves for bottles, glasses, &c., are also very valuable. Tidiness is a great economist.

Don't hurry.—Don't try to print simultaneously from more negatives than you can keep an eye on conveniently: and don't rush printing through. The same remark applies to developing. It is a great mistake to allow oneself too little time. Getting things done at top speed often means a lot of wastage. Don't develop or print when you feel tired and bored. Don't expose two plates when there is only time to expose one, if proper care be taken.

Keep an eye on the condition of your apparatus. Cameras left for long periods in waterproof cases may get horribly mouldy. Dark slides should be kept religiously in the dry. Ditto plates and paper. Water is one of the photographer's best friends: dampness one of his worst enemies. Chuck away stale chemicals.

An Actinometer, or light-measurer, saves one many a sixpence. It tells one how much exposure to give to a plate: also—and this is a quality often overlooked—when *not* to take snapshots.

Various.—A good lens is more important than an elaborate camera. The quality of a lens is not always to be inferred from its price. A cheap one is sometimes as perfect as another costing six times as much. But it needs to be selected by some one who knows. *Take advice* when buying a lens.

Don't forget to cover up the plate-box after filling your slides and before admitting daylight to the dark room.

Don't work your solutions too hard. "Fresh and fresh" is a good motto for the dark room.

Keep your fingers clean; and keep them off the faces of plates and paper.

If you start on a day's outing with a dozen films or plates, don't mind bringing half of them home unexposed.

Time spent on reading good handbooks on photography means money saved.

Don't be content with anything but the best you can do. The girl or boy who can make a good negative and print consistently has got grit in her or him. The photographic album is no mean index to character.

For Beginners—and Others

"The Watkins Manual of Exposure and Development" (The Watkins Meter Co., Hereford, 1s.) is a valuable book, and will help you to save a lot of money, if you read and digest its contents carefully. It explains in an admirably simple way a number of things which puzzle the unread amateur.

The hand camera is a tool, not a machine, says Mr. Watkins. How true; but how little realised by the majority of those who snap around! I know well enough that a number of my readers regard their cameras as sausage machines rather than as, say, the counterpart of a carpenter's saw. Haven't I heard it said again and again, "What lovely photos *your camera* takes!" as if the mere mechanical side of photography—a nice white sky, and full detail in every object, were the things to run after. No! it's the man behind the gun that matters. The finest camera won't secure interesting and artistic pictures if used in a slapdash, haphazard way; whereas quite a poor tool will turn out surprisingly good work if handled by a careful person. I feel almost angry when I see people using their snapshot cameras under conditions which make failure as certain as that there is salt in the sea. It is much like watching them chucking their pence into a bramble patch.

The Difficulties of Photography

can be overcome without danger of brain fever by any one who takes the trouble to learn what he should do, and what he should *not* do. With so many excellent books to teach you, you have no excuse for repeated failure under straightforward conditions. If you *will* give as long exposures at the seaside as in the town your plates *must* be over-exposed: any handbook tells you this. Similarly with a lot of other causes of failure; they have been noted, and explained by earlier explorers, and warning signals against them abound. To make a first-rate photographer you need something more than the rule-of-thumb. But your further needs are also catered for plentifully in books dealing with special branches of the art.

You May Wonder

why I am writing so generally in these latter paragraphs, and not giving nice little "tips." It is because "tips" are given everywhere, in any journal or handbook that you may pick up—I have myself given a host of them in previous issues—and by themselves they are of very little value. What I want to rub in here is the need for *Method* with a big M. The majority of photographers are horribly unmethodical; and that is why so many of them "get sick" of photography, vote it a bore, and give it up.

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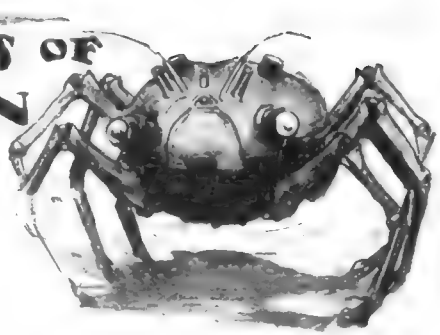
THE INVENTIONS OF BROWN



No. 2 THE MAGIC FLUID

By C. B. DIGNAM

Illustrated by Charles Crombie

I

JONES pointed his pipe at a beaker of colourless liquid that stood on the bench in Brown's workshop.

"What's that stuff?" he asked, "water?"

"No," replied Brown, "it's not water. I don't know what it is. It's a by-product of coal-tar I got when experimenting with a gas-producer plant. I'm glad you reminded me, for I had forgotten it. You might put it on the floor," he added, "otherwise it is sure to be knocked down and spilt. I've got lots more over there in that tank. I'm going to try and produce a dye from it one of these days."

Jones picked up the beaker and looked at the liquid.

"It might be water for all one can tell; it's quite colourless and doesn't smell. I'm feeling thirsty," he concluded; "shall I drink it?"

Brown laughed.

"Wouldn't hurt you if you did. The cat loves it."

"Good heavens, man! Do you feed your cat on chemicals?"

"Idiot!" said Brown. "Leave off rotting, and give me a hand with this brute of an electro-magnet. I want you to help me wire it to the dynamo."

While they were busy fixing up the wiring, Brown's cat, Mog, strolled into the shed, and finding her way to the beaker, was soon lapping away. When she had had enough, the animal sat cleaning herself, contentedly purring the while like a smoothly-running engine.

Jones looked up and caught sight of her.

"Hullo, Mog, how long have you been here? Aha! you're a thief, I can see. You've been drinking out of the beaker. I'm afraid I'll—steady with the spanner, old man, that's *my* thumb!"

"Never mind your thumb now. Hand me the end of that last wire, there's a good chap. As soon as it is on, I'll start the dynamo."

Just before Brown switched on, Mog was coiled up on the top of a bench fast asleep, but as the dynamo started a most extraordinary thing occurred.

The cat awoke suddenly, her fur bristling, and slowly and much against her will, she began to be dragged by some invisible and potent force towards the electro-magnet. Soon the animal was sliding along the floor, not fast but very surely, and Brown and Jones gazed astonished at her antics as she tried hard to walk away from the machine.

Something clinked against Jones' foot.

"What's that?" he said, looking hurriedly down.

The beaker had moved from where it had been put!

In breathless silence the two men watched the beaker and the cat move towards the end of the shed.

Half-way along, the glass vessel struck an uneven board and turned over, but the liquid continued to make its way onward. Then it climbed upwards till it was grouped in two even amounts on the poles of the magnet. Shortly afterwards Mog was lifted through the air, and came to rest on one of the poles.

The noise made by the cat aroused them from their amazement, and Brown rushed to the switch-board and cut off the current. Poor puss dropped like a stone, looking very wet, for the liquid had fallen too.

"My hat!" cried Jones, "I've never seen anything like that before. It's most extraordinary!"

Brown wiped his pet with a piece of cotton waste.

"Jove! yes," he answered, "wasn't it

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weird! It must be magnetic in some way. Poor old Mog! come along and get dry in front of the kitchen fire."

Later in the evening the two friends were in the shed again, and, no cat being present, Brown started the dynamo. For perhaps two or three seconds, nothing happened. Then, as he let the machine go at its highest speed, a hollow rasping noise was heard, and the big tank at the side of the workshop started to travel towards the inventor. Almost at the same moment the cat literally flew in at the door, and went scurrying down the shed as if in full flight after a mouse. Brown switched off just in time to save Mog from being dashed against the magnets.

"Jove!" he said, wiping his face. "That fetched 'em, and no mistake! I guess we've had enough for to-night. We'll go indoors."

Jones looked at the tank with his head on one side.

"Just fancy," he said gravely, "if you wanted to move. How's this? 'Brown's Magnetic Furniture Remover. Directions: Spray the object required to be removed with some of our fluid in a garden syringe, press the button, and we do the rest.' Reminds me of a Kodak advertisement."

"Very fine," said Brown, laughing, "but for goodness' sake, George, don't get playing about with *my* bedstead and things."

"Anyhow, we shall know how to make you get up early in the morning," and they went into the house.

* * * * *

About a week after this, Brown was asked if he would allow one of his fields to be used for the purpose of a fancy fair and bazaar. Being a very good-natured sort of chap, he gave his consent, adding that if he could help in any way, he would be most pleased, and invited Jones over to see the fun.

About two o'clock two rustics came to Brown's door, and asked for some water to make tea with. Could they have a lot, please, as they expected a power of people? was the message.

"Certainly," said Brown, "as much as ever you like. You'd better have it in a tank or something," and turning to Jones, he asked him if he would mind finding something to put the water in, as he was fearfully busy at the moment himself.

Now, I can never decide whether Jones made a mistake, or whether he did it on purpose. I've questioned him about it, but Jones can be as close as an oyster when he likes. Anyway, a mistake occurred. The water was poured direct into the half-full tank of mysterious fluid, and Jones bade the rustics be very careful not to spill any.

By five o'clock the fun was in full blast, and what with cocoa-nut shies and various other forms of excitement, everybody became hot and thirsty, most of the adults patronising the tea stalls more than once, while the children of the village were entertained to tea by the Vicar in a special tent set aside for them.

Half-past ten saw most of the people back at their homes, so Brown and Jones, after a game of billiards, went to bed themselves.

II

I have already alluded to the mysterious influence exerted by Brown's electro-magnet over his cat after she had lapped up some of the fluid. Well, early in the afternoon on the day after the *fête*, as Brown and Jones were engaged in the inventor's shed, with the motor dynamo running at top speed, there came a thud on the shed doors, and a cat began to howl outside.

Jones walked to the end of the workshop and opened the doors, and by some invisible means, poor old Mog was forced backwards along the floor into the shed. Jones stepped forward and picked the animal up. She was nearly wrenched away from him, but he managed to retain her. Without saying a word to Brown, who was engrossed with some intricate appliance, he carried Mog into the house and locked her in one of the rooms, where she remained jambed against the wall nearest the shed.

Jones was chuckling to himself as he crossed the yard again, when his attention was attracted by the weird antics of the gardener, who was being propelled along the ground. First the man would clutch at the grass at the side of the path and stop for a moment. Then the grass would give way, and he would slide backwards a yard. A frantic grab at the gravel, a momentary stop, and then onwards once more.

Jones rushed into the shed and called to Brown.

The inventor came at once.

"What," asked Jones, struggling to compose his features, "what is the matter with your gardener?"

Brown gazed blankly at the dusty-looking object.

"He's mad, I should think," he said.

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'We'll wait here and see what he's doing it for."

"Mr. Brown, sir," wailed the unhappy man, his face a mixture of wonder and terror, "I don t want to come at all!"

"Don't, then."

"But—t I—I can't 'elp it, sir!"

In short, everybody who had had any of the tea at the fair was affected. It was a simple problem in proportion. One cup of tea, very little disturbance; two or more, lots. That was why the choir-boys came at a run!

I am inclined to think that the further the

A FRANTIC GRAB AT THE GRAVEL, AND THEN ONWARDS ONCE MORE.

"Nonsense! get up, man, and go back to your work."

The poor gardener tried to obey. He staggered to his feet, took three eccentric steps, and then rushed at the open doors of the shed!

Jones tackled him in his best Rugby style and brought him up short, and with Brown's help the man was forcibly pulled away and locked in the coal shed, where he, like the cat, remained glued to the wall nearest the magnet.

distance away from the magnet, the greater the attraction. However, I must not anticipate, but will ask my readers to accompany me to the village school-room for a moment.

The second before Brown had switched on the current in his shed, the children were as busy as bees—talking. The second after, there was a combined rush, headed by the schoolmistress, to see who could get outside first.

Down the passage they tore, yelping like a pack of hounds, and out of the front

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entrance, where they scattered, but still continued to make their way across country in the direction of Brown's magnet.

The village of Dulston, too, was a quaint sight. It was full of villagers being dragged away from their houses and down the street. The policeman, who was without a coat, was vainly endeavouring to drive the people back. All the time he was wrestling with sturdy yokels he was himself moving out of the village at the rate of six miles an hour.

Those who hadn't partaken of the tea at the fair thought the others quite mad—and said as much. So annoyed was one unfortunate at being informed he was not responsible for his actions, as in good truth he was not, that he offered to fight the man who had told him so.

"Come back, then," said his accuser, standing his ground calmly.

"Yes, and I will, too," replied the poor iellow; but he involuntarily edged away.

The other saw his advantage, and took it.

"Allus said as 'ow you was a coward, and now I knows it, running away like that. Bah!"

The reply of the struggling one grew fainter. The mysterious influence would not be denied.

III

Five miles or so away, the High Street of Cheen, a little but busy place, was crowded with people who were walking about round a long line of cattle, stalled down the centre of the road. Amongst them, one, George Chupp, a farmer of Chirling, and our old friend Mr. Tuffin were engaged in purchasing some cows. Having transacted the business to their satisfaction, they thought of lunch, and, arm-in-arm, commenced to stroll in the direction of the "Barley Mow," in company with several other farmers.

The moment the group of men arrived opposite a grocer's shop, where several large cases of eggs were prominently displayed before the window, must have synchronised with that when Brown operated the switch, for the invisible influence at once became apparent, to use a rather Irish way of putting it.

Both Tuffin and Chupp had "tea'd" most liberally at the fair on the previous day, so the effect was instantaneous, and before they realised what was happening they had started to run straight for the eggs outside the shop. Naturally, they grabbed at every one within reach, in their endeavour to stop, and in this were partially successful. For a moment the swaying group of men hovered on the edge of the pavement; then, with a shout, heaved themselves straight at the eggs!

To quote the stock markets, "A heavy fall in agriculturals took place, accompanied by the downfall of a small dealer," for the miserable tradesman was buried beneath the mass of burly farmers. The smash was fearful, and the men presented a horrible sight. Their faces and clothes were all patches of yellow and red, and pieces of shell clung to their hair.

The funny part of it was that Mr. Tuffin and his friend Chupp were under the impression that the other farmers had pushed them into the eggs, while the others were quite certain that they had been dragged into them by Tuffin and Chupp. Therefore, a certain amount of unpleasantness, not to say plain speaking, followed.

A crowd rushed up with a policeman, and helped to pull the quarrelling men apart, but a certain difficulty arose in persuading Mr. Tuffin and his friend to leave the vicinity of the shop. Indeed, when Mr. Chupp was released for a moment, he was hauled on to his back by unseen hands and propelled over a small mountain of butter and lard. But weight of numbers prevailing, they were eventually hurried along the street towards the police station.

Every now and then, when the influence of the distant magnet grew too much for the mass of men to withstand, they would reel sideways and crash into doorways, much to the alarm of those householders who had not already been brought to their doors by the excitement.

Just as they reached a cross road, the power seemed to have been turned on to a still greater extent, for the two farmers broke away from the yelling crowd and simply tore down the town, pursued by half the inhabitants of Cheen.

One brave man, startled by the shouting, made a dash from his house and tried to stop the runaways, but Mr. Tuffin, tearing along at breakneck speed, brushed him off his feet with the greatest ease. He fell into the road, and the pursuing crowd not being able to pull up, fell pell mell over him. This gave our two Marathon runners a good start, and they fled up a steep hill at a pace that turned a snorting motor cyclist green with envy.

Although they were averaging nearly

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FROM SCHOOL AND COTTAGE, SHOP AND BARN, THE MYSTERIOUS INFLUENCE BROUGHT ITS VICTIMS.

followed by Mr. Tuffin. He as quickly leaves again, in company with his much-scratched friend. No damage to the men, but the greenhouse needs attention!

We will leave them to run their appointed way, as it were, and precede them to the goal they fain would reach.

fifteen miles an hour, it didn't please our two farmers, but whether they liked it or not, they were being towed forwards by some mystic power.

As long as the road continued in a straight line, the thing was bearable, but the magnetic force recognised no course but a dead, straight line, and the two automata were compelled to go as they were pulled. Thus, the road branched to the left, but the farmers burst through a small hedge. Mr. Tuffin was brought down, but Mr. Chupp, who seemed determined to do a non-stop run, charged on and strayed not, neither to the right nor to the left. A glass-house loomed up in front. But what cares electricity for glass-houses or farmers? . . . *Crash!* Mr. Chupp has entered, closely

IV

From school and cottage, shop and barn,

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the mysterious influence brought its victims. They converged on Brown's shed from all directions, over ploughed fields and through corn. Some were even torn from bicycles and carts. It has been computed that fifteen carts and horses were left unattended at the shortest notice.

A terror-stricken mob approached Brown's house over the most difficult route. They tore themselves through the brambles of Wrack Common. Sixty-three human beings with but one idea—to reach a given point in the shortest possible time.

It has been whispered that the Vicar himself remained attached to his study wall for quite a long period, and defied the united efforts of his family and the curate to dislodge him.

But to return. The sixty-three bewildered mortals marched unwillingly onwards, and in due course the river came in sight. Then began a struggle of exceeding might. They clutched and grabbed at brambles and gorse, but all to no purpose, although several men and a choir boy remained behind in the thickness of a hedge.

The river loomed large and deep, and the first of the wretched army slid down the bank and took the water with a splash that struck terror to all hearts, including the splasher's. It mattered not if they could swim or no. Each one, as he or she reached the edge, was flipped off and whipped across at a pace that Wolfe or Burgess would have given six years of their lives to attain.

A few minutes later a wet and bedraggled tribe caught the eye of Brown, as he stood at the back of his shed.

"My word," he exclaimed, "what on earth is all this? An invasion, or what?"

Jones looked round him.

From all quarters there appeared figures making their way shedwards. It was amazing!

"They must love you, old man," he replied, wiping his eyes; "perhaps they are going to present you with something, but I don't see the Vicar. I wonder he hasn't come."

Brown stared again.

"Look over there, Jones! If that isn't Tuffin and another chap racing along like hares, I'm a Dutchman!"

Presently a rather hollow-eyed gang of people was flattened up against the sides of the shed, all trying to push themselves away.

"Do you want anything?" asked Brown rather gloomily. "You can't go in there; that's private . . . Well, what *do* you want, then?" he added, after everybody had tried to explain at once that he didn't want to come at all, but was forced to.

The inventor grew irritable.

"Go away, I tell you." (This was easier said than done.) "Go away home, and dry yourselves. If you wanted a bath you might at least have removed your clothes. You look horrid."

At this moment the two farmers raced up, having averaged eleven miles an hour for five miles—and out of training, too!

Jones suddenly bethought him that he had better switch off, and making his way into the shed by one of the windows he pulled the handle back.

The result was startling for all concerned. Those who had been striving with all their strength to push themselves backwards, found instant gratification . . . *Bump!*

The two farmers were helped into the house, given hot baths and food, and then sent home in Brown's trap.

The crowd that crawled back to the village was a tired, wet and mystified one, and the strange occurrence was discussed for many a long day. Brown, too, was puzzled, but I am not so sure about Jones. The other day he was entertaining the Vicar, whom he pressed to take tea, but the good man shuddered and said it didn't agree with him! Which set Jones naturally wondering, Could the secret of the tank have leaked out!

ANOTHER "BROWN" TALE NEXT MONTH.

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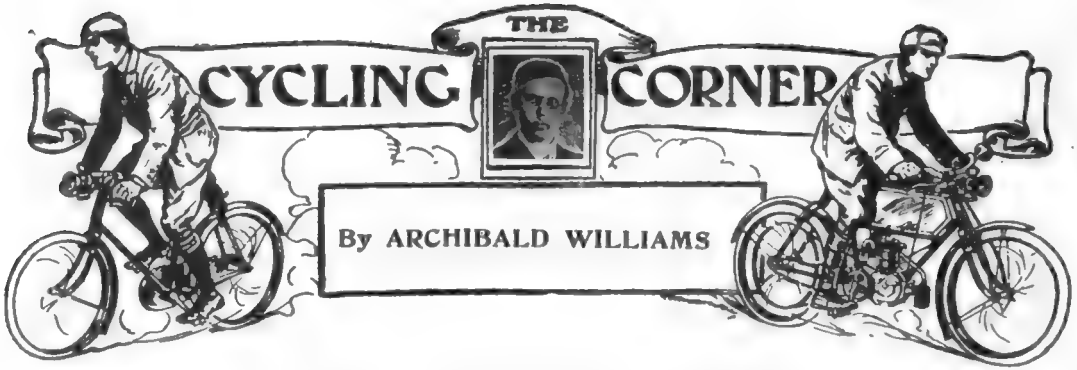

WHAT TO DO ON A CYCLE

IN other places I have referred to the fact that casual rides by young people who have plenty of opportunity for getting sufficient exercise in other ways than on wheels, are apt to pall. One needs an object. If you are a keen photographer or fisherman, or sportsman, entomologist, egg collector, and so on, you find plenty of uses for the machine apart from mere road-plugging. But perhaps

An excellent combination, cycling and fishing.

you may be none of these things; or the season is against you. Well, what then?

Cycle camping has received pretty full treatment in our columns. I should place that at the top of the list; for it is a fine pastime in many ways. Again, I have suggested map-making of the country round home, which, if conducted in an intelligent and painstaking manner, will teach you a lot. Then, paper-chases: not with scent spread so thick that one may almost see it with one's eyes shut, but distributed sparingly enough to make the cyclist keep his eyes skinned, as the Americans say. Or instead of "road scent" use objects of a predetermined nature, such as tufts of cotton wool, stuck here and there in the hedge. I feel sure that my readers have sufficient originality to be able to think out variations of the man-hunt for themselves. (A cynical friend suggested to me the other day that a motor-cycle might be used as "hare," as it provides scent automatically.)

Boy Scouts and Cycles.

I had a chat lately with one of the officials of the Boy Scouts movement, on the subject of the employment of the cycle by scouts. Some one had told me that the cycle was discouraged among the devotees of this rapidly growing movement; but inquiry showed that the facts were quite otherwise. There are, I was informed, special cyclist "patrols," for which volunteers are numerous, as the cycle is preferred to the feet by many boys. Then, too, there are cyclist orderlies, despatch carriers, &c., who prove of the greatest use to the scout-masters, on account of their mobility The cyclist scouts are often sent ahead to map out country, a task which many of them effect

A motor-cycle provides scent automatically.

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very creditably. Some scouts use their cycles as a cheap means of getting to camp. If these words meet the eye of any cyclist scout who feels inclined to give me some details of his personal experiences, he might take the hint and weigh in with a short account.

Finding the Way after Dark.

No doubt you are as fully aware as I am of the difficulty of finding one's way after dark through country which seems easy enough in daylight. The fact is, that a good "night pilot," to coin an expression, is one who gives special attention to small roadside details. Trees and buildings and other large objects being practically invisible on a dark night, or at any rate not discernible at such a distance as would make them useful guides, we have to rely on the notice we have taken of gates, heaps of stones, forks in the roads, and so on. I remember a certain painful ride from Brighton to Reading which gives me confidence in writing this. It was over a course which I believed I could follow blindfold. On that occasion I got astray at Farnborough, rode hither and thither through Aldershot, and put questions to every other man of the total military force encamped there, in my endeavours to find the Reading road. At last the sergeant of a patrol took me under his care and walked with me to a spot on the highway required; otherwise I might have spent the rest of the night in the open. My trouble was due entirely to a fork of which I had not taken proper note; once off the familiar path I was badly lost. By the bye, that was in the oil-lamp days (or nights) when one could see only about five yards ahead, and consequently had to be even more careful than one need be when carrying the modern gas-lamp.

You remember the yarn about the Hampton Court maze in "Three Men in a Boat": how Harris discovered that his party were going round and round in a circle by recognising a bit of bun that he had passed before. A tramp's castaway shoe—cut about in a manner even more pronounced than that which the "tourist" generally affects—stood me in equally good stead one black night somewhere in the wilds of Hampshire. Having observed it as I groped my way along, and encountering it again after turning several corners, I concluded very reasonably that there was something wrong somewhere, and tried other turnings, with success. That tramp threw away better than he knew. I feel grateful to him.

A fog affords the most searching test of one's local knowledge. I have ridden through fogs that would have troubled a very "B. P.," and have suffered several rather humiliating adventures in doing so. This reminds me that a good tip for seeing one's way through a fog after dark is to smoke the lamp glass and clean the lower third and a vertical strip on each side. This procedure cuts off the rays which would otherwise only dazzle and confuse the rider, but allows light to reach the sides of the road—in which one is most interested under such conditions—and any objects immediately in front of the wheels.

A Test.

If you wish to test your capacity for finding the way after sundown, do as follows: Choose

Cyclist scouts are sent on ahead to map out the country.

a period of moonless nights. Ride by day over a circuit containing a good number of turnings and a fork or two. Take mental notes of such objects as will help you later on; and record the time required for making the round by day. Thus prepared, repeat the ride by night, and see how the times compare. If you make a hash of the thing the first time, try again. The habit of observation is one which every cyclist should cultivate. It pays for itself many times over. After a while, when one has contracted the habit, one acquires the reputation of possessing the "bump of locality," which is, I believe, nothing more than a proper use of the eyes. What I have just written applies to town and country boys equally, as bricks and mortar are quite as bad as hedges—worse, I should say—when it comes to steering a course by lamplight.

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A Spring Conversation.

Cycling Editor: Have you adjusted those bearings?

Cycling Reader: Yes! Mr. Editor.

C. E.: And oiled your chain?

C. R.: Yes! Mr. Editor.

C. E.: And adjusted it?

C. R.: Yes! Mr. Editor.

C. E.: And screwed up all the nuts on your machine?

C. R.: Yes, sir.

C. E.: And overhauled your tyres?

C. R.: Yes, sir.

C. E.: And put new pads on the brakes?

C. R.: Yes!

C. E.: And touched up the enamel?

C. R.: Rather!

C. E.: And adjusted the saddle?

C. R.: Of course.

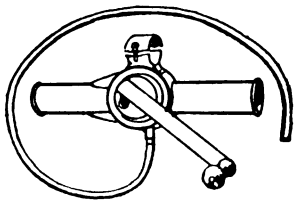
C. E.: And have done everything else that you ought to have done?

C. R.: Oh! blow it, you bet!

C. E.: Then go to the Old Fag and draw the Gold Medal of the Society of Benefactors of Bicycles.

Abolo, not Diabolo.

Bet you can't guess what Abolo means. Give it up? All right. It's the name of a firm which makes things for motors and cycles. The nattiest thing in their catalogue is the "Aimia" rotary pump for inflating tyres. It clips on to a tube of the frame, and is connected to the valve of either tyre by a long flexible tubing. To blow up a tyre you have merely to join up the pump and rotate the handle—which is detachable and goes into the wallet when out of use. The makers claim that the "Aimia" will inflate a quite empty tube to full pressure in thirty seconds. This sounds like quick work. I have never timed myself with an ordinary pump, but I know that when I have to catch a train and there's inflation to be done the period occupied seems to be something like half an hour. Anyway, other things being equal, I would rather twiddle a handle round than jerk desperately with a hot celluloid pump. The price of this little fitment is 5*s.* 2*d.* complete. Motor-cyclists especially—and I suppose a lot of Captainites are petroliers—will like to hear of the "Aimia."



The "Aimia" rotary pump.

Cycle Sheds.

A reader asks me how and of what to construct a cycle shed which shall be damp-proof. A full answer to this question means rather a big order; but as it may interest other readers than the querist, I will at least attempt a reply. As to *materials*, I don't think that for cheapness and efficiency combined you can beat wood-weather boarding or match-boarding with a tarred felt roof covering a wood lining. The *dryness* of a shed depends largely on its position If tucked away in a sunless corner to which the breezes have no access it has a much smaller chance of keeping dry inside than if situated in an open space. If *I* were building such a shed I should stand it on supports which would keep it a foot clear of the ground and allow air to circulate under the floor. Also I should have plenty of ventilation holes, as without the aid of heat you can't shut damp out, though nothing is easier than to shut it *in*. One of the driest store-places I have had to do with is a loft under bare slates, quite rain-proof, but practically open to every wind, wet or dry, that blows.

The Family Bike.

To the cycles used by the London Post Office telegraph messengers a very neat device is fitted to enable the saddle to be adjusted quickly to suit the length of leg of any of the several riders that may have to use the machine at a moment's notice. To the saddle-pillar lug is attached a lever, the raising of which allows the saddle pin to be pushed in or pulled out easily. When the necessary adjustment has been made, the lever is pushed down tight, and the machine is ready for use. This simple adjustment would be very suitable for the family bike which has to serve for Jones of the Upper Fifth and his brother of the Lower Third, not to mention intermediate Joneses.

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT

J. Leaver.—(1) Various metal spring dodges have been tried, and have failed egregiously. Shouldn't worry about trying to oust the pneumatic tyre, which is theoretically perfect and practically pretty much the same. (2) Pneumatic saddles are still obtainable at the big dealers in accessories. They suit some people very well, but are naturally somewhat more troublesome than the ordinary leather and spring article. (3) The wheel base length of a cycle is ascertained by measuring the distance from between the centres of the two wheel spindles. (4) You can get the maps from the publisher, Mr. T. Fisher Unwin, Adelphi Terrace, Strand, W.C., or from any good bookseller.

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"THE SCRAGS"

A Tale of "Hickson's," the "Mixed" School at San Francisco, Concerning Which Various Stories Have Already Been Told in These Pages

By F. L. MORGAN

WHEN Howard Pillsen becomes Games Secretary of Hickson's, he is informed that one of his duties will be to suppress a team of hockey-players known as "The Scrags" (from the name of their leader, a tall, sullen, but very able hockey player called Ross Scraggleton), the members of which will not join in the general hockey of the school, only playing matches against some of the junior teams. Elizabeth Joy, a new girl, knows nothing of the situation, and, taking advantage of her ignorance, Ross enlists her as a "Scrag." Some of her fellow juniors are indignant with Elizabeth, but she thinks highly of Ross, and remains loyal to him. Pillsen boldly tackles Ross about his team, saying that "The Scrags" ought to play for the school, but Scraggleton receives his protest with defiance.

V

THE next three weeks passed without much excitement. Hickson's hockey match against the Oakland Blues resulted in a win for the College by two goals to one. Meanwhile, it turned out that Elizabeth Joy had in no wise over-rated her powers as a pianist. Mr. Parkinson discovered in her a real musical "prodigy," and advised her to enter for the Edith Harmann Scholarship, the examination for which took place later in the term. Madame Edith Harmann, who stood high in the American musical world, was an old Hicksonian, and at the time of her earlier success had given a scholarship to the College, which entitled the winner to three years of the best musical tuition in Germany.

It was rumoured that Madame Harmann was to be in San Francisco towards the end of the term, and might possibly come herself to adjudge the winner of the scholarship. Great, therefore, was the excitement prevailing amongst the musical portion of Hickson's. The last winner, three years before, had been of Carr's House. This year it was the girls' turn, for though there were several intending competitors, Theodora Tyler was the acknowledged best, and every one knew how keen she was on winning. It was Jonathan Flower who first told her that a new rival had sprung up at the last moment.

"Oh?" said Theodora. "Well, of course, I'm nothing special. Who is it?"

"Yes, you are," returned Jonathan. "But this kid is a—well, she's a junior."

Theodora flushed. That any serious rival should be in the junior school was, to say the least of it, weird.

"Really, Weed?"

"Yes, a new kid named Elizabeth Joy."

Theodora experienced an internal quiver of apprehension, knowing that Jonathan would not have mentioned the junior had she not been something extra special. She herself had simply lived for this scholarship. She had denied herself nearly all games in order to have more time to practise, and had had nothing else in view for terms past.

"I know the kid," she said. "She's very infantile."

"Parky says she's a genius."

Theodora sighed a sigh that ended in a smile. She never did see any use in meeting trouble half-way.

"Bet he knows," she said. "But have you heard that there's a new music-teacher coming to the Coll., Weed?"

"My land, no! You don't mean that old Parky is going?"

"No, he'll stay on, of course. But there's another coming to help him—a Miss Philips."

"A woman teacher at Hickson's!" gasped Jonathan. Although most "mixed" schools in America have a staff of mixed teachers, Hickson's had in this so far proved itself the exception. And habit becomes second nature But Theodora very naturally did not approve of Jonathan's consternation.

"Why not, pray?" she asked quickly. "Are women not as clever as men, and can't they teach as well?"

Jonathan bowed politely.

"They prove themselves in everything our equal at Hickson's," said he. "But—well, the masters at Hickson's have always been men," he added succinctly.

Theodora Tyler knew that the status of girls at the College was such that would make it impossible for either sex to cast a general

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slur on the other. The two houses understood and appreciated one another too well for that. So she laughed whole-heartedly.

"Well, anyway, you needn't fret. The new teacher is only coming to take some of the work off Parky, who's a bit overdone at present. She's going to teach the juniors music, that's all."

"YOU ARE MAKING A REAL FUNNY FACE," SHE SAID.

Jonathan was satisfied, but the juniors were neither so philosophical nor inclined to bow to the inevitable. The advent of Miss Philips caused wild, wide revolt among them. They had always had the same music-teacher as the seniors, and felt insulted and rebellious to find that it was no longer to be so. The fact of the new teacher being a lady made it worse.

"I tell you what," said Peter Marsh wrathfully, "they'll be gettin' us a nursemaid next thing, if we don't somehow shift the lady music-teacher. Look here, fellers, I vote we jest don't trouble none about music while she's here. 'Course we'll hev to take her lessons, but we needn't larn anything much if we don't keer about it."

"You're talking rotten bad, Pete," said young Johnson, "though your main idea isn't so dusty."

"I *never* care about learning things, but I know quite a lot," put in Maisie Morris thoughtfully.

"But you needn't if you make up your mind not to," urged Peter. "Then she'd get so sick she'd go, or if we didn't get on so well at music the Head would soon make her slide off."

"Well, we might try it," agreed Johnson; "and then, if she doesn't go, we must think of another way. . . What are you gaping at, Elizabeth?"

Elizabeth Joy had been listening with great gravity.

"Why, it's the stupidest thing to do! What do you want to be unpolite to the new school-lady *for?*"

"Why, to make her go, you little donkey."

"But you can't have anything good or pleasant by doing a bad error to get it—now can you?"

Peter Marsh advanced until he was within a foot of Elizabeth. Then he stuck his chin forward and said with much sarcasm, "I s'pose you'll get on her soft side and be the new teacher's little Poppet, huh?"

Elizabeth smiled at him.

"You are making a real funny face," she said. "You see, it won't make any difference to me. I'm to go on with Mr. Parkinson; he wants me to, and the Head says I may."

Peter Marsh turned and faced the others.

"Oh! Say, Johnson, did you hear what she says? She's to go on with Mr. Parkinson," mimicked Pete, in a high squeaky voice.

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"Yep, ha-ha! 'He wants her to.'"

"'The Head says so.' Look here, young Elizabeth——"

But Elizabeth had fled. She was having a very lively time at Hickson's one way and another.

Half-term came and passed and nothing had been done with regard to the abolishment of the Scrags. They played "friendlies" with the junior and middle-school elevens, and seemed to be more firmly rooted at Hickson's than ever. It seemed that there was nothing left but to appeal to the Head. Howard Pillsen came to this conclusion, and voiced it to Isabel Uridge, Games Treasurer, one evening in the Lecture Hall.

"Of course," she replied; "I told you so at the start."

Whereupon Howard took fresh heart immediately, and said he would be hanged before he went to the Head about it.

"But you said just now——" commenced Isabel.

"I know; but surely we can get at that chap Scraggleton somehow?"

"What's that about Scraggleton?" asked Haviland, strolling up. He was the well-meaning idiot who captained Hickson's second hockey eleven. "I wanted to see you, Pillsen, because I fancy I've done a good stroke of biz for you with regard to the Scrags."

"What have you done, you ass?" asked the Games Secretary anxiously.

"Well, Scraggleton has challenged the second eleven, and as we have an odd 'half' in about three weeks——"

"You haven't been such an idiot as to accept!" almost shouted Pillsen.

"Rather! Why, we shall lick 'em hollow."

Pillsen groaned aloud.

"But, you silly cuckoo, the very fact of them being acknowledged at all by the second team makes their position stronger than ever. It must be stopped."

"Well, it can't be stopped," answered Haviland bluntly. "Scraggleton challenged, and I have accepted for the third Saturday from now. Why, man, we shall walk over them! If that doesn't help to put out their candle——"

"Oh, dry up, Haviland! You've done Hickson's about the rottenest turn possible, so please don't crow over it," said Pillsen disgustedly.

VI

Ross Scraggleton, seemingly calm, but now really excited, worked with his team as never before. He trained and practised them till there was not a notch in the smooth edge of their play. He reckoned that though the Scrags were uneven in size and age, and probably individually inferior to the second eleven, yet the harmonious action and scientific atmosphere which ruled them as a whole could not be found in any other team at the College. And as for the Scrags themselves, well, they had only one mind with regard to hockey, and that mind was Scraggleton's.

"Pity you can't play, kid," he said one day to Elizabeth Joy. The Edith Harmann examination took place in about a fortnight, and Elizabeth, to please Mr. Parkinson, had sworn off all games till after that.

She nodded, and slipped her hand within his arm. Scraggleton had given up trying to teach Elizabeth not to take hold of his arm.

"Say, Ross," she said, "I don't think I quite understand about the Scrags. I hear such lots of things, I wish you'd explain to me about it. I know you'll tell me right."

Scraggleton felt warm. Strange to say, he would have rather liked to keep the lofty position he occupied in the opinion of Elizabeth. He had seen a great deal of her, because she was in the habit of seeking him out as a sort of haven of refuge when things became too much for her amongst the juniors. He found her uncommon in many ways, different to the usual run of small Bowenites, and specially given to using strange expressions; but for all that she was just a loving, straight little kid, absolutely bent on finding the right thing and then doing it, at any amount of personal sacrifice if need be. He wondered how he should "explain about the Scrags."

"Well, it's my team, one that I got up. See?"

"I know. But why don't the others like it?"

"Because we don't play for the school, but only on our own. They used not to mind. I expect they're jealous mostly."

Elizabeth thought for a moment.

"Ross, I like the Scrags ever so, but sometimes we have to give up these things if they aren't in accord with principle, don't we? Then we find what we really do want."

Scraggleton frowned.

"It's no business of yours, kid," he said rather roughly; "and I don't see things your way," and he stalked on in silence.

For a week or so after her arrival the new music mistress had a very rough time—as rough a time as Hickson's juniors could give her. She bore it patiently, hoping for better

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things, until, suddenly, one afternoon, the climax came. Peter Marsh had been more than usually trying, and after dismissing him at half-time, Miss Philips sat down on the stool with her back to the piano and wept. . . .

The door opened unceremoniously.

"I beg your pardon," said Theodora Tyler, for 'twas she; "I thought the room was empty."

"Come in," said Miss Philips, wiping her eyes.

Theodora advanced, but was a long time finding what she sought. She felt sorry for Miss Philips, and wanted to say so. She didn't need to be told what was the matter. At last, as she reached the door, she hesitated and said, "Will you come down and have a look at my piano, Miss Philips?"

Miss Philips looked quite cheerful.

"I should love to," she said, jumping off the stool.

So they went down to Theodora's study and, after the manner of girls, were soon exchanging confidences. Theodora gave the poor little baited music-teacher a few hints as to the way to get the upper hand of the juniors.

"Give them warning, and then put them all down on the detention list," she said. "Don't miss any, and they'll be ever so lamb-like after."

Miss Philips was grateful for this advice and said she would act on it. Then she went on to tell the Hicksonian of the interesting chain of events that had led her to seek a position as music-teacher.

"How romantic!" said Theodora. "And doesn't your aunt know where you are, then?"

Miss Philips shook her head.

"No," she said, "but she has been very good to me, and I shall go back home, soon. I am certainly not a success as a music-teacher. But we won't talk about my affairs any more, dear. It is nearly six, and I must go. Thank you so much for showing me your piano and this sweet little room. You have cheered me up wonderfully. Good-bye."

"Come again!" called Theodora after her.

Ten minutes later Peter Marsh received a message to the effect that Theodora Tyler was in her study—No. 17—and would like to speak to him.

"Come in, Peter," said the senior encouragingly. He came in and stood by the small table at Theodora's elbow.

"I've got just about six words to say to you, kid, that won't require any answer."

Peter shifted his feet and gazed round the room uncomfortably.

"It's this. You and the other juniors are doing a real low-down thing in ragging your new music-teacher. She doesn't know how to hit back, and she's too much of a sport to let on. So you are just behaving like caddish little weasels. Marsh senior would be ashamed of you, if he knew it."

Peter went very red. Theodora knew that the last knock was the hardest, for she had heard from Ed Alten about Marsh's father.

"Go now," she said, "and think it over. Have a candy? No? Well then, good-bye."

VII

"Well, so far as I can see," commenced W. J. Kennett laboriously, for the fifth time, "the Scrags——" The loud scraping of the Britisher's chair as it was pushed quickly back, put an end to further remarks from Kennett. A select few had been discussing the situation for a solid hour, and now the Britisher's politeness had come to the end of its tether.

"Oh, shut up, shut up!" he implored. "I'm sick to death of the Scrags and all your jaw about them. I must go out and recuperate. Who'll come for a run and back to tea?"

"It's all very well, Stanborough," remonstrated Pillsen with a gravity born of his official responsibilities, "but something will have to be done. If we could only stop them playing the second hockey eleven, without looking as if we were afraid to tackle them!"

"If you don't dry up about it till after I'm gone, Pill, I'll kill you by slow torture. Now, Weed, will you or will you not come for a run?"

Jonathan looked out of the window at the pouring rain which fell with a monotonous patter on to the court and hung in glistening drops on every object without. Finally resting his gaze on a steady trickle that came from the roof and splashed noisily on to the window-sill, he answered, "I will not."

The Englishman eyed him with a fine scorn.

"Perhaps it would be better for you not to get your feet wet. Will you come, Kennett? Now, be a little man."

W. J. glanced out of the tail of his eye at the weeping skies and replied hurriedly, "Sorry, Ron old man, but I sort of promised Messent to—er——"

"All right," interrupted Stanborough; "save your inventive powers for a more worthy occasion. I'll go alone."

In ten minutes he had changed and was running along the muddy road at a steady swinging pace that just tingled up his blood

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enough to be pleasant and made his heart sing within him. Every minute found him more exhilarated, and he went about four miles before he turned. Coming back he cut across the fields and squish-squashed merrily over the soaked turf, until a nail in his shoe became uncomfortably prominent.

It is all very well to run in the rain, but it is quite another thing to stand still, wet to the skin, and adjust nails in shoes, and Stanborough instinctively made for the nearest shelter. This was a small shed, the natural home of a roller and two grass-mowers. Without slacking his pace Ronald reached the door and hurled himself within. It was rather dark in the shed, and the first intimation he had of another occupant was a disagreeable protesting voice:

"Look out, you clumsy brute!"

Stanborough turned his back on the voice, took off his shoe, and by the light of the door removed the offending nail. This done he looked round, and his eyes, getting used to the gloomy interior, discovered the overcoated form and lowering countenance of Ross Scraggleton. With turned-up collar and cap pulled well over his eyes, he sat on one of the shafts of the roller. The Britisher eyed him thoughtfully.

"Waiting for it to clear up?" he asked pleasantly.

Scraggleton only grunted.

"How are the Scrags getting on?" Stanborough next asked, quietly closing the door and leaning up against it.

Scraggleton did not attempt to reply. He was surprised at Stanborough's seemingly playful manner and felt vaguely at a disadvantage. He had often tested the power of silence; also, he always thought that he hated Stanborough. The Englishman's popularity, his unruffled demeanour, the air of good breeding that characterised him, and the unmistakable evidences of his nationality aroused in Ross Scraggleton an unreasoning anger. Even now, though he was clothed in drenched running togs, with streams of water trickling from his hair, the Britisher, cutting anything but a dignified figure, made Ross Scraggleton feel small. The true reason lay in the relative sizes of their self-respect. Scraggleton's was a mere dwarf, whereas

STANBOROUGH RECEIVED THE BLOW ON HIS LEFT SHOULDER.

Stanborough's was as high as himself. The only light available came through a few inches of space at the top of the closed door, but Scraggleton could plainly see a gleam of teeth as the Britisher smiled.

"Open the door," said the American.

"No," replied Stanborough; "not yet. You called me a 'clumsy brute' just now, and that was very rude of you, and not quite true. I know I'm not clumsy, and I hope I'm not a brute."

"Don't fool about," said Scraggleton, standing up. "I don't want to talk, or to listen

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while you do; so if you'll move, I'll clear out and leave the field to you."

Stanborough moved not an inch.

"Before you go, I want to suggest something to you. You must know that you are putting Hickson's to a lot of temporary inconvenience just now, with regard to the match arranged between your lot and the second eleven. What that drivelling idiot Haviland was thinking of I don't know. Anyhow, he sticks to it that he can't very well draw out now. But if the withdrawal came from *you*, it would be absolutely all right. See?"

A tiny flicker of amusement showed in Scraggleton's gloomy eyes.

"I think I said I didn't want to hear you talk, Stanborough. If you can't move out of the way of the door, I'll have to help you."

"Wait a bit," said Ronald. "Don't be in such a hurry. Why, I haven't had the pleasure of a talk with you before. To go back to our theme. Does it amuse you to rag the Coll. with your little hockey team? Any idiot can make a disturbance for a time, you know. D'you think it's worth doing?"

Two little red spots appeared in Scraggleton's white cheeks.

"Don't you think you'd better back out of the match after all, Scraggleton, while there's time?"

Scraggleton came closer. His eyes were furious, and Stanborough could see that the fellow was absolutely shaking with rage. The Britisher didn't move. His calm tones became even cooler and more bantering.

"Can't you speak? Has mother's boy lost his tongue?"

"I haven't got a mother, Stanborough, you cad," said the captain of the Scrags, between his teeth, hardly knowing what he said as his fist shot out.

Stanborough straightened himself—there was no room to dodge—and received the blow on his left shoulder. Scraggleton waited grimly. He forgot that Ronald Algernon Stanborough never fought except in his own or somebody else's defence, and had run the gauntlet of the questioning disapproval of Carr's House more than once because he would not sacrifice one iota of his self-respect by fighting when he considered it unnecessary. Scraggleton only remembered that there was no one at Hickson's who could come near the Britisher with the gloves.

After a few breathless moments he found himself facing the open door, with Stanborough saying in quite a different voice, "Sorry, Scraggleton; I didn't know." And as he walked uncomfortably out into the rain, puzzled and almost dazed, the Britisher added, rubbing his left shoulder, "You want to aim a bit higher and be heaps quicker with your guard, Scraggleton. I could have had my choice of nose or jaw just now!"

VIII

Pillsen's study door creaked in protest. Four irate Hicksonians had entered already that afternoon, to pass out calmed and soothed; and the Games Secretary was getting tired. The fifth was Miss Hazel Messent.

"Say, Howard, it's not true that we really are to play against that fellow Scraggleton's lot on Saturday?"

"It is quite true," returned Pillsen patiently.

"But it's absurd. We can't play *them*. I, for one, shan't turn out."

"You must turn out. Idiot though he may be, you must stand by your captain while you've got him, and keep the engagements he makes for the team."

"But the *Scrags!*" complained the indignant young lady.

"I know what you are going to say," interrupted the Games Secretary; "I have heard it four times this afternoon already. If there is anything fresh——"

"No, but it is really——"

"I know it is. But of course you'll stick to your team and be there to time."

"I suppose so." And the "left half" of Hickson's second hockey eleven went out of the room discontentedly.

As the door closed on her Pillsen breathed a sigh of relief. Then he groaned, "Great powers, here's another of 'em! Come in. Oh, it's you, Weed."

"Yes, only little me. You look distressed, friend. Do I interrupt you?"

"Oh no," replied Pillsen wearily. "This is my 'day.'"

"That's good. Well, I bring news, great news, news of our common foe, the Scrags."

Pillsen got up. Then he sat down again.

"Look here, Jonathan," he said, "I'm absolutely fed up with the Scrags. I can't stick another word about them."

"Well, you'll like this bit. It appears that two of them in the Fourth this morning fell foul of Mr. Simmons, who, noble fellow, has given them each two hours on Saturday. You know, I like that chap Simmons, he's a bit of a sport. Scraggleton has a substitute for one, but that's all, the only other member of his so-called team being that little new kid who's entered for the

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Harmann on Monday, so of course *she* can't play."

"I bet Scraggleton isn't half sick about it," said Pillsen.

He was right. After hearing of the untimely "accident" that would keep two of his men off the field on Saturday, Scraggleton felt very sick indeed for a few minutes. To go out against the second eleven with a man short was impossible. He would much rather have left her out of it, but——

"Where is Elizabeth Joy?" he asked a junior in Bowen's corridor.

"In the music-room. But you aren't allowed to go in there practice times, Scraggleton."

Ross was already half-way up the stairs. When he went in, Elizabeth stopped playing and twisted round in astonishment.

"Oh, Ross, you mustn't come in; I've got ten more minutes."

"You must skip that. I want to speak to you most particularly, Elizabeth."

"But I want to finish first; the exam. is on Monday."

"I know, but you must come now, Elizabeth."

"But, Ross, I must practise. Madame Edith Harmann herself is coming to examine us!" Elizabeth delivered this piece of news with tremendous importance, but Scraggleton did not seem impressed.

"I don't care a cent if it's the President. Come on."

At this point Miss Philips, the juniors' music-teacher, who had been sitting in a corner of the room unobserved, and, it may be added, not a little amazed at all this irregularity, rose hurriedly.

"What did you say, Elizabeth? Is Madame Harmann coming to the College?"

"Yes, Miss Philips; hadn't you heard? Do you know her?"

"She is my aunt," replied Miss Philips, evidently much disturbed, and hardly knowing what she was saying. She hurried from the room, and Scraggleton gazed after her in astonishment. He hadn't noticed her there, or he would not have been so peremptory with Elizabeth.

"Oh, Ross," said Elizabeth in a hushed voice, "did you hear?"

"Yes, but I've got something much more important to think about just now," and he proceeded to tell the junior about the unfortunate loss of two men from the Scrags for Saturday's great match.

"Oh, what a pity!" said Elizabeth.

"Yes, but look here, Elizabeth, I can play Stephen Robins in Hollis' place—he's nearly as good—and if you'll take the other——" Scraggleton stopped for very shame. It seemed awful to make the kid play and bring down upon herself the ban of Hickson's displeasure, knowing that she really understood nothing of the Scrags' true position. Then his better feelings were driven back by the remembrance of the Britisher's scorn. She *must* play.

"I can't possibly," said Elizabeth quickly. "The exam. is on Monday."

"I know, but that won't make any difference."

"I can't play, Ross. I promised Mr. Parkinson I wouldn't."

"Elizabeth, you must. You promised to play for the Scrags before you even knew Parkinson."

Elizabeth looked very troubled. She slipped off the stool and went to the window, standing with her back to Scraggleton. It seemed ridiculous that so much should depend on one small girl. The senior stared at her little brown pig-tail and waited impatiently for almost a minute. Then Elizabeth came and stood before him with her hands behind her, looking up at him with serious, puzzled eyes.

"I can't see any way out," she said, "and it appears to me that I just don't know. Do you think I really ought to play, Ross? You always tell me right, and I'll do just what you say."

What a sentimental idiot he was, thought the senior, to hesitate. Of course, the Scrags must be saved, at any cost.

"I think it is absolutely the right thing," he said grimly.

"Then I will. It can't interfere with my playing on Monday; I wasn't thinking of that. You know, Ross, I feel as if I'm going to win the scholarship, and then I shan't be any more expense. I have been working tremendously hard, and now I only want the best man to win!"

"I know. And you're a splendid little brick. Now come and have ten minutes on the field with me. You mustn't forget that you haven't played for ages."

"Ah, but I guess I'm in form all right. You can't lose what you've once really made your own, you know."

Elizabeth was most distinctly "in form all right," and Scraggleton's heart grew light and he forgot all his scruples as he passed her the ball again and again. Only once she stopped with glowing cheeks and panting breath to ask, "Are you *sure* it's quite right, Ross?"

To which Ross Scraggleton answered, "Quite sure, Elizabeth."

(*To be continued*)

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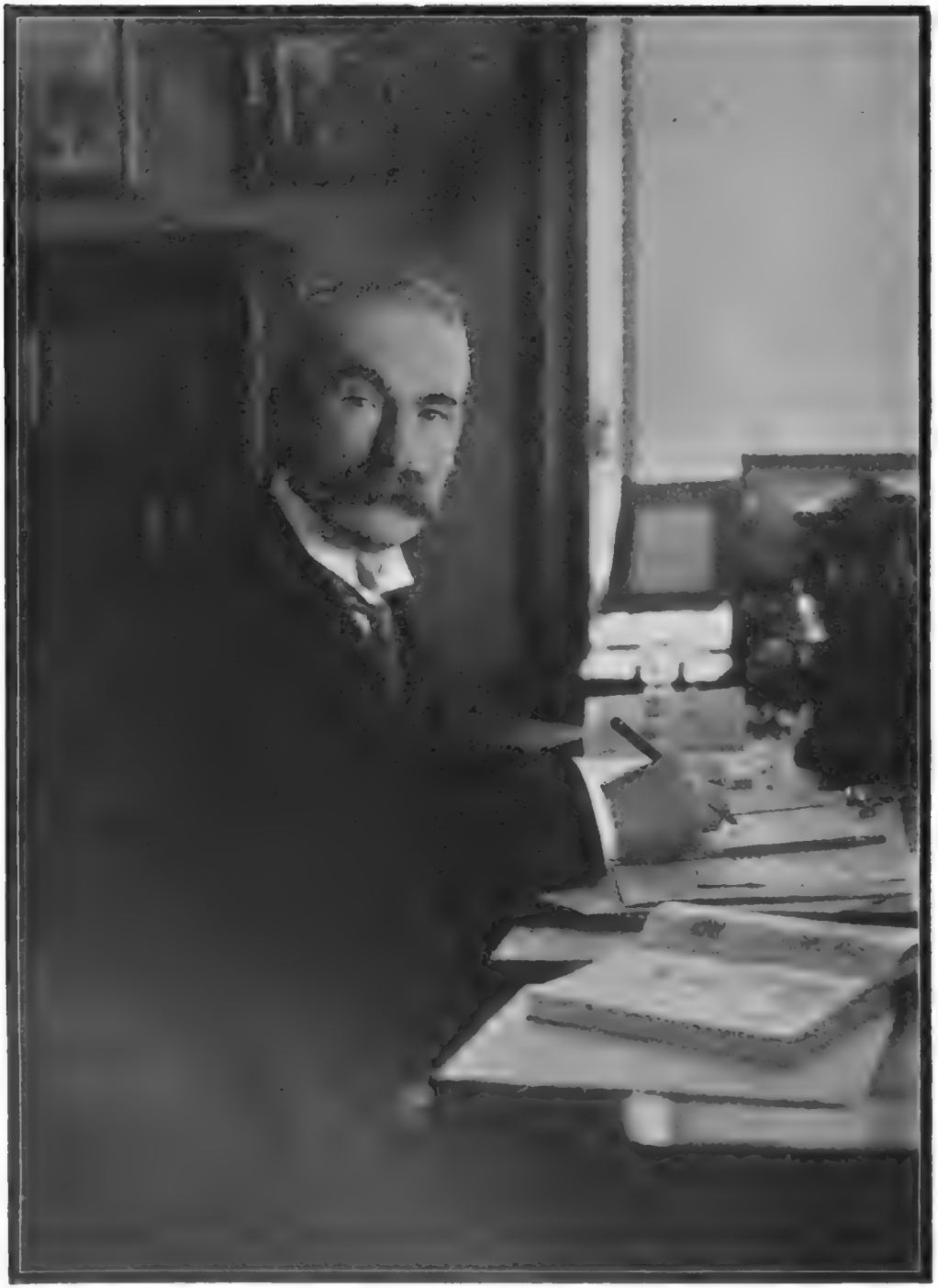

THE LATE EDWARD J. NANKIVELL,
Philatelic Editor of THE CAPTAIN for eight years.

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The Late Edward J. Nankivell

Philatelic Editor of "The Captain"

By ONE WHO KNEW HIM

BY the death of Mr. Edward J. Nankivell, stamp collectors lose not only an earnest colleague and comrade, but a doughty champion of their hobby. Mr. Nankivell loved Philately and believed in it, and he was ever ready to defend it with all his strength and eloquence from the sneers and innuendoes of the philistines. He was jealous of the strict integrity of the hobby, ever anxious for its future well-being. Nothing so angered him as to see third-rate republics like Honduras and Salvador foisting repeated unnecessary issues of "Jubilee" and "Commemorative" stamps upon the public with a view to the raising of unearned revenue by the sale of large quantities of unused specimens to philatelists. Against stamps of this class, "gumpaps" as collectors have contemptuously nicknamed them, he fought most strenuously with voice and pen. I, who knew him well for more than twenty years, can testify that this was no journalistic pose, but a sincere conviction that speculative stamps were the greatest possible source of danger to the future of his chosen hobby.

A Journalist who Specialised.

By birth a Cornishman, Mr. Nankivell chose journalism as his profession. He came to London in 1871 and held several important posts in connection with the Central News, *Pall Mall Gazette*, &c. He took up shorthand with characteristic ardour and became known throughout the length and breadth of the land as one of the greatest exponents of the Pitman system. It is sufficient for the average stenographer if he can decipher his own shorthand, but Mr. Nankivell was able to make the unique claim that any one conversant with Pitman's shorthand could read his notes, so uniformly accurate was his phonographic practice. The *Reporter's Magazine*, now, I believe, in its twenty-ninth volume, is a monument to his energy and skill. Mr. Nankivell founded this journal of facsimile shorthand as long ago as 1880; he remained its sole editor and proprietor down to the hour of his all too sudden death on Thursday, March 18. So much for a pursuit which vied with Philately in its claims upon his time and attention.

It was as quite a youth in his home in North Cornwall that Mr. Nankivell first collected stamps. We philatelists believe that a man who is once a collector is always a collector, and certainly this was true of the Philatelic Editor of The Captain. In his case Philately was more than a hobby: it was a passion. Beginning in his boyhood—and many were the droll stories he could tell of his early experiences—Edward Nankivell brought his hobby with him to London, and throughout his busy and varied life I doubt whether any form of work or play ever had the power to hold him that Philately could wield. It was natural that his able and facile pen should busy itself with stamp collecting just as it had been enlisted in the service of the shorthander. And thus, while still working as a journalist in the wide and general sense of the term, Nankivell became gradually more and more of a specialist in the literature of his chosen hobbies, Philately and Phonography. As the years wore on he found himself, perhaps, a little out of harmony with the hurly-burly of Fleet Street journalism till, at the end, his working day in his quiet home at Tunbridge Wells was largely given up to stamps and shorthand.

His Philatelic Triumphs.

Perhaps it is true that the collector, like the poet, is born a collector. Mr. Nankivell, certainly, was a philatelist in a thousand, and without enjoying any special advantages in the way of leisure or wealth, he won triumphs which will make his memory endure in the annals of stamp collecting.

He specialised many countries and colonies in turn, but unquestionably his forte was the difficult and complicated philately of the Transvaal. Among stamp collectors to mention the name of Nankivell is to call up visions of scarce Transvaal varieties. By 1881, in which year your late Philatelic Editor joined the Philatelic Society—now, of course, the *Royal* Philatelic Society—he had already singled out his Transvaals from the general ruck of his collection as something that would repay special attention. He rapidly added to his store, and to his knowledge of the subject; his collection began to be talked about, not only on account of its value and extent, but also

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because of the beautiful condition of its individual specimens—a point on which Mr. Nankivell held opinions that were then much in advance of his time.

But when the time came to sell his albums —ah! then did events abundantly justify the faith that was in him. The precise sum paid by the purchasers of the Nankivell Transvaals in 1903 was never published, but it was known to run "well into four figures," and was believed by many to exceed £5000. With the money so obtained, Mr. Nankivell built the beautiful home at Tunbridge Wells in which he and his family dwelt down to the time of his death.

Most philatelists in such circumstances would have looked around for fresh lands to conquer, but Nankivell almost immediately afterwards began a new collection of Transvaals. So a collector of Transvaals, it would seem, is always a collector of Transvaals. Other countries and colonies—Egypt, the Soudan, Gambia, China, &c—claimed his attention at various times, but I doubt whether any one of them ever held half the fascination of his beloved Transvaals, of which he had got together another splendid collection at the time of his death.

A Crusade Against "Gumpaps"

As for Mr. Nankivell's philatelic writings, merely to compile a list of his various contributions to the literature of stampdom would fill far more space than that kindly autocrat, the Old Fag, would permit me to occupy. Many years ago he did much good work for the *Stamp News* and the *Philatelic Record*, famous papers both; and acted as assistant Editor of the *London Philatelist*, the journal of the Philatelic Society. In 1894 and 1895, as a contributor to the *Stamp Collector's Fortnightly*, Mr. Nankivell did much to bring to a head the growing disgust of philatelists over the repeated issues of "unnecessary" stamps. Largely through his efforts and those of Mr. M. P. Castle, the leading collectors and dealers joined hands to combat the common enemy. As a result the Society for the Suppression of Speculative Stamps was formed, and during its three years of life the indiscriminate cataloguing and selling of worthless rubbish of the made-for-collectors order was very largely checked. But alas! dissensions arose; the decisions of the S.S.S.S. began to be called into question; there was no longer the harmony and unanimity that had ushered in the reforming movement. To cut short a long and a not very cheerful story the S.S.S.S. faded into nothingness, the rubbishy stamps, or most of them, crept back into the catalogues, and the greater part of the work of years proved to be labour thrown away. But though the cause was lost, Nankivell remained true to his colours and throughout his career he lost no opportunity of protesting with all the force and fervour of his nature against the despoiling of philatelists by means of the gummed and perforated rubbish issued *ad nauseam* by impecunious states. He retained to the last a fierce and insatiable scorn for what I have heard him describe as "government swindling," and even when the good name of a British Colony was involved, Nankivell, staunch patriot as he was, denounced the whole business with characteristic energy, and if the colonial authorities should be moved in the near future, as one hopes they will be, to check such reckless postal issues as those of the Cayman Islands, that result will be very largely due to the efforts of our dead friend.

Stamp Papers and Handbooks.

Perhaps the oddest outcome of Mr. Nankivell's love for Transvaal stamps was his inauguration of a little paper called the *Transvaal Collectors' Quarterly*, which in its limited lifetime is believed to have had a subscription list smaller than that of any other journal ever published. Nevertheless its editor at the time of his death was said to be intent upon reviving it. *Gibbons' Stamp Weekly* was founded by him, and finally the *Postage Stamp*, that brilliant weekly journal which he was editing at the time when the Grim Reaper stilled his able hand for ever.

Mr. Nankivell had but recently announced for early publication a handbook to the stamps of Jamaica and the Cayman Islands; and this will doubtless soon be published. He has written up in his own inimitable way such diverse countries as China, the British West Indies, Gambia, Canada and the Soudan; but of all his works perhaps his delightful "Stamp Collecting as a Pastime" will be best remembered. Chatty, cheery, and convincing, it has made many converts to the most delightful of hobbies.

And so the curtain rings down on a life that was strenuous, while straightforward and sincere. Sixty-one years had Edward Nankivell lived, and he lived them worthily. Stamp collectors loved him the wide world over—and will revere his memory.

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LITERARY MEN OF THE MONTH

ROBERT BROWNING

A BRAVE man with a heart of gold, this Robert Browning. He wrote out of the materials of his heart, if ever man did. I do not mean that he wrote ballads "to his mistress's eyebrow," as Shakespeare puts it. They are very seldom written from the heart. They belong to the "peacock's tail" order of literature—brightly coloured words spread out to please a lady. But Browning had a deep nature, and what he wrote came from its deepest veins. It is sometimes a little rough-hewn, but it sparkles all over with the rich metal it contains.

In "The Ring and the Book" one of the characters exclaims:

Well, now; there's nothing in nor out o' the world good except truth,

and to that conviction Browning holds from first to last. And not only in word but in deed. He had a great gift. He might easily have multiplied his literary income by twenty—perhaps even by much more—would he have consented to write for the magazines and for mere popularity. Certainly he was never in want of the good things of life—not to mention the bread and butter which some poets have lacked, but immediate applause is a greater temptation even than money. Tennyson's copyrights were bringing him an income of £5000 a year when Browning's were yielding barely £200. Yet there was only a year's difference in their ages. All the world knew Tennyson, when only the "fit and few" had ever heard of Robert Browning, except, perhaps, as the man who had married Elizabeth Barrett the poetess. He had no vogue. But he did not care. He wrote for immortality, and so that he pleased himself—and his wife—he was content to wait until the public found him out.

And they did presently with a vengeance, and in his later days there arose all over England and the colonies Browning Societies for the study of the poet, every member of which hailed him as the greatest poet, immeasurably, of the Victorian Era. All kinds of jokes were made about those early Browning Societies, generally running on the idea that one man's wit was not equal to the task of solving even a single enigma of Browning's poetry, not to mention thousands, so he had perforce to form a sort of syndicate of investigators, translators and solvers.

And there can be no doubt that Browning makes hard reading. But he repays study as well as any man who ever wrote English. He is not perhaps—if simplicity is the criterion—a boys' poet, and yet in many ways he is. Archdeacon Farrar said of him: "The lesson that Browning taught us was to live this life bravely and nobly; to live human and not supernatural lives, because we were born men, and not angels; to live good and not wicked lives, because we were men and not demons; not sensual lives, because we were men and not beasts; to live bravely and nobly each day the life of to-day—to-day's life and not to-morrow's—nor yesterday's; to live the life of a good to-day unwounded by the Parthian arrows of yesterday, and confident in the blessed hopes of to-morrow."

Listen to Browning himself:

I was ever a fighter, so—one fight more,
The best and the last.
I would hate that death bandaged my eyes, and forbore,
And bade me creep past.
No! let me taste the whole of it, fare like my peers
The heroes of old.
Bear the brunt, in a minute pay glad life's arrears
Of pain, darkness and cold.

The man that faces death like that, can face life in the same brave way.

He had a great faith in ideals. He said a very great thing when he said:

'Tis not what man *Does* which exalts him, but what man *would* do,

and he also had a splendid conception of man's possibilities and destiny, and his inherent greatness. There is no more splendidly optimistic passage in English literature, or one more tersely and adequately expressed, than this, from the "Epilogue to Asolando":

What had I on earth to do
With the slothful, with the mawkish, the unmanly?
Like the aimless, helpless, hopeless, did I drivel—
Being—who?

One who never turned his back but marched breast forward,
Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed, though right was worsted, wrong would triumph,
Held, we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
Sleep to wake.

Yes, there's the hero ring about that. It is the conquering spirit, the sort of courage to face the world with. That material doesn't shrink in the soap-suds of flattery or the hard water of criticism and an unsympathetic world.

A. B. C.

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UPWEEKIS THE LYNX

By F. A. PHILLIPPS

UPWEEKIS the Lynx felt hungry. He arose and stretched himself, yawning prodigiously; then he walked out of the cave and looked around to determine which way he should go. It was autumn, and at night the frost was bitter; but Upweekis did not mind the cold, his fur was thick and kept him warm. He sniffed the air on every side of him, and then started at a swinging trot southwards through the bleak forest of spruce and pine trees, on the look-out for something to eat.

After half an hour's running he heard a noise coming from behind a clump of blueberry plants. Turning off to see what it was, he found Kagax the Weasel sucking the blood of Meeko the Red Squirrel. As soon as Kagax saw him he leapt aside, snarling viciously, for he is a brave fighter, although he is hated by all the wood folk for his cruelty and wastefulness.

Upweekis lost no time. He raised one paw and patted Kagax to the ground, and with one snap sent him to the long sleep. Meeko and Kagax furnished him with but a scant meal; so he trotted on, looking for further prey.

At the foot of a tree he saw Tookhees the Woodmouse, but as soon as Tookhees saw him he dived under a root and saved himself, for the woodmouse is so timid that if picked up it will die in one's hand from fright. Far away, high up in the air, Upweekis heard the cry of Ismaques the Fish-hawk bearing his catch triumphantly away; but he took no notice, it meant nothing to him. Still he trotted on and on, and in his eyes shone a fierce light.

Suddenly, he stopped dead and crouched down on to his haunches. He detected a whirring noise close to his path, and, flat upon his stomach, crawled nearer to the sound, screening himself behind a tree. He saw Mitches the Ruffled Grouse, sitting upon a log. Slowly and stealthily Upweekis crawled closer, until he was within springing distance. Then there was a flash of brown, a shower of feathers, a hissing sound, and Mitches rose in the air with an unsteady flight, screeching his discomfiture. Upweekis, baulked and furious, tried to snarl and spit the feathers out of his mouth at the same time.

When he had succeeded in getting rid of them he went on, very hungry indeed and still more angry. So it was a lucky surprise when he came upon the dead body of Musquash the Muskrat, and he pounced upon it without ceremony, landing squarely on all four paws. As his front paws hit the earth, two iron jaws sprang up from their bed of leaves and dug into his flesh, holding him as if in a vice. In vain Upweekis scratched up the earth and leaves with his hind feet, in vain he snarled and bit and tore at the trap—he was powerless. All that evening, night, and during the next morning Upweekis raved and fumed in the trap.

At about twelve o'clock the following day a man appeared, carrying a sack and a gun. When he saw Upweekis he whistled, and a pleased look came over his face. He leant his gun against a tree, took the sack from his shoulder, and produced from it two or three bits of rope and some pieces of meat. After looking at the lynx for some time, evidently debating whether to shoot him or take him alive, he decided upon the latter. Having examined Upweekis, now quite exhausted by his struggles, he went back to the sack and picked out the longest bit of rope. Approaching Upweekis very carefully, he slipped a noose of the rope round both hind legs and pulled it tight. He then fastened the front feet, which were still in the trap, with the other end. This done, he released the trap, and Upweekis rolled out furious and helpless, snarling and biting viciously. The man cut a thick sapling about two inches in diameter and three feet long and securely fastened it in Upweekis' mouth. These operations finished, he slung the lynx into the sack, rebaited the trap, and continued his round. The other traps furnished several small victims, and these he placed in his pockets.

When the trapper reached his log-hut he was tired and weary with the weight of Upweekis, and dropped the sack heavily upon the floor. Then, pulling out a large soap-box, he turned out some rusty nails, and took up an old chain and a heavy dog-collar. Carrying these with him, he picked up a staple and a hammer from the table, and went outside.

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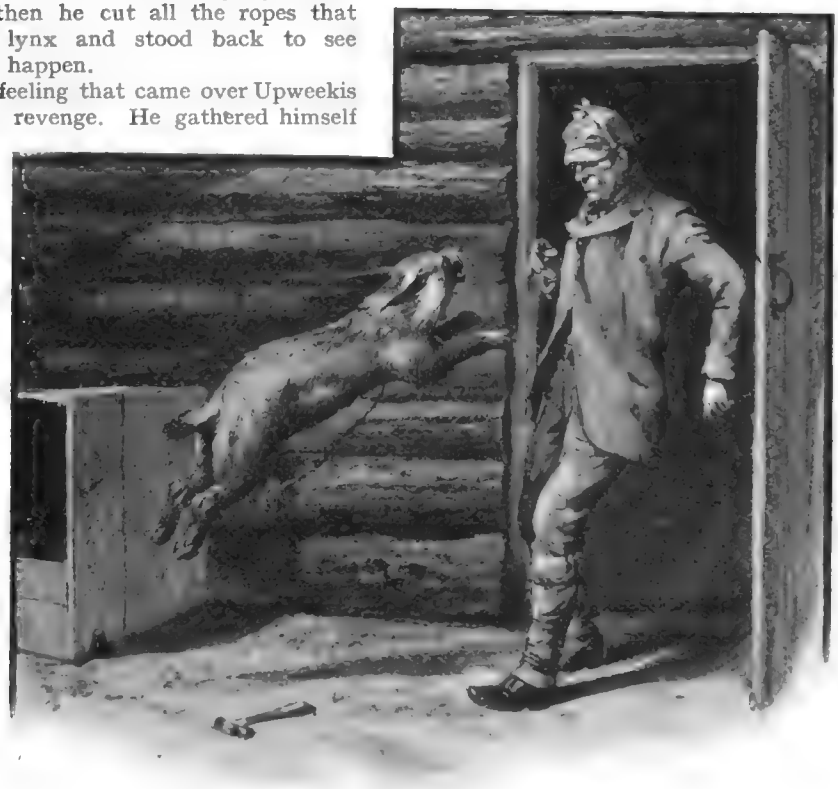
Putting the staple through the end of the chain, he drove it into one of the logs of the shanty. Then he found a large box, half-filled it with straw, and stood it against the house as a sort of kennel. Bringing out the sack, he dumped Upweekis out of it, and fastened the collar rather tightly round his neck; then he cut all the ropes that bound the lynx and stood back to see what would happen.

The first feeling that came over Upweekis was one of revenge. He gathered himself together and sprang like a stone from a catapult straight for the trapper's throat, but the chain brought him down with a crash. After a few further attempts he gave this up and tried to make off. The chain held him, however, and in vain he tried to gnaw it through. All that night he spent trying to get away, and finally, just as dawn was breaking, he hid himself in his box. For three weeks Upweekis remained thus, and during that time he only ate once, which was one day when his captor was out.



HE SPRANG STRAIGHT FOR THE TRAPPER'S THROAT.

At the end of this period the trapper made his monthly trip to the nearest town, twenty miles away, and took Upweekis with him in the sack. When he reached the town, after a very rough drive in his waggon, he found a man willing to buy the animal, and after much bargaining sold him for sixteen dollars. Upweekis was kept by his new master for three days and he got thinner and worse tempered every day. He was then sent off to Winnipeg, in Manitoba, where he was bought by a travelling menagerie for the sum of twenty-five dollars.

For a few weeks he was exhibited as "The Fierce Wild Lynx Direct from the Forest;" and Upweekis acted up to his title! The showman said that he was the fiercest animal he had ever laid eyes on. Several attempts were made to tame him, but unsuccessfully; and he lived on for a year or more in his roomy cage, where he would have been very comfortable if he could have settled down to his new life. All efforts to tame him suddenly culminated one day, when he sprang upon his would-be tamer and so gashed his throat that it was a near thing that the man's life was saved. From that time forth the lynx was left more or less in peace, but naught could tame him.

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Upweekis was as wild during his three years' stay in the menagerie as when he was taken from the virgin forest.

At last, one night, his chance came, and he was not slow to take it. There was a small fire in the circus, nothing serious, but sufficient to excite the animals into a frenzy. Now Upweekis, by continually springing at the wooden wall of his cage, had loosened a board in the side of it. On this particular night, in three springs he had knocked it loose, and the fourth carried him right through. Upweekis was free!

It took him but a few seconds to rip up the circus tent; then he made off at full speed for the forest, his instinct guiding him. Two or three of the village curs yapped at his heels for a short while, but soon stopped, dead beat. Upweekis took no notice of them, although, had he chosen to do so, he could easily have despatched them. He did not pause until he was well beyond the last house. Then, with one last glance of hatred towards the place of his confinement, he vanished into the night.

VIVISECTION

WITH reference to your reply to "Cheltonian" in the April issue of THE CAPTAIN, I am afraid that I cannot agree with you. Vivisection is, in nine cases out of ten, wanton cruelty of the worst kind. Dr. C. Bell Taylor, in writing on the "Rights of Animals," says:

"When I was a student in Paris they used to perform sixty-four operations on the same living horse. It does not seem possible, but it was accomplished by relays of students eight at a time, who operated on seven horses every week, from six in the morning till about the same time at night. . . . No anæsthetics were used. I was horrified, but was told it was necessary."

Necessary, indeed! What possible good could brutality like that do to human nature? Yet such an abominable practice as Vivisection is legalised by a law which is acknowledged to be the most perfect on the face of the earth.

Many vivisectors say that their operations are mere pin-pricks, but carefully omit to state what is on the pin in question. The most atrociously painful poisons are injected into animals on the so-called pins. What follows I need not say. Poisoning is a form of vivisection—for it comes under that heading—which is hardly noticed, but which is really as bad as many surgical operations performed and protected under the name of science.

One doctor, after signing a petition to Parliament for the abolition of vivisection, wrote: "Although I have not seen any surgical vivisection on dogs, in my student days I frequently witnessed unfortunate dogs given poisons, and after the lecture was over, the attendants drenching them with water to bring them to for other occasions." Is there no cruelty in that? Vivisectors say that dogs cannot feel, but they are very careful not to let the dogs show their pain. If animals can't feel pain, as vivisectors would have us believe, why do people beat horses and dogs? Surely the whole world can't be wrong? If it is, then the sooner vivisectors prove to us that animals can't feel, the better. Of course, vivisectors say that most of their victims are anæsthetised, but are they? Some vivisectors own that they operate on animals while the latter are in their normal condition.

Let me quote a paragraph from one of the leaflets published by the National Canine Defence League: "Animals are strapped down on operating tables, fixed, stretched, strained, and distorted by elaborate, powerful appliances, muzzled, gagged, sometimes kept rigid and motionless by curara (not an anæsthetic), which paralyses movement, but greatly intensifies feeling, rendering them, as the late Mr. Cox, M.R.C.V.S., said, 'Powerless to resist their cowardly torturers.' These bound and helpless victims of man's pitiless cruelty have been subjected to every possible excruciating torture that scientific ingenuity can devise to body, limb, nerve, eye, brain, and internal organ, that the vivisectors may indulge their unbridled curiosity and lust for knowledge at any price, even that of sentient creatures committed to our care, and for our treatment of whom we are responsible to Almighty God."

F. D. THOMPSON.

[It seems to me that a Commission ought to be appointed to thresh out the matter quite thoroughly, the facts being plainly stated on both sides without exaggeration. I have cut out part of the above letter, as it was too terrible to print, but if the statements therein contained are true, they certainly show that wanton cruelty in the vivisecting chamber is not unknown, at least in Paris. There is no reason to suppose, however, that the average vivisector is not as humane a man as the average of men.—ED.]

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PUBLIC SCHOOL BOXING AT ALDERSHOT

By J. G. B. LYNCH

A ROUND IN THE MIDDLEWEIGHTS.
W. K. Humphreys (Bedford) *v.* T. W. Pollard (Marlborough).

THE Public School Boxing Championships this year, from the point of view of a "show," were a great success: as indeed are all boxing competitions in which the competitors really "mean it" from start to finish. There were nearly two days of successive fighting, with hardly a dull round from beginning to end. This was as much as the most ardent follower of the Noble Art could desire; and, indeed, many true lovers of boxing acknowledged severe headaches afterwards as though each blow had landed upon their own persons!

As always on these occasions, there were just a few encounters which stood out especially over all the rest: battles where the chances were even until the end, and which were fought at a furious pace; or bouts where conspicuous courage was shown. I had nearly said "remarkable" courage, but that is an insult. Courage should never be remarkable, but when we see it set forth on special occasions, we cannot go away without saying at least that it was splendid.

The General Form.

In the space of a short article it is manifestly impossible to tell the whole story in full, or to attempt a description of each bout in the long competition. I shall, therefore, give a brief account of each of the finals, and of some of those fights which stood out as particularly good. Before doing this, however, it would be well to say something about the general form displayed.

Amateur boxing may not be, as a rule, very scientific, but for those who love to watch a good, hard mill, it is better worth watching than any other form of sport I know. It is ding-dong fighting throughout, and no one means to give in while, as it were, he has legs to stand on. Now,

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at Aldershot there was a tremendous amount of really hard "scrapping." The science was quite up to the average, though not above it, the chief defect being lack of footwork. It is quite remarkable how little attention is paid to this most important matter. Besides being indispensable to the purpose of attack and defence, good footwork makes a competition "go" so much more easily without it a fight looks so scrambling and untidy. Of course, the different schools have different styles; and these observations about this year's competitions necessarily, but quite generally.

But what a pity it is that so many schools go unrepresented! The most essentially British of all sports, and the best test of endurance, should be a regular inter-school event for every one. The fact of the matter is that many school authorities flinch from the punishment, such as it is, that boxing entails, and think that the chances of permanent injury are great. Now, this

H. C. Marris (St. Paul's), Winner of the Bantamweights.

A. Anderson (Bedford), Winner of the Featherweights.

you can always trace these to the instructors.

Every School its own Style.

Bedford boys, for example, have a fine dashing way with them; a little regardless of punishment, they keep boring in, and by sheer persistence and strength often win success. Harrow knows how to hit hard with both hands, left-right, left-right with lightning swiftness. Haileybury shapes well, but doesn't hit hard enough—and what is the use of boxing, which is primarily self-defence, without hard hitting? Radley has perhaps the best footwork, and a particularly good straight left. Rugby makes a great point of standing up straight and boxing in the good old English style. Felsted always shows coolness and judgment and hits very hard—and so on. I am not making

is an important question and must be dealt with from the two sides.

The Uses of Boxing.

Upon the one hand, when you are boxing, the excitement prevents your realisation of pain—you don't think how much a blow hurts, but when you get it, you determine to return it—and if there is a little pain, well, personally, I think it an excellent thing. It will help to teach you to endure bigger pains on other occasions. Boxing, besides being a physical developer, is a physical and mental "hardener." Too much notice is taken nowadays of things that hurt; as a race we are greater molly-coddles than we used to be; more's the pity. And the men we need now are not only those who can stand being hurt themselves, but those who do not shrink from

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inflicting necessary pain upon others. Boxing fits people for this.

Upon the other hand, sometimes in these competitions there is a little unnecessary slaughter. Where two men have damaged each other equally and yet are both evidently strong, it is much better to let them go on until one proves his superiority. But where one is overwhelmingly outclassed, and obviously stands no earthly chance, and where he is being knocked down repeatedly, and being banged from one side of the ring to the other, the fight should be stopped. With all deference to those officers who control the Public School Boxing, I would suggest that some of the bouts might have been stopped sooner. If one boy is getting very much the worst of it, let him stay a little, just to show what he is made of, and then step in and say "enough." However, above all things, we must remember that what a referee or an umpire in any sporting event says is, *ipso facto*, right. Only, the more unnecessary damage there is, the less school authorities will relish sending representatives to Aldershot.

W. G. Gabain (Charterhouse), Winner of the Lightweights.

F. C. Lewtas (St. Paul's), Winner of the Middleweights.

Among the Fights

which were especially interesting was that in which B. J. Fuller (Bedford) beat D. P. Laing (Haileybury) in the Lightweights. They were evenly matched, being of exactly the same weight, and while Laing had a long reach, Fuller was a little stronger and thicker. Quite early in the first round Fuller gave his opponent a blow on the chin which quite dazed him, and though he boxed very pluckily it was not until the third round that he recovered sufficiently to do anything like his best. In another ay he was at disadvantage, fo half-way through the first round he lost a shoe and, worse, had to box for an appreciable time with it only half on. Anybody who has had a similar misfortune will be able to sympathise. Fuller grew rather tired in the third round, and Laing had distinctly the best of it. Bedford, however, had done too much before, and won narrowly on points. For some minutes after he had left the ring, Laing believed he had been knocked out, so badly had he been dazed. It was hard luck, for in the qualifying competitions at Haileybury he had won the Heavies, Middles and Lights in the same day, which is something of a record.

In the Featherweights

there was a fine exhibition of pluck given by J. A. Taylor (St. Paul's), last year's winner, who was easily beaten by C. W. J. G. Eady (Clifton). Taylor started off with the obvious determination to win quickly, if at all. But Eady had a much better idea

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of judging distance, and, timing his blows to a nicety, he knocked him down. From this hard right on the jaw Taylor never recovered, and from then until the fight was stopped in the second round he was perpetually being bowled over. I have never seen any one knocked down so often: yet each time he rose as quickly as ever he could and went on with a desperate energy which was fine to watch. The fight not being interrupted sooner than it was, Eady had no other course to pursue than to go on

F. C. Bourne (Rugby), Winner of the Heavyweights.

doing his best. He boxed carefully and well. It was a pity that he could not have knocked Taylor out completely and thus saved sensitive people a rather doleful sight. In

THE LIGHTWEIGHTS SEMI-FINAL

there was a very close and interesting match between F. B. Goodall (Felsted) and A. R. Marks (St. Paul's). Marks was rather taller than his opponent and considerably quicker. Goodall, however, had been coached recently by Barry, the Oxford University instructor, and showed quite good footwork. He is remarkably strong and has a chest measurement of forty-two inches. Marks fought with an excellent left, which he continually kept popping in, but Goodall cared nothing at all for punishment and with sublime coolness walked in, asked for more, and dealt out some very severe blows on his own account. If only he would go faster and take, perhaps, a few more risks, he would do much better. As it was, Marks won on a very narrow margin of points.

In the

SEMI-FINAL OF THE MIDDLEWEIGHTS

the bout between E. P. H. Parry-Jones (Sherborne) and F. G. Lewtas (St Paul's) was very similar to that between Eady and Taylor. That is to say, there was "only one in it." Parry-Jones had been having one or two very severe fights previously to this and he was, I think, a little tired when he entered the ring. Lewtas was very strong and hit with great sting and power. Time after time Parry-Jones was sent down, more than once right through the ropes, but he was game as the proverbial pebble, and struggled on, growing weaker and weaker with each fall until the bitter end. Lewtas won on points. This was only one of many plucky efforts made during the two days.

And now we come to

THE FIVE LAST STRUGGLES.

You could see how nervous most of the competitors were. How they tried to walk into the ring as if they didn't care! All of us who have entered for an important fight know the wretched feeling. The first pair were the Bantamweights: a new addition to the championship programme. These were J. F. Reid (Bedford) and H. C. Marks (St. Paul's). Well matched in every particular, theirs was indeed a battle in deadly earnest. Clever and quick, they guarded, slipped, side-stepped, led and countered: a scientific rather than a fierce first round, and it was absolutely equal. The second was a little faster and again there was nothing to choose between them. They shook hands for the last round. Spank came Reid's left on the side of Marks' head. Spank, spank — the return was just as strong: an almost impossible pair to separate. Perhaps Marks showed a trifle the better style: certainly as a rule he hit straighter. There had been much too much swinging throughout the competition. One would almost have liked to see an extra round ordered. Great applause greeted them as they left the ring, Marks the winner.

The Featherweights were already at the dressing-room door. There was Eady (Clifton) and A. Anderson (Bedford), the first

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with a long arm and a thin body, the other a sort of

SMALL, COMPACT VIKING,

sturdy to a degree. We had seen Anderson's capacity for taking punishment before. Hit him as he would, Eady always found him coming in, giving blow for blow, caring little for his guard, only determined always to be "there." In the second round, a hard hook sent Eady down, and there was no doubt at all at the end that Bedford had won. The last round was all for Anderson. Eady showed indomitable pluck throughout. It is not a light thing to be hammered round the ring for two minutes at a stretch. Each individual blow may not be very hard and may not hurt at all, but the combined effect of them is very tiring, and you just long to lie down straight away and go to sleep. Therefore you must have considerable determination to keep on going.

Then the Lightweights came on, and that was a most important fight. W. G. Gabain (Charterhouse) had won at this weight in 1906, lost it again last year, and was now trying to retrieve it by beating C. Rissik (Clifton). Both were very nervous, and this led to wildness in the first round, there being a good deal of indiscriminate swinging. Then Gabain settled down to the steady use of

THAT MOST INVALUABLE OF ALL BLOWS,

the straight left. Sometimes he followed it quickly with a right. Rissik, however, boxed on coolly and well. He has a good style, though a little too prone to strike attitudes. Gabain had a knowledge of in-fighting which the other lacked, and which, though it sometimes led to annoying clinches, yet gave him a great advantage. It was a fine, fair fight. A moment of intense anxiety followed the final call of "time," for it was seen that the judges had disagreed. To whom would the referee give his casting vote? Gabain just ahead! And there was a wild cheer for the two of them.

How much bigger the Middleweights looked; but 10 stone to 11 stone 4 lbs. is a big jump. The final pair were F. H. Broad (Dulwich) and F G. Lewtas (St. Paul's). Broad made a promising start and was distinctly ahead in the first round. The heavier the weight the more unwieldy the fight appears, and certainly that was the case here. They did not seem to know where to put their hands or feet a bit, and yet it was a good fight. Broad was not so strong as his opponent in the second round and he got a good deal of punishment. One could have wished that Lewtas had refrained from hitting his man quite so soon after shaking hands, or when he was lying over the ropes, but the excitement of the moment accounts for many things of the sort.

At the end of the third round, the judges disagreed, and the referee, Colonel G. M. Fox, ordered another round of two minutes, at the close of which Lewtas was returned the winner.

THE LAST BOUT

The Heavyweights were F. C. Bourne (Rugby) and W. F. R. Schloss (Wellington). The latter was much the stronger of the two, but also much shorter. Bourne was very tall and had a splendid reach. Schloss forged in and you would have thought that Bourne would never have been able to stand up against his persistent rushes: but he was careful, and time after time landed heavily on the body. The consequence was that Schloss was quite winded and rapidly tired. Bourne added more points to his own credit, and established a slight lead. It was, however, an equal fight throughout, for Schloss did much damaging work at close quarters. On the disagreement of the judges, the referee's vote was in favour of Bourne.

What is the practical use of boxing in these unromantic days? I will tell you. On the night of the Boat Race, the writer happened to be present at a very practical instance of its usefulness. One gentleman accused another of treading upon his toe; not satisfied with that he called him names. He was, to use a vulgar expression, "asking for it." The accused paid little heed. He was rewarded with a blow in the face. Having received this with the best grace possible in the circumstances, he led the first speaker away by the arm to a quiet spot where police interference would be unlikely.

* * * * *

The above hieroglyphics are intended to represent what the first speaker saw.

Our illustrations are from photographs by Gale and Polden.

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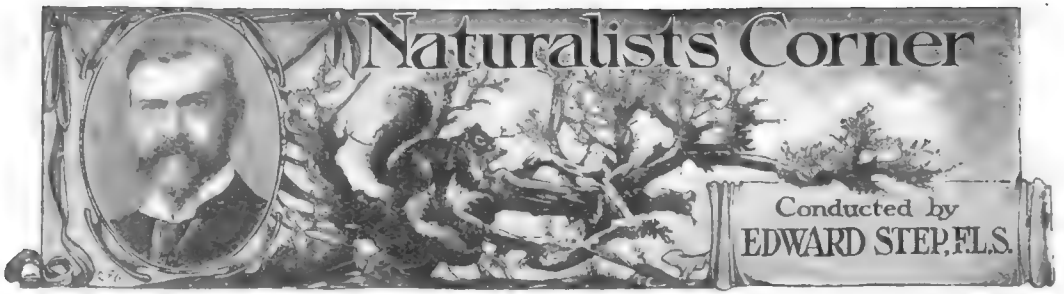

Various Matters.—K. Spooner (Hednesford) wishes to know (1) the name of any common water-plant suitable for the aquarium; (2) how to skeletonise leaves; (3) what I think of two caterpillars an inch long, covered with black hair, and with impish black faces and five or six pairs of legs; and (4) should he feed captive minnows on ants' eggs? I will reply seriatim: (1) A free-growing and small-leaved water-weed that may be found in almost any pond or stream is the Water Thyme (*Elodea canadensis*). (2) I gave detailed instructions *re* skeleton leaves a few months ago. Briefly, it was to soak them in several changes of rain-water until the soft green portions were rotted, and to clear this away with a camel-hair brush; but this correspondent had better look up my previous answer. (3) Impossible to say without a more particular description. K. S. should count the legs again; I think he has made a mistake. (4) Minnows may be fed as suggested; but they would also appreciate some small worms. "Blood-worms" do well for this purpose.

Dog Query.—G. B. (Rugby) has a brown spaniel about seven years old, which, as long as he can remember, has suffered from a dry, cracked nose. A vet. who saw it gave no very definite reason for this, and prescribed an ointment; but G. B. has found vaseline as effective as ointment in palliating the trouble. He asks me to state the cause and remedy. Such a condition is a symptom common to several troubles, and without fuller information or an examination it would be rash of me to commit myself to a definite opinion where an experienced vet. has failed. Where a trouble of this sort is of such long standing and has become chronic, I fear that a cure cannot be hoped for; but the application of the ointment or vaseline should be continued as a relief. Constipation, dysentery, worms or other intestinal trouble may be the cause. The bones mentioned may not be sufficiently gnawed, portions being swallowed and causing obstruction. The animal portion of its diet should be reduced, and the deficiency made up with cooked greenstuff. But, best of all, I should suggest taking the advice of another vet., who can tell better by examination what should be done.

Sowing Seeds.—W. G. Atkinson (Birkenhead) wrote some time ago asking how to prepare skeletons, and I gave him the necessary instructions. He now thanks me, and says the plan answered admirably, but the other members of the family (as I anticipated) have suggested that another hobby would be less objectionable to them. So W. G. A. has since been devoting his energies to raising small plants from seed in sawdust and cotton-wool! He says some of his specimen plants are "not up to perfection," and asks for the name of a book that will instruct him in the right way of working. In a recent issue of THE CAPTAIN, the One and All Horticultural Association advertised several little gardening guides which they issue for a few pence. These are practical and reliable, and would suit W. G. A., but, of course, he must use earth instead of sawdust or cotton-wool.

Cat's Tail.—"Pinioxz" (Quilmes, Buenos Aires) has a fine Persian kitten, and has been told that cutting off the tip of its tail will make it healthier. He is not certain whether to adopt this course, and would like my advice. The mutilation of animals is not dictated by considerations of health, but by senseless, barbaric fashion. I should decline to have an animal of mine so treated. The health idea is all bunkum, and is a mere excuse for the cruelty; just as in this country the hunters of tame deer excuse themselves by saying the deer enjoys the "sport."

Shells.—O. M. T. (Hampstead). (1) Dead shells are frequently washed up on shores far from the places where they are to be found with the living mollusk within them. The tortoise shell limpet, O. M. T. has, was probably swallowed by a fish further north, and before the fleshy parts were digested the fish may have travelled many miles. Similar carriage

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is performed by birds, and dead shells are borne by tidal currents. Only living specimens are taken as evidence in matters of distribution, and even then, "one swallow does not make a summer." (2) Mail-shells would go to pieces in the sea soon after the death of the inmate, owing to the decomposition of the soft parts that hold the plates together in life. (3) A long extension camera is necessary in order to photograph shells life-size; and a lens giving good definition and depth of focus. A cheap landscape lens will not do the work. Given a suitable camera and lens, some technical skill is needed, of course, but this should follow on diligent practice. (4) I am very glad that O. M. T. likes "Shell Life," and to have his testimony that it "is most awfully interesting and useful."

Willow Catkins.—N. Haldane (Oxford) sends me catkins of three species of willows, asking for their names and remarking "I find it very hard to identify them without leaves in any book I have." I am afraid he asks too much. The willows are a very difficult group, even when all points of structure are taken into account, and they must be studied from the living trees. I cannot be certain of the material he sends me, but to the best of my knowledge they are: (1) Grey sallow (*Salix cinerea*), (2) Crack Willow (*S. fragilis*), (3) White Willow (*S. alba*). In neither case was the catkin fully out, which introduces another element of uncertainty. To be quite sure, N. H. must, later on, take notes of the leaves, characters of the bark and the tree generally. By adding these points together, and comparing them with the descriptions in such a work as Hooker's "Student's Flora," he may be able to arrive at a correct decision. Respecting his further question of a suitable work on trees I can confidently recommend my own "Wayside and Woodland Trees," which *I* regard as the best for popular use.

Spurge Laurel.—A. J. Mayson (Northampton) asks for the name of a plant—of which he sends me a reasonable specimen—"found growing under a hedge bordering some ploughed land." This I am able to give without any doubt at all in this case. It is the Spurge Laurel (*Daphne laureola*), a shrub that bears a close superficial resemblance to the rhododendron. It is a common plant on the chalk hills of my own neighbourhood in Surrey.

Mole Skins.—B. J. Stacey (Tonbridge) wishes to know how to treat skins of the mole so that they would be fairly soft, and available for making up into a waistcoat. He would prefer a way that did not involve the use of arsenic. After thoroughly cleaning the skin from all traces of blood, fat, &c., it should be pinned out, fur downwards, on a board and allowed to dry. Then it should be well rubbed with the non-poisonous preservative paste sold by James Gardner, 52 High Holborn, London, W.C., and other dealers, and allowed to remain thus about a week, after which it should be worked about in the hands until it is quite supple.

Newt.—V. Edwards (Pinner) thought that newts always hibernated during the winter, but about the middle of February he saw a female of the Smooth Newt resting at the bottom of a partially-frozen small pond. She was in a semi-torpid condition. She had probably woke up from her winter sleep, and during a temporary spell of mild weather had made her way to the pond; or she may have passed the winter buried in the mud at the bottom.

Bird Query.—M. Rickman (Uckfield) wishes I would tell her the name of a large bird she saw on the lawn on March 15. "It was," she says, "larger than a blackbird or thrush, not so large as a pheasant, with short legs and a *very* pronounced crest of brown-red feathers; its breast was light coloured, and the general tone of the back was greeny-brown. The gardener calls it a 'gally-bird,' but says that is only a local nickname." I do not remember the name of "gally-bird"; but there is no end to the list of purely local names. I think there can be little doubt that the bird was the jay. The only thing that puzzles me in regard to it is, that Miss Rickman does not appear to have noticed the bright bars of blue that are so conspicuous an ornamentation on the wing coverts of the jay. The jay does not nest in holes in trees, as the gardener stated of the "gally-bird," but in the forking of the branches as a rule.

South's "Moths."—We have received from the publishers, "The Moths of the British Isles" (Series II.), by Richard South, F.E.S. (Frederick Warne and Co., *7s. 6d.* net), and are glad to see the completion of this important work. With the exception of the minute species, commonly—though erroneously—known as the micro-lepidoptera, these two volumes contain full life histories and reliable figures in colour of every native species. These insects have never been so accurately delineated, even in works that ran into many volumes and cost many pounds. When we add that South's "Moths" contains in all over two thousand figures, our readers will realise that it is a bold undertaking to produce such a work for 15*s*. One of the commendable points in the book is the retention of the English names in addition to the Latin ones.

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COMPETITIONS FOR MAY

Last day for sending in, May 18. (Foreign and Colonial Readers, July 18.)

NOTICE.—At the top of the first page the following particulars must be clearly written, thus:

Competition No. ——, Class ——, Name ——
Address ——, Age ——.

Competitors may enclose their attempts for the various competitions IN ONE COVERING ENVELOPE, but each attempt must be put in a separate envelope inside the covering one, plainly marked with the number of the competition and class.

Letters to the Editor should not be sent with competitions.

We trust to your honour to send in unaided work.

Pages should be connected with paper-fasteners, not pins.

Write only on one side of the paper.

COUPONS.—In order to ensure that those who compete for our prizes are actual purchasers of the magazine, we require all competitors to affix to their competitions the coupons which will be found on an advertisement page. A coupon is provided for each competition. Please use paste, gum, or paper-fasteners for attaching these coupons to the paper.

You may send as many attempts for each competition as you like, but each attempt must be placed in a separate envelope and bear a coupon.

HONOURABLE MENTIONS.—Any competitor who has been honourably mentioned twelve times may apply for a Certificate of Merit.

Address covering envelope: "Competitions for May," THE CAPTAIN, Southampton Street, Strand, London, W.C.

All competitions should reach us by May 18.

The results will be published in the July number.

In every case the final decision lies with the Editor, who cannot enter into correspondence with unsuccessful competitors.

No. 1.—***"Suggestions for a Local 'Captain' Club."***—Send an essay, not exceeding 500 words, setting forth a scheme for inaugurating and running a local CAPTAIN Club. Prizes: Goods to the value of One Guinea from the catalogue of Cook's Athletic Co. Ltd.

Class I. . . Age limit: Twenty-five.
Class II. . . Age limit: Eighteen.

No. 2.—***"Pictorial Competition."***—A prize of Ten Shillings will be awarded for the best comic black-and-white sketch submitted, and Five Shillings will be paid for every other sketch we use. Competitors should bear in mind that the sketches sent in for this competition will be used in our July, August, and September numbers, so that they should be as seasonable as possible. *The "jokes" must not be copied from other papers.* We should also be pleased to consider sketches suitable for our covers—in red and blue or red and black. Only original work must be submitted.

No age limit.

No. 3.—***"The Inventions of Brown."***—Send us an idea for an "Invention of Brown," keeping your plot down to 400 words. Prizes: Three John Piggott Cricket Bats or Tennis Racquets. (See Prizes page.)

Class I. . . No age limit.
Class II. . . Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class III. . . Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 4.—***"Cyclists' Competition."***—You are five miles from "anywhere." Your cycle is fitted with the usual free-wheel. It and you have a spill, and a pedal snaps off. Is it possible to render the cycle temporarily rideable? If so, how? Limit answers to 400 words. Prizes: Two "Brownie" Kodaks. (See Prizes page.)

No age limit.

No. 5.—***"Photographic Competition."***—Send a print from your best negative. Photographs must be original, *i.e.*, not copied from the work of others. Neatness in mounting will be taken into consideration. Prizes: Photographic goods to the value of *7s. 6d.*

Class I. . . No age limit.
Class II. . . Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class III. . . Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 6.—***"School Notes."***—A prize of Five Shillings will be awarded for the best paragraph (not exceeding 200 words) dealing with school life. Each paragraph should bear a *nom-de-plume* for publication. Half a Crown will be paid for those we print. Photographs dealing with school life will be paid for at the same rate.

No age limit.

FOREIGN AND COLONIAL READERS are invited to compete in all competitions. In their case the time limit is extended to July 18, Australian readers being allowed ten days longer. By "Foreign and Colonial" we refer to readers living outside Europe. There will be no age limit. One prize of *5s.* will be awarded to the sender of the best entry in each competition. Envelopes should be marked: "Foreign and Colonial May Competitions."

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SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, LONDON.

The late Mr. Edward J. Nankivell.—You will all hear with the greatest regret that one of the oldest and most valued contributors to THE CAPTAIN, in the person of Mr. E. J. Nankivell, passed away on March 18. Very few even of Mr. Nankivell's intimate friends were aware of his state of health, and so his death came as a great and sudden shock to those who knew him personally or through his work. The cause of this sad event was heart failure. Elsewhere you will find an appreciation of our late Philatelic Editor, written by one who knew him intimately, and you will there learn what a very busy and useful life he led. One fact stands out with great clearness: from the very earliest time he was the soul of industry, always very much in earnest, always dependable and conscientious. His articles were scrupulously accurate, and invariably showed that the writer had achieved an absolute mastery of his subject. A more skilful philatelic expert it would have been impossible for us to have employed. But he was a great deal more than this. He took up stamp collecting first as a hobby, and then it grew into a business with him as well; he found it a pleasant hobby, and at the same time a remunerative business, but this represented only two sides of philately to Edward Nankivell. The third side, as his obituarist notes, was the bold manner in which he championed the purity of his hobby, denouncing every kind of knavery and trickiness in a most uncompromising manner.

He brought to bear on his philatelic pursuits the judgment and discernment of a trained journalist, of a man of the world knowing plenty about its seamy side. Nothing but the best was good enough for him, and so he achieved an honourable place in philatelic circles, inspiring respect in all and a considerable amount of wholesome fear in those who provoked the lash of his pen. This is the sort of man who does good work in the world whatever pursuit he takes up, and it may safely be said that there are few men whose sixty-one years of life have been spent more creditably and usefully than those of our late Philatelic Editor.

This was no colourless collector of postage labels, this was not merely a man who greedily amassed stamps simply to do a deal with them. He recognised their value to the full—no man more so—and he took very good care to turn his great knowledge to sound commercial account, for he had others to think of besides himself; but the point I want to impress upon you is that he carried on his hobby and business in a thoroughly straightforward, English spirit, and you who wrote to him for advice will remember that he dispensed his almost unique knowledge to his younger brethren with a liberal hand. As an instance of his thoroughness I will quote just one example. When that tragedy occurred in Portugal which at one fell blow swept away the King and the Crown Prince, I told my Philatelic Editor that I should like an article dealing with the stamps of Portugal. He immediately wrote an article covering the whole subject; not one skimming over the main points, but dealing with the subject exhaustively. There, in seven pages, you had the whole philatelic history of a by no means insignificant European country.

As for his methods, they were typical of the man. Sometimes in my presence he has

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produced a pocket-book containing stamps of considerable rarity, and I could not help noting the scrupulous care with which each stamp was fixed into its place. Mr. Nankivell was just as careful over little things as he was over big ones, and therein lay the secret of his success. Phonography, of which art he was a brilliant exponent, found in him a fastidiously careful craftsman.

MR. NANKIVELL.
A happy snapshot taken on his lawn.

Well, he has gone. He died in the pleasant, roomy and beautifully situated house which he built for himself near Tunbridge Wells. The study left empty in that house was the workroom of a man who lived a full life. Life cannot be counted by years, because many men live more in one year than others do in ten. Although Mr. Nankivell died at the age of sixty-one, I should say, judging by the amount of work he got through and the good use he made of his time, that he lived well and thoroughly the full span of a man's life. When I come to select his successor, I fear I shall find it a difficult matter to light upon a writer who will combine the thoroughness, the vast knowledge, and the enthusiasm for his speciality which were the distinguishing attributes of Edward J. Nankivell.

"A Bishop in the Rough." By the Bishop of Norwich. (Smith, Elder and Co. *7s. 6d.* net.)—This is a book which I can heartily recommend to school librarians, for at least the older and more thoughtful boys of a school, and especially those who propose to enter the Church, will peruse it with interest. "The Frenchman," said a recent review of a book of travel, "keeps his eye open for the picturesque, the Englishman for the practical, which, roughly, is the difference between an English and a French book of travel." The Rev. John Sheepshanks, however, in writing up his experiences as Vicar of New Westminster, British Columbia, seems to have possessed the observant eye of a Frenchman and Englishman combined. The gold-rush of 1859, in which he participated from a spiritual point of view—for he went out as a missionary to those miners who were so faithfully portrayed by Brete Harte in "The Luck of Roaring Camp" and other delightful works—gave him a splendid opportunity to shine as a diarist, with the result that these notes, published fifty years later, are fresh, vivid, and full of charm. The young Bishop-to-be could describe scenery or narrate an exciting episode with equal facility. The practical Englishman comes out in this description of a neighbour's ingenious contrivance to supply his hut with light. (The Bishop's own window was a hole in the wall covered with a piece of calico):

> There are curious little dodges for supplying the necessary light. The man in the next hut to mine, just lower down the bank, has cut with his axe a number of holes in the walls of his cabin of the size and shape of a bottle, and has jammed a number of white transparent gin-bottles into these holes. So he gets his light.

As for the straightforward methods that prevailed in those rough times, take the following. The Bishop is talking of a big Irishman named Ashcroft, who was a magistrate in the mining district. In dealing with the knotty cases he had to decide he frequently displayed the wisdom of Solomon:

> On one occasion two Chinamen, who were working at a bar close by, appeared before him, each claiming to be the lawful owner of a nugget of gold, which was produced. Chinaman number one told his

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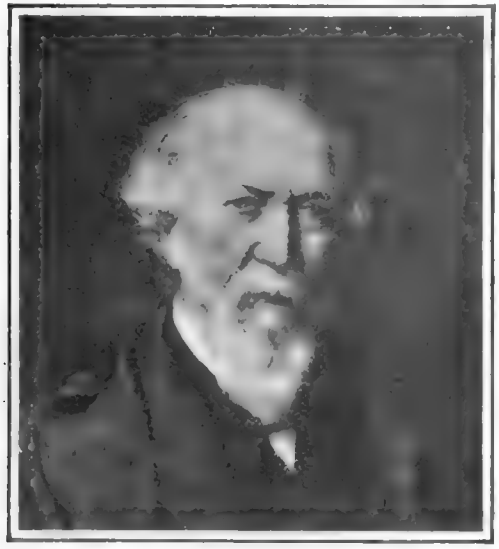
tale, which proved conclusively that of right it belonged to him. Then John Chinaman number two told his story, which proved beyond doubt that he was the fortunate owner. One was lying, of course. But which of the two it was not possible to say.

My friend, the magistrate, thought for a moment, and then stepping to the corner of the room and fetching thence his shillelagh, with a look of infinite wisdom on his face, delivered his decision. "I do not know now to which of you two the nugget belongs. But I shall know to-morrow. Let the true owner come here for it. But if the one to whom it does not belong, the liar, come here, I shall smash his head as I smash this saucer." And



ROBERT BROWNING.
The Literary Man of the Month.

The year's at the spring
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hillside's dew-pearl'd;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn;
God's in His heaven—
All's right with the world.

down came the shillelagh with tremendous force upon a saucer lying on his table and smashed it into fragments.

The magistrate had been told that in some of their transactions the Chinamen ratify the matter by solemnly breaking a piece of china. No doubt the two men went away duly impressed.

Next morning, sitting at his desk and looking down the slope which led up to the Court-house from the village, the magistrate saw one of the Chinamen coming slowly up. The shrewd Irishman noted his slow and hesitating manner. The knock came at the door. "Come in," shouted the magistrate. John slowly opened the door and poked in his shaven, pig-tailed, oblique-eyed face. The magistrate, bouncing up, rushed to the corner for his shillelagh. Slam went the door, and John was seen from the window fleeing for his life down the road. The magistrate resumed his seat with a smile.

Presently the other Chinaman was seen steadily plodding up the road, duly watched by the Irishman. The knock comes at the door. "Come in," roars the magistrate. John opens the door. The magistrate bounds up, and, rushing to the corner, clutches his shillelagh. Turning round he sees that John is standing there, having shut the door behind him. "There is the nugget," he says; "you may take it."

I can commend this volume to the writer of boys' books. He will find a store of material to work upon here, for many of the episodes are adventure tales compressed to the size of a page in a diary.

The Bishop's notes have been carefully edited and arranged for publication by the Rev. D. Wallace Duthie, under, of course, his lordship's supervision, for, as most of you know, Dr. Sheepshanks is still the hale and hearty and ever-active Father-in-God of the diocese of Norwich.

There is a thoughtful introduction by the Bishop, in which he notes the growth of the Church in England since the time when he was a curate under the famous Dr. Hook, of Leeds, and this introduction ought to be read by every clergyman in the land—so scholarly, so thoughtful, and withal so temperate is this calm review by the aged Bishop of the changes for the better that have taken place during the fifty and more years he has been in Orders.

The "Captain" Club.—Since our last number appeared, letters have been coming in well from CAPTAIN readers who are prepared to form or help to form clubs in their particular districts. To those readers of this number who perhaps did not see my remarks in the April issue, I may repeat that we wish to establish for CAPTAIN readers social clubs all over the country, not only with the object of forming friendships between young people who would not otherwise get to know one another, but in order to make THE CAPTAIN really serviceable to those who stand by it and read it. As I said last month, we have engaged a gentleman to take charge of this club, and he is now at the disposal of members. The Club Captain will help you. If you wish to enter a certain profession, write to him for particulars and he will spare no pains to give you the information you require. Of course, you cannot expect to receive a sort of article from him, but he will

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endeavour, while concise in his replies, to be really helpful. If you are a stranger in London, he will do his best to supply you with a CAPTAIN friend and tell you of the nearest CAPTAIN Club; and in this regard we should like Captainites who are secretaries of football and cricket clubs and would like to welcome other Captainites as members, to send us their names and addresses, with particulars as to subscriptions, playing grounds, &c. We want our members to be good and straightforward fellows, so that when one member of the CAPTAIN Club comes across another he will know that he is meeting a fellow whose outlook on life is very similar to his own.

First List of Names.—And now to business. Up to the time of going to press, which you may take roughly as being the beginning of the month, we have been informed that the following Captainites are desirous of forming or joining clubs. An asterisk denotes a member willing to undertake the secretarial duties of a club:

Oscar E. Seyd, 27 Kempe Road, Kilburn, N.W.
O. M. Tomblin (Miss), Killarney, Heath Drive, Hampstead, N.W.
George E. Hughes, 48 Blythe Road, West Kensington, W.
E. G. Browning, 136 Tenison Road, Cambridge.
*Henry Crabtree, 15 Moore Street, Blackpool.
John Maguire, c/o Mr. J. Hood, Duke of York's School, Chelsea, S.W.
R. D. Black, 57 *Gloucester Road, Camberwell, S. E.
Robert L. Valentine, 51 Lower Beechwood Avenue, Ranelagh, Dublin.
Ruth Williams, 1 Victoria Street, Slough.
*C. W. Davies, 192 Kingshall Road, Beckenham, Kent.
*Rögnvald Learmonth, Laurel Bank, Gatehouse-of-Fleet, N.B.
*Cyril Wright, 6 Cecil Road, Muswell Hill, N.
Frank E. Miller, 267 Great Cheetham Street, Higher Broughton, Manchester.
A. L. Dawe, 27 Glebe Road, Bromley, Kent.
*J. Lockwood, 20 Springstone Avenue, Ossett, Yorks.
Louis G. A. Dubuis, 28 High Street, Belgrave Road, S.W.
G. Reace, Beach View, Castletown, Isle of Man.
Thomas B. Johnston, 3 Garville Road, Rathgar, Dublin.
Cyril J. Walsh, 33 Ismailia Road, Forest Gate, E.
Alfred Mielziner, 1 Moorland Road, Didsbury, Manchester.
E. B. Perks, 1 Mount Pleasant, Valentine Road, King's Heath, Birmingham.
*Douglas M. Morris, Brooke House, St. Paul's Avenue, Shanklin, Isle of Wight.
Sydney E. Crook, 17 Wanstead Park Road, Ilford, Essex.
*Sidney H. Armour, 19 Sutherland Road, West Ealing, W.
Tom Govett, Chorley Wood Hotel, Chorley Wood, Bucks.
*Alan L. Snow, 13 Ovington Gardens, South Kensington, London, S.W.
A. R. White, 4 East Terrace, Evesham.
G. N. Whitehouse, "Barradale," Victoria Road, Sutton Coldfield.
*A. Moss, The School House, West Kirby, Cheshire.
*G. F. Loxdale, 23 Carey Mansions, Westminster, S.W.
Thomas R. McGregor, 150 Cambridge Drive, Kelvinside, N. Glasgow.
*M. J. Connal, 47 Beresford Road, Highbury New Park, N.
Harry F. Peart, Foreign Cattle Market, Deptford, S.E.
Charles E. P. Brooks, 3 Roseleigh Avenue, Highbury, N.
Robert Alexander Baillie, 53 Constantine Road, Hampstead, N.W.
E. Pelham Smith, The Cedars, North Walsham.
F. H. Sibold, Sandbank, Dollar, N.B.
Frank Farnworth, 44a Elthruda Road, Hither Green, S.E.
W. Earle Steuart, "Kinnoull," Milngavie, near Glasgow.
James Crawford, 9 Kelvingrove Street, Glasgow.
Frank M. Dean, 38 Wolseley Gardens, Chiswick, W.
William H. Papworth, 5 St. Eligius Street, Cambridge.

"THE BEST PICTURE IN VOL. XX."
Mr. Soper's full-page illustration to "None But the Brave Deserve the Fair."

A Fixed Rule.—There is one definite and fixed rule from which we cannot depart under any circumstances, *i.e.*, the qualifica-

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tion for membership is that you must be a *regular subscriber* to THE CAPTAIN. It will be part of the duties of the secretary of each club to see that this qualification is upheld.

Next month the Club Captain will get to work on his own page, and propound his various schemes for making CAPTAIN Clubs really useful and enjoyable communities. We are preparing badges with a new design. These will be similar in appearance to the old CAPTAIN badges, but they will no longer have the words "The Captain" on them, but simply the letters C.C.

In future all letters concerning the Club should be addressed to

THE CLUB CAPTAIN,
"THE CAPTAIN,"
8 SOUTHAMPTON STREET,
STRAND,
LONDON, W.C.

Best Twelve Stories in Vol. XX. —This competition resulted as follows, and a suitably inscribed volume has been sent to Mr. Ogilvie Mitchell, author of the story gaining first place:

(1) Barker, Non-Combatant.
(2) Finch's Gun.
(3) His Orders.
(4) The Raggers Ragged.
(5) "None but the Brave Deserve the Fair."
(6) Tom Lear.
(7) Atto's Understudy.
(8) The New Bo'sun.
(9) The Hunting Seven.
(10) How Sparkes Collared a Holy Monkey.
(11) The Outlaw of Cadzow Forest.
(12) The Buglers and the Blowpipes.

The first three ran each other very close for top place, and "The Hoose o' Bleezes" came thirteenth with seven votes less than the story placed twelfth.

"The Complete Hockey Player." By Eustace E. White. (Methuen, 5s. net.)—No better tribute to the great and increasing popularity of the game can be found than Mr. White's excellent book on hockey. After giving an interesting sketch of the origin and evolution of hockey, the author goes on to discuss the game and its leading exponents in such a manner as to thoroughly justify the title "complete." As he very properly remarks, hockey, as it is now played, is a thoroughly clean game, and every effort has been made to keep it free from the taint of professionalism, which has proved the ruin of association football as a national sport. It is for this reason, combined with its intrinsic merits, that it has received the enthusiastic support of so many of our young amateurs. Special mention must be made of the many clever illustrations which form a striking feature of the book, and of the interesting chapters contributed by Mr. P. Collins and the brothers Robinson. In our opinion "The Complete Hockey Player" is worthy to rank with the other volumes of this famous series, and we can conceive no greater commendation.

An illustration to "The Swoop!" By P. G. Wodehouse.

"The Swoop! or How Clarence Saved England." By P. G. Wodehouse. (Alston Rivers. 1s.) Admirers of the creator of "Psmith" will revel in the humour with which Mr. Wodehouse describes the saving of invaded England by Clarence, warlike boy scout. The whole thing, of course, is a merry extravaganza dealing with the present wave of patriotic fervour, when every boy wants to have a gun and learn how to go scouting. The price is a humble bob, and it will appear about the time this number does. There are appropriate pictures by Charles Harrison, one of which we reproduce.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

Bernard Weaver is getting at Mr. A. B. Cooper now. It seems that he has got hold of a paragraph written by Mr. Cooper in the *Scholar's Own*, which was printed on our "Brothers and Sisters" page (I am not responsible for this page, as I do not make the selections), consisting of a sweeping denunciation of young people getting a smattering of many things, and Bernard advances the view that to get a smattering of many things makes you an agreeable companion, whereas only knowing one or two things very well makes you a bit of a bore. I quite agree with Bernard, but of course what Mr. Cooper meant was that while one should try and get plenty of general knowledge, one should not half learn a lot of things. It is better to learn French thoroughly than to half learn French and German. I have sent Bernard's letter on to Mr. Cooper, in case that estimable journalist should like to comment on it himself in the *Scholar's Own*. Mr. Cooper, I may add, said a very much worse thing than that in the *Scholar's Own*, in this same article, for he concluded his remarks with: "and it may be that three hundred years hence the world will be celebrating your centenary." "*Ter*-centenary" I suppose he meant.

D. P. LAING.
Who won the Heavy-, Middle-, and Lightweights in the Qualifying Competitions at Haileybury.

"Happy-go-Lucky," a schoolgirl, sends the following racy letter: "DEAR FAG,—The type of hockey girl you disagree with belongs to my class, I suppose, if any. For instance, music makes me have the pip. I have learnt the violin and piano, and taken up singing, but these have all failed; although the last was one of my chief points, and the singing master was very disappointed at my giving up, as I might have been talented, but would not practise. Practice is too much fag during the summer, and in the winter there's always something cropping up. My motto is, 'Never get into a row when a hockey match is coming along; it doesn't matter what you do the day after.' I am a very keen athlete, and this is a weak spot, according to your idea. I am glad to say that at school they let me take in THE CAPTAIN. If they didn't it would be all the same, as I should find a way to smuggle it in somehow, but how many impots I should get, although I have plenty now! As I am a senior, I have plenty of lessons to prepare for next day, and the other week, as I had got some Latin verbs to write out as an impot, I asked a clever junior to do my English grammar in rough, also my French, and in return I gave her a decent box of sweets for her trouble. She had just finished when the head mistress collared it, and there *was* a row! You can just imagine it, as you are a decent sort of chap and understand these sort of things. So I have got a wretched ordeal to go through. First, I've to write out fifty lines of something every evening until the finish-up of the term, and I am not to go on the playing-field again until next term. If there are any matches I shall have to keep at school doing some wretched translations. But another motto of mine is 'Grin and bear it.' I forgot to say that I had some beetles and white mice, but I didn't keep them more than a week, because the mice died and the beetles had to be killed, as they ran about the schoolroom.—Your affectionate reader, HAPPY-GO-LUCKY. P.S.—I wish I was a boy. I'd make things hum a bit. We can't lick any girls at our school. I did once or twice, but it doesn't pay."

J. Malkinson lets go as follows on

PSMITH

There's many a story, Old Fag, that I've read, stories
of school life and travel,
Stories that dealt with mysterious facts, which I
try very hard to unravel.
Historical tales I have read in abundance—some are
as fine as can be—
But give me a story where Psmith is the hero (re-
member that capital P!)

When a kid, with what pleasure it was that I
read of young Eric or Master Tom Brown!
Then the stories by Manville Fenn, Henty and others
—ah me! how the years must have flown!
But now, though I finish a book every day, I never
can satisfied be
Till Wodehouse completes a new tale where the hero
is Psmith (with a capital P!)

Imagine young Psmith as a music-hall artist—Oh
crikey, but wouldn't we smile!
Imagine young Psmith with his monocled optic
as M.P. for Queer-on-the-Tile.
Imagine—but there! there are lots of ideas that
Wodehouse could use, don't you see,
So pardon, Old Fag, but just buck him along, 'cos
I'm waiting for Psmith, with the P!

R. L. V. has some light to throw on Ram Pershad's exploits. "I read a story once," he writes, "about a Persian or Indian who had to perform certain difficult feats before he could marry some girl. One of them was to take a dose of poison, die, resurrect himself and produce the poison (powder) again in its original quantity. This man had a cavity at the back of his throat, formed by keeping a pebble there since his childhood. In this cavity

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he could lodge a small box. Well, he knew how much poison he would be given, so put that amount into this receptacle, and made himself immune to the dose he would have to take with some antidote. So he calmly took the poison, acted the rest, finally coughed out the poison from the box and lived happily ever after. If Ram Pershad had a cavity in his throat like this, the trick described in the March number would be comparatively simple. He would previously fill three boxes with coloured powders, and when performing the trick, drink off the solutions of three other powders (coloured sugar), and proceed as it is explained in the story. Of course, it would need lifelong practice, but do you not think this is a possible explanation ? "

J. Moss-Clive sends the following lines :

A POET !

Though when I quote my verses I am rudely told
to " stow it," .
Yet I'm convinced that, spite of all, I really am a poet.
When they continue (using words I'll represent by
"Blow it ! ")
I blush for them, and do become a most indignant
poet.
When others, still worse-mannered, take a missile
up to throw it,
I do appear, I rather fear, a somewhat timid poet.
I bear this treatment quietly, and say but little,
though it
Hurts my pride, I must confess. Oh, I'm a patient
poet !
And only when some kind friend cries encouragingly " Go it ! "
To my poor efforts, do I seem an amiable poet.
But, worst of all, I'm penniless ! (My stomach
lets me know it !)
And if I don't get some cash for these blessed verses,
I shall soon become a bad-tempered, starving,
desperate, cut-throat villain of a poet !

[Dear me ! I must see whether there is anything left in the cash-box. It would be dreadful to have J. Moss-Clive rambling about the premises of George Newnes, Limited, with a sheaf of odes in one hand and a carving-knife in the other!—O.F.]

"Skill."—I cannot discuss Roman Catholicism with you. Personally, I have no objection to Roman Catholics. As you say, monks are often represented in fiction to be coarse, bloated, cunning creatures, but these descriptions are generally written by young ladies and others who know really nothing about monks. As regards your question about a chemist's assistant, of course the experience you gain would be of immense service to you should you afterwards become a medical student, walk a hospital, and obtain a surgeon's post in the Navy. I hope you will achieve your ambition.

"A Disbeliever," referring to "A True Story from Nature," on page 85 of our April number, says he would very much like to see a collie which could chase a hare for many miles with such success as the one referred to. He would suggest that if C. U. K. is ever in " this outlandish part of the British Empire" and will bring the collie in question, he will be ready to lay him two to one that he won't catch a hare. This is a very sporting offer, but unfortunately " A Disbeliever " doesn't mention in his letter in which " outlandish part of the British Empire " he happens to live. I can quite believe, however, that a collie could not catch a hare.

L. E. A. T. wants some advice and information about going on the stage. As he is only seventeen, has got no money, is short-sighted, and is at present suffering from an accident which caused him to leave school and will prevent him from walking properly for some time, I should say he had better take another year or two in which to think over this vocation, which I certainly do not advise him to adopt. If, when he is older, he is still anxious to become a Thespian, then his brother, who is already on the stage, should be able to provide him with the necessary advice and information.

A. R. Young sends an enthusiastic poem in praise of India. He was born there, and it seems he would like to go back there. As regards the quality of the poetry, I must say that a verse like the following—

India's products are numerous—
Silk, coffee, opium, tea,
Gems, precious stones of all kinds,
To the golden filigree—

reads like a piece out of a geography book cut up into lengths.

The Winchester House Magazine, hailing from Winchester House, Deal, is the latest newcomer among those numerous journals which record the doings of schoolboys and give the Spring Poet his first opening. Appropriately enough, the initial number contains a short history of the school. As for the rest, the *W.H.M.* seems to us a very well-balanced little paper, giving points to many similar publications of an older growth.

Old Nerves waxes very sarcastic at the expense of M. D. C., who manages to spend £5 1s. instead of £5 (see April number, p. 59). " O. N." says that instead of boasting about being a spendthrift and buying an American cow-boy hat, M. D. C. would do better to hire a private tutor with his £5 and have a few lessons in elementary arithmetic. " Old Nerves " is so very severe over this trifling slip that I think he himself had better go to Sandow and get £5 worth of *new* nerves.

A. H. writes : " I notice in your Answers that a reader states that a bank's customer never suffers by a forged cheque, and that the bank has to make it good. May I suggest that such a statement should be qualified, inasmuch as sec. 60 of the Bills of Exchange Act, 1882, expressly provides that the Act ' protects a banker from liability for paying a cheque with a forged indorsement, but does not protect him if the drawer's signature is forged.' "

J. O. Rogers.—A very chatty letter. You are more modest than the average young author, for I understand that although you have written several short stories and a good many poems on all sorts of subjects, from Egyptology to agriculture, you have not yet ventured to submit anything to an editor. This is very commendable in a way, but perhaps you had better make a start. I, for instance, should be interested to see your poems on Egyptology and agriculture.

"A Comrade," referring to my answer to "Early Sprouter," in which I said that the latter should ask his best girl if he looked well with a moustache, inquires whether I think a fellow of the tender age of seventeen should have a girl. Well, that is entirely a fellow of seventeen's business. If he wishes to have a girl, not all the Old Fags in the world will stop him—and, as far as I'm concerned, they won't try to.

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"Fuzzles" says that her form mistress rather resembles Mr. Bickersdyke in "The New Fold," and wishes that Psmith could be there to talk to her in his chatty way. . . . "Fuzzles" adds that she can throw fifty yards, and has always thrown with a boy's action, having been taught by her brothers from an early age, so that she, at any rate, is not a girl who "can't throw."

Letters, &c., have also to be acknowledged from M. H. Williams, E. L. Winstanley, "Canadian," Arthur Russell, W. F. Mitchell, E. C. Watson, J. M. Cannan, Cecil J. F. Mackie, E. P. Smith, S. L. Moss, L. J. Cassy, K. L. Armitage, Robert D. Smith, A. G. Crosswell (Dunedin, N.Z.), Thomas W. Ford (Brisbane, Queensland), Eileen Alanaah (Claremont, Cape Colony), "Ethel."

A number of answers are held over.

THE OLD FAQ.

Results of March Competitions

No. I.—"Hidden Books."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNERS OF GOODS FROM CATALOGUE OF H. GRADIDGE AND SONS: Lionel Benke, 84 Overhill Road, Dulwich, S.E.; Sybil Parrott, Glenalore, Ashley Park, Belfast.

HONOURABLE MENTION: F. S. Phillips, George Palmer, jnr., J. H. Chappelow, Amy Perrin, Gwendolyn Paterson, T. Kitching, jnr., George Oliver, Arthur Russell, Herbert J. Cox.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNERS OF PRIZES AS ABOVE: H. E. Watson, 132 Weston Park, Crouch End, N.; Leonard Haskins, 285 Holloway Road, N.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: Cyril Wright, 6 Cecil Road, Muswell Hill, N.

HONOURABLE MENTION: A. H. B. Fairburns, Harold Clews, D. J. Capper, Bertie McKeand, Frank Mills, W. S. Salter, P. E. Underwood, H. M. Camden, Frank P. Antcliff.

No. II.—"May Authors."

CLASS I. (No age limit.)

WINNER OF "ONOTO" FOUNTAIN PEN: Peter Mackenzie, 42 Lauder Road, Edinburgh.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Alex Scott, jnr., John S. Martin

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty-five.)

WINNER OF PRIZE AS ABOVE: Lucy Ehrmann, 39 Hilldrop Road, N.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Marguerite Schindhelm, Gwendolen Okeden, Charles Murgatroyd, Gladys Davis, Dora A. Daniels, D. L. Gwynne Williams, Gladys Green, T. H. Waugh.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Eighteen.)

WINNER OF PRIZE AS ABOVE: W. H. Brodie, The College, Maidenhead.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: Joel Barbash, 73 Oxford Street, Sheffield.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Lionel Benke, Maie Gibbon, B. Moss Blundell, L. G. Markham, Eva Cutler, S. S. Redwood, Basil J. Davis, Reginald D. Foster, J. E. Swale, Cyril Southern, E. A. Peers, Reginald R. Blackburn, George Smith, Alfred Blanthorne.

No. III.—"Pictorial Competition."

No age limit.

WINNER OF TEN SHILLINGS: Howard B. Slater, 98 Lightwoods Road, Birmingham.

HONOURABLE MENTION: B. Belton, C. A. Phelp, R. M. Robertson, Fred. Paley, C. A. MacKay, B. V. Slater, F. J. Baron, Will Inglis, Edwin Lemass.

No. IV.—"School Notes."

WINNER OF FIVE SHILLINGS: M. S. M.

HONOURABLE MENTION: "Floreat Bedfordia," "Anon," "Collegian," "O'r Wyddfa," "Floreat Cheltonia," "Askean," "Kilburnian," "Nuntius," "Juvenis," "Labor omnia vincit," 'Persean," "Blackrock," "Young Victorian," "Sextus," "Old Marlburian," "Pauline," "T. Atkins," "Three Crows," "Cymro," "Σωκρατης."

No. V.—"The Twelve Best Pictures in Volume XX."

CLASS I. (No age limit.)

WINNERS OF WATER-COLOURS BY GEORGE ROWNEY AND CO.: R. M. Robertson, 69 Elizabeth Street, Eaton Square, S.W.; M. E. Bloy, Orchard House, Hindley Green, Wigan.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Gladys Parrott, Daisy Fleming, John J. Whittle.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNERS OF PRIZES AS ABOVE: Kathleen Saunders, Highcroft, Christchurch Park, Sutton, Surrey; L. Weaving, 29 Churton Road, Chester; George Oliver, 53 Lilywhite Terrace, Easington Lane, Durham; Charles Allcock, Knighton, Radnorshire.

HONOURABLE MENTION: F. J. Bossy, Cecil M. Jackson, F. S. Phillips, V. S. Edwards, H. V. Wimpenny, K. S. Boyd, A. D. Mansell.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF PRIZE AS ABOVE: Mildred Kyle, 116 Dorset Street, Bolton, Lancs.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Oscar R. Titherley, Percy Humby, Clare T. Bowles, E. Burrows, L. G. Smith, Lionel H. R. Inglis, J. P. Glass, H. M. Camden, Joel Barbash, N. Biersteker, H. W. Ballamy, H. Wallond.

No. VI.—"Twelve Best Stories in Volume XX."

CLASS I. (No age limit.)

WINNER OF "BROWNIE" KODAK: Alex Scott, jnr., Burnside House, Tillicoultry, N.B.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Winifred Porter, J. J. Whittle, Gladys Parrott, Ursula M. Peck.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNERS OF PRIZES AS ABOVE: S. Tiquet, 32 Wrexham Road, Bow, E.; T. K. Barnsley, Earlsfield, Westfield Road Edgbaston, Birmingham.

HONOURABLE MENTION: S. O. Rawling, Alfred Mielziner, F. G. Stevens, J. G. Vautier, C. Dallow, Herbert Brook, Winnie Chown, Lionel H. Smith, Arthur Allen, Elsie F. Shaw, E. A. Peers, Thomas A. Brown, W. E. Cooper, Reginald J. Drury, E. Preston, S. Griffith-Jones.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF PRIZES AS ABOVE: L. G. Smith, 80 Radcliffe Road, West Bridgford, Nottingham; A. O. Burfield, Bicknell, Athenæum Road, Whetstone, N.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Frank L. Paton, J. R. Ellis, E. Burrows, F. D. Wilkinson, Gerald S. Meares, K. Sawtell, Bert Woodman, A. R. Bassingham, W. A. Crebbin, E. Best, E. Burrows, Gerald B. Grestock, H. B. Watson, H. W. Ballamy, Frances Cautley, H. M. Camden, James H. Mitchiner, Ursula Hodgson, Violette Landour, F. W. Oldham, Robert Sellar, J. L. Stewart, Ethel Butcher, C. S. Penn, T. Johnston.

Foreign and Colonial Readers (January).

WINNERS OF FIVE SHILLINGS: (I.) Herbert K. Kitson, 213 West Upsal Street, Germantown, Philadelphia, U.S.A.; (II.) Donald Louw, Strathcldene, Main Road, Sea Point, Cape Town, Cape Colony; (IV.) B. Chatelier, Residency Road, Nagpur, Central Provinces, India.

HONOURABLE MENTION: (II.) John H. Bishop (Cape Colony), John Vanir (Canada), Rev. D. Gioanini, S.J. (India), Cecil Williams (Trinidad), E. E. Erskine (Transvaal), R. D. Molynuex (New South Wales); (III.) L. L. Matheson (Canada), Leslie H. Burket (Canada); (IV.) A. W. Knight (Jamaica), J. Frost (India); (V.) George B. Fuller (Canada), J. B. O'Sullivan (Transvaal), C. G. Maree (Cape Colony), George G. Proctor (Trinidad).

Winners of Consolation Prizes are requested to inform the Editor which they would prefer—a volume of one of our magazines, or one of the following books: "Green at Greyhouse," "The Gold Bat," "J. O. Jones," "Tales of Greyhouse," "The White Feather," "Jim Mortimer," "The Lost Column" (Charles Gilson), "The Rebel Cadets" (Charles Gleig).

Comments on the March Competitions

No. I.—The correct solutions are as follows: (1) *Trilby* (Du Maurier), (2) *The Pathfinder* (Cooper), (3) *The Master of the Shell* (Reed), (4) *The Final Reckoning* (Henty), (5) *Pendennis* (Thackeray), (6) *American Notes* (Dickens), (7) *Night and Morning* (Lytton), (8) *Dropped from the Clouds* (Verne), (9) *Miss or Mrs.?* (Collins), (10) *A Ladder to the Stars* (Findlater), (11) *Destiny* (Ferrier), (12) *The Guarded Flame* (Maxwell). The prize-winners in each class had ten right.

No. II.—Sir A. Conan Doyle, Addison, Pope and Browning were the four most popular "May Authors" written of by competitors. A number of essays dealt with the lives of the authors rather than with their work.

No. V.—The twelve best pictures in Volume XX., in order according to the votes of competitors, were those on pages 119, 482, 562, 290, 16, 386, 84, 194, 9, 450, 368 and 549. The voting was very close, a number of competitors selecting eleven out of the twelve mentioned.

No. VI.—The list will be found in the "Editorial." The successful competitors in Classes I. and II. gave all twelve titles.

The attention of all readers is called to advertisement p. x where they will find full particulars of a novel and liberal scheme of Accident Insurance specially devised for their benefit.

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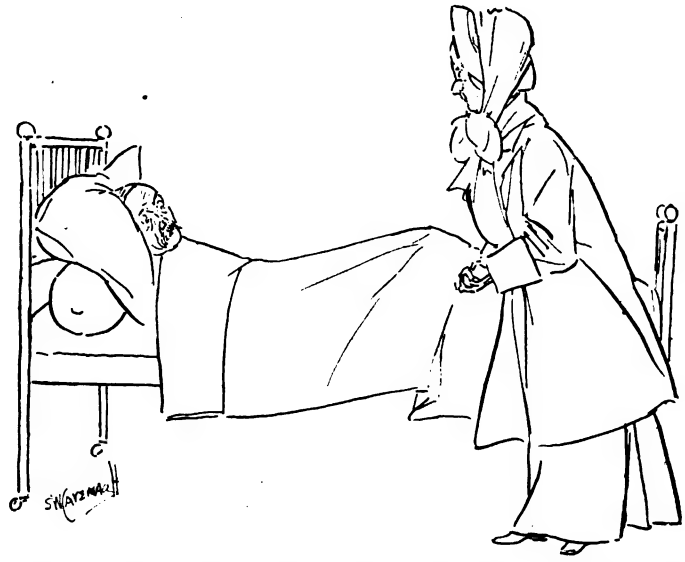

VISITOR TO HOSPITAL: "Poor fellow! Would it not rest you if I washed your face with some nice cool water?"

THE PATIENT: "I dunno; it's been washed seven times this morning. But go ahead if yer wants to."

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HE FELL ALMOST ON TO THE TOP OF A HUGE GREY WOLF.

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By MAJOR A. H. P. HARRISSON

I.

"YOU would not say vaccination is all rot, boy, if you had seen what I have," said my Uncle Jack, as I—an eleven-year-old—sat on a stool by his side, in front of a blazing log fire, in a rancher's hut away west of the Rocky Mountains. "Hurts a bit, I daresay"—pointing to my arm—"but it is better than small-pox. Shall I tell you the story of how it turned me and your Uncle Dick into orphans and boy-ranchers, when I was a year younger and he but a year older than you?"

The pain in my arm disappeared as I begged my uncle to begin, for his adventures were always worth hearing, because in his day he had been reckoned one of the most daring and cool-headed of ranchmen.

The old man refilled his pipe, threw a couple of pine-logs on to the fire—it was freezing pretty hard, even for British Columbia—and looked straight into the glowing mass of wood with his clear old blue eyes, as he began his yarn:

My parents had a run of bad luck with the old farm in England, so emigrated to Montana away south-east of this ranch and on the eastern side of the Rockies, leaving your mother and Uncle Dick and me at home with our grandparents.

A year later, when a letter came saying we boys were to come out to the west, we were just wild to start, though we did not like leaving our three-year-old sister and the kind old folk behind. In mid-Atlantic we encountered a terrible gale and had a bad time with

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sea-sickness before we left the old sailing-ship, and stood on Canadian soil. After going by canoe up the St. Lawrence and through the chain of great lakes, we landed on American territory, and the friends—immigrants like ourselves—to whom we were entrusted, took us on with them in great waggons.

Once or twice we passed a farm bowered in fine orchards of peach and walnut, with woods of maple trees, from whose juice the maple sugar is made; but soon we left habitations behind, and after weeks of travelling through silent pine woods, where birds seldom sang, the trail led down to a beautiful valley, with a tributary of the Missouri flowing through it, and we were told it was Wood Creek, where our parents had their home. Here we parted from the caravan, and a friend of our father's, a hunter going into the Far West, guided us to our new home.

What a happy night that was! I remember now the delicious flavour of my mother's buckwheat cakes, and the venison steaks, cut from a black-tail deer, which my father's rifle had provided.

Our life at Wood Creek, though hard, was a very happy one. Out of doors my brother worked all day with my father and his man, whilst I helped my mother about the house and yard, for she and her woman—wife of the farm hand—had plenty to do with the cows and the poultry, the washing and cooking. The winter work consisted of trapping wild animals for their skins, whose sale and that of the cattle which fattened on the rich grass along the valley, kept us in tolerable comfort.

In our spare time we felled valuable kinds of timber, which some friendly Indians floated down the river to a settlement, eighty miles away, where my father sold or bartered it to a storekeeper, together with farm produce, and skins traded from Indians, or obtained from animals he had trapped.

II.

Winter was coming on, great piles of logs were heaped against the hut, and quantities of smoked salmon and deer's flesh prepared ready for our use. As we began to look for the first flakes of snow, my mother sickened, and next day she and my father were down with small-pox. My brother and I had been vaccinated before leaving England; none of the others had. In a few days my father and mother were laid to rest, deep in the earth, lest wild beasts should disturb their last resting-place.

The morning after their burial, when I got up and broke the ice in my little tin basin, I heard a moan through the log wall dividing our room from that of the farm hand and his wife. I rushed in, to find that they had both got the same horrible disease that had deprived us of our parents. No medical aid could be obtained nearer than eighty miles. Even the Indians—from whom no doubt the disease had been contracted—would not come again till the spring.

To cut a long story short, in four more days your uncle and I were the only human beings alive in the hut. The ground was now frozen so hard that all we could do was to carry the remains of our poor friends into the wood, and cover them over with big stones from the river-side. My brother got out our poor mother's prayer book, and read the burial service, the beautiful words of which brought us some comfort, though we did not fully understand their meaning.

That night we cried ourselves to sleep in front of the fire, not daring to go to bed lest we should never get up again, like our late companions. We began every day as our mother had taught us by asking the Almighty to protect us, and we were never forgotten.

Heavy snow now began to fall, and soon it was piled up as high as the roof, but we kept a path clear to the wood stack and barn, and thanks to our parents' forethought had plenty of supplies.

Work is the best cure for most ills, and we were too busy to grieve long. The fat cattle had all been sold before the winter set in, but our cows had to be milked, and fed from the pile of coarse hay which half-filled the barn.

At last the snow ceased falling, and the long frost set in, so we put our snow-shoes in order and, warmly wrapped in rough fur clothing, mostly made by our mother's own hands, went out to set traps as our father had taught us. We did not have the success of the previous winter, for trapping, like all else, must be thoroughly understood to be successful, but practice makes perfect, and by degrees we collected a fair lot of skins. Besides cinnamon and other bears, wolves and beavers, a couple of black foxes, whose skins even in those days were highly valued, rewarded our labours.

III.

One night in mid-winter we were awakened by the howls of wolves, and as they came nearer, and their voices echoed along the valley, we felt glad to know that our doors were solid, and stoutly bolted. Presently we heard the

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hungry brutes push their noses against the hut. All was silent for a time, then came a scuffle, and uneasy movements of our cows, as they huddled together in the corner of their shed furthest from the door.

Suddenly we both exclaimed "The fish!" Only the day before we had shifted them and the little deer's meat left, from the kitchen, to make room for some skins we had brought in to cure, and had put them into an outhouse, with only a light door to protect them, should the wolves scent them out. If our fish went, we must kill our cows to keep us alive till the spring.

Hunger must have brought the wolves from a distance, for none had disturbed us till that night, so they had never entered into our calculations. Our two lurcher dogs growled angrily as the wolves again sniffed close to the door.

It was bright moonlight, and getting out of bed, we peered out of the window, and could clearly see about a dozen great wolves eagerly searching for food.

A young wolf seemed to scent something to his taste, and with a satisfied sniff he made straight for the outhouse door, following the track along which we had taken the fish and deer's meat the night before. We heard his jaws snap on a piece of dried salmon which must have fallen from our load, and in a moment the sound had drawn the whole pack after him, the youngster was thrust aside, and the leaders of the party were foremost at the door. Some jumped against it, others thrust at it with their noses and pressed it hard. The shed was a strong lean-to against the kitchen, but it was my poor father's last bit of work, and he had only put up a light temporary door till he had time to make a better, and in our carelessness we had never strengthened it.

Our powder and shot were at a low ebb, and we had fired away all our store of lead in bullets at a mark to improve our shooting. We loaded up our muzzle-loader with shot, however, and determined to make the most of the few remaining charges. There was no time to lose, for in a few minutes the brutes would be in our larder.

Pushing open the window, my brother leaned out to take a sight on the wolves, but as the door lay off to our left, it was a difficult operation, and I had to hang on to his legs lest he should be thrown out by the recoil.

Snick! went the hammer. No result—a bad cap. A fresh one was quickly adjusted, and trembling with excitement my brother tried again. This time, with a bang and much smoke, away flew the shot, but to my horror I felt my brother slipping from my grasp! In vain I tried to maintain my hold on his legs, but I was a small, light, little fellow, and he was double my weight and had lost his balance. After a second which seemed like minutes to me, he slid from my hands and fell almost on to the top of a huge grey wolf, which, maddened with the pain of the shot, turned on him with its terrible fangs, whilst the others, yelping and growling in fear, and many in pain, retired to the woods, except one other, which having thrust half its body between the door, which opened inwards, and the side post, was left jammed when the weight of the others, whose pushing had made the temporary opening, was withdrawn!

As the teeth of the wolf, gleaming white in the moonlight, were about to close in my brother Dick's flesh, our lurcher "Bob" sprang from the window and hurled himself on the beast, which, surprised by this unexpected attack, retreated to the wood as fast as its wounds would allow, and I helped my brother to climb back into the room. In vain we called to poor "Bob," as, excited with the chase, he pursued his enemy into the trees, and a melancholy howl told us that our faithful dog had made a meal for our enemies.

Fearful lest the prisoner in his struggles should burst open the door, my brother recharged the gun, and balancing himself more carefully, fired. To our disgust, the result of the shot was to bring down the already damaged door, and the wolf lay writhing on the ground, half covered by it. The poor brute's back was broken, and he soon ceased to struggle, and with a long sigh lay dead inside the hut.

We shut the window, for the cold was intense, and as we piled up the fire afresh Dick complained of a numbness in his left hand. Remembering what my mother had told me of frost-bite, I seized his hand and started rubbing it as hard as I could. As the feeling began to return, the pain was so intense that he begged me to stop, but I besought him to let me go on, and not to snatch his hand away, for if he died of frost-bite I should be left all alone in that desolate place.

At last the worst was over, and, the hand wrapped in a fur glove, we had time to think of the wolves which we now heard fighting in the wood, no doubt over the ghastly meal of a dead or dying comrade. On looking out of the window, we saw our enemies advancing again in a semicircle towards our larder door. We

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had no more powder, so what to do we did not know.

"Don't lose heart, Jack," my brother exclaimed, "we will try what a blazing log will do. I believe God will help us out of this."

As he spoke he snatched a great burning log off the fire, and flung it amongst the wolves, now almost in the doorway. With howls of pain and terror they retreated, though only a few yards, but the spluttering log, as long as it had any life left in it, kept them at a respectful distance.

Day now began to break, and gradually the wolves drew away, and their howls of unsatisfied hunger grew fainter and fainter, till they died away in the distance.

IV.

When spring came we had to make a journey to the settlement of Colinda, eighty miles or so to the east, to dispose of our skins and produce. Our father had told us that the river flowed past the place, and that a rough trail, with here and there a blazed tree for a sign-post, ran as near the river as the mass of tangled brushwood and branches torn from the trees by winter storms would permit. When we could not see the river its murmur guided us equally well, and we reached our destination safely, after three nights out in the silent pine woods. Our only adventure was that my pony "Tiger," full of joy at the prospect of an outing, after a winter spent mostly in the barn, sent me flying when, at the start, I perched myself on his back in front of a load of skins. My disaster was no doubt partly caused by the huge pair of Mexican spurs which I had donned, having long desired to wear them, as I had seen them hanging from the wall of our kitchen.

People looked curiously at the two rather ragged little figures with the shaggy ponies, as we made our way up the straggling street of the settlement, flanked by roughly-built stores with here and there a huge drinking-saloon, from which loud laughter and sounds of drunken revelry issued.

"Guess, strangers, you are full young for ranchers!" called out a friendly-looking barman, who, having more wholesome tastes than his customers, had put his head out of the reeking saloon for a breath of fresh air.

On my brother's asking for Mr. McCready's store, he directed us there, but at the same time advised us to go instead to a friend of his to dispose of our goods, adding that besides being honest, he was an amusing fellow, and would make us laugh as much as a waggon-load of monkeys.

My father had always dealt with McCready, who was a friend of his, so to him we went. He bought all our skins and farm produce, and his good wife made much of us, and grieved over our poor parents' sad fate.

After resting ourselves and our ponies for a couple of days we set out for home, with a supply of such things as we could not make, or get from our ranch and the woods or streams round.

V.

The last night of our journey we had slept peacefully as usual, each wrapped in his blanket, our feet to the fire and our faithful lurcher "Growler" our only sentry. As I opened my eyes next morning I heard something stir, but thinking it was one of the ponies, hobbled near, took no notice, till something plucked my sleeve.

I jumped up, to find a little Indian lad, apparently about twelve years old, standing beside me. He seemed ravenously hungry, and eagerly devoured the biscuits and cold meat which we gave him. He knew a few words of English—picked up at the settlements where he had been with some of his tribe to trade.

Speaking partly by signs, he explained that his name was Custoga and he belonged to the Ogibways, that his mother was dead and that his father's new squaw hated him and had set his father against him, so that he had strayed away by himself and had chanced upon our bivouac just as it was getting dark the night before. Our dog, with that strange consideration for children so often found in canines, had only growled a little, and had eventually allowed him to sleep by the fire. For two days he had lived upon berries. He now wished to come with us, and promised to provide us with fish and help us in our work on the ranch. We at once decided to take him, both on the grounds of humanity and utility, though we never dreamed then of the great service he was to render us.

At noon, after the monotony of the endless pine woods, we were delighted to see the beautiful valley in which our little home lay, and whither, some day, we meant to bring our sister to keep house for us, if God spared us all to meet again.

Suddenly the Indian boy pulled me by the arm and silently pointed to our log hut. We noticed to our astonishment that smoke issued from the chimney, and shortly afterwards we

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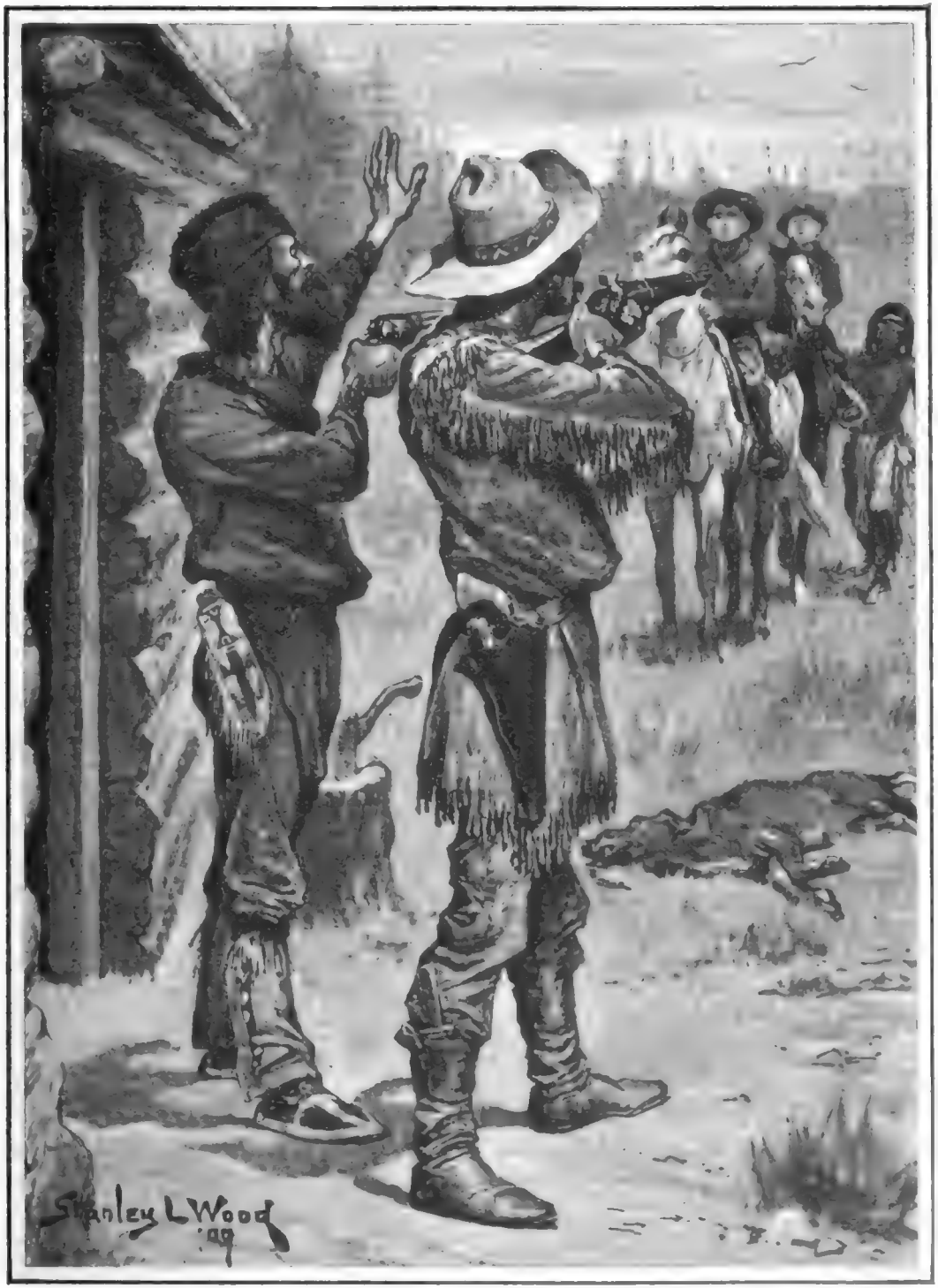

THE MEN ORDERED US TO HALT.

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saw a man come out of the door and look up the hill. He coolly waved a hand in our direction.

My brother rode hastily forward, pistol in hand, and I followed with Custoga, who grasped his bow and arrows. As we neared the hut a second man appeared, and when our dog dashed ahead to drive out the intruders, one of them fired his gun and stretched him dead on the grass. The men then ordered us to halt as they covered us with their guns.

Dick's reckless reply was to fire at the nearest man, but the only result was a miss, whilst a bullet sang from the man's gun, and struck my brother's pony through the heart. The poor beast fell like a stone, with my brother half under him. In another moment, one man had seized me as I hung over my brother, stunned by the fall, whilst the other got hold of the Indian. I now observed that Custoga's bow and arrows had disappeared, and vaguely wondered where.

"Guess, boys," said the man who had fired on us, "if you leave your house unguarded and folks come to see to your job, you should make them welcome and not poke your fire sticks at them. We saw you start last week, so my pard and I guessed you'd want caretakers. Now you've tried to murder us, instead of getting you transported right away, we'll live along with you and kind of look after you. Say, pard, is not that so?" he added.

"Yes, Harry, we'll mother them," said Bill with a leer.

We knew at a glance what kind of men they were—loafers who had come to stop.

When my brother came to, we were both tied up in the outside hut with our hands bound behind our backs, but what they had done with the poor Indian boy, we did not then know. After being starved for two days, we were released, with awful threats, emphasised by oaths and blows, as to what would be the end of us if we tried to escape or in any way harm our captors.

We soon discovered that the Indian boy was kept tied up like a dog in the barn, whither one of the men went once a day to chuck him a bit of fish or a biscuit and give him a drink of water. They evidently feared him, knowing that he would be sure to escape and perhaps bring assistance if once he got free, so they meant him to die, but dared not kill him outright. One of them watched us by day, and we were locked up by night, so never had a chance of taking him food.

VI.

One day I was sent to mend a rafter in the barn, and had only a partition between me and Custoga. Our uninvited guests were busy with some fishing-nets they had found, and merely glanced occasionally at the door of the barn. My brother was helping them to mend the nets. It chanced that there was a gap in the planks between me and Custoga, so he began to explain in a whisper, in his broken English, that he had a plan which must be carried out at once, as he was dying from starvation and want of fresh air. Like all redskins, used to a free and outdoor life, confinement meant lung trouble quickly followed by death.

His plan was to put the men into a deep sleep with some herb he knew of, and of which he had a few leaves in a tiny leather bag that he carried strapped round his waist, together with certain charms which his mother had given him. He explained to me how to soak the leaves in water with the root of a certain plant which grew along the river. He said that a few drops would induce a heavy sleep. Having drugged the intruders we were to release him, and then, he added, "rest quite easy."

Whilst driving in the cows I luckily found the plant needed, and stowed away the root in my pocket. At the first opportunity I explained the plan to my brother, and at supper that night we contrived to put some of the compound into the men's plates of stew when their backs were turned, for I was always made to get the food ready. Anxiously we watched to see if their suspicions would be aroused.

After the first spoonful, Harry, the more brutal of the two, remarked, "Say, pard, this is powerful fine flavoured; that boy is a born cook. Guess when we leave, he goes along with us."

Both men ate heartily, and soon afterwards lit their pipes and became drowsy. Our great fear now was lest they should lock us up for the night before they went off to sleep.

"Here, boys," said Harry, with a cruel smile, "bedtime, I reckon." Then with a great yawn, he added, "Mighty sleepy myself. Say, pard——" But "pard" was lying back snoring stertorously, and a moment later, Harry followed suit.

Seizing our knives we made for the barn and cut the Indian free. Starving though he was, his first thought was to secure his bow and arrows, which, with stoical wisdom, he had hidden in the grass when we were

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captured, having considered that resistance at that time was useless. We now returned to the house, and whilst Custoga satisfied the cravings of hunger, your Uncle and I securely

HE PROCEEDED TO THRASH FIRST ONE AND THEN THE OTHER OF THE LUCKLESS MEN.

bound the hands and legs of the seemingly lifeless men. The Indian earnestly begged us to throw them both into the river, and considering the lingering death they had prepared for him, and that he was only a savage, it is not to be wondered at.

We decided at length to put them across the river in the canoe, which since our father's death had been but little used, as we boys had not the necessary skill to paddle it in the rapids or difficult parts of the stream. First one and then the other of the stupefied loafers was paddled across by Custoga, after being carried down, with many halts for breath, by us three panting boys.

When they were both safely deposited under a tree on the far bank, without any weapons, but with a bag of biscuits and a bit

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of dried deer's meat beside them, a bit of paper was pinned to the bag with these ominous words pencilled on it in my boyish hand, "Beware of the anger of Custoga and the boy-ranchers." We considered that, being unarmed, and knowing the wily Indian was free, they would not dare return, especially as summer was approaching and hunters or Indians might be expected at any time and would certainly lynch them if they got the chance.

We then cut the ropes round their hands only, and left them. But as we were getting into the canoe, Custoga waved to us to wait. It seemed that he was determined our enemies should know they were now helpless in his hands. He ran back, and with a stick proceeded to thrash first one and then the other of the luckless men, who began to stir uneasily and then gradually to recover consciousness. Hurling a torrent of Indian imprecations at the loafers, Custoga then threw down the stick and danced a war dance in front of them, waving his bow and poisoned arrows in the air, and occasionally giving frantic yells and war whoops.

For the first time since our return from the settlement we laughed, and continued laughing till the tears ran down our cheeks at the men's looks of terror and astonishment, as the situation gradually dawned upon them. They did not dare to utter a word till we had got nearly across the river. Then, all of a sudden, a volley of abuse was wafted to us across the water, as they struggled frantically to untie their legs. (Here I interrupted my Uncle for the first time, to ask if they ever came back.)

"No, my lad," he said, "they had had enough; we never met again, but I heard a year later of two fellows answering to their description being lynched at a store away west, for some bit of villainy. When your mother joined us, a few years later, she undertook the instruction of Custoga, who became as good a Christian as any of us. Many years have passed since then, but I am hale and hearty still, thank God, for I lived a life of toil and not of ease, and it is luxury, not work, that kills so many men at middle age, in these degenerate days."

THE EVOLUTION OF THE BICYCLE. NO. V.—THE ORDINARY, 1872.

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HOW TO GET THE BEST TEST MATCH TEAM

By P. A. VAILE

"Join we together for the public good in what we can."—SHAKESPEARE

IN *The Field* of January 21, 1905, I wrote, "No impartial critic will attempt to deny that much of our cricket is of such a nature that it scarcely serves to keep one awake on a warm afternoon after a good lunch."

I was, of course, promptly and energetically assailed—as I intended to be. The truth is not always palatable, and my assailants had become inured to the deadly monotony that was then, and is now, so characteristic of England's national game.

"England's national game," as now played, is about as characteristic of what Englishmen ought to be as is ping-pong, and unless our cricketers awake to the truth of this it will ere long occupy a place alongside that noble pastime. "England's national game" has developed into the science of conserving energy and arranging intervals. It must not come down much lower, or we shall have our cricket grounds turned into Rugby football fields and shall see even in summer Englishmen playing a game, the game of all games, that is, or should be, most truly characteristic of all the best sporting and national instincts of John Bull.

The fact is that county cricket is too often most dismally dull and uninteresting. The championship, the average, the big notice in the paper,

THE DEADLY DRAW

are each and all doing their best to knock the soul out of the game. Unfortunately many men who play cricket are not cricketers and do not know what the soul of cricket means. It is the duty of those who do know to help such as these.

To a considerable extent those who are responsible for the management of the game are to blame for this state of things. It is hard to criticise them adversely, for one always feels that however much one may disagree with some of their methods they are at least actuated by a sincere desire to do their best for the game; but in many respects they are the slaves of tradition. Such a thing never was: it never can be. That is the creed of your crusted old conservative cricketer. He cannot see that the rules of the game want a cold chisel and a mallet about them, but he will have to ere long.

In the meantime the best interests of cricket are suffering simply on account of this absurd conservatism and the mistaken estimate made by some people of the qualities most requisite for keeping the grand old game in its rightful place and enabling England to do herself justice against her opponents. And that brings me right up to the subject of my article, "How to get the best Test-Match Team."

I do not wish to say a word against the present or any past selection committee. There never was a selection committee that could pick an England eleven as well as any mere sporting reporter. That is a matter of history. It will seem perfectly natural then that I, who deal with the "higher branches" of cricket, should be able to show how England could probably get a better side than she does by following the present methods!

The Australians have no distinction on the card. We do not read "V. Trumper" and then "M. A. Noble, Esq."

THEY ALL COME OUT OF THE FRONT DOOR,

and they have no thought of the back-entrance behind their bronzed faces. They are one homogeneous body—a combination of strong, quick-witted, happy equals. Men who were picked by their peers, and who are among their peers and who feel their manhood and their place in the game.

It is not quite the same with the England side. Here we have Tom Hayward and Gilbert Jessop, Esq. It is true that Gilbert Jessop, Esq., is a paid official of a cricket club. It is also true that he gets good English gold for writing to the papers about what he and Tom Hayward do on the same field and pitch, but he and Tom come out of different doors, and the side is not the same as the other side. It is not of the unnecessarily snobbish display of the difference between the straight-out pro, the

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quasi-pro, the promateur, the *quasi*-amateur, the mister and the esquire that I complain. Where I come from we don't do these things, but one may pass that, with the observation that if men are good enough to play with they are good enough to walk out with.

That really is not the important point. The important thing in connection with a team is that it shall be a team, a combination, and not merely eleven units. English cricketers, generally speaking, do not know what this means, for they have not experienced it in these matches.

One of the grandest features of English cricket to-day is

The Spirit of its Professional Cricket.

The way the paid men play it is great. One can no more see the trail of the dollar on their play than could one on the golf of Braid, Vardon, or Duncan. This is fine, and in a country that plumes itself—yes, that is what I said—so much on its spirit of fair play and sportsmanship it is worthy of greater recognition than it gets.

In The Champion County *v.* The Rest not so long ago I saw nine men on each side come off the back premises. The noble two who swanked forth in almost solitary state made valiant efforts to conceal their pencils and notebooks!

Is it not time, if England wants her national game to remain her national game, for her to give to these men who keep it where it is the rights due by sportsmen to sportsmen? If in The Champions *v.* The Rest there were eighteen professionals, one promateur, one *quasi*-amateur, one *quasi*-pro and a mister, is it not a fair thing to imagine that those eighteen professionals were about the best in the country? It does not seem to me unreasonable to suppose that they were.

Granting that, is it unreasonable to suppose that there is at least one of those eighteen whose experience and skill would be almost invaluable in assisting to select an All England side? Is it beyond reason to think that it would not be suicidal to have professionals on the selection committee? I know it is an awful thought, a fearsome thing to say, but, of course, I am not going to have it done at once. We must allow time for thought, but if we had to select a team of golfers "all in" to meet America would we hesitate to put Braid, Vardon, or Taylor on the selection committee, and would any man who was a golfer hesitate to play under one of the triumvirate as captain? Of course, we know quite well these things are not done. That with me never counts. I like doing things that have not been done, if they are better than those that have been.

Why a Purely Amateur Committee?

In a word, or a few, are we not making a mistake in confining our selection committee to amateurs? After all, who knows so much of the game as he whose life it is? Who knows so well the weak spots of the players as those who have the inner knowledge that is not available for all "front door" men?

I can conceive that it might be a move of the utmost value to try to elevate the status of the cricket professional and give him a greater feeling of really being in the game, of being something more in it than one who is merely paid to play. I can conceive that if the spirit of this suggestion were carried out in a sportsmanlike and intelligent manner it might lead to England elevens being more of a side than they are now. The question of amateur or professional ought not to enter into the matter at all. The only thing to weigh should be the value of the player's knowledge and judgment.

It is unnecessary for me to point out that the best eleven players in England would not necessarily be the best test eleven. We have had some very remarkable illustrations of the fact that the occasion proves too much for men who are all there in County cricket. As I have said, who knows better than the professional where the weak spot is?

I know perfectly well that some objections will be raised to the idea, and the difficulties carefully pointed out; but that is

The Lot of the Reformer.

I know equally well that there are no objections strong enough to prevent us giving the professional a more honoured place in the important task of selecting the home side, and indeed, if necessary, in directing it.

The Australians are absolutely a "side" from the moment they get together. So long as present conditions last, the England eleven cannot hope to equal that perfect understanding that characterises the Australians.

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Some will say this is exaggeration. They will be those who have not got beneath the skin of things. I regard it as a matter of great importance, if cricket is to keep its place, that something should be done to shake it up. As played now, with its boundaries, its frequent overs, its trial balls, its tea intervals, its general tediousness, it bids fair to pass away.

The amount of time wasted in a three-day cricket orgy is equal to that consumed in playing. I speak of "frequent" overs. Some one will say they have to be taken. Quite so. Brearley bowls all day at express speed. If he were on for half the time would it trouble him to bowl twelve balls instead of six? Oh, I assure you, alterations may be made in cricket without spoiling its traditions, and must be, for people will not long suffer a game that ends its three-day orgies without result, when no other game takes more than a few hours to finish.

It behoves those who love the game, as it is worthy to be loved, to consider these things, and to endeavour again to infuse into it some of that old-time dignity and spirit which are now more characteristic of the village green and the country house than of the county ground: and in no way it seems to me can this better be done than by according to the men who are now, to a very great extent, the backbone of English cricket a position that is due to them as sportsmen of the best type and as great exponents of a great game.

THE "VAILE" SELECTION COMMITTEE.

To sum up, I suggest that the Test Match Committee should consist of six members, as follows:

Lord Hawke
Mr. C. B. Fry
Mr. P. F. Warner
A. Lilley
T. Hayward
G. Hirst

It is curious that it should never have occurred to any one that a committee of this sort should be appointed, for here in addition to three distinguished amateurs we have three men with possibly a larger knowledge of the game than the amateurs themselves.

The editor tells me that he is setting a competition which is to consist of essays criticising my proposals, and I can assure my readers that I shall read these essays with the greatest interest.

NATURE'S LESSON

AT e'en, with glowing ray, the sun sinks in the golden west,
Lighting upon the gold-lined clouds it softly seeks its rest:
"Ah, sun!" I cried in rapture vain, "how for such rest I thirst,"
But, gleaming bright, the sun replied—
"I did my duty first."

I saw the bee with drowsy hum to homely hive return,
And leave behind with droning wing the painted flow'r and fern;
"Ah, bee!" I cried with envious voice, "how for such peace I thirst,"
But buzzing loud the bee replied—
"I did my duty first."

The sun its rest, the bee its hive, the earth its sleep had sought,
And each with work and labour hard its well-earned rest had bought:
And as I, too, returned to rest in deepest thoughts immers'd,
I pray'd to God that I could say—
I'd done my duty first.

"RUGBEIAN."

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THE TWINS OF TENDRING

A Public School Story

By Captain CHARLES GILSON

Author of "The Lost Column"

TEMPLE Two and Simson—"The Twins"—are two irrepressible members of the Lower Fourth at Tendring School. They possess a genius for bullying in a subtle fashion, and what with breaking rules, playing cricket for their house—French's—indulging in witticisms and practical jokes at the expense of an exceedingly mild form-master (Mr. Wilberforce), and carrying on war against Rogers (otherwise "Kruger"), who keeps the tuck-shop, their hands are quite full. But they find time to coach the new boys in their house at cricket, and one of these is Potts, a timid little fellow who has hitherto been brought up by an aunt. Another person with whom the two find themselves constantly in conflict, it may be added, is Temple One, head of French's, and the best bowler at Tendring. To celebrate the victory of French's in the semi-final of the inter-house cricket matches, it is decided by the juniors of the house, led by the "Twins," to drink sherry from the Cricket Cup, which is kept in French's common room, and Potts is chosen by lot to go "down town" and get the sherry. The Twins accompany him to the school boundaries, and on the way meet Temple One, who stiffly informs his brother that he has been awarded his first eleven colours. Potts is late for roll-call and Mr. French, finding out the reason, reports him to the headmaster, who is a martinet of the sternest kind, and pronounces sentence of expulsion on the new boy. But the Twins confess to having instigated the act, and Potts is pardoned just as his cab arrives. But the headmaster punishes the common room as a whole by forbidding those boys who had formed the team which proved victorious in the semi-final, to play in the final house match. This is a severe blow to French's and particularly to Temple One. Reported by Rogers for "borrowing" biscuits from his shop, the Twins are flogged. Thirsting to get even with the old man, they decide to make friends with his grandson, Herbert (otherwise "Napoleon"), and use him as an instrument of vengeance. With this intent they lay in a store of pastry for the child.

CHAPTER VIII.—*(continued)*

THE OPENING OF THE CAMPAIGN.

"'ULLO!" beamed Napoleon.

"Good afternoon," politely returned the Twins.

"What about them sweets?"

"Sweets?" repeated the Rat.

"Sweets!" said Temple.

And then they recognised their dear little friend of the day before.

"Why, it's 'Erbert!" cried Temple.

"So it is," said the Rat.

"What about them sweets?"

The Rat said nothing, but held up the paper bag. Napoleon's eyes opened so wide that the rest of his face seemed for a moment to have disappeared. For a while he was far too astonished to speak.

"Is that there bag *full?*" he got out at last.

"Yes," said Temple, "full."

Napoleon closed his mouth with a smack, an action suggestive of inordinate satisfaction. Then, looking from one to the other, he broke into a series of smiles. Then, his eyes went back to the paper bag.

"What's in it?" he asked.

"Jam sandwiches," whispered the Rat.

And the smiles began all over again. They faded away of a sudden at an exceptionally awful thought.

"Ain't you going to give me none?" he asked.

"Not here," said the Rat. "Do you know where the water jump is?"

"Ah."

"Well, meet us there in ten minutes. Only promise this—you'll tell nobody, not even dear old grandad."

"What for?"

"What for! Because we say you mustn't. Do you promise?"

"Wait a bit," cut in Temple. "A promise from one of the Rogers breed is no manner of use at all. Understand this—if you tell your grandfather we've been nice and kind to you, we'll flay you alive!"

Napoleon appeared alarmed. For one moment he actually looked like crying.

"I won't tell no one," he whimpered.

"Good," said Temple. "At the water jump, in ten minutes—don't forget."

Arm-in-arm, the Twins crossed the cricket ground. Half way across they met Hewitt.

"Have you fellows given up going to the nets altogether?"

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"Not completely," said the Rat.

"No; I suppose now you've got your colours you don't care. But what about you, Temple?"

"Fact is, Hewitt, I'm a bit stale," said Temple.

"All right, you should know best;" and the cricket captain was gone.

"TRY ANOTHER," SAID TEMPLE . . . "JUST A HALF."

The water jump was at the furthermost end of the school grounds, well away from the madding crowd. This spot had been selected by the Twins for this very obvious reason.

As for the jam sandwiches, thereby hangs a tale. These commodities were each composed of two slabs of exceeding heavy pastry, pale æsthetic blue in colouring, the colour becoming richer nearer the jam, which was of the plum variety, spread excessively thinly between the slabs. A jam sandwich cost twopence, as we know; and was decidedly dear at the price. The average healthy boy could eat two, or even three, without effect. But, once upon a time, a small boy in the School House, greedy in nature and selfish, had demolished six in his dormitory when his comrades were all asleep. They had been awakened soon after daybreak by the most unearthly groans and cries of pain, and found the small boy sitting up in bed with his knees in his mouth and his face turned what a lady would call "invisible green." It took three days to cure him; and, since these same jam sandwiches were a popular institution in Tendring School, the matter was held a secret as to what had made him ill. There was no question at all about it in the minds of the boys themselves, for this was by no means an

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isolated case. On several occasions boys had rashly exceeded the limit of three, and never without some ill effect.

The Twins, of course, had tested the matter, and had suffered agonies in the cause of science, until it was generally admitted throughout the school that Kruger's jam sandwiches were excellent things in moderation, but indulged in were poison, like strychnine and other drugs. So they sat by the side of the water jump, with Napoleon between them, and the paper bag containing the poison balanced on Temple's knee.

The Twins ate slowly, and before either of them had finished their first Napoleon had passed the fatal three. He went on to five without stopping, though before he was through with the fifth he was uncommonly short in the breath.

"Try another," said Temple.

Napoleon opened his eyes and wondered. Then he dived his hand into the bag and pulled out number six. He ate it, though he took his time over it, and when he had done so he sighed.

"Try another," said Temple.

Napoleon shook his head.

"Oh, you must," said Temple, doing the host in his very superior way.

Napoleon pondered deeply: if he must, he must, and there was no help for it. So he bravely got through with number seven, and then he actually groaned.

"Try another," said Temple.

Napoleon shook himself, and with a most apparent effort got out an emphatic "No!"

"Just a half," said Temple.

The Rat broke a sandwich in half and held it under his nose. This was more than the child could stand. He began to nibble it, but with so little relish that the Twins gathered the game was nearly done.

"Let's walk him about," suggested Temple.

The Rat approved, and though Napoleon himself endeavoured to remonstrate they would not listen to him; but, each taking him by a hand, they trotted him up and down for five minutes and then brought him back to the jump.

"That's done you good," said Temple.

"Yes," answered Napoleon. "I feel more hungry again."

"Capital."

Again they sat down. This time they pressed three more upon him; but beyond that number he stubbornly refused to go. Though the spirit still was willing, the flesh was weak, and it is always to the credit of the Twins that they never failed to distinguish between the possible and impossible, the accessible and the absurd.

They ordered Napoleon to wash his face in the pond, for his cheeks were plastered with jam, and since the sturdy little fellow expressed the opinion that he thought he might be able to eat another sandwich in half an hour, they gave him two more to put in his pocket and sent him back to his grandfather, warning him once more that if he said a word to any one about it they would certainly flay him alive.

The last they saw of him was a most encouraging sight. He was wheeling his barrow round the cricket-field. He halted, and sat down on the wheelbarrow, plainly needing a rest. He took out one of the sandwiches, looked at it fondly, and put it back in his pocket again.

Temple turned to the Rat and smiled.

"The explosion is timed to take place at twelve midnight," said he. "Ten and a half! Misericordia!"

"Let's go to the nets," said the Rat. "We've just got time."

CHAPTER IX.

THE TWINS ON THEIR METTLE.

THE operations of the Twins were based upon the soundest principles of modern strategy. They made it their business to search out their enemy's weakest point; they guessed, and invariably with the most laudable precision, how their enemy would act in given circumstances. The worthy Mr. Wilberforce was but as clay in their hands. Mr. French, by suspecting them of everything, as good as owned their power. They were certainly more than a match for Temple One.

Their methods were never the same. Mr. Wilberforce was gullible, and they gulled him. They aroused Mr. French's suspicions purposely, and then delighted in proving him wrong. Temple One stood on a pedestal, higher perhaps than any one else in the school, master or boy; and, as often as not, they knocked him off.

Kruger, as they had recognised from the start, was a difficult man to tackle; but, in spite of appearances, he was nothing more than an ordinary mortal with his weak points; and these were plain to the Twins. Firstly, as Temple had said, he was "a peppery old gentleman"; and irritability is never a source of strength. Secondly, he was wont to make an undue commotion concerning his grandson, as grandfathers sometimes will. It was, perhaps, a most praiseworthy trait

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in the old man's character, though it never appealed to the Twins.

Having therefore discovered the gaps in their adversary's line of defence, the Twins attacked vigorously, as we have already seen. They had treated Rogers to the most uncomfortable ten minutes he had ever spent in his life; they had driven the old confectioner nearly mad with rage, and they had come off with flying colours, without a scratch to themselves.

Their design had been to extend the hand of friendship to Herbert Hercules, while, at the same time, they persecuted his grandfather without restraint. Frequently, in this world, the best intentions lead to the most dire results; and it was now that they realised the possibility that they had endangered the health of the very individual they wished to please. Napoleon had devoured the bait with complacency, not to say gluttony; and it was known as a proved scientific fact that ten and a half jam sandwiches were more than the human body could stand.

"My hat!" exclaimed Temple. "We've made him monstrous ill!"

The Rat became lost in deliberation.

"Yes," said he, at length. "His grandfather will be aroused from his sleep by most inhuman cries. But Kruger will nurse the child, and come to school on the morrow with a drawn and haggard face. Little One, there is a tide in the affairs of men——"

"Shut up," said Temple. "We never intended this."

"No," said the Rat, with his beautiful faraway look. "It looks like hitting below the belt."

"It does," said the other; "and if we have really made him ill——"

"There's no doubt as to that," cut in the Rat.

"Exactly. Then I see nothing before us but the close of the campaign. Unintentionally we have disregarded the Geneva Convention. We can hardly take advantage of that."

"No," said the Rat.

And, arm-in-arm, they went sorrowfully towards the house.

For all that, on the following morning, they were in the best of spirits and laughing gaily when they turned the shop corner and came face to face with Napoleon, sitting in his wheelbarrow, in the pink of health, and grinning from ear to ear.

"'Ullo!" volunteered the infant, recognising at once his open-handed friends.

The Twins pulled up. They stood and scrutinised Napoleon with puckered eyes, as a man will read small print. But neither could say a word.

"Come 'ere," said Napoleon, his grin broadening and his face as shiny with delight as a ripe and rosy apple.

The Twins advanced, but not close enough to please Napoleon, who beckoned them nearer still. It was plain that he wished to whisper; and they bent down their heads till they nearly touched his face.

"I ain't told no one," he purred. "No one don't know—'cept us."

The two gazed at one another in amaze. Then Temple spoke. "Six of 'em doubled up young Blackhead in under five hours; and here's this—this"—(he stammered long for a word) "this five-year-old puff-adder, hale and hearty——"

But Temple could say no more. He took the Rat's arm, and led him sadly away.

"I wonder," he said presently, "how we could utilise to our own advantage the abnormal capacities of this child boa-constrictor. For example, it would be perfectly delightful, Rat, if we could over-feed him at Rogers' own expense. It would cost a fairish amount to really do him well, and Rogers is stingy by nature. In fact, Rat, I think it would be a most excellent plan."

"Undoubtedly," said the Rat, with irony. "But, may I ask, how you propose to do it? I presume you have some idea?"

"I have," said Temple, much to the other's surprise.

"What is it?"

"We'll shut him up in the shop."

The true brilliancy of this was far too much for the Rat. It flashed before him like a dazzling meteor and for the moment blinded his mental eye.

"Little One, you're a giddy genius! It's colossal! It's topping! It's pure! Rogers keeps the key over the door. I've seen him do it. We'll do it now, this very moment! Oh, Little One, you're great!"

Temple shot his cuff. He had not previously been aware that he had evolved anything great, but the Rat's enthusiasm convinced him that he had.

"It's a thick idea," he modestly owned. "Rat, we'll be heroes yet."

"We will. We must. We are," cried the other.

"We are the people," said Temple.

They were then in the middle of the cricket-ground, where they were joined by Temple One. It was a most unfortunate meeting, coming, as it did, at the moment so supreme.

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"I want to speak to you fellows," said the Head of the House, coming suddenly upon the pair.

"Capital!" cried his brother. "We are simply dying to listen to you. You've such a nice voice."

"I don't want any cheek," said the elder Temple. "I've got something serious to say, and I'm not in a mood to rot."

"We are all attention," said the Rat.

The Head of the House, with some school books under his arm, his hands thrust deep in his trousers' pockets, placed himself between them, and began pacing up and down, with bowed head, the Twins keeping step on either side.

"You two fellows are the senior chaps in the common room," Temple began; "and I know very well that you were at the bottom of this disgusting sherry affair, say what you like. Now, I don't want to excuse myself in any way. No doubt what Carberry said is perfectly true, and I have been largely to blame."

The Twins said nothing, but each gave a short cough.

"But I can't always know exactly what takes place in the common room," continued the prefect, flushing, "unless I play the spy myself or have a spy in the room, neither of which I intend to do. Both of you are senior enough and high enough up in the school to be house prefects. In fact, it is a disgrace to you you're not. French won't make you prefects because he doesn't trust you; and upon my word, you're doing your best to prove him right. Nevertheless, since you are both in the eleven, you are backed up by the other chaps. They copy what you do; and though you may not mean to, you are setting a pretty bad example in the house; and I—rightly, if you like—get the blame."

Again the Twins coughed, but Temple ignored them, and went on:

"Now, I can't treat you fellows like a pair of kids. All I can do, if you cause trouble, is to have you up before a general meeting of the school prefects, and get you warned by the Head of the School."

"And a fat lot of good that would do," observed the Rat.

Temple One looked angry.

"I quite agree with you," he snapped; "it would do no good at all. If the worst came to the worst, you both might get touched up in the prefects' room. It has happened before, I know. But you're not kids any longer; and neither Hewitt nor I nor any one else wish to thrash fellows who play for the school at cricket. Still, I shall have no choice, unless you faithfully promise me that you'll behave yourselves in the future."

"We will get at the root of the matter," said the younger Temple, "the appendix, as it were. It is necessary, I take it, that we understand one another precisely?"

"It is," growled the prefect, "more than you think."

"Right O! Now, in the first place, what do you call 'behaving ourselves'?"

"I mean that I will not have ragging."

"Ragging whom? Masters?"

"Masters? No! Masters are able to look after themselves."

"Are they?" queried the Rat.

"Well, they should be," said Temple.

The Rat adopted a condescending and extremely patronising air.

"All right, Temple," said he to the prefect. "Don't worry about it. We'll promise not to rag *you* any more. Won't we, Little One?"

"Rag *me!*" let out the prefect. "I, too, am quite able to look after myself. You know very well what I mean."

"I am afraid I don't," said the Rat. "If we can rag masters, and are allowed to rag you as much as we like, whom is it we are not permitted to rag?"

"I'll have order in the common room, and I mean what I say."

"Ah, that's satisfactory," observed the Little One. "You mean what you say, though you don't appear to understand what you mean."

The Head of the House was black with anger. Pausing in his perambulations, he faced round upon his brother and called him by his christian name, a very significant thing to do.

"Jim, I'll stand none of this nonsense from you."

"Dick, my long lost brother! Take me by the hand. You're forgiven all."

"Shut up," roared Temple One.

"Oh, hard of heart, as ever!" complained the younger Temple, turning away to the Rat. "After so long an absence, he greets me thus."

But the Head of the House had stayed to hear no more. He stepped out savagely towards the school buildings, as the bell rang out, leaving the Twins alone on the cricket ground.

They watched him until he had disappeared in the cloisters, and then they linked their arms. The school was trooping in to finish the morning's work.

"We are the people," said Temple.

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Then, for a time, they seemed to be lost in thought.

"We'll have to keep out of school for a bit," observed Temple at length.

"And throw ourselves upon the mercy of Wilberforce," added the Rat.

"Five hundred lines," said Temple.

"And in two hours he'll forget he gave them."

"And, in consequence, no one will be harmed, and every one will be happy. The way seems clear," Temple went on. "We'll reconnoitre the tuck-shop. We're lost if we are seen."

It was decidedly a dangerous game. They were in full view of the school windows, and masters had a habit of pacing the room in class. Also, it would be fatal to be seen by Rogers from the tuck-shop. To be forewarned was to be forearmed; and they moved in the shade of the trees around the cricket ground in a manner that would have done credit to the North-West Frontier Police.

They entered the cloisters that linked the central building to the senior school. There were two doors to the tuck-shop, one opening to the cricket ground, and the other—Kruger's private entrance—into a passage that led to the Lower Hall. This latter place was adorned with plaster statues of Greek heroes and goddesses, and the broad stairways from the Great Hall overhead opened out on either side. The Twins entered the Lower Hall on tip-toe, glancing nervously around.

Leaving Temple in the hall, the Rat crept down the passage and listened at the tuck-shop door. In less than a minute he returned.

"He's still there," he whispered.

A footstep sounded on the stone stairs above. Their hearts sprang into their mouths.

"Carberry!" cried Temple. "Quick, Rat! Quick and hide!"

Temple got behind Ajax. The Rat sought shelter behind Minerva. And there, with fast-beating hearts, they stayed.

The tall figure of Doctor Carberry in flowing gown swept down the stairs. And then *stump—stump—stump* came up the passage from the tuck-shop door.

Kruger and the Doctor met in the middle of the Hall not five yards from where the Twins were hidden.

"BUT THAT AIN'T STOPPED 'EM, DOCTOR CARBERRY, SIR; THEY'VE BEEN AT ME AGAIN."

"Good morning, Rogers. I hope you're well."

"Thank you kindly, sir. Saving the rheumatics, I'm in the best o' health."

"Ah, and your little grandson, is he also well?"

"A perfect picter o' health, thank you kindly, sir, and blessing his little heart."

"Ah, I'm pleased to hear it, Rogers. Good-day."

"Begging your pardon, Doctor Carberry, sir, but there's a little matter as I'd like to talk to you about."

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"What is it, Rogers?"

"Them two varmints—I should say 'gen'lemen'—Master Simson and Master Temple Two. They ain't to be tolerated, that they ain't."

"I know, Rogers. The matter was reported to me, and both the boys you mention have been punished."

"As they rightly deserves. But that ain't stopped 'em, Doctor Carberry, sir; they've been at me again."

"How do you mean, Rogers?"

"Tormenting of me. They're like wapses, sir. They're sons of Belial; that's what they is—sons of Belial, both on 'em."

"What have they been doing?" asked the Doctor.

"It ain't what they does, sir, nor wholly what they says. It's the manner of 'em what's unprincipled."

"I am afraid, Rogers, you have no very exact cause of complaint," said the headmaster. "If they worry you in any particular way, report the matter immediately to me."

"That I will, sir."

"Very good, Rogers. Good day."

"Good day, sir. Thank you kindly for advice esteemed and noted."

And Rogers stumped out of the main school entrance, while the headmaster passed across to the senior school.

When they were gone the Twins came out from behind the Greek divinities and shook their fists at the door.

"Oh, you old sinner," muttered the Rat. "You hoary-headed old basilisk. Wait, wait till we pay you back!"

"He little knows," said Temple, "what miseries are in store for him. But, come on, Rat," he burst out; "every second counts."

They made off down the passage to the inner tuck-shop door. They found the key on the lintel, where it was Kruger's custom to leave it for his assistant to open the shop when the boys came out of school.

They entered and passed through to the other door. This they opened—the same key did for both—and outside they found Napoleon, singing to himself.

They plucked him, like a nettle, and bore him swiftly in. To lock the outside door was the work of a moment.

"Lemme go!" yelled the child, who began at once to cry.

"Shut up," cried the rat, "or we'll plop you into the strawberry ice."

"I want ter go 'ome!"

"Home, you brat!" cried Temple, waving his hand around the shop. "How's this for a home? We promised you sweets!"

Napoleon now grasped the situation. His tears vanished, and his mouth broadened into a smile.

"Golly!" he uttered.

"Take your choice. Eat, drink and be merry. Grandad pays the bill."

And at that they were gone, by the inner entrance, which they carefully locked from outside, and put back the key in its place.

CHAPTER X.

A TUCK-SHOP TRAGEDY.

IT was Kruger's custom to dine at twelve. To enter into details, and no story is complete without them, beef-steak pudding was his favourite dish, unless it were boiled beef with dumplings.

"Dumplin's," he once confessed to the Rat, in the days before war was declared between himself and the Twins, "dumplin's is both fillin' an' wholesome an' cheap. I reckon, Mast'r Simson, if you put a man down on one of them desert islands where there was nothing else but dumplin's, he wouldn't come to no harm."

Our friend the Rat was by no means lacking in imagination, but he found the idea of a desert island, whereon nothing lived or grew or existed save dumplings, a difficult one to conceive. All of which is beside the mark and the stated fact that Kruger dined at twelve.

In consequence, he was rarely present to open his shop at half-past twelve when the school came out; and it was for this reason that he left the key on the lintel of the inner door for his assistant. This assistant was a weak-eyed young man, with a pimply visage, whose chin receded to such an extent that the lower part of his face somewhat resembled a cornice, and he was physically incapable of properly shutting his mouth.

However, we may for the present presume that upon the morning in question Kruger dined neither upon dumplings nor beef-steak pudding, for he arrived at the tuck-shop at the very moment the school bell began to ring.

His assistant met him at the door.

"Have you seen my gran'son anywhere?" asked Kruger.

"No, Mr. Rogers, that I ain't," replied the cornice-faced gentleman. "For why?"

"For why! 'Cos I want to know where he is."

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"Where is 'e?" asked the assistant, whose intelligence was not in excess of the wages he received.

"Where is he?" echoed Rogers. "If I knew where he was, would I arst you—stoopid?"

"No, Mr. Rogers, I suppose you wouldn't, though there's no telling wot you'd do when you was riled."

"Who's riled?" bellowed Kruger. "Who's riled, you fool!"

"Goodness knows, Mr. Rogers; you ain't."

"Leave orf talking!" roared the infuriated old gentleman. "My gran'son ain't come home for his dinner; and there was dumplin's."

"I ain't seen him nowhere," mildly ventured the assistant.

At that, they both heard a noise on the other side of the door. The noise resembled a sigh.

They regarded each other askance. Kruger looked far from pleasant; and a sickly smile spread itself slowly over the young man's face.

"'E's in there," he simpered.

"In there!" cried Rogers, and he began puffing and blowing like a whale.

"That's 'im," said the assistant. "That's 'im right enough. I 'eard 'im choke."

"Heard 'im *what?*"

"Choke. As if summut 'ad stuck in 'is throat."

"Get down the key," said Rogers.

The young man did so. He opened the door with a shaky hand, and Kruger stumped into the shop. But he got not a yard from the threshold. He stood like a man transfixed.

The pimply face peered over his shoulder, and then went ashen white, while the lower jaw receded away into nothing and the assistant's hair came up on end. They were like men beholding a ghost; though, as a matter of fact that which they saw was of very carnal account.

Napoleon, with his legs sprawled out before him, sat on the floor, which was strewn thick with pastry and biscuits and sweets. Several boxes that had once contained chocolate, nougat and other confections, lay empty beside him. The *petit beurre*, except for a few broken fragments, were all gone. So were the macaroons. The tap of the cask of ginger-beer had been left running; and Napoleon sat and smiled in the wet. A large tin of meringues had its place on the top shelf, and in endeavouring to reach them Napoleon had tumbled the lot into the strawberry ice. He had eaten the best part of a plateful of mince-pies. The remainder were on the counter, swimming about in lime-juice, very flabby and damp. He had apparently sampled a little of everything; nothing had passed him by. Where the sample had pleased him, he had generously taken his fill, and passed on to the next delicacy with a feeling of something done and accomplished—and other feelings besides. In a word, though he had missed the dumplings, our friend Napoleon had dined.

It was a long time before Kruger could either move or find his voice. Then, he came out with a noise akin to the lowing of a milch cow, only louder and more prolonged.

"Whose doin's this?" was the end of the bovine sound. "Oh! Whoever done this!"

"Lor', Mr. Rogers!" exclaimed the foolish assistant. "Who can 'ave let 'im in?"

He looked at Kruger, and Kruger seemed to *grow*. His shoulders rose heavily, like bread in the oven; his face swelled; his body extended in all directions. Then, without any warning, he caught the assistant a swinging blow on the head, sending him flying across the room.

"You done it yourself!" he thundered. "You done it yourself! Oh, and I'm a ruined man!"

"I never done it, Mr. Rogers," whined the youth. "I never done it!"

"Liar!" roared Rogers. "You knowed very well he was in here. You said so yourself. And you had the key."

"No, I 'adn't. You locked the door yourself, Mr. Rogers. You knows you did."

"But you're the only one wot knows where I keep the key. Oh, you serpent in sheep's wool—you!"

"I'll give my dying oath, Mr. Rogers," pleaded the assistant; and indeed, from the terror stamped on every feature of his face, he might have been dying then.

"I don't want no dying oaths. I *knows*," cried Kruger.

"Well, arst 'im," said the assistant, pointing to Napoleon, who had started afresh on a macaroon.

Kruger turned to his grandson.

"How did you git in here?" he demanded.

"They locked me in," mumbled the infant, with his mouth full.

"Who did?"

Napoleon paused. Temple's words came back to him: "If you tell your grandfather we've been nice and kind to you, we'll flay you alive."

"Who did?" repeated Rogers. "Speak the truth, Herbert, as I've taught you many a time at my knee, 'that your days may be

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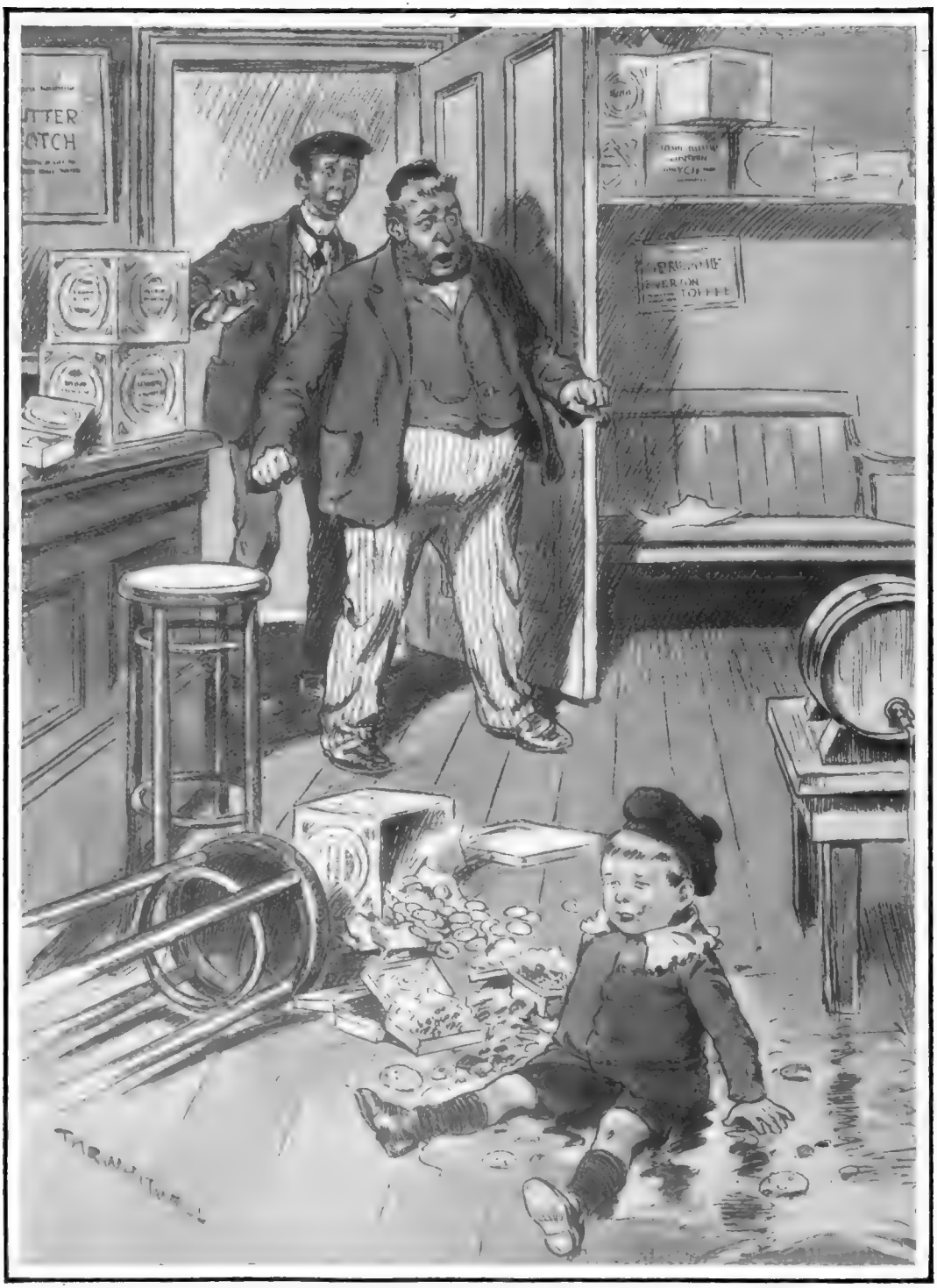

NAPOLEON SAT ON THE FLOOR, WHICH WAS STREWN THICK WITH PASTRY AND BISCUITS AND SWEETS.

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long in the land.' If you don't, I'll give you a hiding such as you'll never forget."

"You won't flay me alive, will yer, grandad?"

"Flay you alive! No. I'll give you a good healthy hiding, if you don't tell me at onst how you got in here."

There was no longer any doubt in the mind of Napoleon as to how he had best act. He decided that of two evils it was wisest to choose the least.

"Who locked you in?" demanded his grandfather.

Napoleon pointed to the assistant and said, "He did."

So Temple had been perfectly right upon the matter of moral sense.

At these untruthful words, the assistant opened his mouth wider than ever, threw out his chest and slowly raised his head, while he took a very long breath. Then he let it out gradually:

"O—o—o—o—h! Oh, what a fals'ood! What a—what a *oner!* Oh, 'Erbert, may you never be forgave! You knows I never did."

"Liar!" roared Kruger, coming down upon the unhappy youth like a steam-roller. "Liar!"

"I ain't," pleaded the assistant, bursting into tears. "May I drop down dead if I is."

Rogers was suddenly silent. He pulled up.

"It'd serve you right," he gave out in very impressive tones, "if the hand of Providence was to strike you as it did that unfortunate female, Annie Nyas. But there, them things don't happen nowadays," he added, turning away with an air of resignation. "Maybe we'd all be better mortials if they did."

The shop was already filling with boys. By a strange coincidence, among the first to enter were the Twins. They both went quickly out, blowing their noses hard.

Without delay, Kruger set to work to put his house in order.

The assistant for a moment humbly lent a hand. But the fiery old man immediately caught him another blow on the head, and he went away weeping.

"I ain't done with you yet," Kruger cried after him.

"I'll go an' tell 'im, grandad," volunteered 'Erbert. "I don't think he 'eard."

Whereupon, puffing and blowing like his grandsire, only in a very much higher key, he waddled after the assistant.

Here the Twins re-entered, arm-in-arm, evidently now masters of themselves. Their faces were sweetly calm. For some minutes they surveyed the *débris* in silence.

"Macaroon, please, Rogers," said the Rat.

"There aren't none," growled Rogers.

"Oh, really. Then two packets of nougat, please, Rogers."

"There aren't none," the old man shouted. "There aren't nothing to eat in the whole shop."

"Then we'll have two glasses of ginger-beer," decided Temple.

"An' there aren't no ginger-beer neither," bellowed Kruger, nearly distracted. "An' if you don't get out of the shop this instant, I'll tarn you both out by the scruffs of your necks. Go back to your house, an' don't come abothering me."

"My good man," began Temple, "you're talking through your hat. My friend and I have as much right here as you. There are many facts of which you are plainly ignorant—I think I may say, grossly ignorant. Fact the first: that a tuck-shop should be provided with suitable, if unhealthy, confections. Fact the second: that two negatives make a positive, and three negatives are nonsense; hence the expression, 'there aren't no ginger-beer neither' is arrant nonsense. Fact the third: that one never gets what one wants by losing one's temper. As our mutual and esteemed friend, Mr. Wilberforce, was good enough to advise you: restrain yourself; exercise restraint, or at least endeavour to do so. But you do not. Wherein you prove yourself ignorant of these most fundamental truths. Therefore, you are plainly an old fool. Q. E. D. Which is what I desired to prove."

"I won't have you acoming inter my shop an' givin' me orders," fumed Rogers, and before they had guessed his intention, he was round the counter and coming down upon them like a bull.

"I'll learn you!" he shouted.

He raised his hand for a blow, which he landed into space, for Temple vaulted the counter, while the Rat shot out of the window and fell nicely on to his feet.

"I'll be even with you yet," Kruger cried to the Rat.

"You never will," said the Rat sweetly. "You wouldn't trust us; you reported us, and you got us into a row. We'll never forgive you unless you apologise and faithfully promise never to do it again."

"I'd like to see myself adoing of it!" cried the old man.

"Some day you will," said the Rat. And here he was joined by Temple Two, who had come round from the inner door, and who immediately grasped the drift of their talk.

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"Do you realise what you've done?" asked Temple of Rogers.

"What have I done?"

"You've lost French's House the cricket cup."

"Have I?" said Rogers. "Then I've done some good, arter all."

And he shut the window.

CHAPTER XI.

SUDDEN APPEARANCE OF A NEW PAWN.

POTTS had now risen immeasurably in the eyes of his comrades in French's. Though he would never make much of a cricketer, it was generally admitted that he was a "good kid"; and, in the lordly manner of boyhood, they let him know they were proud to have him among them. Which, of course, was excessively kind.

There are some whose good opinion of themselves leaves little room for admiration from any one else; but Potts was not one of these. He was of the highly sensitive sort, and inclined too much to see himself as others saw him. Hitherto, having met with little affection in the world, he had come to the conclusion that he was worthy of none. But now, things were changed, and being treated by his schoolfellows as one of themselves—howbeit in a manner somewhat condescending—he brightened up and became in less than a week a different boy. He got his hair cut; he became of a sudden more careful in his attire; his bootlaces were no longer broken; and taking his instructions from Temple Two, he even went so far as to press his trousers under the mattress of his bed, though the Rat expressed the opinion that this was quite an unnecessary thing to do.

Yet, not even new bootlaces nor a crease in his trousers could serve to make our little friend Potts quite an ordinary boy. He was not an ordinary boy, and never would be, though he dived both his hands deep into his trousers' pockets and wore his house cap well on the back of his head. Potts had never been spoilt by his parents. Indeed, neither by his aunt, the much married lady, nor his guardian, the distinguished clubman, had his happiness been ever considered at all. Yet partly, perhaps, for this very reason, and partly because it was in his nature to be so, no boy was ever less selfish or had greater consideration for others. It was chiefly in this respect that Potts was not an ordinary boy.

Now, Potts' hero was Temple One. Potts had never seen anything like Temple One before. He had read about Temple Ones, but in his heart of hearts he had always doubted whether such Titans ever existed. He was familiar with some of the most popular schoolboy heroes in fiction, and he had tried to imagine such heroes in flesh and blood. He was not able to do so. Then, Fate, in the shape of a letter from India, from a father he could not remember, took Potts to a public school; and there, sure enough, he found the unimaginable embodied in Temple One.

At first he held Temple in awe, into which feeling curiosity gradually wormed its way. This curiosity was soon satisfied. Temple apparently ate and slept and dressed like an ordinary boy of nineteen. He was only extraordinary in that he was obviously capable of doing anything; and everything he chose to do he did well. There was something, it seemed to Potts, supernatural about Temple's cricket; and on reading through back numbers of the school magazine, he came to the conclusion that his football was just the same.

After the Wilkins' House match, Potts' admiration for Temple knew no bounds. In the common room he never tired of discussing the Head of the House; he delighted in lauding him to the skies, and he found every one willing to listen to him, with the exception of the Twins.

This displeased Potts. He liked the Twins. He was never likely to forget the good turn they had done him. He thought the Twins great fellows, though he regarded them as mortals; whereas Temple One was only to be compared to the plaster statues that stood in the Lower Hall. He was a kind of Ulysses in a cricket cap, altogether a thing to admire.

"I bet Jessop can't hit any harder than Temple," he said one day.

"Rot," said the Rat.

"Well, he might hit as hard, but he can't hit any harder, because against Wilkins' Temple got three sixes in one over."

"And if Jessop had to play against Hume-Williams' lobs," observed the Rat, "he'd get six sixes in one over."

But it was not possible to disillusion Potts.

"I bet Temple plays for England," said he.

"Let's hope not," said the brother of Ulysses.

"Why?" asked Potts.

"Because I've got to know him all my life, and he's got enough side on already."

In Potts' eyes this was near to sacrilege. He could not altogether conceal his feelings.

"What a beastly thing to say!" he exclaimed.

"My dear Potts," said the younger Temple,

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"you're merely a kid. You think my brother a tremendous chap. I assure you, I know him intimately, and he is nothing of the sort. He thinks the world goes round him. He was rather a delicate child, and I used to lick him regularly—once a week, to be accurate—but I fear it has done him no good. His side is insupportable. Of late, he has adopted a certain stand-offishness towards the Rat and myself, which, to tell you the truth, amuses us, because we know he can't keep it up. In fact, he's a fool—the worst kind of fool, because he will never learn what a gigantic fool he is."

All this distressed Potts. He saw at a glance that the Head of the House and the Twins were at daggers drawn. He was sorry for the Twins, for he fully believed that they would come off worst. What else could Potts believe? He was also sorry for Temple, for he saw the matter distressed him. And thus it was that Potts, the smallest and youngest boy in the house, resolved to bring about a reconciliation. It was all unnecessary, but what of that? Potts had been made that way.

The Twins had not been able to keep their campaign against Rogers a secret for long. All the school knew of it, and delighted in it, and soon it came to the ears of Temple One.

He sent for the Twins, and they came to his study.

"You know what I told you the other day about ragging?" said Temple One.

"We've not the haziest idea," responded the Rat.

Temple One ignored the answer.

"If you continue to rag Rogers," he went on, "I'll step in."

"I wish you would," answered his brother lightly. "You'd get an awful lot of fun out of it. We'll lock *you* up in the shop if you like."

"You know very well what I mean," said the Head of the House. "And I tell you, if I have any more cheek, first eleven or not, I'll cane you both in the Prefects' Room. I don't want to do it——"

The Rat took him up.

"And I'm sure we don't want you to, so what's the use of talking about the thing?"

"If I was a boy in the common room who played for the first eleven," said Temple distinctly, "I'd have a certain amount of pride; and if I was thrashed like a kid in the junior school, that pride would be hurt."

"Really," said the Rat. 'Now, that's just where we're a bit ahead of you. The Little One and I have a dickens of a lot of pride, and our principal source of pride is that we can't be hurt. It positively can't be done."

"I wouldn't be too sure," said the elder Temple. And at that he dismissed them, glad to be quit of them both.

Left alone, he regarded his interview as a satisfactory one. He thought he had come off best. Vain thought! The Armageddon was at hand.

Potts foresaw it. Such was the wisdom of Potts.

"If you go on ragging Rogers," he warned the Twins, "Temple One will interfere."

"So he says," answered the Rat.

"You'll only get licked," persevered Potts.

"That's all," said the Rat cheerfully.

"But it's so silly," went on the little fellow, "and it's beastly rough on Temple One. He's awfully cut up about the house match, and you aren't making things any the better for him."

"We don't mean to," said the younger Temple. "We're all just as sick as Temple is at losing the cup——"

And before he could finish his sentence, Potts came out with the most colossal remark.

"It isn't lost yet," said he.

The Twins looked at him, and then laughed.

"By Gum, there's something in that! And what a sell it would be for Carberry if we won!" said Temple Two, whom nothing on earth could ever convince that Doctor Carberry had not favoured his own house.

"Wouldn't it!" cried Potts. "And wouldn't Hewitt be sick!"

They were all grossly unjust. For Hewitt, almost as much as Temple, regretted that the match was not to be played out by each house at its full strength. Thus they were nearly equal, and no man could say for a certainty which was the stronger side. French's had always suffered in having a "tail," and now that they were to take the field with a scratch eleven, with the exception of Temple and Cunningham, the wicket-keeper, they would be all tail and nothing more. Indeed, there was considerable excitement as to whom the Head of the House would choose.

"Do you think I've got any chance?" Potts inquired of the Twins.

"If Temple picks the team the proper way," said the Rat, "you certainly have."

"What's the proper way?" asked Potts.

"Shake 'em up in a hat," said the Rat. And he strolled away with his *alter ego* to look for Napoleon.

Napoleon was not to be found. So they went to the tuck-shop, where they discovered

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Rogers informing a small junior of the very thing they wanted most to know. Ordering two ices, they seated themselves and listened, nudging each other from time to time.

"Maybe," Rogers was saying, "you know my little gran'son by sight? A bright, hopeful little child—generally wears a red coat and one of them there tammy-shanters?"

The junior knew him well.

"Ah," said Rogers slowly shaking his head. "He's took ill. I've sent for the doctor, but he don't seem to get no better."

"What's the matter with him?" asked the junior.

"He's over-eat hisself," whispered Rogers in confidence. "It was like this here. That fool of an assistant o' mine went an' shut him up in the shop, when I was away at dinner. Well, when I come back, there was my gran'son sittin' on the floor, eating all the most unwholesome things he could find. Not as how I sell anything as would be unwholesome to any young gen'leman o' your age, but my gran'son, Herbert, ain't five yet, an' at that age the stummick ain't properly hardened as it ought to be. In consequence, he's ill, and larst night he took a turn for the worse."

"Very careless of your assistant, Rogers," said Temple Two, with a tremendous amount of side.

"He ain't come near me yet," said Rogers. "He's kep' away. I told him as I wasn't finished with him. An' now he'll get two hidin's, 'stead o' one: one for carelessness, an' another for stoppin' away from work."

The Twins rose lazily. The Rat strolled out, and Temple followed whistling.

"I've a plan," said the Rat. "A new pawn on the chess-board."

"Who?"

"The assistant."

"Good, Rat! Good. What use shall we make of him?"

"Bait," said the Rat. "Bait."

And they set off towards the clump of elm trees, where they sat with their heads together for quite a considerable time.

CHAPTER XII.

ARMAGEDDON.

THE Head of the House, looking more important than usual, entered the common room with a piece of paper in his hand. He approached the notice-board, and the common room gathered around.

It was a list of the house team for the final match, and caused rejoicing in the hearts of some and corresponding disappointment in the hearts of others. Which is the inevitable way of the world. We cannot all get what we want, be it happiness, fame or riches. There's not enough to go round.

Potts' name was not on the list, and he turned away with a saddened look.

"Buck up, Potts," said the Rat. "You're more good than Inskip or that fat fool, Marlow. You'll play for the house next year all right. You see if you don't."

"I don't mind," said Potts bravely, though it was perfectly plain he did. "I knew really I hadn't got any chance."

"Who's a 'fat fool'?" demanded Marlow, who, it will be remembered, was the boy who once had tried to back up Potts.

"You are," said the Rat. "How can *you* play cricket? You're a gormandizer. You're full of buns and ices. Why, if you had to run after a ball in the out-field, ginger-beer would ooze out of every pore. Whereas our friend Potts here is an enthusiast. The Little One and myself have instructed him in the rudiments of the game; and besides, he's keen. He's keen as mustard. However, you've been selected to play, Marlow, and play I suppose you will. Only understand, you're forbidden to enter the tuck-shop until the match is a thing of the past."

"Who forbids me?" said Marlow. He was big enough to pretend to be brave.

"We do," said the Rat.

"I'll see you blowed first," said Marlow.

The Rat turned quietly to Temple Two.

"Did you catch that?" he asked.

"Sounds like treason," said Temple Two.

"Little One, shall I biff him?"

"Biff him," said the Little One.

Whereupon the Rat pounced upon Marlow, and brought him down to the ground. Then he sat on his chest, while Temple Two beat a tattoo on his head with a Latin grammar. Thus was Marlow "biffed."

"Enter the tuck-shop at your peril," said the Rat, as he got off Marlow's chest. "Temple and I are not allowed to play in this match, but we mean to do our best. We object to the house being represented by an eleven of ginger-beer casks."

"I'll do what I like," said Marlow sulkily.

"You'll do what *we* like," said Temple Two.

"Will I? You see."

"We mean to," said the Rat. "And now, Little One, let's go over to Rogers and inquire after Napoleon. I've not seen to-day's bulletin. We might also pass a few pleasantries with

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Rogers himself. We've let him alone for days."

They went off together in search of their sworn enemy, leaving the common room still discussing the team.

There was a great deal of talk; and indeed, the Head of the House had found it no easy matter to select an eleven. They were all so much of a muchness that, as the Rat had observed, he might just as well have shaken them up in a hat. On this very account there was the greater dissatisfaction. Many whose names were not on the list had fervently hoped to play; and of these not one of the least was Potts. The little fellow went out alone, very downcast, kicking the stones in the road,

Having nothing particular to do, he crossed to the nets and watched the school eleven at practice. Hewitt was batting, and the two school professionals, who were bowling, were a long way from getting him out. Cricklewood, the tall, fast bowler, hired for the season, was rapidly losing his temper and putting them down fast on the off. And the more savage he grew, the harder Hewitt cut him. Bates, the school ground man, bowled slows and broke either way, and Hewitt was driving him overhead. Bates, however, was not in the least distressed. He took as great a pride in the school cricket as any one of the boys themselves.

. . . WHILE TEMPLE TWO BEAT A TATTOO ON HIS HEAD WITH A LATIN GRAMMAR.

"Well 'it, Mr. 'Ewitt! You've got an eye like an 'awk," was all he remarked when the Cricket Captain drove his best length ball a hundred yards.

Potts felt like action. Something to do is an unfailing cure for a heavy heart, and heavy indeed was the heart of Potts. Temple One was leaving that term. It had been the dream of Potts' short life at a public school

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to play cricket, just once, on the same side as Temple One. Now, that dream was vanished. He had no right to be disappointed, he knew. He had only bucked up in the school games, and he had hoped that Temple had noticed that he made nine not out the Saturday before the crash came and he had been expelled. He did not care to think about it, and going round to the front of the nets, he fielded out for Hewitt and threw back the balls for the two professionals quite unnecessarily hard.

Presently Temple One came to the nets and took the ball from Cricklewood. He was a great deal faster than the professional, and seldom bowled a ball wide enough on the off for Hewitt to cut. Hewitt tried playing back and was frequently late, the ball flying into the back of the net a couple of inches over the bails.

After a while, the Captain of Cricket settled down and, playing strongly forward with a beautifully straight hit, drove the balls past Temple along the ground.

Potts fielded them,—not because he wished to show off, but because, as we know, his heart was heavy and he wanted something to do.

After he had stopped an exceptionally hot one, Temple looked at him with curiosity, and then said "Bravo!" Which pleased Potts immensely.

Hewitt had had enough, and unbuttoning his gloves, left the net. He had been beaten occasionally by Temple, but never once had been bowled.

"Want an innings?" he asked the Head of French's.

"No thanks, old chap. I had half an hour yesterday. Besides, the light's beginning to go."

Potts was retiring, when Temple called him back.

"I say, young Potts, where did you learn to field?"

"Your brother and Simson taught me, Temple."

"H'm. Did they? I'm glad to hear they've done something useful, anyhow."

Potts thought he saw his chance. He thought he might put in a word for the Twins. He had much better have left the matter alone.

"They're awfully keen, Temple," he faltered.

Temple smiled.

"How?" he asked.

"Oh, they are awfully keen on the house!"

Temple placed his hand on the small boy's shoulder.

"Don't you believe it," said the great man. "If they were really keen on the house they would come to the nets more often, and not get the house into disgrace. Where are they now?"

"I don't know," said Potts. He could stretch his conscience about as far as that.

The Head of the House thrust his hand in his pockets and bit his lip. Something made him uneasy, and it was nothing greater than this: he had told the Twins that he would not spy upon them, yet he was now sorely tempted to cross-examine Potts, upon whom alone in the common room he knew he could rely. He hesitated as to how he could best get at the truth, and ended by taking the bull by the horns.

"Are they ragging old Rogers still?" he asked.

Potts could find no answer. He hated lying to any one. He could not lie to Temple.

Temple watched his face, and flushed with anger.

"That means they are," he got out.

"They haven't ragged Rogers for a long time, Temple, I know," faltered Potts.

"How do you know?"

"They said so."

"And they've gone off to make up for lost time? Isn't that so?"

Again Potts was speechless. He showed his distress in his face.

"Isn't that so?" repeated Temple. "Speak the truth."

Temple was truly angry. Potts was wishing ever so much he had never interfered.

"For the third time," cried Temple impatiently, "is it so or is it not?"

"I think it is!" said Potts; and the fat was in the fire.

Without another word Temple set off briskly towards the tuck-shop, bent on real action this time, while Potts lay down on the grass and called himself a fool.

(To be continued)

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"THE HUTTERS"

By BERNARD WEAVER

"God made the country and man made the town."—COWPER

THE SUMMER-HOUSE UTILISED BY "THE HUTTERS."

AN interesting and somewhat novel method of camping out is followed by a party of six old public schoolboys who are engaged in business "in the City."

During the summer months they spend all their week-ends in their "hut," which is the summer-house of one of those charming old houses situated on one of the upper reaches of the Thames. The hut measures only 10 ft. by 12 ft. and at first sight one would scarcely credit the fact that six men could possibly find sleeping accommodation in it. By a strict observance of the rule "a place for everything, and everything in its place," however, they are enabled to do so, and also, not infrequently to find room for a visitor or two.

Two of our illustrations show corners of the hut, and it is worthy of notice that the photographs were taken without any previous arrangement of the articles depicted. Everything is in its usual place.

ARRIVING DURING A FLOOD.

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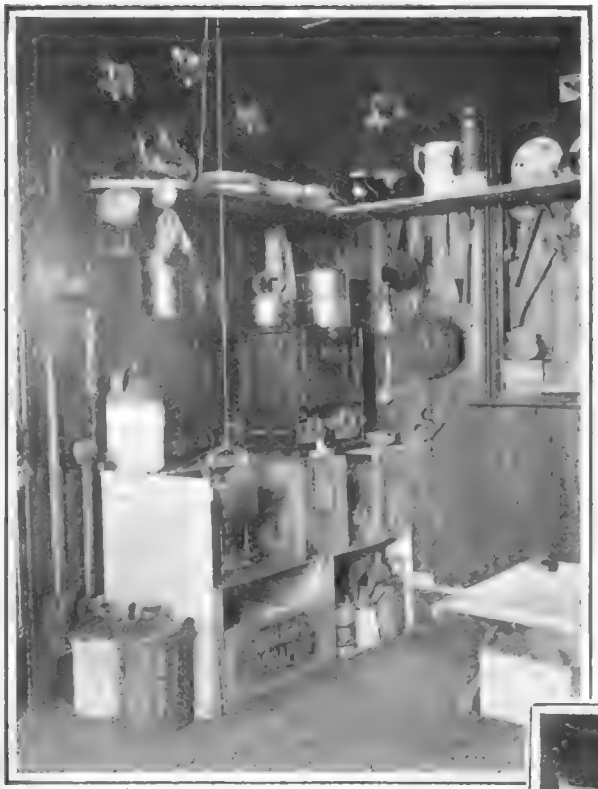

THE "COOK'S CORNER."

Every Saturday evening finds the "Hutters" ensconced in their sylvan retreat. Some of them cycle down, and the others take train from Paddington arriving in about forty-five minutes from the start.

Of course, the train-goers are expected to take with them any impedimenta in the shape of provisions, &c., which may be necessary, but most of the food is obtained from the nearest stores. If necessary, a hand-barrow is requisitioned from the stores upon which to convey goods to the hut, for the "Hutters" delight in doing everything for themselves.

Previous to tea on Saturday all hands work hard and put everything in order, and the meal is usually quiet, as a healthy tiredness is the result of the hard work entailed in doing this. After tea a bathe is indulged in, which freshens every one up, and a trip on the river in whatever craft has been engaged for the week-end gives "Hutters" all a healthy appetite for dinner.

By long experience the "Hutters" have reduced all expense to a minimum, as will be readily seen when we state that the *total expense* per head last year for twenty-one week-ends was well under £5. This was inclusive of everything, excepting only rail fare, which expense was not, of course, entailed by the cyclists. A detailed account is kept of every penny expended, and this is entered in "The Log of the Hut," a book well worth reading, containing as it does accounts of many interesting episodes. On one occasion a boat was salved and several times valuable assistance has been rendered to the local watermen.

The "Hutters" get to bed betimes, and are up early for a dip in the river. It should be recorded that *every* time they bathe life-saving drill is practised, and they have made a rule that one of their number shall be in the boat whilst the others are bathing. This admirable precaution is worthy of being copied by all parties of bathers.

Breakfast over, all hands straighten up the hut and then rig themselves out for church. The afternoon is spent upon the river, and visitors are entertained to

"EVERYTHING IN ITS PLACE."

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"THE HUTTERS'" CAMPING-SITE FROM THE RIVER.

tea. Ladies' days are arranged at intervals, and the fair guests always delight in the life-saving, which, of course, is performed in ordinary clothes upon such occasions.

Sunday evening is always a delightfully restful time in the country, and after dinner and a short trip on the river the "Hutters" retire regretfully, for their holiday is almost over. Breakfast on Monday is a sad affair, and all start off to another week's work rested in mind and body.

All the work of the hut is fairly divided. Each of the "Hutters" has his own particular work, and all do it thoroughly. Berry, the oldest "Hutter," acts as cook. All agree that he works wonders with his "Primus" stove, and save for a mistake or two, such as putting sardines in Irish stew, turns out some delicious dishes. George is cox of the boat, and this work is no sinecure, for wet cushions or a faulty scull would mar the whole week-end. Tertius is George's lieutenant, and the others act as general handy men. Even visitors are expected to do their share of the work, and they usually take a keen delight in it.

A special arrangement has been made with a local boatman by means of which the "Hutters" can have whatever craft they choose each week-end. The amount charged for the season is ridiculously small, comparatively speaking.

The "Hutters" fly their own burgee and boast their own colours, luxuries costing nothing, but giving an air of *éclat* to the proceedings.

When summer is over and the "Hutters" have reluctantly to suspend their up-river week-ends, social parties and visits to theatres commence. It is a great honour to be invited to one of these, and one that is usually appre-

VIEW OF RIVER FROM THE HUT, WITH LANDING-STAGE.

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ciated. Good comradeship is the hinge on which all turns, as one dissentient voice would spoil everything. No person is invited unless it is absolutely certain that he is desirable in every respect. No alcoholic beverages are indulged in, although all smoke a considerable amount of tobacco.

Nearly all the "Hutters" are Territorials. Berry and George usually arrive later on Saturdays now, the one having been driving a gun and the other commanding an infantry company.

The old "Hutters" correspond with the present ones, and in six years no hitch has occurred to spoil the general enjoyment, everything being taken just as it comes. At Christmas special cards are printed and friends receive one, not from any particular person, but from "The Hutters."

If any club members desirous of "butting" will write to me, c/o The Club Captain, I shall be pleased to give any further details or advice in my power.

THE EVOLUTION OF THE BICYCLE. NO. VI.—THE SAFETY, 1887.

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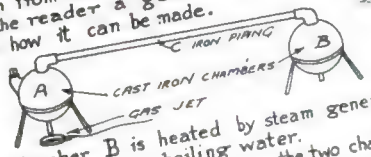
A SIMPLE HEATING APPARATUS.

At this time of the year when the nights are still very cold and artificial heat becomes a necessity, the apparatus which we are about to describe will be found most useful for the heating of Greenhouses, Frames, Dry Stores or anywhere where it is deemed inadvisable to install fire.

The device is simple and inexpensive consisting of three main parts as can be seen from the diagram below which conveys to the reader a good idea of what it is and how it can be made.



Chamber B is heated by steam generated in chamber A by boiling water.
C is iron piping connecting the two chambers.

(Continued on page 7.)

1

THE ABOVE ARTICLE, WE REGRET, WAS OBSERVED AND—

2

READ THROUGHOUT BY MR MUCK BROWN-MUCK OF MUDDLETON BEING ANYTHING BUT A MECHANIC THE IDEA APPEALED TO HIM AS CAPITAL. "JUST WHAT I WANT FOR THE HEN ROOST— I'LL MAKE ONE WITHOUT FURTHER DELAY."

3

IN TWO DAYS HE HAD SECURED ALL SPECIFIED AND WORK COMMENCED IN THE BACK GARDEN.

4

THE JOB COMPLETE HE PUTS IT TO THE TEST, WHICH, TO USE HIS OWN WORDS, TURNS OUT A "HUGE SUCCESS." "I'LL CALL THE WIFE AND I'LL WRITE TO—"

5

BUT CONTRARY TO EXPECTATIONS AND WITHOUT THE SLIGHTEST WARNING THINGS TERMINATE ABRUPTLY

6

AND IN THE NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE OF THE SAME PAPER HIS WIDOW READ—

AN OMISSION.

Referring to the article in our last week's issue entitled "A simple heating apparatus" we omitted to state that there should be fitted on cylinder A a 2-inch safety valve in order that the steam may be released when having exceeded a certain pressure, otherwise there is likely to be a most serious explosion.

We trust no inconvenience has been caused our readers by this error which we much regret.

HOWARD B. SPENCER

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FATHER JOHN

By JOHN MACKIE

Author of "The Life Adventurous"

I.

FATHER John was at his wits' end for a little ready cash with which to gamble, and he did not know where on earth it was to come from. It was surely a sad state of affairs when a Franciscan friar should find himelf in such a plight. But the time was about the end of the sixteenth century, and the place was Huanacayo, in Peru. Of course that does not alter the fact that the good man was not quite so strict in his modes of life as he ought to have been, although some charitable souls may urge on his behalf that people looked upon things differently in those days; and the Pacific slope not being quite the lively place it now is, some form of relaxation was positively necessary to those who had originally exiled themselves from their native land with the best of motives. One thing, however, must be said on his behalf—he was very good indeed to the poor Indians in the neighbourhood, and many a little present of poultry and fruit he received from them in return.

Those were the days before the discoveries of silver had made the country one of the richest in the world.

One day, an Indian called upon Friar John, carrying on his back what seemed a very heavy load tied up in a coarse sack. He dumped his burden down at the feet of the monk, who wondered vaguely what the sack might contain.

"My son," said Father John, "I can see you have come from the mountains, and you have brought me some pretty stones to border my garden paths? You must be tired. Come in and, perhaps, we may find something to refresh you."

"The Father is good," said the Indian, "and I shall be glad of both meat and drink. I have come a long way."

"Put your bag in that corner, then," said the friar, "and you shall have what there is, though I'm afraid it isn't a great deal."

Father John did not trouble any more about the bag just then; he merely thanked the Indian for it without looking inside. What concerned him most at that moment was that he had next to nothing in his larder, and he felt not a little ashamed that even an Indian should be aware of the fact. Of course, if he had not been obsessed by the spirit of gambling he would have been better off. But gamblers are always fools, let interested people try to whitewash them as they may.

"Father," said the Indian, with native courtesy, as he was eating one of the scantiest repasts imaginable, "you may find in that bag what may be of some little use to you, but whatever you find will be but a poor return for your goodness to my family and myself two years ago when the black sickness was over the land."

"Let your mind be easy as to that," said Father John, who made as light of his really whole-hearted efforts to alleviate distress and sickness as he did of the questionable methods by which he squandered his means. "I'm sure the stones in that bag—and you must have brought them a very long way—are more than recompense for any little thing I may have done. Besides, it is the thought, not the gift, you know."

They said these things two hundred odd years ago, just as they do now.

Some little time after the Indian had gone, Father John remembered the bag. With a species of tolerant curiosity he untied it and looked inside.

"By the blessed St. Francis," he exclaimed, "what evil power is making game of me?"

The supposed stones the Indian had brought were the richest silver ore! The sight of so much wealth, just when he wanted it so badly, had justified the monk

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in calling on the founder of his order to assure him that he was not dreaming.

But the fact remained that the sack's contents represented a large sum of money, and that meant, not only the discharging of certain debts, but some good old gambles in the immediate future.

And where had the Indian got that silver? It was true that precious ore had made its appearance from time to time in the settlements, brought in by the aboriginals from some place in the Upper Cordilleras which they kept secret. They had a shrewd idea that the Spaniards, and not themselves, would benefit by its exploitation. They, the rightful owners of the country, knew that they would be compelled to work as slaves in the treasure places now known only to themselves. No wonder that in the so-called good old times the Indians did their utmost to conceal these now world-famous silver mines from the rapacious Europeans!

It was an easy matter for Friar John to convert the ore into hard cash at the settlement. The merchant he dealt with was too wide awake to his own interests to ask the worthy man any awkward questions.

Of course the money was no good to a fatuous gambler like the monk. After paying his debts he promptly staked the remainder; and the sharpers who lived by gambling very soon relieved him of that, after allowing him to win a little so as to lead him on.

"I'll never play again!" declared Father John, when, next morning, he found himself not only without a penny, but in debt to those with whom he had played.

And then, true to the diseased nature of the gambler, his thoughts turned to the likeliest source by which he could get more money to gamble.

THE SUPPOSED STONES WERE THE RICHEST SILVER ORE!

"There's more silver ore where the last came from," said the monk, and straightway set about finding the Indian who had brought it.

He soon discovered him; and several times did the monk, who had now, like so

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many habitual plungers, become dead to all sense of honour and decency, impose upon the native's gratitude and good-nature to obtain fresh supplies of silver.

Of course the professional sharks got it in the end, but Friar John's pride would not permit him to admit even to himself that those who made a business of playing must be cleverer than he.

"My son," said the Friar one day to the Indian, "your prospects of happiness in the world to come will be very much furthered if only you will show me where that silver mine is from which you obtain the ore."

Hitherto the Indian had declined to say anything about it.

"If I take you, Father, you will understand that it will only be for the once, and that you must be blindfolded both going and coming back?"

"Why?" asked the Friar somewhat blankly.

"Because the merchants are beginning to wonder where the silver comes from, and the Indians do not want to be made to work in the mines by the Spaniards."

WITH THE HAND THAT WAS FREE HE DROPPED BEADS FROM A COUPLE OF ROSARIES.

"Then we'll go to-night as soon as it grows dark," said the Father, who had an inspiration. If he were taken to the mine, he had a plan by which he would find his way there again unguided.

II.

"I must indeed bandage your eyes, Father," said the Indian, when he called for the monk

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that same night. "You see, it is not my life alone I have to think of, but hundreds of others."

"True, my son; proceed, then," said Father John.

"And if you mount on my shoulders you will get there all the faster. You see, I have brought a companion to assist me in carrying you. We can take it in turns. You will have a little load to carry coming back."

It must have been an odd sight to see that old-world monk, blindfolded and riding on the back of a new-world Indian, as the latter with his friend strode along the pathways that threaded the forest, or followed the pads of wild animals that skirted the ravines.

At length, when they had proceeded for some distance into the mountains, the Indian stopped, unbound the monk's eyes, and told him to look about him.

Friar John gazed into a comparatively shallow shaft in which a light had been placed, and the sight he beheld fairly dazzled him. The walls were literally covered with silver! It was a veritable treasure house, such as the monk in his wildest imaginings had not conjured up.

"Help yourself, Father," said his friend the Indian. "We must be back before daybreak to-morrow."

Father John needed no further invitation. He soon filled the sack so full of the precious metal that it would hardly bear tying, and then he was ready for the homeward journey.

"We will carry the sack between us," said the first Indian, "but you will have to walk. You see, you are not exactly a light weight, and the road is rough. But, of course, we must blindfold you as before."

"Very well, my son," said the monk, submitting to the bandaging.

When it was completed one Indian went on ahead with the sack, while the other took one of the monk's hands to lead him.

Father John chuckled, for with the hand that was free he dropped beads unseen from a couple of rosaries contained in a capacious pocket. It would be an easy matter to follow them up on some future day and find again the silver mine!

A watery dawn-light had just crept into the eastern sky when, arrived at the friar's hut, the Indians removed the bandage from Father John's eyes and, bidding him good-bye, departed.

"I can sleep with an easy mind now," thought Friar John, "so a few hours in bed will prepare me for my journey to the merchant who will give me coin in return for the ore."

He placed the sack in a safe place and went to rest, dreaming of the unlimited wealth that was as good as his.

Two or three hours later he was roused by a knocking at his door. He arose and opened it, to find his two Indian friends of the previous night standing on the threshold. One of them handed him a bag.

"The beads, Father," said the Indian. "The string of your rosary must have been loose last night; but my friend and I have picked them all up again, and here they are. Farewell!"

Human Documents

THE following is, I am told, a rather amusing custom that prevailed in the early centuries A.D. In those days documents were an unknown thing, so when a man wished to buy a house or a piece of land he took twenty little boys and, in the presence of the seller, gave them each a hard whipping. This helped them in later years to remember the transaction if any dispute arose as to the proprietor of the house or land. The reason why children were chosen as witnesses in preference to grown-up people was that the former were likely to live longer.

This story was related to me by a friend. Let us hope, however, for the sake of the youngsters, that there is reason to doubt its veracity.

C. ANDREWS.

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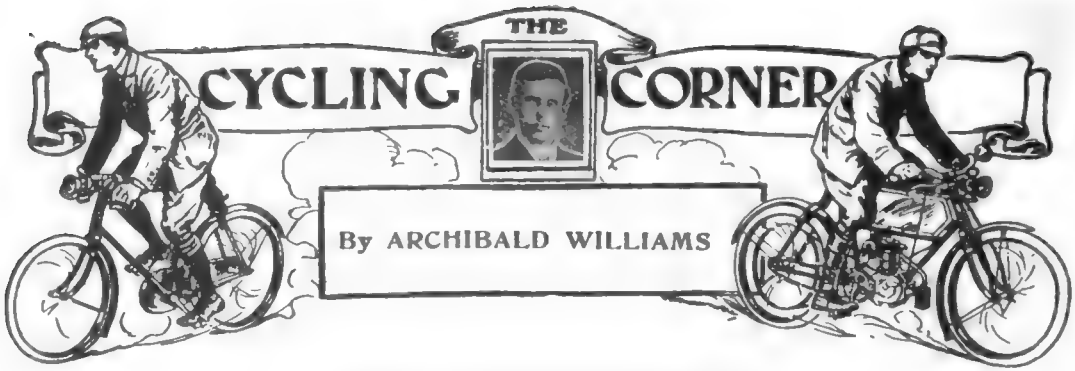

SOME RANDOM HINTS

A SQUARE foot of old calico sheeting can be obtained from the household authorities for nothing. But it is worth a lot when you have to mend a puncture at the roadside, as affording a clean surface on which to lay valve parts, repair outfit and tools. Anything placed on this white background is very clearly visible. It is a dangerous habit to stand small articles on the machine. A slight jar knocks them off into the dust or grass, and you have a nice little job in finding them again. If by any chance you should have to remove the balls from a bearing be sure to spread the cloth underneath, to catch such balls as may fall. The omission of this simple precaution has caused many a long, and often unsuccessful, hunt, I warrant.

Oiling the Chain.

It is difficult to make the average cyclist realise that the chain is the hardest-worked part of a cycle's anatomy. It has to stand tremendous strains and, unless protected by a gear-case, is exposed to mud and grit which grind its surfaces like emery-powder. A naked chain can hardly be cleaned and oiled too thoroughly or frequently. In dry weather an oil-less chain keeps beautifully clean, but the rollers are punished badly by revolving on unlubricated rivets; while the teeth of the chain wheels suffer through lack of the protection of a film of oil. There are two ways of oiling a chain. The first—that used most generally—is to squirt the lubricant, drop by drop, on to a link at a time with a tiny oil-can of the wallet type. This is a process the tediousness of which causes it to be shirked as much as possible. The second method includes the use of an ordinary long-snouted can such as is part of the outfit of a lawn-mower. It has a thumb valve which, when pressed down, allows oil to flow continuously. Aided by this accessory—it costs only 1*s.* 6*d.* or 2*s.*—chain lubrication is a quick and simple business. Rest the snout of the can against the backstay, its nozzle over the chain, and revolve the pedals slowly backwards. In a minute or so the chain is well coated. Wipe off any loose drops, and allow the cycle to stand a few minutes before riding it, to give the oil time to find its way inside the rollers. Every cycle room or shed should be provided with an oil-can of the description given.

A Good Lamp

is necessary for country roads on a dark night.

The ways of the road-mender are such that you never know where or when you may strike a patch of newly laid stones. One night recently I was coasting gaily down a hill which a few hours before had been stoneless, when my attention was caught by a suspicious-looking patch some twenty or thirty yards ahead. Being of a cautious nature, I jammed on the brakes and fetched up on the fringe of an area of big flints which, under the circumstances, were a potential death-trap. Had I been using an oil-lamp I might now be in hospital, if not in even more restricted quarters. It is a mystery to me why cycle accidents should be so few, considering the number of people who take the risks inseparable from insufficient illumination of the road.

The Footpath.

This reminds me that, whatever may be your views as to the equity of punishing a cyclist for riding on the footpath when roads are vile, you have no justification whatever for adopting the footpath at night. In the dark the pedestrian naturally takes to the side path to escape traffic; and feels justifiably aggrieved if you swoop down on him and compel him to step off to avoid a collision. The chances

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are that the ditch and the six-inch drop into the road between them make it a bit risky for *you* to clear quickly.

A Good Bell,

by which I mean a powerful one, is the only one worth having, as it enables you to warn from a distance pedestrians and the drivers of vehicles, and to allow them time to get to their side without undue hurry. Springless carts and bumpy roads make a very noisy combination, which swamps the efforts of the pretty little toy sported on many ladies' machines.

A Natty Booklet

is that published by the Sunbeam Cycle Co., under the title, "The Ways of a Best Quality Bicycle." Though primarily an advertisement, it contains a lot of useful information, and as it can be, I presume, obtained gratis, is well worthy of your attention. One of the opening sentences specially deserves notice: "A best quality bicycle should be one that will give no trouble; that is built to last, that does not need constant attention in the way of cleaning and oiling; and the wearing parts of which are so designed and made that they will need the minimum of adjustment during their life. We do not want a delicate machine that has to be kept in a hot-house with an under-gardener to look after it, and that can only be used on the fine days of summer for fear of wet and rust doing it some serious damage. We want our machine to be always ready for the road; and although some of us are willing, for the sake of appearances, to clean and polish after every ride, there are always riders to be found who prefer these operations to come round as seldom as possible."

Another: "A good supply of rags should be kept in the cycle shed, and, if the machine is particularly dirty, it should be wiped down with a damp rag to commence with, following this with a dry one, and finally polishing with a paraffin rag and a soft flannel."

Again: "A 'thorn catcher' in the shape of a bit of wire or wire chain, stretched between the stays so as to whip out anything of the kind before it becomes embedded in the tyre, may ensure total immunity from punctures."

Also: "The action of the pedal is rotary, not oscillating, and it therefore needs to be pushed *round*, not merely up and down. The ankle joint should be in action the whole of the time, the pedal being pushed forward at the end of the stroke, and backward at the bottom, so that the action may be as nearly continuous as possible. You will get an amount of extra power in this way that will surprise you if you have never tried it, and that will be found particularly advantageous in hill work."

Another Booklet

that merits review is "The Cyclists' Enquire Within," presented by the British Cycle Manufacturing Co. I select one remark for quotation: "Don't forget when buying a cycle that you are to be in a sense its motor. The amount of energy required for propulsion will decide whether your cycling shall be a pleasure or otherwise. Only the well-built bicycle can give you the best that cycling as a pastime affords."

At the Hotel

or inn where you may be stopping for a meal be careful to hand your machine over to some one employed on the premises. If you leave it standing about and some one else takes a fancy to it you cannot reasonably lay the responsibility on the landlord, as you have been guilty of what is known legally as "contributory negligence." But if some authorised person receives the machine and it disappears, then you will have a case.

Photographer: "Before you start this race, could you tell me the best part of the track to get a snapshot of a howling cropper?"

A Self-propelling Trailer.

The ordinary trailer makes hard work for a cyclist even if attached to a three-speed machine. Messrs. Bransom and Co. have introduced a trailer with a simple lever and crank gearing to enable the passenger to give assistance which is especially welcome on inclines. This trailer is very easily attached, by means of clamps, to the chain stays of the cycle.

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"THE SCRAGS"

A Tale of Hickson's

By F. L. MORGAN

SYNOPSIS

WHEN Howard Pillsen becomes Games Secretary of Hickson's, he is informed that one of his duties will be to suppress a team of hockey-players known as "The Scrags" (from the name of their leader, a tall, sullen, but very able hockey player called Ross Scraggleton), the members of which will not join in the general hockey of the school, only playing matches against some of the junior teams. Elizabeth Joy, a new girl, knows nothing of the situation, and, taking advantage of her ignorance, Ross enlists her as a "Scrag." Some of her fellow juniors are indignant with Elizabeth, but she thinks highly of Ross, and remains loyal to him. Pillsen boldly tackles Ross about his team, saying that "The Scrags" ought to play for the school, but Scraggleton receives his protest with defiance. To make matters worse, the captain of Hickson's second eleven foolishly accepts the Scrags' challenge to a match. To fill a vacancy in his team for this match, Scraggleton prevails upon Elizabeth to play—in spite of the fact that a musical examination of great importance to her is imminent.

IX

IN the junior common-room a hubbub of voices chattered or shouted their disapproval of some person or thing which was hidden beneath about a dozen of Carr's younger hopefuls. After a few minutes of wild disorder Philip Martineau Johnson mounted a chair and addressed the unruly mob.

"Shut up, you kids, can't you?" he yelled. "No one can hear what any one is saying."

A lull followed in which a small Bowenite was heard to announce that "Mr. Johnson will now say a few words."

Johnson stamped his foot to induce perfect silence on the part of his listeners, and the chair creaked ominously.

"Look here, you chaps, get off Marsh and let him stand up. I vote we have a proper trial, then we can give him 'what for' in the interests of justice."

"How?" asked several.

"Well, let's make the common-room a court and have a real trial with lawyers and jury and everything. Then we can decide how to punish Pete quite fair and square. There's just time before tea."

The juniors caught at the idea, and Johnson was equal to the occasion, showing a genius for organisation that even he did not know he possessed. First the door was barricaded. Then the unfortunate Peter was dragged into the recess by the window with two chairs in front of him and a stalwart "policeman" either side. Twelve "good men and true" (only some of them wore petticoats and pigtails) were quickly ranged opposite, six seated on chairs and six on the floor.

"My pater's a lawyer, so I'll be counsel for prosecution," said Johnson. "Is there any one else who knows anything about law who'll be the defendant—counsel for defence, I mean?"

Though many would have liked the job, no one volunteered, for all believed the prisoner to be guilty and did not care about defending him.

"Well then, I'm afraid—Hullo, who's this? Unbarricade the door and just open it a crack, Harris, and see who it is."

Harris did as requested and reported, "It's Elizabeth Joy, and she wants to come in."

"Well then, she can't. Tell her this is a court."

"She says courts are public."

"Just like her sauce! Tell her that Pete Marsh is on his trial and there's no one to defend him. If she'll do it, she may come in."

The juniors were getting tired of the leadership of that usually mild youth Johnson, and protested loudly.

"Let her come in, and don't chuck yourself about so, young Phil Johnson. Open the door, Harris."

So Elizabeth was admitted. Johnson recovered himself quickly, determined not to lose his momentary importance.

"Now then, counsel for the defence," he said, "if, as the trial proceeds, you think that the prisoner is guilty, you will be allowed to withdraw from defending him. See?"

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Elizabeth saw, and smiled encouragingly across at the prisoner, who was still red and angry from the rough treatment he had previously received. Johnson gave a preliminary cough and began hurriedly.

"Gentlemen and ladies of the jury, I'm counsel for the prosecution, so I shall state the case and have first go. You see before you—

"Well, wait till I've finished. As I was saying, you see before you the deceitful young ——" (He isn't," from counsel for defence).

"Scissors to you, young Elizabeth! To state the case briefly, my brethren"—Johnson was evidently getting mixed as to the nature of his profession—"the prisoner, after being the first to incite us peaceful Hicksonians to

GROWING MORE AND MORE EXCITED AS HE NEARED THE CLIMAX OF HIS SPEECH.

Look here, you kids, get farther back. All the unofficial spectators mustn't come this side of the table, or else I shall clear the court."

His commands obeyed, and order once more restored, the counsel for prosecution weighed in again.

"You see before you, ladies and gents—jury, I mean—the prisoner, the skulking, double-faced little ass who——"

Elizabeth jumped up.

"He isn't!"

"Shut up. You mustn't interrupt my speech."

"But you said I was to defend him, and he isn't," said the counsel for the defence mildly.

rebel against the new music-teacher, to whom we had no particular personal objection—you know he was the first, you kids! It was his bally suggestion that we should rag Miss Philips, and not benefit by the lessons our parents and guardians are paying for——"

"You needn't have done what he said, if you didn't think it was right," suggested the counsel for defence.

"Dry up, Elizabeth. Now, gentlemen and ladies of the jury, that is an offence that we will pass over; it is forgiven and forgotten. But to crown his life of villainy, what does the wretched prisoner do?" Johnson tapped the chair with a ruler, growing more and more impressive and excited as he neared the climax

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of this, the greatest speech of his life. "Why, for some unknown reason he goes and turns a good little boy all of a sudden, and repents. Yes, gentlemen and ladies of the jury, he starts to swot, actually swots, my brethren, at piano practice; no doubt in order to please the very one whom he had led us to rebel against."

Here the prisoner interrupted.

"I told you at the time that I wasn't going to rag Miss Philips any more," he said.

"Shut up, Marsh. You must wait till you're asked if you have anything to say. Now, gentlemen and ladies of the jury, comes the worst part. After going back on his word and repenting——"

"But when the mistake was uncovered to him, *of course* he repented and naturally stopped doing it. It's no good repenting unless you reform too, is it?"

The counsel for the defence hopped from one foot to the other in her earnestness.

"Look here, Elizabeth, unless you jolly well dry up until I've had my go, I'll clear the whole court and you as well."

"Wish you darn would," muttered the prisoner truculently. "Then you an' me could have it out in a different way."

"Silence!" thundered Johnson. "I am sorry, my dear jury," he added mildly, "that there are so many interruptions."

"That's all right," said one of the "jury"; "only buck up and finish. We've had about enough of your yap."

"I shan't leave off till I've said all I want to, so I tell you, Maisie Morris. I have left the worst bit to the last, my brethren," resumed the counsel for the prosecution. "I told you that the prisoner went back on us, and repented. Yes; but note this, my dear jury, he did it just a week before Miss Philips took it into her head to put us on the detention list for bad behaviour, and so the rotter escaped the retribution which he really deserved more than us." He leaned forward impressively, with the air of having made a good thing out of the speech for the prosecution.

Elizabeth Joy's high little voice broke the silence.

"Yes, but he did the square thing when he saw what it was, so of course he didn't have to be punished. What would be the use of doing right if we had to suffer just the same?"

The meditation of the court brought about by Elizabeth's philosophy was cut short by one of the "unofficial spectators," who strolled forward with a yawn.

"I just reckon he's not guilty," he said; "but, say, you forgot the judge!"

The counsel for the prosecution looked much abashed, and the jury rose. The prisoner, left unguarded, turned round and unfastened the window.

"Well, it doesn't matter, anyway," said Maisie Morris. "It was a bully fine speech, Phil, but I guess Pete did the square thing, and if we'd had any sense we'd have done it too when he told us. He's not guilty, and there goes the bell."

"Not guilty!" agreed the court unanimously.

The counsel for the prosecution made a last rally.

"Then, prisoner, in the absence of a judge, it is my pleasant duty to pronounce—Jingo, you kids, he's gone! Dropped clean out of the window."

"The bell, the bell!" shouted Peter Marsh, suddenly opening the door from the outside and knocking down the barricade.

Every one trooped out, the discharged prisoner, with Elizabeth Joy, bringing up the rear.

"You're a real good counsel," he said, "even if you are a wretched Scrag. I'll have you to defend me the next crime I don't do!"

X

A subtle "bated-breath" sort of atmosphere hung over Hickson's. During the whole of the term the Scrags had been brought most prominently before the College, and widespread were the rumours of their immediate overthrow. It was definitely known that the authorities considered it quite time that loyal Hicksonians should trample upon this spirit of dissension. Hickson's understood that Howard Pillsen, as Games Secretary, was official representative in this matter, and knowing his sudden and drastic way of improving things, they expected almost immediate results. Great therefore had been their astonishment and dismay, as the weeks wore on, to find that a match had actually been fixed up between the Scrags and Hickson's second eleven!

After the first shock Hickson's gave themselves up to puzzled wonderment. It had taken some time to awaken them to the real state of affairs. The Scrags had been about so long, and their methods were so unobtrusive, that their strong foothold had never been realised till now. But to-day—the day of the match—Ross Scraggleton realised that, though he had only the second eleven to meet on the field, he was fighting in thought the whole of Hickson's. He thought he hated Hickson's, however, so it only made him keener than ever on winning the match. When as a raw, "touchy" junior

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he had founded the Scrags, he had had no idea of disloyalty to Hickson's. He was in the habit of living in a world of misunderstandings with his fellows; whole hemispheres of fancied slights engulfed him. This state, brought about by excessive mental selfishness, a continual thinking of his own feelings and no one else's, made him retire from Hickson's in general and devote himself to the development of his hockey team. Here at least he was looked up to and obeyed, for he ruled supremely. He had always longed to be first, to lead his fellows and to be respected by them. But he didn't realise that he must first live so that he could respect himself, and that the way to any leadership worth having is won by humility,

And so he had lied to Elizabeth Joy when she asked him if it was right. Something in the junior's quaint talk and friendly companionship—she was the only one at Hickson's who neither feared nor despised him—had shown him that to gain real success or real happiness a fellow *must* look things straight in the face and do the square thing when he sees what it is. But this course involved too much sacrifice of material pride and possession, to say nothing of dignity, for Scraggleton to adopt it. He turned all thought of Elizabeth and her "Principle" out of his mind, and let it fill up with bitterness and defiance. He would win to-day, he *must*. Then he would play the first eleven, and that conceited ass of an Englishman, and then—he didn't care a cent after that, he told himself.

A fair sprinkling of the unoccupied portion of Hickson's turned out that afternoon to watch (as they anticipated) the ignominious defeat of the Scrags. Even Pillsen went, though proper pride and the Britisher suggested that the most dignified course would be to ignore altogether this most deplorable match.

"It is absolutely awful," said Pillsen, "to think that that imbecile Haviland should have let Hickson's in for this muck-raking. I believe, after all, it would have been better to have stopped it, even after it was fixed up. I wish we had."

"Great things are going to happen," returned Jonathan Flower. "I feel it in my—Hullo, here come the mighty Scrags. Powers, what a darn shame!"

"What is? where?"

"Look, that cad is playing Elizabeth Joy. She is going in for the Edith Harmann on Monday," replied Jonathan. "Scraggleton ought to be shot."

Pillsen grinned at the Weed's fierce expression of countenance.

"Any one would think you took a vital interest in the kid."

"I do. I've been cultivatin' her acquaintance all term, and she's the very uncommonest kid I ever struck. If she wouldn't improve the morals of the deepest-dyed villain in five minutes, I'm a chinee!"

Pillsen stared.

"D'you mean 'pi'?" he said; "heaps of kids start that way."

"Hullo, I must go now; there's old Messent," said Jonathan. "No, not 'pi,' but real white right through—inside religious, you know."

Pillsen didn't reply, but he knew what Jonathan meant.

A few minutes later, the teams lined up for play.

On comparing at sight the opposing teams, one could only come to one conclusion. The second eleven looked as though they would make small mincemeat of Scraggleton's much talked of team, and as the outlaws made their uneven appearance a sarcastic ripple of laughter went round the crowd at the sight of little Elizabeth Joy walking demurely by the side of Joseph Coyte, a large youth measuring six feet and an inch or two to spare. He had been harmless enough until a few terms back, when, falling out with White, who was then Games Secretary, he vowed he would play no more for the College, and was immediately captured on the rebound by Scraggleton.

"What rot to play that kid," said a fifth-form looker-on, referring to Elizabeth.

"Not so," replied his next door neighbour; "I've heard she's very fine. Besides, remember we all grinned aloud when young Harris stood up against the Sharpshooters that Cricket Day, yet the kid stayed in and blocked and blocked until the Britisher had nearly won the match."

"That's different," said the fifth-former, in a "we'll-say-no-more-on-the-subject" tone.

"All right," returned the other; "it's different, if you like. Just look at the second eleven. Snakes! they aren't struttin' much, are they? They look real sick; any one could see with half an eye they don't like the job."

He was right. The mental attitude of Haviland's team was very evident. They didn't like it, and they were of a mind to let all the world see how they felt. This did not improve their play, for actions, of course, are ruled by thought, and the dominant

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thought of the second eleven this afternoon was one of dissatisfaction and protest. "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he," and the second eleven were thinking any but harmonious thoughts, which naturally affected their play. Discontent turned their sticks awry, and a forced indifference dogged their lagging footsteps.

On the other hand, the Scrags had never been in better form. With the exception of Scraggleton, they had no thought except to win the game. With confidence in themselves and their captain, they were ready to play all there was in them and, anyway, to give the school team a warm afternoon. With their eyes on the ball and their ears open to Scraggleton's voice, they seemed to have things all their own way, and at half-time the Scrags had scored two goals to the second eleven's nil.

A note of exclamation followed by one of interrogation would most adequately express the feeling on the field. Pillsen walked across to Haviland, whose rueful thoughts were finely expressed on his usually amiable countenance. What with the weight of Hickson's displeasure for having fixed up the match already upon him, and now what looked like miserable defeat staring him in the face, he began to wish he had never seen a hockey-stick.

"Well, Haviland," said the Games Secretary, trying to be calm and kind, "this is a bit thick, isn't it? What's up with your lot?"

"I can't think!" replied Haviland in despair. "I never knew them so off colour."

"Well, for any sake go and say something to them that will make them buck up, or the Scrags will walk over us."

Perhaps Haviland did "say something" to his team. Anyway, with the continuance of the match there was a distinct difference in the attitude of the second eleven. A sense of their responsibility, of what it would mean to Hickson's if they were defeated, had come to them, and their former disgust and indifference gave place to a grim determination to do their best. In their naughty little temper they had lost two solid goals, besides having ample proof that, so far as playing went, the Scrags were foemen worthy of their sticks. "We'll win, now," they said, as they hurried back to their places.

Ross Scraggleton sniffed the changed atmosphere and went forward to meet it undaunted. He was two goals to the good.

"Keep your eye on Miles," he said to his team. "And when he gets the ball, half-backs come back a bit more. And mind you don't lose your silly head, Ackhurst; you nearly bungled us up in that last goal."

"All right, Scraggleton," said Ackhurst meekly. He played left half, and was all right so long as he didn't get excited. Excitement lends life to some fellows' play, but to Ackhurst it was fatal.

At the bully-off the school team captured the ball, and holding it for a warm three minutes, scored their first goal by means of Miles, the centre-forward. The watchers cheered loudly. It was such a relief.

"Miles isn't half bad. Shouldn't wonder if he gets into the first next season," said our friend the fifth-form looker-on.

"Yes," replied his next door neighbour. "D'you think the Scrags will play the first after this?"

"No, you cuckoo, I don't. The Britisher would do what Haviland ought to have done—ignore the very suggestion."

Pillsen noted the applause with approval. It showed that Hickson's sympathies were all with the school team. "Even if the bounder wins to-day," reflected the Games Secretary, "he can't stand against all Hickson's for long. Oh good—ripping!" he added aloud, as the second eleven rushed another goal, this time by means of Eleanor S. Harwood, right forward.

The scores were now equal and things began to be strenuous. The "gate" had grown considerably, and the general excitement buzzed audibly. Loud-voiced approval greeted each bit of good play by the regular school team, and not a point was missed. On the field the thought was changing again. It was now the second eleven's turn to be eager and confident, while the Scrags began to show signs of feeling overwhelmed; they were playing doggedly on the defensive, and depending more and more on the directions of their captain.

"Five more minutes to play," said Scraggleton. "We *must* get one more."

The second eleven were all up their opponents' end, bent on getting the ball through with a determination born of a full realisation of what the match really meant.

"Sticks!" yelled Scraggleton suddenly. And it was so.

Eleanor Harwood felt inclined to weep, for she was the guilty one. With their free hit the Scrags once more drew near to the other goal, and felt an instant's relief.

"It seems like a dream," said Miles breathlessly to Hazel Messent; "to think such a

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scratched-up lot should play like this—that chap Scraggleton must be a genius. He is sticking to me like a limpet. Hullo—now then."

The ball, from a confused crowd, was suddenly shot out by a Scrag and rolled towards Ackhurst, who was already violently excited. Now, he thought dazedly, was his chance. He lifted his stick a little forward, preparatory to getting a good stroke, but caught the ball on the backward swing and sent it flying *the wrong way*, towards his own goal.

Oh wretched youth! oh miserable hour! That he had used the forbidden side of his stick passed unnoticed, and the group broke up and went for the ball with one accord.

Scraggleton raced forward, but Miles was before him. The agitated goal-keeper anticipated his own undoing with one of Miles' renowned high shots. Only one small figure was anywhere near the ball and could possibly reach it before the school centre-forward, and that was Elizabeth Joy. The breathless crowd hardly considered her. In their minds the victory was already accorded to the second eleven.

"Half, tackle!" The order was jerked from Scraggleton's lips as the leader redoubled his efforts.

With red face, perspiring brow, starting eyes and open mouth, the elephantine form of Miles was enough to strike terror to the heart of any small maiden, but Elizabeth had not played with the Doc's team at New Yarra Springs for nothing. Her feet scarcely seemed to touch the ground as she flew to meet the puffing giant bearing down upon her.

"Elizabeth—tackle!" shouted Scraggleton once more.

The onlookers held their breath. The scene before them was sufficiently incongruous. The whole field was racing for the ball, but Miles was first, and Elizabeth Joy had been ordered to tackle! And in thirty seconds the game must end.

Miles was there; he had reached it. He hardly noticed the small breathless girl at his elbow. There was only one fraction of a second in which Elizabeth could hope to intercept the second eleven man's stroke,

THERE WAS ONLY ONE FRACTION OF A SECOND IN WHICH ELIZABETH COULD HOPE TO INTERCEPT THE STROKE.

but she did it. Her stick, hooked in his, was dragged out of her hand, but the ball rolled harmlessly out of reach, and was sent flying to the other end of the field by the Scrags' goal-keeper. The match was over.

"A draw!" gasped horrified Hickson's.

A little later, Jonathan Flower heard about it from Pillsen with unmoved countenance.

"I won't say 'I told you so'," he said; "I'll only think it. But Elizabeth Joy!"

"Yes," replied Pillsen; "that kid undoubtedly saved the situation for the Scrags. I can't think how she managed it; Miles is no chicken to tackle. She must have got a nasty twist when she hooked him. But, Weed, what shall we do now? We're in a rotten position with regard to the Scrags."

"Rotten," agreed Jonathan, serious for once.

(To be concluded)

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"QUAINT NOTICES"

A Selection Submitted by CAPTAIN Readers

A pointed notice in the flower-garden at Hurstmonceaux Castle.
Photo. by W. Frank S. Kell.

UP to a few years ago the following notice was nailed up on a tree just outside the entrance to a public footpath at Silverdale, North Lancashire (remarks T. Kitching, jnr.) :

BEWARE!

VICIOUS COWS,
POLYPODIUMS, AND
SCOLOPENDRIUMS
ABOUND.

Silverdale is within driving distance of a popular watering-place, and the notice was put up by the owner of the land to frighten away visitors. The polypodium and the scolopendrium are varieties of ferns common in that district. The notice does not seem to have been very efficacious, as it has been taken down.

THERE is a notice in a barber's shop in France which, observes M. Toase, seems very inviting before you think out what it really means. It runs as follows : *Aujourd'hui on rase pour deux sous, et demain pour rien.* (To-day we shave for a penny, and to-morrow for nothing.)

HUNG in the window of a cobbler residing near Stockport, Cheshire, N. Williams has seen :

Happy is the man who
In his "last" labours
Mends the bad "soles"
Of all his neighbours.

ON the corner of one of the streets in ancient Chester (says L. Weaving) the following suggestive notice is displayed :

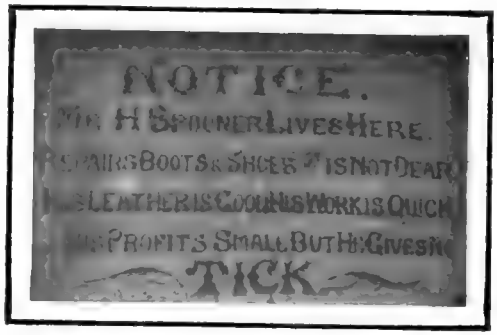
LOVE STREET,
leading to St. John's Church
and the River Dee.

THE following, J. Malkinson informs us, is displayed in a North London sweep's window :

HIS MAJESTY KING EDWARD
has made a clean sweep
of all his enemies
THERE'S ONLY ONE CLEAN SWEEP
in this street
I'M HIM.

ACCORDING to J. S. Randall, a small inn at Iron-Bridge, Salop, named "The Robin Hood," used to be kept by a man of small stature whose Christan name was John. On the sign were the words : "Now Robin Hood is dead and gone, Come in and sup with little John" —"little John" being, of course, a play on Little John, Robin Hood's lieutenant.

The present owner, whose Christian name is Edward, evidently did not see the joke, for the words now run : "Now that Robin Hood is dead, Come in and drink with little Ted."



A Cobbler's Notice at Poling, Sussex.
Photo. by J. C. Mills.

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A curious notice at the entrance to a private residence in North-west London.
Photo. by C. G. Paul.

SEVERAL readers appear to have come across the following original sign-board at Burton's old curiosity shop, Falmouth :

ROGER GILES,
Surgin, Parish Clark, and Skulemaster,
Groser and Hundertaker

Respectably informs ladys and gentleman that he drors teef without wateing a minit, applies laches every hour, blisters on the lowest tarms and vizicks for a penny a peace. He sells Godfathers kordales, kuts korns, bunyons, docters hosses, clips donkies wance a munth and undertakes to luke arter every bodies nayls by the ear. Joesharps, penny wissels, brass kanelsticks, fryin pans and other moozikal hinstrumints hat grately rey-dooced figers. Young ladies and gentlemen larnes their grammur and langeudge in the purtiest mannar, also grate care taken off their morrels and spellin. Also zarm zinging, taycbing the base vial, and oll other zorts of fancy work, squadrils, pokers, weazels, and all country dances tort at home and abroad at perfekshun. Perfumery and snuff in all its branches. As times is cruel bad I begs to tell ee that i has just beginned to sell all sorts of stashonary ware, cox, hens, vouls, pigs, and all other kinds of poultry Blackin brishes, herrins, coles, scrubbin brishes, traykel and godley bukes and bibles, mise-traps, brick dist, whisker seeds, morrel pokkerankerchers and all zorts of swatemaits including taters, sassages and other garden stuff, bakky, zigars, lamp oyle, tay kittles, and other intoxzikatin likkers, a dale of fruit, hats, zongs, hare oyle, pattins, bukkits, grindin stones and other aitables, corn and bunyon zalve and all hardware. I as laid in a large azzortment of trype, dogs mate, lolipops, ginger beer, matches and other pikkles such as hepsom salts, hoysters, Winzer sope, anzetrar—old rags bort and zold here and nowhere else, newlayde heggs by me Roger Giles ; zinging burdes keeped, sich as howles, donkies, paykox, lobsters, crickets, also a stock of a celebrated brayder.

P.S.—I tayches gography, rithmetic, cow-sticks, jimnasticks and other chynees tricks.

A FEW years ago (writes Edgar Gill) a very queer notice attracted the attention of callers at a certain farm-house situated on the borders of Bedfordshire and Hertfordshire. On the centre beam across the ceiling in the living-room was inscribed the legend, "If you are cold go to Hertfordshire"—which is explained by the fact that one half of the room was in one county

A notice prohibiting bill-posting becomes quaint when a letter-box is affixed below, as shown.
Photo: by Alex Scott, Jnr

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and one-half in another, the fireplace being in Hertfordshire.

"EVERYTHING made here except a fortune," is a printed advertisement which Cyril Wright has seen over the window of a tailor's shop in Hoxton; and in a tailor's shop window in Holloway R. H. Hyde has observed the following in bold letters:

Mr. Chamberlain said, "What I have said I have said."
We say, "What we say we do, we *do* do."

CONNIE DALLOW, with other Captainites who have visited Torquay, was amused by the following doggerel verse which is prominently displayed outside a fisherman's cottage near that popular South Devon resort:

Picnics supplied with hot water and tea,
At a nice little cottage down by the sea;
Fishing and pleasure-boats let out for hire,
With fishing tackle—all that you can require.
Neat wagonettes let out by the day;
Crabs, lobsters, likewise red mullet and grey.
Machines for bathing very select,
With towels and gowns, all quite correct.
Thomas is the man who supplies everything,
And also teaches young ladies to swim.

WHILST on a cycling tour from London to Manchester last summer (says E. Warren) I noticed two rather peculiar signs outside a large house near Redbourne, Herts, on the main road from St. Albans to Dunstable. On approaching the house from the London side, one could not help seeing a notice board (similar to a "To Let" board, but larger than the usual variety) placed near the fence of the garden, bearing, in large characters, the words PLEASE DRIVE SLOWLY.

This sign is common enough in these days of motors, but I was hardly prepared for another board with which I was confronted on reaching the other limit of the garden. The second board bore the words THANK YOU. Such politeness (or would some call it sarcasm?) is, I think, seldom met with on the high road.

HOW TO MAKE A CHEAP AQUARIUM

No doubt many CAPTAIN readers would like to possess an aquarium, but cannot afford to pay the high prices these generally sell at. I propose therefore to tell how any boy can make his own, as I have done, at a cost of a few shillings.

From a builder obtain a plank of good wood (deal will do), from ¾-in. to 1 in. thick, 10 in. wide, and about 7 ft. long. Cut from this two pieces 2 ft. 6 in. in length to form the bottom and back, and two shorter pieces to form the sides; the latter should be cut true, to make close joints when nailed together. Next procure a piece of plate glass 10 in. wide and 2 ft. 6½ in. long. To make this fit in the front of the wooden box a groove must be cut in the sides and bottom, about half an inch from the edge. Fill this groove with a mixture of white and red lead, push the plate glass into it and smooth the lead all round. You will now have an aquarium with three sides of wood and a glass front. Finally, from an oil-shop get three pounds of British pitch (*2d.* a lb.), and melt it in an old iron saucepan until it is quite liquid; also heat an old flat iron. Pour some of the pitch on the bottom of the aquarium and smooth it level with the flat iron, ***working it into close contact with the glass;*** then do the back and sides. If well done it will not leak; if it does, dry it, and iron over the pitch again in the leaky places. Fill with water, and leave it for a day; then empty, put in sand and pebbles, fill with water, and the aquarium is ready for its inhabitants. The wood work *outside* should be painted with white enamel. The following is approximately the cost: wood, *1s. 6d.*; plate glass, *2s.*; pitch, *6d.*; white lead, *3d.*; paint, *6d.* Total, *4s. 9d.*

GEORGE BROWNING.

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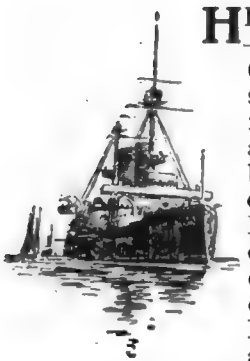
PATERSON'S WAR

By J. H. M. ABBOTT

Illustrated E. S. Hodgson

I.



HIS Majesty's Ship *Wombat* —second-class cruiser (11 6-in., 9 12-pr., 6 3-pr., 2 m.) steamed slowly through the narrow seas, the very narrow and treacherous seas, that lie between the Island of Guadalcanar and the Island of Florida in the eastern end of the Solomon Group. The day was very hot, as most days are in the Western Pacific, and the heat beat up again from the oily, glassy surface of the waters that stretch between the green islands, whilst the sky overhead was a dome of burnished blue. The pitch between the moving deck planks was moist and gummy and stuck unpleasantly to bare feet.

Amidships, perspiring profusely, Mr. Cadwallader, the Gunner, mopped his moist forehead with a gaudy cotton handkerchief, and sauntered across the deck to the breech of one of the port six-inch guns, the polished mechanism of which he was examining critically, when suddenly something galvanised him into an attitude of tense and rigid expectancy. At the same moment, Captain the Hon. Rupert Daplyn wheeled abruptly, in his slow pacing of the bridge, and also stood rigidly attentive. The navigating lieutenant, the quartermaster in the wheel-house, the man who was heaving the lead, the yeoman of signals, the marine sentry—every officer and man on bridge or deck—became tense and rigid and expectant, and all gazed eagerly out over the port bow, with a look of astonishment in each sun-tanned face.

Sir Arthur Paterson, K.C.M.G., and the Doctor, who had been conversing aft under the awning, sprang from their cane chairs, and also stared wonderingly towards the coast of Guadalcahar.

It was the low, distant vibrating "Boom-m-m" of a gun that had trembled through the still, hot, afternoon air, and inspired the torpid complement of H.M.S. *Wombat* with new life. There was no mistaking that sullen, ominous vibration. Nothing else sounds quite like the firing of far-off cannon.

Nobody spoke for a moment, and again the growling, shivering voice uttered its deep bass note—*boom-m-m-m.*

Sir Arthur Paterson was the first to move. In his peculiar pompous fashion he progressed hastily to the navigating bridge, where stood the Captain, still silently listening.

Sir Arthur's face was serious. Who should fire guns in his Province? Who should wage war under the very nose of His Majesty's High Commissioner for the Western Pacific, while he made dignified official progress through his realm in one of His Majesty's ships, commanded by a Post-Captain, and manned by three hundred officers and men of His Majesty's Navy and Royal Regiment of Marines? Who should dare to do this unheard of thing? Who, indeed, should dare? So perturbed and surprised was His Excellency that he actually failed to acknowledge the salute of Mr. Cadwallader, as he hurried by him on his way for'rard. At all times was His Excellency particular as to the due exacting and acknowledging of official courtesies. But an unauthorised bombardment in Guadalcanar, within three hours' sail of the Resident Commissioner at Tulagi in Florida —it was enough to disturb the equanimity of any High Commissioner!

As he gained the bridge ladder, the boom-m-m of the gun again shivered through the air. As he stepped from the ladder on to the bridge, he heard the engine-room telegraph ring. The ship's engines stopped, the thud of the propellers ceased, and the *Wombat* glided softly, with lessening speed, through the rippleless sea. The ship

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was so silent that he could hear the splash of the waters falling away from the gently moving bows, the tinkle of the little curling wave that ran outwards upon either beam.

Captain Daplyn saluted gravely, as the High Commissioner reached his side. His keen, clear-cut face had a look of quizzical interrogation, as he waited for His Excellency's opening remark.

"Dear me." (The High Commissioner's most important expletive.) "Dear ME, Captain Daplyn, what *is* that firing? *Where* is it? What *does* it mean? *Why* is it? Dear ME!"

"I am afraid I am as much at a loss as Your Excellency is."

Boom-m-m-m:

"There it is again! Dear me—this is *very* strange. Most extraordinary."

"It seems to me to be just round the point," said the Captain. "Mr. Meymott!" He called to the navigating-lieutenant, who pored anxiously over the chart, spread out upon a table, at the other end of the bridge.

"Sir?"

"What water have we?"

"Nine and a half, sir, and shoaling."

"Can we round the point close in?"

"No, sir. The reef runs out a long way. We must alter course, and come in again."

"Very good. Open up the bay as quickly as you can. I think the trouble, whatever it is, is on the other side of the point. Ha! there it is again. Slow a-head, Quartermaster. Keep the lead going, Mr. Meymott. We must feel our way here. This coral plays the deuce with charts and sailing directions. Have you a good man in the foretop?"

"Yes, sir—Hartigan. Knows these waters well. Was in the *Rapid* when she surveyed them."

"Good. We shall soon see what it is, Your Excellency. It may only be a schooner ashore, you know."

"Very strange—can't make it out," muttered the High Commissioner, as if speaking to himself. "All this coast should be very quiet, you know, Captain. Quietest spot of the group, really. Can't understand it, really. Dear me—there it is again!"

"Well, it can't be more than two guns at most," said the Captain, and they are firing black powder, too. They sound to me uncommonly like signal guns. But I don't think they are firing blank, do you, Mr. Spencer?"—to the Gunnery lieutenant who had just come up from the ward-room.

"No, I don't, sir. They are firing something. Any orders, sir?"

"Yes, clear away a three-pounder for'rard. I don't fancy we need clear for action," with a smile, "just yet."

"Dear me, Captain Daplyn, I *do* wish we could proceed a little faster. Can we not do so?" impatiently demanded Sir Arthur.

"Quite impossible, Your Excellency. Most dangerous navigation through here. Charts are all wrong. The coral makes a fool of the best survey in five years. We must literally grope our way round that point. I don't at all like our position, as it is. What water, Mr. Meymott?"

"Fourteen, sir, deepening—shall I make it half-speed?"

"No, no—dead slow, and by the lead."

"Dear me," murmured the Commissioner, "what *can* be happening?"

II.

On the other side of the point, which the *Wombat* could not hope to reach in much less than an hour, a strange and curious warfare was being waged. It was a wide, sweeping bay surrounded by a ribbon of white beach, above which waved long belts of cocoa-nut palms, and the dense, dark, green jungle grew behind. Behind all rose the mighty ranges of Guadalcanar, high and cloud-capped. Close into the beach, and almost half way between point and point, a small white schooner lay at anchor opposite to the grass huts of a native village. Every now and then a fleecy white puff of smoke rose above her decks, and the roar of a gun echoed around the bay. Ashore, some scores of black men ran to and fre. One of the grass huts in the village was on fire, and sent a cloud of brown smoke eddying above the palms and drifting back into the jungle. A curious circumstance was that a man rowing in a small boat, attached by a line to the stern of the schooner, made ceaseless efforts to keep her port broadside bearing upon the village. This was evidently by way of being an example of her commander's artillery tactics.

Upon her somewhat unclean deck two strangely diverse beings toiled with a strenuous energy in the service of two small brass, muzzle-loading, smooth-bore guns. They were ceaselessly active. From time to time, one or other of them would jump down into the open hold and emerge with a hat full of brown ivory nuts that are shaped like an apple, weigh about as much as a

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billiard ball, and are as hard as real ivory. Sitting propped against the side of the schooner's tiny galley was a dead man, with a hideous wound in his head, and a white, little focs'le, a fresh-faced English boy of about sixteen made prodigious labour. Both sweated and slaved as if there were no hereafter. Both were obviously very angry.

WITH A PIECE OF SMOULDERING TOW HE TOUCHED THE LOOSE PRIMING.

set face that was horribly bloody. It was a black man, a native, who tugged at the oars in the dinghy, and kept the guns bearing upon the beach.

At the gun that was aft of the open hold worked a huge Chinaman. He was bare-headed, and naked from the waist up, and his long pigtail hung down, unrolled, behind him. At that which was just below the

The schooner fell off a little, and her stern swung seawards. Instantly the big Chinaman jumped aft, and hurled a volley of abuse at the native in the dinghy. He almost screamed what he had to say.

"Hi, beas'ly blackfeller! Welly bad man!

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Washy—*washy*—makee keep ship stlaight! You catchee welly big beating plesently, no keepee stlaight. Wake up—lotten black pig!"

"That's right, Sin Fat," shouted the other gunner. "Throw something at the loafer, if he won't pull. He spoilt my aim altogether that last time. Here goes again." He had been carefully training the gun as he called to the Chinaman. "Watch the big house. I wish we had real shells. You can't see what damage these nuts do to 'em."

With a piece of smouldering tow he touched the loose priming of powder on the breach. The gun roared, belched out a dense cloud of white smoke, jumped a foot above the deck, and fell over on its side, wooden carriage and all.

"Welly ni', welly goo'," yelled the Celestial. "You hittem that time, Missee Arthur. Hol' on. I lendee han' puttee gun stlaight. Welly goo' shot!"

They toiled at the gun carriage and set it on its wheels again, and Sin Fat, running aft to his piece, caused it to roar and capsize in its turn. The English boy assisted him to turn it right side up, and for a few minutes they rested from their labours, while the former gazed shorewards through a pair of binoculars.

"By Jove!" he said in a few moments, "What on earth are they up to now, Sin Fat? Have a look!"

His companion took the glasses, and stared at the beach. It was hardly three hundred yards from where the schooner lay to the collection of grass-walled and palm-thatched huts among the cocoa-nuts. A swarm of natives had gathered round the entrance to the larger one at which the boy's last shot had been aimed, and were pulling and tugging in an effort to haul something out. A naked black figure danced and gesticulated before them in evident exhortation. The native in the dinghy stood up and pointed to them with a long thin arm, calling excitedly to the crew of the schooner. His eyes seemed to be about to start from his head, and they rolled terrifically as he cried in pigeon English:

"My word, Art'ur, look out. That feller belong fetcham canoe—big feller war-canoe. Belong come out longa *Saucy*. Belong done finish *Saucy*, s'pose that feller come. My word, look out!"

"You sit down, Sammy," yelled the boy in response. "You sit down. You keep the stern round. I'll come down there and give you the jolliest hiding you've ever had, if you let her swing. You never mind about them. We'll look after them. You keep on washy—washy. They'll eat you if they come aboard. You attend to your work."

"You washy-washy, you blackfeller!" joined in Sin Fat. The unhappy native resumed his seat, and tugged strenuously at his oars. The line tautened, and gradually the *Saucy Kate* swung parallel with the beach again. The two gunners worked hard at their weapons, sponged them out, each poured a cap-full of gunpowder from a barrel that stood by the dead man into a paper bag, rammed the charge home with a wad of newspaper on top of it, shoved half a dozen of the ivory nuts on top of the charge, with another wad to keep them in place, and waited, watching the shore intently.

With wild yells and howls the crowd of natives drew forth a long, high-prowed canoe, dragged it down the beach and launched it upon the calm waters of the bay. A swarm of black bodies climbed in over the gunwales. Others stood up to their waists in the water, holding the canoe fast, while the exhortatory gentleman harangued its occupants from the beach. Several small canoes, with one or two natives in them, were also set afloat. The whole fleet seemed to hang back, however, as though none liked to face the formidable gunnery of the *Saucy Kate*. The gunners of that redoubtable vessel watched the proceedings on shore with interest.

"Look here, Sin Fat," the boy broke the silence. "I say, we'll be in a rum fix if all those beggars do get here, with all the rifles chucked overboard, and the revolvers, too. We can only depend upon the guns."

"Allee same, gun welly goo'. Waitee bit, Missee Arthur, you see."

He ran aft, and disappeared down the cabin hatchway, to return almost at once with a bag of nails.

"Plenty nail, welly goo' ticklee nigger. You shootee your gun now, me shootee mine soon."

He ran to his gun, and rammed in the nails on top of the ivory nuts already there.

With wild yells the natives were shoving the long canoe off.

"Shootee, Missee Arthur, shootee plenty quick."

The boy aimed the gun carefully at the packed canoe, squinting along the barrel,

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THERE WAS A TREMENDOUS EXPLOSION, AND A SHEET OF FLAME THAT SEEMED TO ENVELOPE THE CHINAMAN.

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jumped to his feet, seized the burning tow and put it to the touch-hole.

Flash, bang, smoke! The ivory nuts skipped over the surface five good yards to the right of the target.

Not unnaturally, Sammy had realised to the full the loneliness of his position in the dinghy, and had discreetly come aboard, so that the schooner was swinging when the gun was fired. He was immediately perceived by the ruthless Sin Fat, who incontinently flung him overboard. During the rest of the action Sammy occupied a strategic position under the counter of the vessel, and was marvellously spared by the sharks.

The canoe hung motionless. Sin Fat made frantic endeavours to bring his gun to bear upon it, but to no purpose. The schooner had swung almost bows on to the beach, since Sammy's retreat. The boy saw the difficulty.

"Hold on, Sin Fat!" he cried. "I'll get in the dinghy! Hold on, I'll pull her round."

He ran aft, hauled in the dinghy, dropped down into her, and tugged mightily at the oars. Presently the *Saucy Kate* was once more parallel with the beach. The canoe had not moved, and its dusky crew was strangely silent. Those on the beach were staring out to sea, and pointing something out to one another. But there was no time on the *Saucy Kate* to stare seawards. Sammy saw, but was too frightened to articulate.

Sin Fat applied his port-fire to the gun. There was a tremendous explosion, and a sheet of flame that seemed to envelop the Chinaman, a crashing, rending roar, and Sin Fat was literally tumbled overboard into the water. The gun had burst.

"My stars!" cried the boy in the dinghy. "That's all right! By Jove! they're coming now. They've got us this time. Hullo, Sin Fat, aren't you dead?" The Chinaman had risen to the surface and was swimming to the dinghy.

"Hully, hully, plentee, Missee Arthur," he gasped, as he drew himself into the boat and seized an oar. "Sammy blackfeller no good; he catchee."

They headed the boat seaward, and beheld the grey hull, the three funnels, and the two slender masts of H.M.S. *Wombat*. The canoe was half-way to the schooner.

Almost as soon as they saw the warship, they observed a thin flash of flame from her side, and presently were aware of a singing, rushing flutter of something invisible overhead, heard the deep boom-m-m-m of the six-inch gun, and then the sudden rending crash of the shell, as it burst in the big canoe house.

The canoe house dissolved as a brown cloud of smoke and dust. The canoe stopped. Every native jumped overboard and left it floating on the placid waters. By the time the *Wombat's* second shell came sailing overhead, there was a deserted village and an empty beach. The Solomon Islander has no love for men-o'-war since the time of Captain Davis in the *Royalist*.

III.

As the boat of H.M.S. *Wombat* returned to the ship it was observed from the bridge that the sub-lieutenant in charge appeared to be in pain, to suffer from some sort of spasms, that the faces of the boat's crew, and of the landing party of marines, bore an extraordinarily cheerful, even mirthful, expression, but that the features of the boy in the sternsheets seemed to indicate that he was both unhappy and apprehensive.

"What is your name?" had inquired the sub-lieutenant, after hearing how the natives had killed Joe Benson the trader, who owned the *Saucy Kate*, and how the boy had deemed it his duty, with the assistance of the Chinese mate, to make war upon the village.

To the casual question the boy had made answer, "Arthur Patterson."

"Oh, my aunt!" cried the sub-lieutenant. "So this is your way of spending your holidays! Oh, by Jove!" and he roared with laughter. But he suddenly became grave and whispered to the boy, "I say, look out for ructions! We've got your governor on board."

And so the boy's fresh face bore a look of pain, as he climbed the ladder in the wake of the sub-lieutenant. The Captain received him on the quarter-deck.

"Well, young gentleman," said Captain Daplyn, "what have you to say for yourself? You know you have been carrying on war against His Majesty's subjects. But I must leave you to be dealt with by the High Commissioner." His eyes twinkled, and, his mouth twitched. He turned to the sub-lieutenant. "Kindly go to my cabin, Mr. Mason, and present my compliments to His Excellency, and tell him that I would be grateful if he would give me the favour of his company on deck."

Saluting, and with a crimson face, Mr.

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Mason retired. In half a minute came His Majesty's High Commissioner for the Western Pacific, dignified, stern, firmly resolved to know the Reason Why. But instead of a fierce and truculent pirate, he beheld a very scared-looking boy, whose wide blue eyes were full of apprehension.

"Arthur!" he exclaimed.

Captain the Hon. Rupert Daplyn was not made of iron. He laughed. Even the sentry smiled. Finally the High Commissioner was pleased to smile. Lastly, the boy smiled. But the boy's smile was a sickly smile.

The story ends here—not really, but so far as you are concerned. It is the story of Paterson's War. We have nothing to do with the subsequent Treaty of Peace.

DISPENSARY DOCTOR: "Take the mixture three times a day after meals."
BROKE-DOWN: "But where am I to get the meals?"

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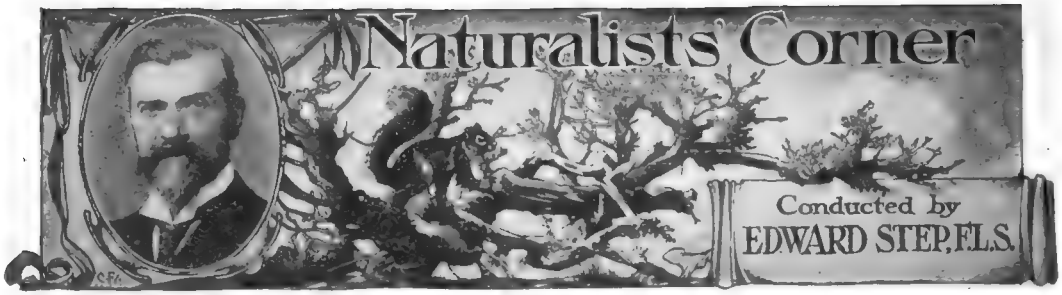

Bog Myrtle.—S. W. (Muswell Hill) sends me "a flowering branch of a small shrub which grows in a marsh near Bournemouth. The shrub is about two feet high, and, of course, the leaves are not out yet." It is the Bog Myrtle, or Sweet Gale (*Myrica gale*). I have not come across this in the Bournemouth district, but in the New Forest I have seen many acres of it in the moister parts. The spray sent consists entirely of flowers with stamens; other spikes—usually on separate bushes—consist solely of flowers with pistils, and the latter kind are followed later by little berries which are covered with a fragrant wax. This is melted off by throwing the berries into boiling water, when it floats to the top, and is afterwards rolled into small candles, which give off a spicy odour as they burn. From this use the plant is also known as Candleberry Myrtle. The yellowish leaves, also, produce this wax.

Ancient Siskin.—Mrs. J. Dixon (West Acton) writes me an interesting letter about a Siskin her husband brought from Sierra Leone seventeen and a half years ago, when it was already full grown. It has just died, probably more than eighteen years of age. My correspondent says: "He was a beautiful singer, and latterly has been in an aviary, with many canaries twice his size, at Benhill Golf Club, Walton-on-Thames. He kept his companions in order with a firm hand, and was shown great respect. He refused to have his bath first, always waiting till the canaries had emptied it sufficiently to make it shallow enough for his comfort, when he would enter, and always have it to himself. He was very tame, but was quite the policeman of the aviary. It seems a good age for a bird to live to. Have you heard of one living so long?" When well cared for, as appears to have been the case in the present instance, cage birds do live long, many times their natural average, for a wild bird has so many enemies. We have heard of many cases of great longevity in cage-birds, but cannot call to mind an instance that beats this.

Egg Puzzle.—Emboldened evidently by my answer to W. Richardson in the April issue, B. C. P. (N. Collingham, Notts.) sends me a similar query. He has three unnamed eggs in his collection, which were found some years ago on the ground, in a grass-field adjoining a large dyke bordered by willows. They were not in a nest of any kind, nor apparently in any order, for two were close together and the third at some distance. The shape and size much resemble the egg of the partridge, but the colour is pale dirty green, without spots or other markings. The colour suggests the egg of the wild duck; but this is much larger than a partridge's egg, and the duck has a nest of respectable size. The most likely eggs to be found in such a place without a nest are those of the Lapwing, but these are different in shape (pear-shaped), olive-tinted and spotted all over. I am aware that this answer is too indefinite to be of any use to B. C. P., but that is not my fault. If I were gifted with second sight, and could from afar take a peep at those eggs in his cabinet, I should be in a better position to form a definite opinion.

Bird Queries.—F. Baxter (Croydon) describes a bird he saw in the Easter holidays climbing the bole of a tree and inserting a long slender bill into crevices of the bark. The bird was about the size of a lark, its plumage a speckled mixture of black, brown and grey; and its feet were like those of a woodpecker, with two toes turned forward and two backward. On F. B.'s approach the bird flew off, calling in rather shrill notes "here, here, here, here." I have no doubt the bird was the Wryneck (*Jynx torquilla*), sometimes called Rain-bird, Cuckoo's-mate, and Snake-bird. It is one of the birds that leave us before autumn brings a dearth of their insect food, and return to us in spring that their progeny may have the inestimable advantage of being

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British-born! It usually arrives here a week or two before the Cuckoo, and as it leaves about the same date as that bird, these two have been regarded by country folk as mates. As in the case of the Cuckoo, the Wryneck's note is better known than the bird that produces it, owing to its habit of dodging round tree-trunks. Occasionally it may be seen on the ground, when it is busy licking up ants with its very long and sticky tongue. Like the Woodpecker, it lays its half a dozen white eggs in a hollow tree, but cannot be considered as a nest-builder.—F. G. Lawson (East Barnet) asks if there is a volume of the "Wayside and Woodland" series on British Birds, "giving coloured plates of the birds and eggs and treating the subject in a manner similar to that in which Butterflies, Moths, and Wild Flowers have been dealt with."—Not at present, F. G. L.

White Rat.—M. Davies (Old Milverton) is anxious to keep a white rat as a pet, but does not know "how it should be fed, where it should be kept, and whether rats are good pets." Although in my younger days I kept white mice—as most boys do—I never had a white rat. I can admire the rat for his cleverness, but I do not like his ways in general; and so I have never felt drawn to a white specimen. But the white rats born in captivity—which are an albino variety of the old English black rat, a less disreputable creature than the common brown rat—are perfectly tame and good-mannered. If I were keeping one, I should treat it much after the manner adopted for white mice, making due allowance for the difference in size.

Natural History Photos.—W. B. Jepson (Brockley) says: "In reply to your appeal for Natural History photos, I enclose a few which I should be very pleased to see published." This is a mistake: I have made no such appeal, as the Photographic "Corner" of THE CAPTAIN is still in the capable hands of my esteemed colleague, Mr. Archibald Williams. Were I to make such an appeal I should expect him to retaliate by requesting that the dead birds and decaying mushrooms that are my perquisites should be sent to him. No, I expressed the hope that possessors of cameras would allow the features of unoffending friends to go free whilst they trained their cameras at birds, beasts, fishes, &c. The results, of course, should go to Mr. Williams, who would deal with them from the photographic point of view. W. B. J. would like to meet with a Captainite about his own age (19) who is a *keen* photographer-naturalist. He also wishes me to bring pressure (!) on the Old Fag to engage Richard Kearton or Seton Thompson to lecture to the "CAPTAIN Club." "Bring pressure," indeed! I wonder what can be W. B. J.'s conception of the relations that subsist between our Chief and his minions? Besides, consider Bask. He who would "bring pressure" to bear upon the O. F. must wait until Bask has a holiday.

Water-Beetle.—In reply to P. J. Randall in the April number, I said that I did not remember any author save Rev. J. G. Wood who spelled the Great Water-beetle's scientific name *Dyticus*. Mr. H. H. Brown, F.E.S., (Cupar-Fife) kindly reminds me that Stephens in his "Manual" of 1839 used it, from which source Wood probably got it. Mr. Brown agrees with me that the correct form is *Dytiscus*; and says that Stephens' error arose from using the adjective δυτικος, derived from δυτης, a diver, in place of the diminutive δυτισκος, a little diver. All this, I trust, will be interesting to P. J. Randall.

"Puppy-Walking."—M. Rickman (Uckfield) has "rashly undertaken to walk a couple of puppies for our hunt," so asks for the name of a book on the subject. It is a matter upon which I must plead ignorance; and I think the best plan would have been to get instructions from the huntsman who brought the puppies. I do not know of a book devoted to this subject, but believe the required information will be found in *Breaking and Training Dogs*, by "Pathfinder" (L. Upcott Gill. 6*s*. 6*d*.).

Names of Trees.—"Magister" (Wandsworth) asks for the names of two trees of which he sends me twigs. The first, which has young leaves and female catkins, is unquestionably the Black Poplar (*Populus nigra*). The second is a mere four inches of wood with a terminal bud just bursting its scales. This is one of the Planes (*Platanus*), but owing to the paucity of material, I cannot say which. The tree from which it was gathered should be watched for the expansion of its leaves, which will provide the clue to species.

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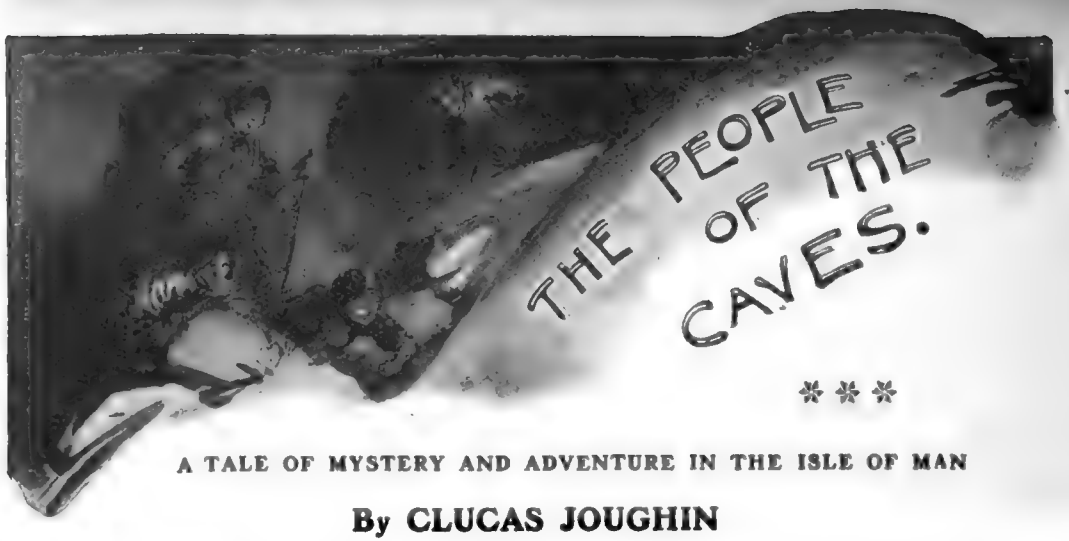

* * *

A TALE OF MYSTERY AND ADVENTURE IN THE ISLE OF MAN

By CLUCAS JOUGHIN

PETER CHRISTIAN tells this tale of how he, with two other sturdy Manx boys called Ned Corjeag ("the skipper") and Faraday Faraker ("Friday"), and an English "new chum," Johnnie Wesley, set out for a holiday cruise round the coast of the Isle of Man in the *Trap*, a fishing-boat. They fall in with some old fishermen, called Coutha, who tell them tales about the "Little People," or pigmies, supposed to be still existent in certain caves of the island. The *Trap's* crew determine to explore one of these caves, and on entering it find signs of human occupation, and are startled by a shrill whistling proceeding from a spot above their heads. In an inner cave they catch glimpses of the Little People, who immediately disappear, when they are mysteriously overcome by noxious fumes and awake to find themselves removed to the entrance. They return to the *Trap*, and in allowing their vessel to be used to land a cargo of tea, which proves to be contraband, they are embroiled in an encounter with the Customs officials.

CHAPTER IX.

A PARLEY.

THE men who had rushed down the beach to our rescue, and who now stood between us and the officers and men from the revenue cutter, were well known to us. They were four of the heroes of those days: survivors of an age when Manxmen cultivated the physical in utter disregard of the mental powers—an overbalanced admiration for physical strength which left them ignorant of the power of mind over matter, but which seldom lessened those moral qualities of forbearance and generosity which are usually a correlation of superior animal strength.

Imagination is apt to throw an illusive glamour over the heroes of the past, and the traditions of the brute strength of our ancestors have seldom been transferred to the written page. But a long chapter could be written on the paucity of such men in the present day. Battleships and gun practice are important, but the bone and sinew of a nation are equally essential. Men in those days, eating coarse food and living a natural life, drew their pleasures from their strength. It would almost appear that we now draw them from our weakness; and although the world is so old, it does not yet seem to be wise enough to learn the lessons of history.

Big Jonas, Dick Fall, Bill Forty, and Dal Moughtin were men who would have been the chosen models wherefrom a sculptor might have symbolised the power and beauty of strength combined with activity. Jonas, who stood six feet seven inches in his boots, was said by the men of the Peel fishing fleet to be so perfectly proportioned that "you could not take a piece out of him nor add a piece to him to improve him." His present companions were all over six feet, and had the activity of the lion, with something of the appearance of his strength and fearlessness; and their thick, long hair and beards and massive shoulders might well have suggested a comparison with the kings of the animal world—a troop of which they now resembled as they paced backwards and forwards, bellowing and roaring and flourishing their big fists, and abusing the officers from the cutter for "meddlin' with innocent young gentlemen engaged in a cruise for the good o' their health!"

The trained temper of the officers, however, prevented a quarrel that would not have been to their credit, nor have served the object of their mission—which was to seize contraband, not to engage in useless brawls.

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It was some time before the revenue officer could make himself heard, but when he did get a hearing he addressed himself to the business in hand as coolly as if scrimmages were everyday affairs with him.

"You men know very well," he said, "that contraband has been landed from that schooner which has crept away south without lights up. I am here in her Majesty's service, and if you don't give way and stand clear I shall call upon Lieutenant Hardy to exercise his right of arresting you as confederates of the smugglers, even supposing you are not of the gang, which I half suspect."

Big Jonas looked down on the little revenue officer and laughed. "Man alive," he said "it would take a lot o' *your* sort to arrest *me!* An' what for would ye arrest us? We only stopped them fellers from killin' ye!"

The naval officer evidently thought there was something of the nature of comedy in the little kick-up he was engaged in, for he said, in a tone that discovered a sense of the humorous, "Come, come, my fine fellow, that was not exactly your object in coming down here. And as for arresting you, we could do that easily enough, you see" (tapping the hilt of his cutlass), "if we thought it our duty to do so."

"Man alive," said Jonas, "put away thee pistols, an' I'll fight ye with thee cutlass in thee han'. I've done the like afore, an' I could do the like again."

"Your duty," said Dal Moughtin, "is to help this officer of an unholy crusade to get *his* duty; but as for the question of your power to arrest us, well, look up the beach there!"

We all looked towards the shadows of the high rocks at the mouth of the pass, where Dal pointed. A score of dark forms were seated on the shingle, silently, as if but waiting for a word to start them into action.

"An English sailor," said the lieutenant, "never flinches from duty simply because there are odds against him. Our pistols, from here, could thin that mob before it got half-way down the beach."

Jonas gave a growling laugh. "Thou an' the men might hit a few o' them if we stood still and let ye. Besides, man, them fellers hev guns too. Look at them."

We had picked up our fowling-pieces, more to save them from the wet than with any idea of using them, although we knew they were loaded, for we always had them ready for any rabbit or young cormorant that might come our way.

But the shrewd officer did not turn his head: he kept his eye on Jonas.

"A truce to this talk!" he cried. "We are here to search for the goods we believe to have been landed from the schooner. The very presence of those men confirms my suspicion. Lieutenant, we go forward."

The lieutenant gave an order, and the four blue-jackets drew their cutlasses and followed the officers up the beach, their unsheathed weapons flashing in the light of the lantern which one of them had picked up and re-lighted. The leonine figures of the four natives, as they formed up on either side of them, looked shaggy and swarthy on the margins of the light, their loose reefer jackets, wide trousers, and high, soft-felt hats adding to their bulk.

We hastily collected the scattered stores and gear, and were stowing them away on the yawl when the port light of the cutter showed up in the offing. She was evidently in hot pursuit of the schooner.

On hurrying up the shore to watch the course of events, in which we were now mere spectators, we found the men who had sat so silently on the beach now collected in a solid body in the narrow end of the pass.

The revenue officer was cross-examining them on their supposed connection with the landing of goods from the schooner. Dal Moughtin was replying to him. It was evident that the presence of the men on the beach gave the officer the opinion that the goods (if any were really landed) must be somewhere near. We guessed that Dal's present move was to gain time for the men who had gone away with the horses, so that the tea might be stowed away and the horses put in their respective fields or stables before any one could arrive on the scene of unloading.

"Mistaken or not mistaken," the officer was just remarking, "I should like to know what brought all these men down here at midnight if it was not to receive goods landed as contraband?"

"Contraband!" cried Dal. "What do you mean by contraband?"

"You know very well what I mean, sir; I mean dutiable goods landed privily to defraud the Customs' exchequer!"

"Exchequer!" roared Dal. "We have our own exchequer in this island; and our own Government, and our own laws to obey! Whose exchequer do you mean?"

"The Exchequer of Great Britain and Ireland, sir, and of the Parliament which controls your ports."

"The Parliament which controls our ports, eh! And the Exchequer of Great Britain and Ireland, forsooth! And what did your Parlia-

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ment say when they forced the Duke to give up control of the ports ? "

"I neither know nor care. My business is to see that no dutiable goods are landed here until the duty has been paid."

"You don't know and you don't care, and yet you are an Englishman ! Do you not know that when the Parliament of England compelled the Duke to give them the control of our ports they gave us solemn assurances that their object was *not* the acquisition of revenue, but merely to prevent Dutch and other smugglers using the ports as harbours of refuge ? "

"MAN ALIVE," HE SAID, "IT WOULD TAKE A LOT O' *YOUR* SORT TO ARREST *ME* ! "

"I am not here to study your history, sir ; I am here to see the law obeyed. And I mean to see it obeyed ! Anyway, our Parliament paid the Duke a good round sum, and they have a right to get their money back ! "

"Money back ! " roared Dal, flourishing his big fists by way of emphasis. "I tell ye you have got your money back long ago, if that's what you're after. And as to the law, there isn't a man here who doesn't obey the laws of his country. The Manx have always been a law-abiding people. Why, man, our Government is older than yours. The House of Keys was two hundred years old before your House of Commons was dreamt of ; and every King of England, and every Parliament, has acknowledged our ancient right to govern ourselves ! "

"The Parliament of England has decreed that your revenues shall be paid into their Exchequer at Westminster, and I am bound to see that decree respected. I shall put down smuggling, at the point of the sword if necessary."

"Then turn your sword against the money vaults of Westminster, for *that's* where the smuggled stuff lies. Your Parliament has played us false. They said, and it is written down by themselves, man, that if the Duke gave them control of the ports it would save them two hundred thousand a year lost to them through their own smugglers using the name of our island to secure them from arrest on the high seas. They said, and this also is written down by them, that they would only impose a customs tariff for this island for the benefit of our own trades and industries ! But what have they done that way for the last sixty years ? Stuck to the gold like robbers, and thrown us back a few coppers to blind our eyes ! So put that in your pipe and smoke it, Mr. Revenue Officer," said Dal ; and turning to the men he shouted out, "Men, get away home ; and if this representative of English justice thinks there is anything here he is entitled to seize, let him look for it and take it."

Every man strode away up the glen, Dal himself, with Jonas, Dick, and Bill, leading the way.

The revenue officer, with the lieutenant

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and his men, faced about and marched down to their gig, shoved her off, sprang aboard, and were soon out of our sight. But not for good. We were destined to meet again.

Hunger is said to be good sauce; we made our supper of hard tack and water from the brook, pulled the *Trap* up above high-water mark, and lay down in her rolled in our blankets and screened from the falling dew by a tarpaulin. But not before the call of the curlew was heard, oft-repeated, on the shore, and was answered by a tolerable imitation from a pinnacle in the glen, where Johnnie Wesley had watched and listened to the scene below him; though he did not witness, he told us, the scuffle around our boat, or he would surely have forgotten his conscientious scruples and hurried down to take a share in it.

CHAPTER X.

THE LITTLE PEOPLE'S MOUNTAIN DOOR.

THE planks of the yawl were warmed by the risen sun before we awoke and tumbled out for our usual morning swim. The herring fleet was under sail, running before a sailing breeze for Peel Bay. One of the boats came close in, and the skipper swam out to meet her. We saw one of the crew throw him a string of herrings; and Ned put the string in his mouth, and came ashore with the herrings skimming the water on either side of his face.

Captain Watterson's guinea-a-pound tea, drunk with milk brought down from a farm by Friday, while the herrings were boiling by the side of the kettle, made us linger longer than usual around our blazing fire of drift-wood. A thrush, which had been singing away since the early dawn, was piping his last notes from a bush on the headland, and a wren which had come over from the brook to catch the morning sun sang his song of rippling waters so near us that we could have reached his uplifted head with an oar. We had not had much sleep, but four hours in the open air are worth eight in a stuffy room. It was about five o'clock, the sea was smooth, and the shingle of the beach was bright and warm. It was a luxury to lie and do nothing but talk.

"I saw the two Couthas among the crowd last night," said the skipper. "I suppose they could come to-day and show us the hole in the side of the mountain leading down to the cave?"

"What shall we do if they are not there, skipper?"

"Go without them, of course."

"And spend a day in a fruitless search for a crack in the rocks covered over with gorse and ling!" Friday replied.

"Pity it wasn't later in the summer," I answered; "we could have fired the side of the mountain."

"Ay, Peter," said the skipper, "pity it wasn't January, and a nice little dust of snow over the mountain! We might have found the little fellows' tracks."

"I wonder if anybody ever did find their tracks! I suppose they are too cunning for that?"

"Once in a while," said the skipper, in reply to my query, "some lynx-eyed hare-hunter has come upon the track of one of the lil fellers. Billy Buggane once saw a feller come up from the haughs, between the two lights on a summer evening, and cross the high-road. Billy gave chase; but he might as well have chased a hare on the mountain. He went next morning to examine the place where the lil feller got over the hedge, and there, sure enough, were his tracks: five toes, nearly all the same length, the middle one the longest and broadest. I have heard old hare-hunters say that no living animal leaves the same track as a fairy. Why, yonder *is* Billy Buggane, and he's comin' down on to the beach!" he concluded, as he curved his little finger into his mouth and whistled.

Billy looked along the shore, and we signalled him to come over.

He came gliding along the sand like an American Indian on snow-shoes: a tall man, who looked strong, but slow and dull in his movements; his braces over his guernsey, and his figurehead unwashed and uncombed. He had been carefully scanning the ground at the place on the shore where the tea had been landed, and was evidently in search of something he had lost the evening before. He came up to us with a questioning look on his face.

"Morra, Billy!" said the skipper.

"Morra, morra; thaa foin!"

"Have ye lost anything, Billy?" we shouted—for the greetings began from a distance.

"Yes, I hev, bouys, yes I hev; hev ye foun' it?"

"What is it?"

"A Manx farthin' with a hole in it. I lost it down here last night, an I'm purrowra the way terr'ble abourrit. The man that give it to me said I would navvar be without money in me pocket so long as I had it, an' I've foun' it middlin' lucky that way."

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"The man was right, Billy," said Friday, laughing.

"Was it a good one Billy?" I asked.

"Good one, good one; did ye ever see a bad farthin' in ye life?"

We laughed at Billy's indignation, and I explained what I meant by asking if it had the eagle and child on one side as well as the three legs on the other, and whether it was well preserved.

"To be sure, to be sure, man; what else would ye hev on it but the 'agle an' chile on one side an' the three legs on the other? An' as for bein' well preserved, lave me alone for that!"

"Then it was an old one, Billy: dated during the reign of the Stanleys; and if you find it I'll give you a shilling for it."

"No, thou won't! Nor *five* shillin's naythur, for as long as I had that farthin' on me I *felt* lucky, an' it's a good thing to *feel* lucky—on land or sā: it helps ye mortal."

"You are a philosopher, Billy," said the skipper. "But say, do you know the hole in the side of Eairey Cushlan where old Tom Jute's dog fell down through into the cave—the cave that he was seen swimming out of three days afterwards?"

"Maybe I do, an' maybe I don't. Wharra ye wantin' to know for?"

"If we find your farthing for you will you come and show us the spot where the dog disappeared?"

"What! Go all the way from here to the Eairey for a farthin'!"

"But you said you wouldn't take five shillings for the farthing!"

"Maybe I would, bouy, an' maybe I wouldn'; let's gerra a howl of it fuss, an' then we'll see."

"Come along!" shouted the skipper, springing to his feet, "we are losing precious time! Lend us a hand to get the yawl done, Billy."

"I suppose," said Billy, eyeing us suspiciously as we were jumping aboard the yawl, "that none o' ye *saw* that farthin' on the shoor this mornin', did ye?"

"Not a bit of it, Billy," said Friday, "but I have one like it at home that I'll sell ye for five shillings."

"Say thruppence!" shouted Billy, as we drifted away from the beach.

"Five shillin's!" we all shouted back. "Not one farthin' less unless you'll come and show us the spot where Tom Jute's dog fell down!"

Billy stalked away along the shore, and made no reply.

"I don't think he knows," said the skipper.

"Not he," said Friday; "but he was keen on finding out why *we* wanted to know. He's a cute dog is Billy Buggane; and yet, to look at him, you'd think him soft."

"I don't know about the softness," said Johnnie. "Swedenborg says that each human being resembles some species of animal, and if that is correct Billy has more of the elephant than the dog about him. See how gently he raises and lowers the pair of canoes in which he glides over the sand."

"Ay," said the skipper, "stick a long piece of putty to the end of his nose, throw the shadow of his head on to the wall, and you would have the elephant."

An hour after losing sight of Billy Buggane we were scudding in for the Nyarble shore, with the lug lifted high, and the sea only ruffled by a passing breeze. The coast-line of old red sandstone looked warm and inviting in the bright sun. The land at the back of the shore, rising slowly inwards to meet the sweep of the distant mountains, was a long succession of gold and green—sunlight and drifting shadows.

The misthress stood in the door of the cottage, at the head of the beach, a red shoulder-shawl thrown around her, and a check apron over her brown homespun gown; but there were no signs of the men being at home. The outhouses at one gable of the house were locked up; and the patch of garden at the other gable, fenced round by old herring nets to keep off the poultry, showed no signs of a delving son of Adam.

We waved our caps to the misthress, and pulled the *Trap* up to where the two old yawls—too sacred with the lore of former days to be broken up—lay turned mouth under, to remain as their own sarcophagi, until those who had sailed them through years of outgoings and home-comings were beyond the possibility of feeling pain by their being broken up.

"Misthress," cried Ned, as we walked over to greet her, "how long will the men be before they come home? We want them to show us the hole in the mountain that leads down to the cave."

"Are ye thinkin' of goin' after the lil fallers again?"

"Yes; and if the men don't come home soon we'll go by ourselves."

"I'm afraid the men won't be home till the evenin', for there's always a pancrock full o rum put on the table when Masther Moughtin gets a carga home; but come in, come in, an' get somethin' to ate!"

"Now," said the misthress, when she had

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covered the table for a second breakfast, "take plenty, and try and take an old woman's advice about the lil people. Leave them alone. Fish and shoot, and climb the haughs for eggs if ye feel ye must, but take my word for it, that botherin' afther the lil fallers will get ye into trouble."

But we all raised our voices against the old woman's warning, and urged that it was one of the chief objects of our hunt now to make further acquaintance with the Little People. "Besides," we urged, "you said yourself that Phillie the Desert meets them often, and spends nights among them on the mountains!"

"Well, bouys, Phillie is a relaytive of mine, an' it doesn' do to spake agin one's own relaytives; but, all the same, he's an uncommon sthrange man, is Phillie. An' yet he's a good Christian man. No one can say anything agin him so far as his religion goes."

"Did you ever see any of the Little People yourself, Mrs. Coutha?" Johnnie asked.

"Aw, yes, I've seen them, more than once, too; but I kept my own distance from them. Their lil dogs came runnin' aroun' me once, though, and seemed friendly enough; but the lil fallers whistled them away, an' away they ran. I had a sheep-dog with me, comin' over the mountain, for company, but he tuk to his heels an' ran home as soon as avver he saw the pack o' lil dogs come runnin' up."

"What were the dogs like?" Johnnie asked.

"Well, it wassin' so very dark, an' I saw them plain enough. They were lil, small, brown dogs, with fallen-down ears."

"Boys!" cried the skipper, "it will be the same set of the Little People as we saw in the cave! We'll wait one hour more, and if the men don't come home we'll go up the mountain and lower the rope and go down with torches!"

"Then ye are goin' to do an uncommon foolish thing," said the old woman. "Phillie himself navver goes into their dens, though I've heard him say he knows two of them on the mountains above Baldwin."

"We mean them no harm," said Friday; "and if they don't molest us we'll not molest them."

The old woman shook her head. "Well, if ye do come upon them, spake them fair, an' spake to them in your own language, for they don't understand English. Carry these barley-cakes with ye, an' this bottle o' milk," she added, when we were taking our leave; "maybe it will help ye to make in wi' them. I have always heard that they are uncommon fond of barley-bread and milk."

CHAPTER XI.

THE DISAPPEARANCE OF THE SKIPPER.

WE pulled the *Trap* up high and dry, gave our provisions and other things into the care of the old woman, and went away with our crowbars, sledge-hammer, and climbing rope.

On the side of the mountain above the cave we began a search for the top entrance to the Little People's hiding-place.

The only house within a mile of us was the little farm cottage of Eairy Cushlan, where a Scotch shepherd tilled a few acres of ground and lived to look after the sheep on the mountain.

We formed up four deep, and marched and counter-marched through the gorse and ling. But we could not discover a crack in the earth, or a burrow of any kind other than rabbit-holes.

Then we wandered about promiscuously, every one searching according to his own notion as to the most likely place to discover the secret entrance. We parted large gorse bushes and peered inside, and scrutinised the ground high and low, but our efforts were met by no success.

After a while I sat down to think out some better plan of action. I looked along to where, one moment before, I had seen the skipper on the land above me. He had vanished! There was not a bush near where he had been walking that could have hid a dog, and yet he had disappeared as suddenly, as silently, and as mysteriously as if he had been transformed into one of the elements of the atmosphere.

I kept my eye fixed on the spot where I last saw him, and walked straight up to it—treading through heather, and avoiding obstacles mechanically—like a man who walks along to pick up a woodcock he has shot on the mountain or in cover.

I had last seen him walking in the direction of a granite boulder—a deposit from the age, far back in the world's history, when the peak of the mountain, standing up out of the sea, stopped the flow of ice, which remained there until i became liquefied by the gradual change of the climate.

I walked on the very ground over which the skipper had been walking. I searched every foot of it; walked backwards and forwards from the granite boulder to the spot where I last saw him. I looked up, looked down,

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looked all around. There was not the sign of a crack or a hole in the earth. The gorse bushes around were low and compact, and the heather and ling scrubby, but I tramped every bit of it through and through, until I was satisfied that not even a rabbit could have escaped my feet.

By this time Friday and Johnnie had missed the skipper, and they came up to me to know where he had gone.

"He has disappeared," I said.

"Disappeared!" said Friday.

"Disappeared!" repeated Johnnie. "What do you mean?"

"I mean," I said, "that one moment I saw him, and the next moment I looked again and he was gone!"

"Then he must have slipped down the hole by accident!" they both cried out at once.

"There isn't a hole here big enough to admit a cat," I said; "I have tramped over every foot of it; and I'm too keen a hunter over mountains and ghaeries to miss even a winged bird in a place like this!"

Friday and Johnnie went over all the ground again. They looked along the sides of the mountain; went up the hill, and down the hill.

We met again on the spot, which I had marked with three white stones: the spot where I had last seen Ned.

Friday put his four first fingers in his mouth and whistled a long, loud whistle. The sound died away in the distance. We listened, but no answering whistle came back to us. We hallooed and whistled by turns; but the silence which answered us was like the stillness of an uninhabited land.

We sat down to think out the mystery.

"Boys," I said, "I have heard of a man who, long, long ago, left his cottage on a mountain-side, in the north of Scotland, to go away for his boat on a Monday morning for the week's fishing. His wife was standing in the door watching him away. He had not gone half a mile along the mountain when he disappeared from the woman's sight as mysteriously and as suddenly as if he had been consumed by a blast o' the breath of the devil. He was never seen again, alive or dead, though people looked for him for days. The woman became so affected by the dreadful affair that she lost her reason and died insane."

Johnnie Wesley, his face pale with grief, gave me a cold stare of fright.

"I'll run along the mountain and get the shepherd," says Friday; and away he ran with the speed of a hare, for he could run like a wild animal.

"Peter," said Johnnie, looking at me with his eyes full of tears, "let us pray."

I uncovered my head; and Johnnie put his face between his knees and called on the name of the Lord.

The wilderness of mountains lay around and beyond. The wide sea made its presence felt although we saw nothing of it. Some sheep were bleating in the distance, and a few sea-gulls were crying among the rocks below us.

Then Johnnie lifted up his face and said, "Go over to that boulder, and walk round it, and come back and tell me what you see."

I went over to the granite boulder, and walked round it three times—taking care to go round in the way the sun goes. Then I came back to Johnnie and said, "I see nothing."

And Johnnie said "Go again," seven times.

On the seventh time I said, "I see a small speck of fresh earth on the side of the boulder, and a bruised place in the ling beside it."

"Then blessed be the name of the Lord," said Johnnie; "and praise be to Him Who is the Creator of all Good, for He has given us salvation by faith this day."

Then he arose, and walked as sedately over towards the boulder as if he had been walking down the aisle of the church with his father in the pulpit.

I stood up and looked after him in utter bewilderment. "Whatever's going to happen to us, at all, at all?" I said, speaking aloud to myself. "The skipper gone clear off the face o' the earth, an' Johnnie gone clean off his chump! The old woman was right—the old woman was right!"

By this time Friday had returned, saying he had met the young Scotch wife of the shepherd coming along the mountain-side carrying her first-born baby in her apron to give him his bath in the running brook. Her man, she said, had gone away over the mountains.

I related to Friday what had come over Johnnie.

"It won't last," says Friday. "It's only temporary. He has a well-balanced head."

Johnnie was walking round the boulder, examining it carefully.

Then he stood still for a moment, on the off-side, his face toward us, and his eyes fixed on the ground. Stooping down, he laid hold of the boulder, and to our complete astonishment turned it over as easily as if it had been only as many pounds as it was hundredweights.

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Raising his hand, he beckoned to us to come, but kept looking down towards his feet.

We ran over, and there, sure enough, was a hole big enough for a man to drop through.

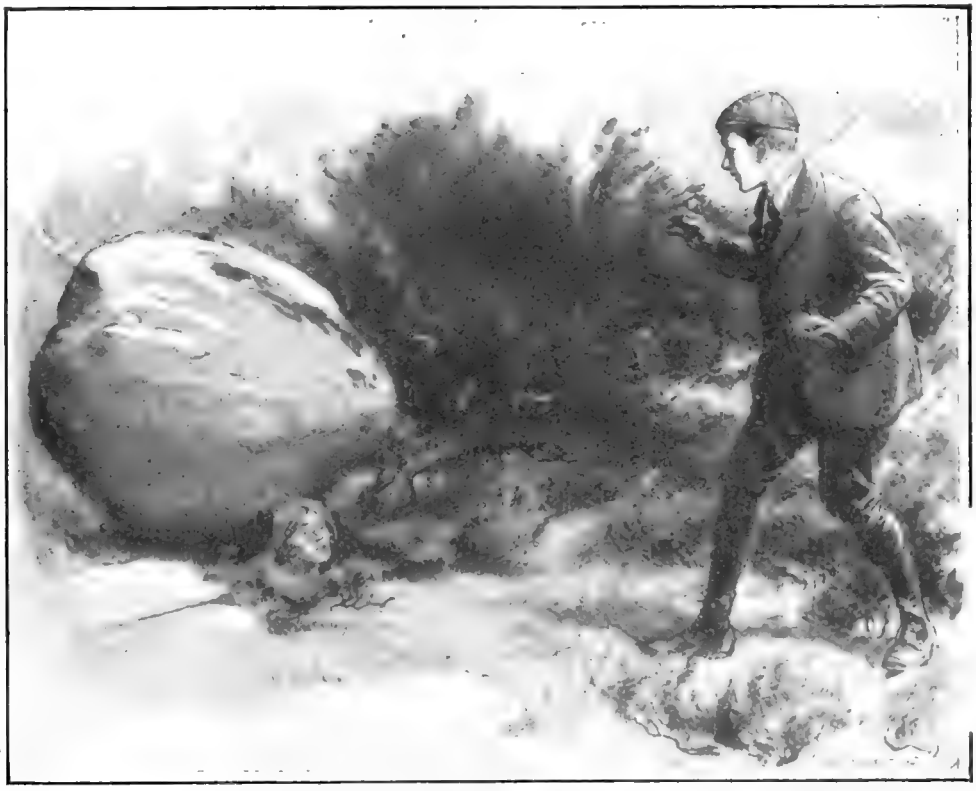
"That boulder," said Johnnie, "is poised on a pivot of its own. It was lying as it is now when Ned came by and dropped down here accidentally, involuntarily laying hold of the stone as he dropped, and thus bringing it over."

There was enough ling about the crack in the earth—for it looked more like a rent in the earth than a burrow—to explain why the skipper, with his eyes, perhaps, directed elsewhere, had not seen what was beneath his feet.

We observed that the boulder lay on an exposed piece of the rock formation of the mountain, and that the undermost side was smooth and round.

Friday and I ran away for the crowbars, rope, and sledge-hammer. We were excited and in desperate earnest about getting down that crevice as speedily as possible. The skipper might be on some rock at the bottom bleeding to death, or knocked senseless, or maimed for life, or anything and everything that was the probable result of such a catastrophe!

"Take it coolly," shouted Johnnie after us, "Take it quietly: he is quite safe; and will live to perform all the extraordinary feats predicted for him on his natal day!'"



WE SAW JOHNNIE STARING AT THE FACE OF A LITTLE MAN.

"Poor Johnnie!" I said.

"It won't last," said Friday. "It's only temporary."

When we turned to hurry back with the rope and weapons we saw Johnnie standing back some paces from the hole, and staring at the face of a little man whose head appeared up through it, his eyes as much transfixed by surprise at seeing Johnnie as Johnnie was at seeing him.

Then the little fellow ducked his head and disappeared.

"Ha!" said Friday, as we came up to the scene, "I suppose he came up to pull the stone over the hole, not knowing that the skipper had tumbled it over when he slipped down."

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CHAPTER XII.

THE DESCENT.

IT will be remembered by the reader that the cave which we were now about to enter, by the rock fissure near the foot of the mountain, extended from the large cavern, a little above the sea-level, into the narrow subterranean cañon which rose upwards with the slope of the mountain.

Although we had always been led to believe that "the little fellows" or "fairies," as they were variously called, were either "fallen angels" or "beings from another world," we had now sufficient evidence to prove that they had human bodies; and that they ate and drank, and made their own coats of fur; and that they also had implements for the capture of small animals and birds.

Yet we could not altogether separate our feelings from that superstitious dread of them which had descended to us from time immemorial; and why the old misthress's sheep-dog bolted home when he saw them and their pack of little hounds was a riddle we could not solve. Dogs fled in this way from the supernatural, but rarely, if ever, from any natural enemy. There was, to us, but one solution of the problem: the dog may have inherited his fear of them, or he may have had some former encounter with them in his own wanderings by night.

We argued that it may have been by mere chance that we had found the seaward entrance to the cave left uncovered? Not once in many years did any one enter even the outer cave from the sea; and generations of unmolested security very likely made the neolithics a little less concerned about concealing their narrow entrances?

So we thought; but there was a special reason for the clearance of the shingle from the small tunnel, and that reason we were soon to discover.

That the skipper had fallen down the hole in the mountain-side, according to Johnnie Wesley's conviction, we all believed now as sincerely as Johnnie himself. But whether the skipper was "quite safe," as Johnnie maintained, was a thing to be proven. If he had been knocked senseless by his fall, he would now be quite at the mercy of the Little People; and though, as we had previously remarked, they were never known to engage in combats, they were notoriously clever in the arts of making secret reprisals on those who molested them.

We had driven our crowbars into the ground, and I was making the climbing rope fast to them. Johnnie, whose thumb had been caught by a crab on the Nyarble shore, was standing with his wounded hand inside his waistcoat, and Friday was dropping the heavy rope down into the dark abyss.

"Johnnie may be right after all," said Friday, turning his face round toward us; "this rope is not falling perpendicularly, but running down over a slanting rock. I can tell by the weight of it in my hand."

"I am as certain I am right," replied Johnnie, "as if I saw Ned here now. I saw him in a vision. He had his hands pressed against his head, and an old man—a man of our own kind—was seated beside him."

Friday and I exchanged looks.

"Oh, you fellows think me gone a bit crazy, I daresay, but I am confident we'll find the skipper alive, and fairly well; and whether *we* see the old man or not, I know in my own heart that he *was* there."

Friday shook his head and looked very solemn. It was evident that he thought as I did: that the shock to Johnnie's nerves by the skipper's mysterious disappearance had been too much for a body overwrought by much study.

"At all events," I replied, "this rope is a hundred and fifty feet long, and if the skipper is there, all safe and sound, we may soon get a pull from him as a signal."

Friday kept paying out the rope hand over hand, and when it was all down he frayed the end of one of the torches he had stuck in his belt, and let himself down into the hole, where he was soon out of sight.

"Now, Johnnie," I said, "you can't climb with that chewed-up thumb of yours, so you had better stay here until we come back. I'm going down."

"And I'm coming after you, Peter, thumb or no thumb. It was I who discovered the whereabouts of this downward passage, and I claim all my privileges."

"But if it should happen that you will not be able to climb up again, and that Friday and I have to drag up the skipper between us, you'll be left down alone with the little fellows."

"I tell you, Peter, that the skipper will not require your assistance; and even if I knew that I was to be left down alone with the Little People I should still insist on going down."

"Very well then, Johnnie; we mustn't stand here discussing the situation. Follow me, and if you find the thumb affect you more than you expect, drop on to my shoulders. I can do the holding on for both of us."

We dropped down, and were soon in the

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I SAW A SIGHT THAT FILLED ME WITH A SENSE OF WONDER.

darkness of the rent in the rock. For a long time we slid over a steep and comparatively smooth surface. It was like sliding down the steep roof of a cathedral, or some other immense building, with black darkness all around, and without exactly knowing how long we might have to go downwards, or what kind of footing we were to find at the end of it.

We were lowering ourselves into one of the cave dwellings of our so-called fairies; but the skipper had undoubtedly fallen down, and Friday had already preceded us, so we felt no serious apprehension of the result of our adventure.

When I got down to what I considered to be the depth of a four-storied building my knuckles felt badly rasped. I paused to listen where Johnnie might be. Soon I heard his heavy breathing, and the scraping of his boots against the rock; for though Friday and I had taken off our shoes and stockings to make the descent, Johnnie had left his on, fearing that his feet were too tender for such work. Presently his feet came against my head. "Is that you, Peter?" he said.

"'Every bit o' me,' as the poor skipper used to say," I answered, with all my forebodings that we would almost certainly find the skipper a dead man. "How's the thumb? Does it pain you much?"

"Frightfully, Peter."

"Are your knuckles rasped?"

"Yes, horribly, I feel sure."

"Could you trust me to lower you down?"

"Absolutely, Peter."

"Then plant your feet on my shoulders, and pass me down your cap. . . . Right; I have it. Now put your left arm under the rope and your wounded thumb in your coat-pocket."

"My left arm is now under the rope, Peter, and my wounded thumb is in my coat-pocket."

"Very good. Now hold your face sideways to the rock—*from* the rock, I mean, Johnnie."

I twisted a leg round the rope, and, using the caps to protect my knuckles from the rock, let myself slide down with Johnnie standing on my shoulders.

The pace was swift, but I had made up my mind that if it got too swift I would drop the caps and hold on with bare hands again.

We reached a ledge of rock where we both got a footing. There was yet no sound of Friday or the skipper; nor light of torch, nor sight or sound of living thing. We listened, but we did not call, or whistle, or strike a light. We had not reached the bottom of the cave; and I knew Friday's craig-climbing powers too well to suspect that he had allowed himself to surrender his hold on the rope until there was sure footing beneath him.

Johnnie wanted to halloo, but I checked him. "If it's necessary to make any calls for help Friday will make them," I said; "but nothing

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frightens *yourself* so much in a place like this as to shout. Keep quiet. Stand still here while I crawl along this ledge on my hands and knees and find out if anything is to be seen from the end of it. Be careful to hold on to your rope."

Leaving Johnnie, I crawled along in the darkness, following the winding face of the rock, and feeling my way cautiously on the ledge. It appeared to be about the width of the Duke of Wellington's bed—two feet. My hands touched some dry grass, or upland hay. I put down my nose and smelled it. There was a smell of negro in it, but not very strong—probably about the sort of whiff which the coloured gentlemen say they get when we come near them.

I was now very suspicious that I had come into the actual sleeping-place of the Little People. But where were *they?* It was high noon, and therefore their sleeping time. Some of their little dogs might be near, I thought. I pushed on, still more cautiously, putting out hand after hand along the dried grass, and pausing every now and again to listen, until, when I least expected it, I was startled by two short whistles, thrice repeated, about fifty feet below me.

The whistle was the well-known "fairy" whistle. I lay low and waited; but there was no response to the signal, as I thought it to be, nor repetition of the sound. So I began to move forward again, until I came to an angle of the rock, and saw, down in the cavern, a sight which filled me with such a sense of wonder and astonishment that I could do nothing but crane my neck forward and look down on it.

I omitted to mention, when describing our former adventures in the cave, that the floor of the large cavern was composed of earth trodden down as hard and level as a school playground.

On the floor, at the end farthest from me, sat the skipper, his back leaning against a low rock which rose up from the floor about ten or twelve feet from the precipitous wall of the cave. His head was bound in a pocket-handkerchief. By the side of him stood Friday, holding a torch. In niches of the rock, which was about five feet high, were burning rushlights. On the other side of Friday stood an old man, dressed in the fashion of the previous generation, that is to say, a high top-hat, swallow-tailed coat, and long, loose trousers. While between me and the blazing torch stood a crowd of the Little People.

(To be continued)

A STUDY IN EVOLUTION

THE Celtic spirit crossed the sea,
He came with germs of fame;
He said, "Here I will build a man
Whose fancy shall be free,
Whose thought shall teach the world his name,
And so shall honour me."

The Saxon spirit crossed the sea,
He came with mist and flame;
He said, "Here is a half-built man,
I'll build the rest; then he,
By strong and doughty deed, shall tame
The world and honour me."

The Norman spirit crossed the sea,
He came with lofty aim.
He said, "Here is a sluggish man,
I'll grant him chivalry,
That, by his grace in courtly game,
The world may honour me."

The finished Briton ruled the sea.
He ruled the spirits three,
And thus he spoke, "Not one of you
Can claim to building me.
I'm not of you, or you, or you;
Ye are three parts of me!"

HERBERT WAUGH.

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VIVISECTION: A REPLY

IN the May issue of THE CAPTAIN a writer returned to the well-worn subject of vivisection, showing (alas!) that the ancient myths still prevailed, and that the old misconceptions had been only scotched, not killed. He attacked the practice, reasonably enough, as the ignorant would say, taking his stand on the humanitarian aspect of the question. No one will deny that mercy and humanity are admirable in themselves, but that admission does not carry the corollary that we should shut our eyes to other points of view not necessarily inconsistent with mercy and humanity. These points of view appear to be entirely ignored by the writer in question. More, Mr. F. D. Thompson seems to be in absolute ignorance of the case for the vivisectors and the definite results achieved by their efforts. What is even more astonishing (and I am sure the Old Fag will forgive me for saying this) the Editor himself, usually an omniscient man, is obviously unaware of certain pertinent matters relating to the problem. He says "A Commission ought to be appointed to thresh the matter out." An excellent suggestion, but unnecessary now, for a Royal Commission *was* appointed, sat during 1907–8, examined witnesses of high standing on both sides, and published a report giving the results of their labours. This report I have not by me *in extenso* at the time of writing, but any one who wishes to verify my assertions can easily do so, either by obtaining the report itself or studying the files of any reputable journal—such as the *Daily Telegraph*. As a plain matter of fact the anti-vivisectionist case was completely put out of court.

In a short article it is quite impossible to summarise even a tithe of the evidence in favour of vivisection. Accordingly, I shall only put down some of the more important facts and conclusions. If any doubting Thomas wishes for further evidence he cannot do better than write to the Hon. Sec. of the Research Defence Society, Mr. Stephen Paget, 70 Harley Street, London, W. This eminent surgeon—or physician? I forget which—some little time ago, in a letter to the press, invited all who were interested in the subject to apply to him, and he would furnish free of cost the society's literature relating to vivisection. I, as an outsider, a layman somewhat interested in the matter (as all thinking men and boys should be), sent for this information, and on these pamphlets my article is based. If I have not made acknowledgments throughout to the various authors, I trust I shall be forgiven.

In the first place, Mr. Thompson quoted Dr. Bell Taylor on experiments made in Paris. Of French experiments I have nothing to say for or against. At present I am only concerned to put the case for British vivisectionists. Parisian practices cannot be considered as evidence against us.

Mr. Thompson proceeds to quote a doctor (unnamed) who speaks thus: "Although I have not seen any surgical vivisection on dogs (*sic*), in my student days I frequently witnessed unfortunate dogs given poisons, and after the lecture was over the attendants drenching them with water to bring them to for other occasions." This anonymous doctor gives no assertion that the animals were allowed to feel pain, but the impetuous Mr. Thompson asks, "Is there no cruelty in that?" Conceivably, yes, in a sense: but with the question of the infliction of pain I shall deal later. Mr. Thompson then goes on to put other rhetorical, well-intentioned, but foolish questions such as these: "If animals can't feel pain, as vivisectors would have us believe, why do people beat horses and dogs?" "Vivisectors say that most of their victims are anæsthetised, but are they?" Mr. Thompson could easily have found this out if he had studied the literasure of the subject. A rhetorical question of this nature amounts almost to an innuendo. It is better to hear both sides before rushing into print. But enough of words: let us descend to cold reason and fact.

Some persons appear to be under the impression that any doctor can practise vivisection, or at least that it is easy to obtain permission. The reverse is the case. No man can conduct experiments on animals without a licence. To get this licence he must proceed as follows: (1) procure the form or forms of application; (2) get them signed by two professors of learned societies, who alone are qualified under the Act to sign; (3) submit the application to the Home Office; (4) the Home Office sends it to the Association for the Advancement of Medicine by Research. The report from this Association is received and considered by the Home Office, and the application is then (5) submitted to the Inspector who considers the same, and (6) advises the Secretary of State on it. Thus, as Mr. Byrne, Principal Clerk in the Home Office, said before the Commission,

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"Every licence which is applied for has to pass not only through three sets of eyes, but four sets of authorities before it is granted." Also, the Home Office regularly uses its powers to annex conditions to a licence. So much for the obtaining of permission to vivisect. The safeguards seem adequate.

Now let us see what is happening at the present day. Here is the official record of experiments conducted in Great Britain and Ireland during 1907. The number is 73,000—*experiments*, not *operations*: a very important distinction. Of these experiments *no less than* 96.5 *per cent.* were simple inoculations, hypodermic injections, and so on—operations (using the word loosely) mostly of a wholly painless character. The chief purpose of these inoculations was for the study of cancer, and for that research the animals used were mice.

Of the remaining experiments—3.5 per cent. of the total number—the animals used were anæsthetised effectively through the whole of the experiment. As Lord Cromer said: "The testimony of Dr. Thane, the Government Inspector, is conclusive on this point."

With regard to experiments in which the animal was not killed before recovering from the anæsthetic, a certain certificate is necessary as well as the licence: the number of these experiments in 1907 was only 1.5 *per cent.* of the total. In all of them the animal was anæsthetised throughout the whole of the experiment, and was allowed to recover and to be kept for observation. The licensee was required to use antiseptic precautions, and if these failed and suppuration occurred, the animal was required to be killed; and a condition was attached to the licence, forbidding further operation or painful stimulation except under an anæsthetic.

Take the evidence of Professor Starling: "Though I have been engaged in the experimental pursuit of physiology for the last seventeen years, on no occasion have I ever seen pain inflicted in any experiment on a dog or cat, or, I might add, a rabbit, in a physiological laboratory in this country, and my testimony would be borne out by that of any one engaged in experimental work in this country."

May we not fairly conclude, if we study the evidence given before the Commission, that in our country, at any rate, little or no pain is inflicted? Hear what a brilliant layman—an eminent judge, one accustomed to weigh evidence—had to say: "The number of painful experiments, as is shown by looking at the actual experiments which have been made, is quite infinitesimal." Those are the words of Lord Justice Fletcher Moulton; and again the same witness remarks: "In my opinion, unquestionably, it is not only permitted to us, but it is our duty to try to remove ignorance by, if necessary, experiments on animals."

I push the attack even farther home. I take the stand that even supposing (which is not the case) that great pain were inflicted in many cases, still the infliction of it would be justified if one could point to definite instances of the advancement of medical knowledge and the consequent diminution of human suffering. The infliction of wanton and needless pain is a damnable—that is the proper word—a damnable thing: boys too often inflict it, and it should be ruthlessly avenged. But where, as in the case under discussion, human life is incalculably benefited by the practice of vivisection, it is merely ignorance or prejudice that refuses bare justice, not to speak of praise, to the men of science.

Some one may ask, what are the alleged benefits? Here are some: for the proof, read up the literature: (1) The use of antiseptics and the modern treatment of wounds is the direct outcome of the experiments of Pasteur and Lister. (2) The nature of tuberculosis is now known and its incidence has materially diminished. (3) Diphtheria anti-toxin was invented entirely through experiments on animals. (4) The causes of plague, cholera, typhoid, Mediterranean fever, and sleeping sickness, have been discovered solely by the experimental method.

And as regards drugs, here are a few of the conclusions of Dr. Cushny, F.R.S.: (1) The use of digitalis and ergot has been more accurately determined through experiments on animals. (2) No soporific has been introduced in the last forty years except by means of animal experiment, *e.g.*, chloral. (3) No local anæsthetic has been discovered except by means of experiments on animals, *e.g.*, cocaine. (4) All the modern antipyretics were introduced by means of animal experiments, *e.g.*, antipyrine.

It may be urged that the usefulness of drugs would have been ascertained by other methods in the course of time. Possibly, yes; probably, no. Chloral lay unused for thirty-six years, and cocaine for twenty.

It will not do. The evidence is overwhelming. As I have said, there is no space here to tabulate the proofs—only the results can be summarised. If any gentle-hearted reader—and for such as such we must only have respect—is still in doubt, let him or her read the evidence on *both*

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sides in full. There need be no fear of the result on our part—*Magna est veritas, et prævalebit.*

Every manly man and womanly woman will shrink from the unnecessary infliction of pain, but the vapourings—well-meaning, no doubt, but ludicrous in the face of proved facts—of Mr. Stephen Coleridge and the anti-vivisectionist party move one not merely to pity but sometimes to disgust. Discreditable, reckless, and wanton assertions are easily made, but the refutation has a hard task to overtake the misstatement. We find, for instance, one Mr. Abiathar Wall reported as saying; "A vivisector has a theory whereby he hopes to discover a cure for, say, neuralgia of the little finger, and the Home Secretary promptly arms him with a licence to torture as diabolically as he pleases and as many animals as he thinks fit." How can one answer that, except by saying that it is a grotesque lie?

Lord Justice Fletcher Moulton—the whole of whose evidence should be studied; it is published as a separate booklet—also said this: "Nobody, so far as I know, would hesitate to over-drive a horse in order to save a life or to bring assistance to a life that was in danger, and yet that would be suffering inflicted for the purpose of benefit to a single individual. The people that are engaged in scientific research are working for something which will benefit not one single individual, but will benefit the race for all time."

In conclusion, let us look at a few—a very few—of the eminent men who are members of the Research Defence Society (*i.e.*, in favour of vivisection). The President is Lord Cromer. Among the numerous Vice-Presidents are the following:

The Church.—Bishop of Winchester, Bishop Welldon.

Law.—Lord Halsbury.

Art.—Sir L. Alma-Tadema, Briton Rivière, R.A.

Literature.—Sir Gilbert Parker, Sir A. Conan Doyle.

Politics.—Lord Curzon, Lord Robert Cecil.

Science.—Sir E. Ray Lankester, Sir James Dewar.

Medicine.—Sir Frederick Treves, William Osler.

Army.—Lord Methuen, Lord Grenfell.

Business.—Lord Rothschild, Lord Avebury.

Can any unbiassed person believe that such representative men would favour unnecessary cruelty in any shape or form?

W. BARRADELL-SMITH.

THE BUGLE BAND OF THE OFFICERS' TRAINING CORPS, CRANLEIGH SCHOOL; COMMANDING OFFICER, CAPTAIN W. S. BORRER.

Photo. by] A. H. Fry, Brighton.

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"Mr." Philpot

By EDMUND SAVAGE

HALT! Who goes there?" The words rang out clear through the night, and went echoing over the rolling veldt among the neighbouring kopjes. The sentry swung his rifle to the ready, and stood peering anxiously into the mist, where he could just make out a figure slowly approaching him.

"Right O, old sport! It's only me, thank you," replied a somewhat breathless voice.

"Pass, friend; all's well," growled the sentry, whose sense of duty forbade any but drill-book conversation when on guard. Had he not instantly recognised the unmistakable voice of "Mr." Philpot, he would have challenged again and refused to allow the stranger to advance until the authorised pass-word for the night had been duly given. But for "Mr." Philpot he entertained a wholesome contempt; therefore he sloped his rifle and resumed his march up and down.

The owner of the breathless voice advanced, staggering under a heavy load of firewood. He was a small, slight man, with a narrow chest, and flabby legs which were much the same size all the way down. His tunic, under the influence of exertion, had rucked itself into a loose bulge where his chest should have filled it, dragging his waistbelt with it, and his shoulder-straps stood up arched on the meagre shoulders, which had scarcely sufficient breadth to keep them stretched. Altogether his appearance was not such as would lead one to suppose that he had spent the flower of his youth in the army. Nor, indeed, had he. The son of a confectioner, Horace Philpot had, as a youth, been apprenticed to a linen-draper at Balham, and having early in his career displayed evidence of a "good selling manner," had risen rapidly, with the result that at the age of thirty-two he had become overseer of the hosiery department and a dignitary whom no one dreamed of addressing without the prefix of "Mr."

It was shortly after his promotion to this important position that he became a Volunteer. He was persuaded to take this step by a friend, a certain Mr. Broadwood, who was a successful shop-walker at a large establishment in Kensington. Happening to meet Mr. Broadwood, resplendent in uniform, one Saturday evening, Philpot was so flattered by the suggestion that he should join the corps which the former adorned, that he was enrolled on the following Monday, and thus launched on his military career.

After a course of assiduous attendances at plain-clothes drills there came a happy day when, arrayed in a brand-new uniform and a slouch hat, he strode proudly forth to attend a parade of the battalion, sublimely ignorant of the fact that he had put his gaiters on the wrong legs. The company to which he belonged was drawn up for the inspection of the Adjutant, and Philpot, with head erect, and his eyes fixed on a distant chimney, was standing rigid as marble, and as straight as his equipment would allow him. Unhappily, the eagle eye of the Adjutant pounced on his misplaced gaiters, and in thunderous tones he made known his discovery. All unconscious that he was being addressed, Philpot continued to stare at the chimney, determined to resist the temptation of glancing round to see who the miserable culprit might be. Suddenly, to his horror, the Adjutant strode quickly up to him, and, touching him on the shoulder, demanded his name. For a moment he was tongue-

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tied, but with an effort he found his voice and stammered out loudly, "*Mr. Philpot.*"

It is perhaps more charitable to draw a veil over the scene that followed than to attempt to describe the ill-concealed mirth of his comrades, the heroic efforts of the Adjutant to keep his face, and the consequent confusion of Philpot. In his own mind he was, of course, "Mr." Philpot, just as Mr. Broadwood was "Mr." Broadwood, and, taken as he was by surprise, it was not unnatural that he should fail to dissociate Mr. Philpot of the hosiery department from Private Philpot on parade. The joke, however, was too good to be wasted, and when, on the outbreak of the South African War, he, much to Broadwood's disgust, volunteered for service, Philpot found that the story had followed him to the veldt.

As he was returning with the load of firewood he had been sent out from camp to gather he had pondered deeply. He knew that he was regarded with contempt by the Tommies, and he burned to show them that within his insufficient breast there glowed the sparks of martial ardour. He knew too it was only from Broadwood that the Tommies could have learnt the story of the gaiters, and this cut deeper than any sneer, for Broadwood was a great man in his eyes, and he had been proud to call him his friend. Though not naturally vindictive, he longed for an opportunity for revenge by which he could show up to advantage in humiliating Broadwood.

With such thoughts in his heart he laboured into camp with his load, and made his way through the lines to the tent which he shared with thirteen others, of whom Broadwood was one.

"'Ullo, Mr. Philpot, we *are* glad to see you again. We thought p'r'aps you'd gone to an 'otel for the night," greeted him as he deposited his wood on the ground. The speaker was Private Garland, who was conscious that he was looked to as the wit of the tent.

"Ah! Did you now?" replied Philpot. "Well, if I were you I should give up thinking. It might keep you awake at night."

"I shouldn't be surprised if we was all kep' awake to-night," drawled Briggs, a long, bony Yorkshireman. "The orficers was all with the Colonel a long time this afternoon, and what with that orderly dashin' over 'ere from Bobs, I reckon somethin's goin' to 'appen, and that pretty quick."

"Oh! *'elp!*" squalled little Brown, who was squatting on his haunches cleaning a bayonet. "You don't mean to say they're goin' to turn us out of our nice, comf'able tents, where we've all been so 'appy for a month, and make us go and chase Boers? Why, we ain't *seen* one yet, and if we did sudden-like, some of us might faint."

The last remark, which was obviously directed at Philpot, provoked a loud roar of laughter.

"Some of us might stop talkin' all of a sudden, anyhow," he retorted, "if it was only till they got over their fright. But, speaking for myself, I hope we do have a tidy little scrap, and pretty soon, too."

"Oh! 'ark at 'im," said Garland, "'ark at our little terrier. 'E ain't 'arf vicious neither, ain't 'e?"

"Now, s'posin'," broke in Briggs, "s'posin' you was in command of a battalion to-morrow, Mr. Philpot, and the Boers was occupyin' that lot of little 'ills away out in front of us, and you'd got to turn 'em out, 'ow would you set about it?"

"Well," said "Mr." Philpot thoughtfully, secretly pleased at this opportunity to display his knowledge of tactics, "I should first by means of scouts ascertain the strength of the enemy, and if I found that I was superior to him in numbers I should make a feint attack on the strongest part of his position, and while thus averting his attention should send a strong detachment round under cover of the rough ground to our immediate right to take up the best position they could find on the enemy's flank, and if possible enfilade 'em. I should then——"

But at this moment a sergeant put his head round the flap of the tent and said: "Now, then, boys, turn into your blankets. We're up and off before daylight to-morrow."

The effect of this was magical, and immediately an excited discussion arose as to what the morrow would bring forth, in the course of which "Mr." Philpot was completely forgotten.

The grey dawn crept over a range of hummocky hills dimly outlined against the lightening sky. Far away out on the veldt a long line of beetle-like objects was moving slowly but surely towards these hills. On they came, hardly discernible against the brown, sun-scorched soil, creeping, running, dodging from boulder to boulder, yet always getting nearer. Behind

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the hills lay some fifty keen-eyed Boers, grim and motionless, watching the advance of these curious insects. Well they knew that they were British soldiers, and they laughed quietly to themselves as they waited till the undulating serpent of khaki should worm itself within range of their Mausers.

Presently, however, the little brown specks began to disappear as man after man sank to the earth behind some sheltering stone or scrub, and as the sun showed itself over the hills the veldt appeared to be empty and barren of life. Some two hundred yards behind the Boers was another small clump of hills, and under cover of these their horses were huddled together, watched by half a dozen men.

Suddenly a rifle cracked, then another, and away on the Boers' right little puffs of blue smoke announced that the enemy were attacking. The Boers, well covered by the hills, replied at intervals, and only when a good opportunity was offered by some incautious Tommy. Soon the barking of a pom-pom from the centre of the Boers' line drew the British fire, and the attack became general. Again the khaki forms were seen to move swiftly forward, and drop suddenly to the earth, while every now and then one would lurch as he ran, and fall forward, perhaps never to rise again. And still the Boers laughed in their hearts, for they thought the Rooineks must soon fall an easy prey to their marksmanship.

Again the crack of rifles was heard on the right, and again the puffs of smoke showed the position of attack; but this time they came from the rear of the Boers, who realised too late that they were caught between two fires. In wild confusion they dashed for their horses, while the bullets rained in among them, strewing them as they ran. A roaring cheer burst on their ears as the whole British line which they had counted on as victims swept towards the hills, and now fresh volleys from the rear scattered the Boers in their headlong flight. About twenty of them, however, succeeded in reaching their horses, and tore off at full gallop, dragging the pom-pom with them. Meanwhile the British had occupied the hills, and the bugle sounded a general halt.

Breathless but radiant, "Mr." Philpot stood on the seat of the ridge and watched the scurrying horses of the Boers disappearing in the distance. At last he had tasted warfare and had heard the bullets sing, and he swelled with inward pride as he thought of the glorious account he would write home to his mother at Balham of the part he had played in this, his first, action. As a matter of fact, in the thrilling glow of the last charge he had quite forgotten that while the bullets were singing he had spent several very uncomfortable minutes with his face buried in the grass, and kept there by the restraining hand of Garland on the nape of his neck, for he had shown an incurable desire to peep over the rock which covered him—"to see what the bounders were doin'," as he expressed it.

"Get down there out o' sight, if you don't want yer blamed 'ead shot off," bellowed a sergeant behind him. "'Ow do you know we've done with them yet, yer booby?"

"Mr." Philpot's pride evaporated instantaneously, and he quickly shuffled to the foot of the hill, musing to himself that war was not all glory.

The wounded were quickly attended to, and as soon as possible the column re-formed and marched off in the direction taken by the fleeing Boers. All day they marched under a burning sun, and it was not till late in the afternoon that they struck a road which took them to the foot of a steep mountain. Up this they toiled wearily until they found themselves on a natural plateau, where a halt was called, and the men flung themselves down for a well-earned rest. Pickets were thrown out, meals were cooked, and all made themselves as comfortable as possible for the night.

Hardly had the first glow of the breaking dawn appeared than the boom of a gun was heard, and the next moment a shell came shrieking over their heads and burst on the side of the mountain. Orders were at once given for each man to find what cover he could, while the officers swept the surrounding hills with glasses to locate the position of the gun. It was soon found that the gun had been placed behind a ridge on a mountain immediately opposite to them, separated from the hill they occupied by a deep ravine. It was well out of rifle range, and likely to cause trouble unless it could be silenced. But how that was to be effected puzzled the Commanding Officer, for he had no gun with him, and to attempt to storm the precipitous face of that mountain was hopeless. His orders were to hold his position until the arrival of a large column which was expected that morning, and on no account to retreat to the foot.

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As he gazed through his glasses another shell came hurtling towards them, and, bursting well in among the men, killed two and wounded several more.

Meanwhile the men were behaving admirably, and, lying flat on the ground in the most sheltered positions they could find, were laughing and chaffing as if out on a field day on Salisbury Plain.

the Victoria Cross, you know. Worth 'aving, eh?"

"Yuss," added Brown. "You've only got to climb that bit of 'ill and get behind a rock, and you could pick them off like rabbits."

Broadwood was lying next to Philpot, and at this he turned his head and said: "I should just like to see you try."

KEPT THERE BY THE RESTRAINING HAND OF GARLAND.

"The bloomin' curs!" muttered Garland. "If they were 'arf sportsmen they'd give us a chance to pick some of 'em off. There they are! They don't mind showin' themselves, 'cause they know we can't give it back. One, two, three—five of 'em, I think."

"Look out!" shouted Philpot. "They're goin' to fire again."

Whizz! came a shell, which, however, fell short and bumped into the ravine, where it exploded harmlessly.

"Why don't you go and stop them, Mr. Philpot?" jeered Garland. "You'd get

Philpot leapt to his feet. His face was very white.

"Would you?" he shouted defiantly. "Would you? Well, you just shall. I'll show you I'm not afraid." And he started off at a run towards the ravine.

Broadwood raised himself on his elbows and called after him: "Come back, you fool! Come and lie down."

Philpot, however, did not come back, and in spite of shouts from sergeants and officers disappeared over the edge of the ravine.

"Well, I dessay, 'e'll be no worse off

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there than we are 'ere, and 'e won't be long afore 'e comes back," said Brown.

"And 'e'll come back quicker then 'e started off, I reckon," said Garland.

Philpot, meanwhile, was slithering down the ravine without any definite idea of what he was going to do. He only knew that Broadwood had "dared" him to do something which no other man there would have thought of attempting, and he had taken up the challenge. Now he began to wish he had not been so impulsive, for he knew his self-imposed mission was hopeless, but he felt he would rather face death than return to be laughed to scorn by the Tommies.

The Boers at the gun did not seem to have noticed him, and he reached the bottom of the ravine safely and ran blindly for the opposite hill.

"Good 'eavens! Look there!" yelled Garland, about ten minutes later, pointing out in front of him. "If that little fat'ead ain't climbin' up that 'ill! 'E's goin' for 'em," he shouted. "I tell yer 'e's goin' for 'em. Can't we stop 'im, boys?"

"We can't stop 'im now," said a sergeant, "but Gawd 'elp 'im."

In silence they watched the little figure climbing up the steep ascent, his rifle slung on his back. The Boers were still busy with the gun, and were quite unconscious of his approach. Slowly and laboriously he worried his way up, until he reached a big projecting rock at the top, about a hundred yards from the gun. The slope here was not so steep, and he was able to crawl round the rock, which concealed him from the Boers. Then he disappeared from view, and they knew he had reached the summit.

Not a word was spoken, but each man held his breath and stared.

Suddenly a rifle-shot rang out and they saw a Boer throw up his arms and fall forward. Then another rolled down the face of the hill into the ravine. And then a thing happened which those watching never forgot.

They saw "Mr." Philpot leap to his feet and, with a mighty shout, rush straight at the remaining three Boers. They, evidently thinking that they were attacked in force, turned and fled, leaving the gun to its fate. Philpot knelt and fired the remaining cartridges from his magazine at them, and then ran to the gun. Climbing on to it, he stood waving his handkerchief. "*Pip, pip!*" they heard him squeak in a high falsetto.

"Come back, Philpot, come back," shouted several of the Tommies, for they knew that the Boers would find out their mistake and return, even if there were not more somewhere near.

But Philpot seemed unconscious of any further danger. It was the moment of his life. He knew that he was no longer a despised thing; he knew that those cheers were genuine, and he could not resist the temptation of prolonging the melodramatic situation. So he stood there and waved his handkerchief in a red mist of glory.

Then an idea suddenly struck him. The gun was very near the edge of the ravine, and the ground was grassy and even. Jumping off the gun, he tugged at it, and to his great joy the wheels of the carriage moved. A little to his right the ridge behind which it had been stationed came to an abrupt end, and he saw that if only he could shove it to that spot he could push it over the edge.

Bracing his puny form to a mighty effort, he pushed with all his strength. The wheels just moved, and he strained every muscle to keep up the pressure. The ponderous gun-carriage answered to his efforts, and with a tremendous heave he slung it into the right direction. Then, with both feet braced against a small rock, he got it fairly on the run, and, though he felt his heart bursting, he kept it going until it toppled over the edge and went crashing and bounding to the bottom of the ravine.

Then once more he stood breathing hard and waving his handkerchief, while roaring cheers saluted him from the other side. In that moment he forgave every sneer he had ever had to endure; he even forgave Broadwood. "Pip, pip!" he shouted again from sheer gladness of heart. "Hooray for Mr. Philpot!" yelled a hundred voices in answer; but even as they cheered they saw him stagger and fall in a heap. The three Boers had found out their mistake, and had returned to claim their revenge.

Late that night they found and buried "Mr." Philpot. As the earth was shovelled over him Garland delivered a short impromptu speech. "Look 'ere, boys," he jerked out, "we don't know everythink. We thought 'e was a bloomin' little fool 'oo we didn't want, and we called 'im 'Mr.' Philpot. Well, Mr. or no Mr., as far as I'm concerned I ask 'is pardon, and I wish to Gawd I could shake 'ands with 'im."

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The Engineer and his Works

By WILLIAM GRAYSTOKE

A Rotary Snow-plough attacking a deep drift

THE soldier and the engineer have much in common. The business of both is to be ready to fight—the first with his brother man, the second with Nature. Both have need of strategy, resource, endurance, courage, and the inability to own defeat while a chance of success remains. Both depend for success largely on perfect organisation, the most modern weapons of offence and defence. Both must reconnoitre the country, guard against surprises, and be ready with counter-plans to outwit any manœuvre of the adversary.

Many people have an idea that engineering is essentially a dull business, as being closely allied with mathematics and forbidding-looking tables of figures. Such folk look at one side only of the shield. They might as well judge warfare by the standards of barrack square drill and Army Pay Department accounts, and pronounce it devoid of stirr ng incident. They should read "Engineering Wonders of the World," a fortnightly publication of which the third part is about to see the light. The Editor, Mr. Archibald Williams—already well-known to readers of THE CAPTAIN—has got together a mass of matter, from the pens of specialists and experts, which proves a hundred times over what splendid fellows engineers are. When complete, this publication will form two large volumes, at once a regular picture-gallery, and a valuable record of modern engineering achievements.

It is, of course, impossible to give in the space of a couple of pages an adequate idea of the scope of this work. As its title implies, it ranges the world over, and finds interesting themes in every country. There is plenty of stirring adventure beside useful information. One incident appeals to me especially: that of a miner who was projected by compressed air from the working face of a subaqueous tunnel in New York. and shot through the silt and water to the surface many feet above, which he reached alive and literally kicking. Surely one of the strangest journeys ever made by man! During the driving of the Thames Tunnel the younger Brunel had an almost equally miraculous escape on one of the several occasions when the river broke into the works. A huge wave of water swept him down the tunnel to the entrance shaft, and projected him up this to safety; whereas his companions were all drowned. For further adventure take the accounts of the Uganda Railway, the Union Pacific Railway, and the laying of the African and Australian Trans-Continental Telegraph lines, and the surveying of the great Gunnison River. For this last-named task the engineers embarked on a large pneumatic raft like a magnified air mattress, taking with them supplies and photographic apparatus. After a most adventurous journey they escaped from the river canyon with their lives and some packets of photographs—nothing more.

Be it understood, however, that the main purpose of "Engineering Wonders" is not to narrate sensational episodes. These come in by the way, and after all are hardly more

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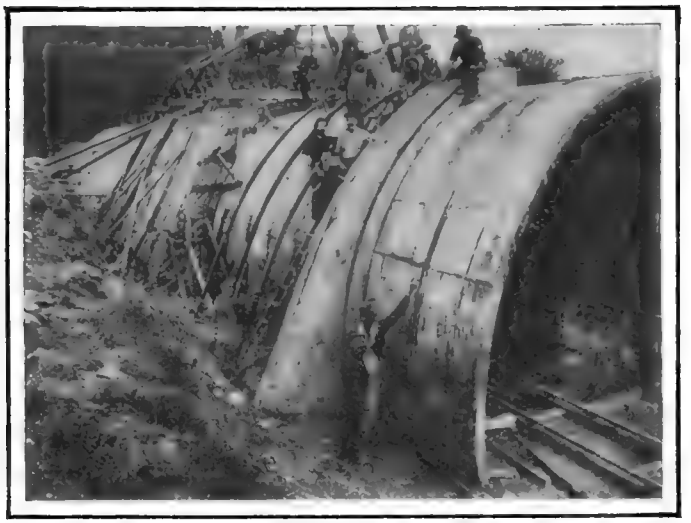

A section of the Catskills Aqueduct, showing erection of steel forms for placing concrete.

thrilling than the descriptions of the everyday doings of the men who bore great tunnels, build skyscrapers, and erect lighthouses. The more you read, the better you are able to appreciate the fact that all engineering works are interesting, because they are all attended by greater or less difficulties. Londoners will find food for thought in the articles devoted to the water-supply and drainage of the world's largest city; probably not one out of a hundred realises the stupendous nature of the problems that these two enterprises have entailed. One of the most strikingly illustrated articles is devoted to the "winning" of petroleum from the depths of the earth, and to its transport through pipe-lines of enormous length and in tank ships of huge capacity. And I cannot forbear special reference to the descriptions of the delving of the Panama Canal, the excavation of the greatest artificial cut in the world, of the building of the greatest of dams — the Gatun, with its width of nearly half a mile. The making of this canal is truly the most colossal task to which man ever put his hand.

The steamship and locomotive receive their full share of attention. So do the world's big bridges, and electric power-stations, and great irrigation projects aqueducts, dams, docks and harbours. One learns a lot, too, about tunnelling and the most modern form of building construction in reinforced concrete. And aturally the latest of engineering wonders, the airship and flying-machine, are given a place. In fact, there is hardly a branch of engineering science to which space has not been allotted. This I say by virtue of a foreknowledge of what future issues have in store.

To conclude: "Engineering Wonders of the World" is a remarkable publication and for many years to come will be the standard popular work of its kind. It is fortunate that it has been issued n a form which brings it within the reach of the schoolboy as well as of the multi-millionaire.

A petroleum "spouter" at Baku. The violence of the discharge has wrecked the derrick above the well.

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LITERARY MEN OF THE MONTH

CHARLES KINGSLEY

I SUPPOSE the vast majority of the readers of this page are near enough to their boyhood to remember—"as if it were yesterday," for it probably was—the thrill, the wonder, the mystery of their first reading of "Westward Ho!" That book is among the few in literature which has the mysterious quality of glamour. "Treasure Island" has it. The first part of Q's "Dead-man's Rock" has it. In another style so has "Jane Eyre." They are books which make an indelible impression not only upon the memory but upon the imagination. You wake up from them, as it were, and shake yourself to make sure you are in the workaday world of the twentieth century and not in some enchanted land where things are more real than reality.

Books such as these bear the impress of genius. They belong to the inevitable type of book which might almost have written itself, or grown by its own volition, like a jungle or a forest, or the palms on a sea-girt atoll. But Kingsley had not only this imaginative genius which creates an atmosphere of its own, he had a truly marvellous power of making hard things seem simple. He had the teaching gift. He made other men's "dry bones" live.

When I was a little fellow I read "Madam How and Lady Why," and natural phenomena such as you read of in text-books of geology and physiography—things like denudation, glacial action, the formation of strata and a thousand other mysteries were made literally "as plain as print" to me. He not only knew How and Why but he was able to make me know also and at the same time to make the impartation of the knowledge a delight to the pupil. What a splendid schoolmaster Charles Kingsley would have made!

Like most great men Kingsley owed an incalculable debt to his mother. She was a true poet's mother—like Tennyson's—and he had a poet's surroundings in youth. He was only five years old when his father moved from Devonshire—where at Holne Vicarage, under the brow of Dartmoor, he was born on June 12, 1819—to Barnack in Northamptonshire. The scenery of both these highly dissimilar localities is reproduced in his works with wonderful vigour and faithfulness. "Westward Ho!" is as great a novel of Devon and Devon men as "Hereward the Wake" is a true transcript of the Fens. His mother luxuriated in whatever was beautiful and weird and imaginative in her surroundings, and her little son early caught her spirit.

I think, as with Tennyson, the flat lands held more witchery for Kingsley than the sylvan glories of beautiful Devon, even. He loved "the shining meres, the golden reed-beds, the countless waterfowl, the strange gaudy insects, the wild nature, the mystery which haunted the deep fens," and he mourned the turning of this home of all things wild into kitchen gardens and cornfields by the coming of the men with the drain-pipes.

And, despite the fact that he was a parson, and a much-beloved one, too, he was something of a buccaneer at heart. If there is anything in the theory of the transmigration of souls it might be easily surmised that Kingsley in some pre-existence on this old planet, had been one of Dampier's lieutenants, or had accompanied Raleigh to Punto Gallo or Vasco di Gama round the Cape or, perchance, sailed with old Ulysses and the Argonauts.

The very first poem—for, remember, Kingsley is first and foremost a poet—I ever read of Kingsley's let me into this secret. It is called "The Last Buccaneer" and it has the same quality of glamour which pervades the novels.

Kingsley became rector of Eversley in 1844 and his name will be for ever associated with that beautiful Hampshire parish. It has been said that if Parliament had listened to him there would have been no unemployed problem to-day. He laid himself open to much criticism for his opinions, but no one has ever doubted his goodness or his practical insight into the needs of the people. He was too original to keep to well-beaten tracks.

He worked for the greatest good of the greatest number. You remember in last month's CAPTAIN, Browning's lines ending "God's in His heaven, all's right with the world." Listen to Kingsley in one of his village sermons: "All men's plans, men's notions, men's systems, men's doctrines, grow old, wear out and perish,

> The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
> But God fulfils Himself in many ways.

For men are not ruling the world. Christ is ruling: and His commandments are exceeding broad—broad enough for all people, all countries, all ages; and strangely as they seem to work in the eyes of us short-sighted, timorous human beings, still all is going well and all will go well." Mark this, boys. No great man—no really great man—was ever a pessimist.

> And ever at the loom of Birth
> The mighty Mother weaves and sings:
> She weaves—fresh robes for mangled earth;
> She sings—fresh hopes for desperate things.

A. B. C.

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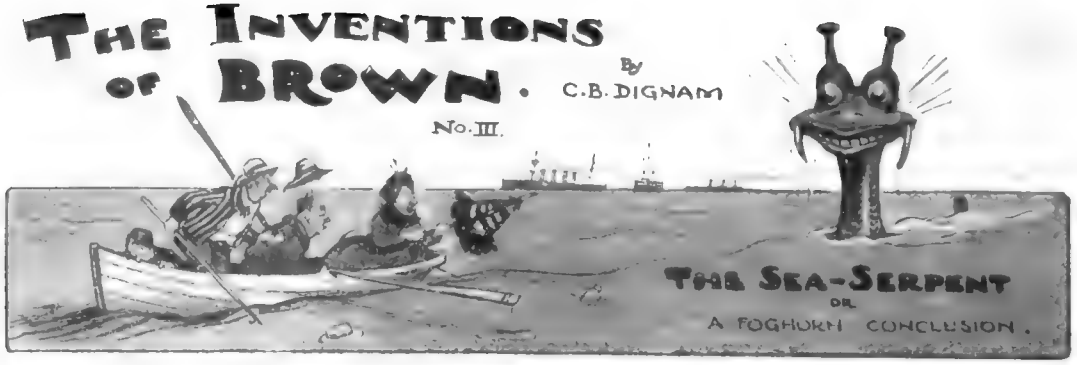
THE INVENTIONS OF BROWN.

By C. B. DIGNAM

No. III.



Illustrated by CHARLES CROMBIE

I

"THAT'S the last case, thank goodness!" cried Brown, as he threw down his hammer and stretched his arms.

His friend, Jones, sat on the box and filled his pipe.

"I must say," he said, "you know how to make your friends work. Here I've been nailing up beastly packing-cases for the best part of two hours, and I feel tired. Besides," he went on, "I don't know properly what the packages contain—everything inside is wrapped up in sacking."

"That's because you've been away for such a long time. If you had been over here the week before last, I could have kept you busy at the drilling-machine for days. I've told you what it is. A submarine boat, absolutely up to date in every respect. I don't profess that it will go down to a great depth—I have only calculated for the pressure one gets at seven fathoms; but I guarantee the boat to do eighteen knots on the surface, and fifteen below, which is fast—as submarines go."

"Good," answered Jones, his eyes fixed on a tall case; "and what part of the affair is in that?"

The inventor turned his head.

"Aha! That is *my* secret. You shall see it in good time. That reminds me—of course you will come away with me to try it? I have bought an old barge, and decked it in, and it is now anchored off Seaview Pier."

"Seaview? Where's that?"

"Seaview is a small and very quiet place a few miles from Ryde—between that and Bembridge. That is why I settled on the spot—it is so quiet. Nobody to interfere with us in our experiments. The packages go off to-morrow morning. . . . Jove!" looking at his watch, "it is past six. We had better get some tea."

Brown locked up the shed, the home of so many of his weird inventions, and, followed by Jones, went into the house.

The next day they collected their baggage and drove to the station, calling at Farmer Tuffin's on the way. Finding that Tuffin was not up to the mark, Brown suggested he should come to the Isle of Wight and spend a week with them. It was fixed up that he should come down the following day.

Brown and Jones put in a hard evening's work at the submarine, and by the time the farmer turned up, a large portion of the plates were bolted together.

Jones was delighted when he saw the mysterious package unpacked. It was the headpiece of the submarine, and was constructed to resemble a fearsome-looking sea-serpent.

The head was set upon a long neck covered with scales, and boasted a couple of bulging, frog-like eyes, two horns, and great tusks.

By the evening of the second day the machine was complete. It was a nice night, with a faint moon and a calm sea, so Jones suggested a trial trip.

Brown and the farmer descended into the interior, the latter finding some difficulty in squeezing himself through the hatch, and then Jones stood on the side of the barge and with the aid of davits gently lowered the submarine into the water.

Then, when all was ready, he too got in. It was a tight fit, three in a space that was only meant to contain two.

Brown screwed the hatch down, calmly placed himself at the wheel, and looked out

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through a port-hole. Then, telling the others to be quiet, he started the motor, and they purred softly away.

The weather being fine, there were several rowing-boats about, and Jones' love of fun made him beg Brown to dive beneath the water, switch on the lamps in the "eyes" of the vessel, and then rise alongside one of the boats.

Brown did as he was requested, and they came to the surface without a sound about a hundred feet or so from a boat with a party on board.

The farmer unluckily trod on the fog-horn pedal. There was a hoarse blare as the mouth of the *Ocean Snake*, as Brown had named the submarine, opened its mouth and showed its teeth.

The occupants of the rowing-boat were petrified with fright for a few seconds. Then, shouting with terror, they seized the oars and rowed for dear life—and the shore.

Another dip or two, and quite a small fleet of rowing-boats was being scared shorewards. As Jones said, "It was pace-making—from the back!"

Suddenly a narrow beam of light flashed across the sky, and then, descending to the level of the water, rested for a brief moment on the grinning head of Brown's latest achievement. I imagine the man in charge of the searchlight must have had a shock, for the beam waved wildly in the air for a second or so before it picked them up again.

"Scott!" cried Brown, "I forgot the review to-morrow, and all those battleships out there. They've got us, and no mistake!" he muttered as a dozen beams rested on them.

Jones jumped up hurriedly and bumped his head against the roof.

"Dive, man, dive," he said excitedly, "before they send a couple of destroyers to see what you are like."

Brown opened the water-valves and the submarine slowly sank out of sight. Once beneath the surface (only the periscope showing) he steered for the large riding-light of the barge. They came up close alongside, and without delay hoisted their craft and stowed it out of sight.

II

"Ha!" chuckled Jones the next morning, returning from the shore with a bundle of newspapers. "We seem to have created a sensation. How does this look?" And he displayed a poster he had commandeered:

> SEA-SERPENT SEEN
> AT SEAVIEW
> CHASES VISITORS
> FULL DETAILS

"Farmer," he went on, "you're famous at last! The papers are full of it. Interviews with survivors, and all the rest of it. However, we'll discuss it at breakfast."

By an hour later the three men had rigged a canvas screen over the side, so that they could lower the *Snake* without being observed. When she was floating in the water they dropped through the hatch and took up their appointed places. Then, everything being ready, and the opening screwed down, Brown took the wheel and they glided from the barge, rapidly sinking below the surface.

"Let's go to Bembridge," said Jones, watching the view spread out on the concave screen before him. "Look, Farmer, do you see all the ships? Why, there's St. Helen's Fort, or whatever they call the place. . . . Oh, I say, old man," he said a few minutes later, "there are some people bathing on the sands by that avenue of trees. Do come up and give them a start."

In response to Jones' suggestion, Brown edged his craft shorewards, towards a man who was giving an exhibition of swimming.

It was worth going five miles to see the man's expression when the fearsome head of the *Ocean Snake* appeared within ten yards of him. If his over-arm style had been good before, it was simply superb now. Sixty strokes to the minute and overtime thrown in!

When he reached the shore (in advance of his natatory companions, and they were by no means slow) he didn't wait to dress, but headed the frightened crowd of bathers in their rush to Bembridge Street. If the road was pebbly and hurt the feet, what did it matter? Was not a huge sea-serpent or crocodile or something roaring hoarsely in their rear, and lifting up a grisly head that glittered with brine from out the vasty deep?

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"You cannot come in to breakfast in that costume, sir," cried the scandalised hotel proprietor to a scantily clad individual who raced into the hall.

"Lemme go!" shrieked the bather, as he brushed him aside, mounted the stairs four at a time, tore into his room, and crawled beneath the bed.

The farmer was immensely amused at the panic caused by the appearance of the always ready for a piece of fun—at some one else's expense. "Open the throttle, skipper, run us alongside, and look them up!"

Brown increased the pace a little, and sunk his craft out of sight, except for the top of the two horns on the head, which hardly showed at all.

Aboard the pretty little white ship a merry party lay about in various attitudes

A GRISLY HEAD THAT GLITTERED WITH BRINE.

Snake. His sides still heaved as he mopped his face with a handkerchief of brilliant hue.

"To see them fellars run," he chuckled, "would have made a hen laugh. That there front man—the fat one in the red thingamys—was a-doing twelve mile an hour, or I ain't no judge of speed. . . . Can't you frighten some more on 'em?"

Brown smiled cheerfully and eyed a small yacht that appeared in the picture shown by the periscope, as in the manner of a camera-obscura.

"That yacht becalmed out there," he said hesitatingly. "We might——"

"Right O!" cried the grinning Jones, of ease and basked in the health-giving beams of the sun.

The second before the horrid head of the snake rose, Neptune-like, out of the water, the steward was passing the hatchway with a tray laden with long and fizzing drinks. The next second the man gazed seaward, his eyes starting from his head, took a hesitating step backwards, and retired hurriedly below in a perfect maelstrom of glasses and liquid.

The people on the yacht were thunderstruck. Was the steward seized with a fit, or was——

Gracious! What was it?

The sea-serpent!

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Jones had put his foot on the siren pedal —hard; and five individuals aboard the yacht attempted to cram themselves down a three-foot by two opening at one and the same time, which, as Euclid says somewhere, is absurd.

Brown drove away, feeling that he had caused enough trouble for one morning, and steered towards Sandown, in order that he might do some speed work without attracting too much attention.

III

Something had gone wrong with the steering-gear of the *Snake*, or else there was a piece of seaweed caught, for it was impossible to keep her straight, as she evinced a decided tendency to turn to port. Jones, good man that he is, volunteered to climb out and see if he could put it right. At Brown's suggestion he removed the greater part of his clothing, in order that he might have dry apparel to put on when he returned.

He clambered out of the hatch, and, dropping into the sea, swam a few strokes to the rudders. He found that they were clogged by a piece of net that was wrapped round them, but in a few minutes he was able to reply to the inventor's anxious query that it was all right again.

I ought to have explained before that it was possible to reach the interior of the submarine in two ways. One, by the hatch, and the other, *viâ* the *Snake's* mouth (two feet six inches across) and neck.

Jones, of course, chose the latter entry. Shouting for Brown to sink the submarine sufficiently, he seized hold of the teeth and thrust himself gingerly into the yawning cavern of a mouth, preparatory to a headfirst voyage to the *Snake's* interior. Inch by inch he vanished from the ken of man.

All the island was aware of the sea-serpent's presence in the locality, and many people were sweeping the sea with their glasses. The head of the monster had been sighted, and great was the excitement at Sandown. When Jones entered the *Snake's* mouth, to those who were watching the beast from the shore it was a horrible case of some intrepid swimmer being swallowed alive, for they had not observed him leave the boat, and his more or less undressed condition favoured their supposition.

By the time Jones was putting on his coat frantic appeals for help were already reaching the fleet; and that help, needless to say, was forthcoming. The first the three men in the *Snake* heard of it was the long-drawn-out wail of a shot from Bembridge Fort, followed by a rather unpleasantly close splash.

"Goodness!" cried Jones, struggling with his collar. "What on earth's that? Guns? My hat! Farmer, you've knocked down my stud. I'll never find it in all those gratings and things.

"Bother your stud," said Brown sharply. "I saw a splash just now, and quite close to us. I believe they're firing at us—think we're alive or something. I'm going to shift."

Plomp! came a three-pounder from Redcliff Battery, and another shot screamed past, while almost at the same moment two guns opened fire from Sandown Fort.

"This is no place for *us*," said Jones, grinning cheerfully; "you'd better sink."

Brown pulled the lever that allowed the valves to open in the water-tanks, and then gazed blankly at the dial in front of him. There was a startled look on his face.

"I am afraid the beastly things aren't working," he whispered. "We haven't dropped an inch. . . . My stars!" he added, looking down, "who broke that rod? No wonder it won't work!"

The farmer looked rather guilty.

"I—I—I'm afraid I trod on it. I heard something go click!"

"Phew!" said Jones, listening to the guns. "We'd better leave this neighbourhood, it isn't healthy. They're picking up the range. Ah! Why not climb out of the hatch and wave?"

"Because," said Brown grimly, "the cover has jammed!"

He opened the throttle and drove the *Snake* for the open sea for all she was worth.

Ten minutes later he was congratulating himself that they were almost safe, when Jones, who was watching the mirror, and particularly a cruiser that showed in one corner of it, jumped.

"Brown, old man," he said, "they've altered their course!"

"Wireless," returned the inventor briefly, and gripped the wheel hard.

"No good," groaned the worried-looking inventor to Jones, "they've cut us off seawards. There's only one thing to do, and that's to make for Portsmouth and trust to luck to get through."

He turned the submarine sharply to port

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as he spoke, and as the boat swerved round it heeled over at an alarming angle.

Poor Farmer Tuffin lost his foothold and fell with a crash against the petrol tank. At the same moment the cruiser fired, and a projectile screamed overhead within a yard of the hull. The farmer, whose back had met the sharp corner of the tank with considerable force, imagined he had been shot.

"Mr. Brown," he wailed, "I'm shot through the back. I'm torn to pieces, I am. I know I'm dying!"

Jones helped him to his feet and supported his heavy frame.

"Really, farmer," he said sarcastically. "you're a marvel. Here's a twelve-pound shell gone clean through you and it hasn't even torn your coat. Extraordinary!"

INCH BY INCH HE VANISHED.

Brown was purposely driving a zig-zag course in order to avoid being hit by the shells.

There was great excitement on the cruiser, a sporting lieutenant offering five pounds to the first gun's crew whose shell hit the monster. Thus the anxiety on the part of the captains of guns was painful to watch.

IV

By this time our friends were rapidly approaching Spithead, and were being overtaken by the cruiser.

Brown groaned.

"I daren't stop," he said, "I can't sink, and the hatch is jammed up tight. And now we're making for the confounded fleet!"

Suddenly Jones gave a shout.

"Why didn't I think of it before!" he cried. "You can dive if you use the horizontal rudders!"

Almost before Jones had finished speaking Brown had put the mechanism in motion, and they vanished from sight. But, unfortunately, without the water ballast they were too buoyant to stay down for any length of time, so they rose to the surface about two hundred feet away.

Jones smacked Mr. Tuffin on the back.

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"Never mind, farmer, we can dodge 'em now."

A faint mist was beginning to creep over the water, but not nearly fast enough for the wishes of the occupants of the partly disabled *Snake*.

Now they were in the thick of the fleet, all bedecked with bunting, and the *Ocean Snake* tore down the long line of warships, pursued by torpedo gunboats, scouts, destroyers and picket-boats, the crews of which looked upon the affair in the light of a rare old spree.

I doubt if Spithead had ever seen such excitement. Firing everywhere, and a real live sea-serpent in full flight!

As they appeared from the deep within sixty feet of a tug on which a man was working a cinematograph, Jones smiled.

"We must go and see that show, Brown," he said.

Brown did not smile, he was far too busy. Once, when a torpedo-boat swept broadside across their track, he hurriedly dived, and only breathed again when they came up safely on the other side.

People on shore who could not see what was going on thought that the invasion of England by the Germans had begun.

They were now off Cowes, and Brown drove shorewards, playing hide-and-seek amongst the yachts anchored there, to the terror of those aboard.

Sweeping round the coast towards Hurst Castle, they were delighted to see a thick white fog. As they vanished from sight, Brown cut off the motor, and, dropping back in his seat, wiped his face wearily.

"My word!" he said, "it's been a strain that I don't want to undergo again. Hark at the sirens of the navy boats. Never mind, they can't see us, so I feel safe."

An hour later they were crawling blindly towards Seaview, but so thick was the fog that it was nearly five o'clock before they came in sight of Ryde Pier, and six before they discovered their barge.

Then Jones and the others had to climb out *viâ* the neck and mouth, farmer Tuffin causing them some anxiety by sticking half out of the head, where, to Jones' secret mirth, he remained struggling for twenty-five minutes. However, they managed to pull him out and get the *Ocean Snake* back to the shelter of the hold.

The next day they started to dismantle it, and had packed most of the plates away before dark.

At dinner they made merry over the full details of their adventure, as reported in the *Daily Wail*, and decided to go and see the bioscope at the Portsmouth Skippodrome. On the following Tuesday, as they were seated comfortably in a first smoker on their way home, Jones asked the farmer how he liked sea-serpents. Mr. Tuffin replied that he didn't mind *them*, but he did mind being treated as an invasion—and he rubbed his back thoughtfully.

VERY AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHER: "Hullo, old man! Wha on earth's the matter with your feet?"

VICTIM (*who has put on a pair of nigger boots for the occasion*): "Well, that's how they generally come out in your prints, you know."

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COMPETITIONS FOR JUNE

Last day for sending in, June 18. (*Foreign and Colonial Readers, August* 18.)

NOTICE.—At the top of the first page the following particulars must be clearly written, thus:

Competition No. ——, Class ——, Name ——
Address ——, Age ——.

Competitors may enclose their attempts for the various competitions IN ONE COVERING ENVELOPE, but each attempt must be put in a separate envelope inside the covering one, plainly marked with the number of the competition and class.

Letters to the Editor should not be sent with competitions.

We trust to your honour to send in unaided work.

Pages should be connected with paper-fasteners, not pins.

Write only on one side of the paper.

COUPONS.—In order to ensure that those who compete for our prizes are actual purchasers of the magazine, we require all competitors to affix to their competitions the coupons which will be found on an advertisement page. A coupon is provided for each competition. Please use paste, gum, or paper-fasteners for attaching these coupons to the paper.

The coupons may be used, by the same competitor, for other competitions than those for which they are numbered.

HONOURABLE MENTIONS.—Any competitor who has been honourably mentioned twelve times may apply for a Certificate of Merit.

Address covering envelope: "Competitions for May," THE CAPTAIN, Southampton Street, Strand, London, W.C.

All competitions should reach us by June 18.

The results will be published in the August number.

AGE RULE: A Competitor may enter for (say) an age limit 21 competition, so long as he has not actually turned 22. The same rule applies to the other age limits.

In every case the final decision lies with the Editor, who cannot enter into correspondence with unsuccessful competitors.

No. 1.—***"England Test Team."***—Send a criticism, not exceeding 400 words, of Mr. P. A. Vaile's suggestions. Prizes: Three B.S.A. Miniature Rifles. See Prizes page.)

Class I. . .	No age limit.
Class II. . .	Age limit: Twenty-five.
Class III. . .	Age limit: Eighteen.

No. 2.—***"Incomplete Animals."***—Fill in the missing parts of the "Incomplete Animals" you will find on an advertisement page. Note that the sketches are not intended to be comic. Prizes: Three of Albert Ward's "Captain" Cricket Bats. (See Prizes page.)

Class I. . .	Age limit: Twenty-five.
Class II. . .	Age limit: Eighteen.
Class III. . .	Age limit: Fourteen.

No. 3.—***"Test Match Eleven."***—Select an all-England eleven to play the Australians, and choose the captain. Prizes: Two Hand Cameras by F. Darton and Co. (See Prizes page.)

Class I. . .	Age limit: Eighteen.
Class II. . .	Age limit: Fourteen.

No. 4.—***"Photographic Competition."***—Send a print from your best negative. Photographs must be original—*i.e.*, not copied from the work of others. Neatness in mounting will be taken into consideration. Prizes: Goods to the value of 7*s.* 6*d.* from the catalogue of the Sports and Games Association.

Class I. . .	No age limit.
Class II. . .	Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class III. . .	Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 5.—***"Pictorial Competition."***—A prize of Ten Shillings will be awarded for the best comic black-and-white sketch submitted, and Five Shillings will be paid for every other sketch we use. Competitors should bear in mind that the sketches sent in for this competition will be used in our August, September, and October numbers, so that they should be as seasonable as possible. *The "jokes" must not be copied from other papers.* We should also be pleased to consider sketches suitable for our covers—in red and blue or red and black. Only original work must be submitted.

No age limit.

No. 6.—***"School Notes."***—A prize of Five Shillings will be awarded for the best paragraph (not exceeding 200 words) dealing with school life. Each paragraph should bear a *nom-de-plume* for publication. Half a Crown will be paid for those we print. Photographs dealing with school life will be paid for at the same rate.

No age limit.

FOREIGN AND COLONIAL READERS are invited to compete in all competitions. In their case the time limit is extended to July 18, Australian readers being allowed one month longer. By "Foreign and Colonial" we refer to readers living outside Europe. There will be no age limit. One prize of 5*s.* will be awarded to the sender of the best entry in each competition. Envelopes should be marked: "Foreign and Colonial June Competitions."

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SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, LONDON.

If there was ever a versatile and active old gentleman, that, according to Captainite artists, is my humble self. Roving to the mantelpiece, my eye lights on an extraordinary collection of sketches of the Old Fag in various costumes and following divers occupations. When ping-pong came in I received pictures of myself battling fiercely on a dining-room table. When diabolo was introduced, there I was diaboling for all I was worth. When Mr. Seymour Hicks produced *The Gay Gordons*, I was duly made to figure as a Gay Gordon. The Old Fag, indeed, according to our young artists, must be one of the most up-to-date, agile creatures in existence—doing everything by turns and nothing long.

THE O.F. "ON THE BALL."

I have been depicted as a footballer; riding on the sands at Margate; as a Parisian; a *chef*; and now—I knew it was bound to come—I am asked to look upon myself as an officer in the Territorials. I expect I shall drop from that to a boy scout. I thought you might like to see some of these portraits. Although they are not quite up to the oil counterfeits of the Prime Minister, Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. John Burns, the Earl of Wemyss, and Sir Charles Santley to be seen in this year's Academy—there are, I believe, two of Mr. Lloyd George—they have been drawn, at any rate, with affection and enthusiasm, which are excellent qualities and go a long way to make up for any lack of skill on the part of the artists, and lead to a place on my mantelpiece.

As a matter of fact, I am not of a very active disposition, although in my time I have played most sorts of games. I have even ridden on donkeys at the seaside. I have no ambition, however, to be an officer in the Territorials. George Newnes, Ltd., is already very well represented in our auxiliary forces. We have a gallant yeoman; one of the young gentlemen in our Art Department belongs to the Royal Engineers; and we have several members of infantry corps. However, in my youth I was a member of the Queen's Westminster Rifle Volunteers, and so I am really something of a soldier. So, if England is invaded,

THE O.F. AS AN OFFICER OF TERRITORIALS.

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THE O.F. AS A PARISIAN.

and the enemy surge up Southampton Street, I shall hamper his movements by hurling down volumes of THE CAPTAIN, bottles of Stickphast paste, pieces of coal, and the buckets of sand that we keep at hand in case the electric-light wires fuse. It will be an heroic and splendid sight to see myself and the Art Editor, with Bask between us, holding the stairway, while the Editress of *Woman's Life* brings us sandwiches and binds up our wounds. There is a martial glitter in the eye of the Editor of the *Grand Magazine* which tells me that we shall have support in this trying encounter. It would also be a good idea to get Mr. P. A. Vaile up to give us a hand, as he could bowl googlies in the shape of lumps of coal and bundles of firewood at the enemy, who would not know which way they were going to break—or which head. Yes, it is all very well to write a play about "An Englishman's Home," but if ever "An Englishman's Office" is attacked, then (speaking for myself, of course) the world will hold its breath.

THE O.F. AT THE SEASIDE.

If our young artists want further inspirations with regard to the limning of my unworthy form and features, they would portray me most truly following my daily round—smoking a quiet pipe as I promenade the garden in the square in which I live; strap-hanging on the District Railway; indulging in a quiet game of billiards with some other gentlemen well advanced in years; having a cup of coffee in an A.B.C. shop; dodging the taxicabs in the Strand; buying spectacles, or taking a hand at bridge. Few editors' lives, I fancy, are more uneventful than mine. Not for me now the delights of riding sea-side donkeys, or manfully pursuing the leather as it careers towards the boundary, and invariably being outpaced. The quiet joys of life are nearly as good as the strenuous ones. There is still one avocation which I have not yet mentioned, and that is, I endeavour during the summer to cultivate a few simple plants on the balcony of my flat. Last year I paid a florist to do the whole thing for me, but this year I am looking after it myself. The Old Fag tending his flowers—there's a subject for some budding Millais or sprouting Watts!

THE O.F. IN REAL LIFE, ACCORDING TO A.B.

Our magazine, if I may go by my correspondence, has often cheered the sick-bed, the lonely log-hut, the detention hour—(what?), and all sorts of other tiresome times and tedious places, but I do not think that it has ever been held up as the kind of thing which would prove a consoler to a girl whose sweetheart is leaving her. By a recent post, however, there has arrived a ballad which lends a touching aspect to your favourite periodical. Here it is!

A CONSOLATION IN DISTRESS

Dearest, dearest, I must leave you,
I must leave you once again.
Darling, I have often left you,
Often felt the parting pain!

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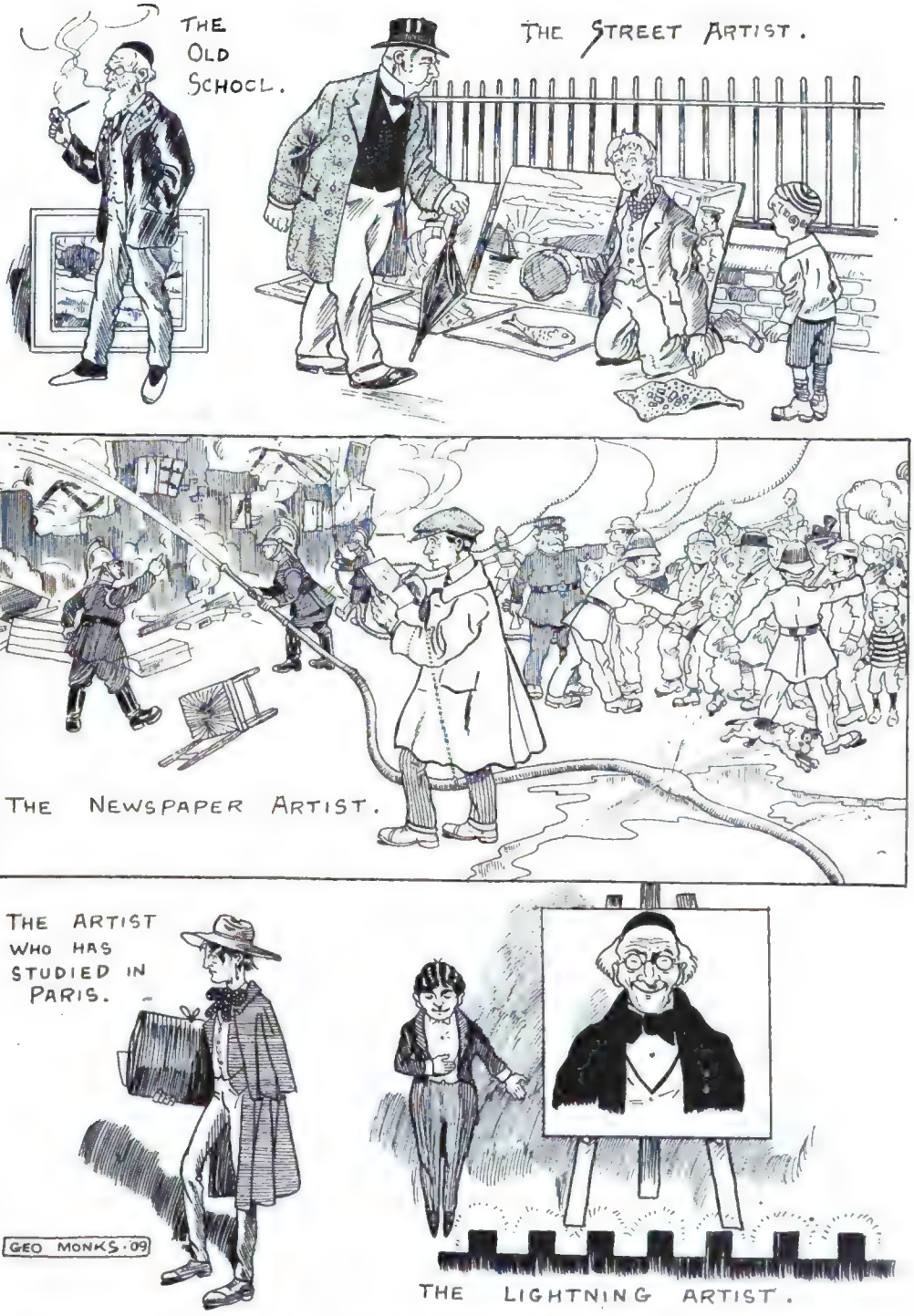

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Darling, I have often wondered
Why you are not dull or pale,
When I leave you, dearest sweetheart,
Leave you, dearest, by the mail.

What is it that stops your wailing,
Stops your weeping and your woe?
Tell me quickly, dearest darling,
Quickly, for I have to go!

And she leant against his shoulder,
With a proud and happy mien:
"I will tell you, dearest lover,
'Tis THE CAPTAIN magazine!"

"BETSINDA."

"Tom Brown's Schooldays."—We recently published some observations on the kind of books modern schoolboys prefer. This has drawn a reply from Mr. Herbert Webb, a New Zealand Captainite, who, though a member of the Bar, tells us that he still looks as eagerly for his next CAPTAIN as any schoolboy. "Let me add," he goes on, "a note of admiration for the tales you publish. I have never before seen anything like them in a boys' magazine."

Concerning the famous book in question he sends the following:

Two letters that have appeared under this heading have surprised me. I was never an English public schoolboy, having left home too early educationally. I am a product of Australasian schools. Colonial schoolboys read and like "Tom Brown." J. Drabble says the book is out of date, and is not cared for in this age of athletics. I believe that is not true. Two years ago a contemporary published, by request, an article on "Boys' Books." The writer gave the precedence to "Tom Brown." In deference to another person's estimate he placed "Godfrey Marten" second, and "The Hill" third. Whether the Cheltenham College book was not too highly rated is matter of dispute; the point to be noted is, however, that both men put "Tom" first. I have met many an English schoolboy here and at Home, but none disparaged "Tom Brown." I certainly once met a boy in New Zealand who "couldn't read" him, but he couldn't read "Westward Ho!" either. I was afraid to inquire further lest he should say he "couldn't read" THE CAPTAIN.

J. Drabble's expression about athletics reminds me of A. C. Benson's description of certain Eton boys, "smiling politely at the eccentricity of any one who finds matter for serious interest in books, in art, or music, with no admiration for anything but athletic success."

Athletics are certainly to be encouraged for boys, but don't let us overdo them. Sacrifice everything else to them, and what will become of England? It will be time then for Macaulay's New Zealander to hunt up his Gladstone Bag.

Thus Mr. Webb. Let me add that "Tom Brown" is a classic, not only among boys' books, but among the great books that will always live on account of their style, construction, characterisation, and atmosphere. "Tom Brown," as a work of literary art, ranks with "Vanity Fair" and "David Copperfield."

The Staunch Men of Man.—Referring to the giant Manxmen who intervened in the smuggling scene so ably described in his serial, Mr. Joughin sends the following note:

There are many stories still remembered of the prowess of Jonas Skelly. Once, when in a public-house near one of the Liverpool docks, a sailor, who was just sufficiently drunk to be quarrelsome, ran at him with a long knife, when Jonas, whose agility was almost incredible for a man of his stature, leapt clear over him, and gripping him by the waist before he had time to recover himself, swung him round his head and hurled him crashing through the window into the street, from whence, according to the writer's informant, who was an eye-witness of the feat, the surprised sailor made no attempt to re-enter the house. It is not to be supposed, however, that Jonas could have so dealt with the cool and ready young warrior who stood armed before him on Glen Meay shore.

"Big Jonas" was only once defeated in a fight, though he often had serious odds against him in the battles which were, in those days, as common between the men of the Port le Murra and the Peel fishing-fleets as the tribal wars of the North-American Indians. The present writer's grandfather, who was generally supposed to be the only man equal to an encounter with Jonas, defeated him in a hardly won fight on Peel quay. The duel of fists was fought before hundreds of fishermen who lined the quay and crowded the masts and spars of their luggers, and who looked upon such affrays as a proper national pastime. The battle was decided in a single round lasting one hour and ten minutes, wind being considered as essential as muscle. But the conqueror was afterwards heard to declare that if Jonas had got one more blow in he would have yielded.

Such contests prove nothing but the superior strength, skill, and courage of the combatants: the main question at issue remaining as dubious as ever. Both the men here engaged were as kind-hearted as they were brave, as the writer has reason to know, but the people who witnessed the struggle were too accustomed to trial by combat to speak the simple word of explanation which often is the only thing needed to save feud and useless bloodshed.

The Position in South Africa.—An Irish girl resident in Cape Colony, who sends me interesting letters several times a year, writes this month as follows:

Can't you get some one with brains to write out things as they are really in South Africa? *I* have the brains, but no power of writing or speaking!

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Don't let folk come out here under the impression it's "El Dorado." The rebel Cape Dutch, who have played so succesfully into the Transvaalers' hands, now find the latter top-dog and themselves left in the lurch, while the "Trans" are now scoring for themselves (Boers chiefly), and the Englishman is going to be left badly. I wish I could put it properly, Old Fag, so you could take my meaning, and put a stop to the silly idiot papers that, without knowing anything about it, prate about the good of unification and federation. As the Constitution now stands, the Transvaal is to get everything, and though it will mean crowds of trouble, yet it would be better for Federation not to take place now, as it stands. By Jove! it does madden one to hear the English papers chanting of the "pleasing prospect" in South Africa, when we people living out here know what it's really like. My people have all been soldiers, so it makes me see red when I think of how we wasted so many hundreds of valuable lives in order that we might hand the country back to our enemy. Boer leaders who fired on our ambulances and on the white flag (or from under it!) are the ones in power now. Well, perhaps it will work out right, but to many people the carrying out of this present Constitution pictures either another war in the future, perhaps far off, but still there, or the final departure of the Englishman from South Africa.

The Late Mr. E. J. Nankivell.—We understand that the biography of the late Mr. E. J. Nankivell, which is to be written by Mr. John Lanyon, will deal fully and interestingly with Mr. Nankivell's boyhood, his learning of phonetic-shorthand, of which he afterwards became such a master; his career as clerk, as shorthand clerk, as amateur journalist in the country, as professional journalist in London; his starting and conducting of phonographic periodicals, as well as his entire connection with phonography. Also his career as a philatelist, both as a collector of, and a writer on, foreign stamps. The book will also contain many anecdotes, and a large number of original and racy letters written by Mr. Nankivell. To assist him in this part of his work, Mr. Lanyon will be greatly obliged to any phonographers or others who have any anecdotes or information relating to Mr. Nankivell, and especially any of his letters, if they will send them to him at 13 Treyew Road, Truro. The greatest care will be taken of all documents, and they will be returned at the earliest moment after they have been copied.

A Remarkable Cricket Score.—Mr. C. B. Fry has been good enough to send me the following note which has reached him from Australia: "In the match between Wesley College (Melbourne, Victoria) and Geelong College, played March 12–15, 1909, Geelong compiled 263 and Wesley responded with 710, of which their captain, James A. Prout, aged nineteen, made 459. The team score is a record for Australian public schools, as also is Prout's individual total. His score has only been exceeded three times in the history of the world's cricket—viz., by Collins (England), with 612, Eady (Tasmania) and Stoddart (England). The Geelong team was a good one, and their bowlers kept the other members of the Wesley team pretty quiet, as the score shows. In one over Prout scored 21, and he also made 7 sixes and 62 fours. He is an all-round athlete, has his triple colours, is the senior prefect, and strokes the school's eight."

THE REV. CHARLES KINGSLEY.
The Literary Man of the Month.

Do the work that's nearest,
Though it's dull at whiles;
Helping, when we meet them,
Lame dogs over stiles.

The Marlborough Ghost.—"Marlburian" writes: "Although no ghost, as

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depicted in the illustration on page 91 of the April CAPTAIN, has been seen at Marlborough, it may interest you to know the story of a ghost that has actually been associated with the College. On certain nights of the year there used to be heard a rattle of wheels, and four horses drawing a coach, in which was seated a lady, would appear round the corner of 'C' House. The coach would make its way past the Mound—which, by the way, is thought to be one of the finest burying-places of an ancient chief in England—and out on to the Bath road. The 'Phantom Coach' would then go some distance until stopped by a man at the side of the road. This man would then enter the coach, and he and the lady would be driven on. This story in all probability owes its inception to the fertile imagination of some one-time servant of the inn, for 'C' House was the original 'Castle Inn,' around which Stanley Weyman wrote his novel. The inn was originally the house of Jane Seymour, but was afterwards opened as a posting-house, as, being on the main road to the west, it was a sort of 'half-way house' between London and Bath, until the railways drove coaches from the road."

"Engineering Wonders of the World."—Elsewhere you will find a brief article on this work, which is being issued in fortnightly sevenpenny parts by Messrs. Nelson, and is one to which every reader who really cares for knowledge should subscribe. The compiling of this gigantic work, as I happen to know, has been a sort of engineering wonder in itself. The amount of actual writing Mr. Williams has had to do himself is considerable, for he has obtained most of his material from the engineers who have been employed on these "wonders," and the rough ore of facts thus obtained has had to be refined into clear and intelligible reading matter by the indefatigable editor—no mean engineer of a sort himself. The issue deserves a bumping success.

Reviews.

The Book of Tom Browne.—By A. E. Johnson. (A. and C. Black. 3*s.* 6*d.* net.). —The third of the author's interesting "Brush, Pen and Pencil" series. Mr. Johnson tells how Tom Browne has risen to the top of his profession. The volume is illustrated throughout with typical examples of the artist's black-and-white work, and also contains some delightful reproductions of his pictures in colour. Buy it—and have a good laugh!

Engineers, Halt! By E. C. Rundle Woolcock. (Culley, 3*s.* 6*d.*) A story of three "gentleman-rankers" in the Engineers. The author has studied the soldier's life from many standpoints, and the book illustrates the advantages of Soldiers' Homes and the work they do. As a book with an object it may do good, in spite of all absence of literary pretensions.

Capt. Tatham of Tatham's Island.—It is a new idea for an author to introduce himself under his own name in a story of adventure. It is also novel to find such a story presented in the shape of minutes of evidence before a commission. In "Capt. Tatham of Tatham's Island," Mr. Edgar Wallace has given us a "Treasure Island" of a brand-new description. The story is bright and exciting from start to finish, and Tatham himself is such a fascinating character that we only long to hear more of him

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Other Books Received.—*The A. B. C. of the Royal Navy.* By Herbert Russell. (Gale and Polden. 1*s.* net.) *Boxing at a Glance.* By J. Murray Wright. (L. Upcott Gill. 1*s.* net.) *Rugby Football.* By Harry Vassall. (G. Bell and Sons. 1*s.*) *Everybody's Pocket Cyclopædia.* (Madgwick, Houlston and Co., Ltd. 6*d.*) *One and All Gardening*, 1909. (2*d.*)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

What Next?—"DEAR OLD FAG,—I wonder what you will think of girls becoming Scouts! I think that you would like to hear how the First Patrol of Girl Scouts in Scotland spent their first Baden-Powell Scout camp day. There were about twenty of us, the Patrol, numbering eight, their brothers and several friends. We started about 10.30 A.M. to walk to a place some three miles away called Will's Forest. Immediately we arrived we set to work to make fires and cook our mid-day meal, consisting of fish—which we cooked on hot stones—potatoes roasted in their skins, hard-boiled eggs, oranges, and milk. 'What a concoction!' you will say, but we were very hungry and enjoyed our meal. After dinner we played several scouting games, Sign Chase, Despatch Running, &c. Too soon, however, it was time to prepare for tea; we lit the fires again and boiled water. We did not make camp bread because we wished to have more time for games. We played Attacking and Defending the Flag, until it was time to pack up all our 'goods and chattels,' and go home. We had snapshots taken of the Patrol and also of the Company. We then set out on our homeward

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journey, having spent an awfully jolly day.—I am, Your affectionate reader, MURIEL MCWALTER (Corporal of 1st Woodpigeons, Buchan)."

"What is Sport?"—"I think," writes P. R. Butler, "that Mr. Corry, of New Zealand, is somewhat mixed in his ideas *re* 'bagging ten brace at the butts.' I am sure that your original correspondent did not refer to the extremely cruel practice of trap shooting. Mr. Corry might like to know that in the old country this is *not* called called 'shooting at the butts.' This term is applied to shooting drive partridge or grouse from an artificially prepared shelter. It is no easy matter to bring down your ten brace of driven birds, and I can assure T. Corry that if he had ever tried it he would be the last to cavil over the sportsmanship of it. Thank goodness trap shooting is *not* popular among British sportsmen. So little so, that the trap-shots' 'Derby'—if I may so call it—is brought off at Monte Carlo. T. Corry's letter will make those 'in the know' smile, as the idea of 'the scum of the earth hanging round a field' (on a grouse moor), or 'twenty guns covering one unfortunate bird' (which would constitute a gross breach of etiquette on the part of nineteen of them), is too funny."

Collie and Hare.—C. U. K. regrets that "Disbeliever" cannot conceive the possibility of a collie being so nimble as to catch a hare. Does "Disbeliever" keep a collie, that he has so intimately observed its habits? Possibly "Disbeliever" over-feeds it, and as a result *he* has never seen how fast and how long a collie really can run. If "Disbeliever" will look up "Chambers' Encyclopædia" he will find that collies possess great speed. No one doubts this, if he has once watched a collie flying round at the heels of a flock of sheep. Finally, "Disbeliever" may take a Britisher's word for it that the story is a true one.

H. S. R. is shocked because I appear to see no harm in a fellow of seventeen's having a "best girl." He says: "After reading so much profitable advice from your deft quill, it was with a bit of a jar that I found you advising 'Early Sprouter' to consult his 'best girl' about his moustache. I tell you, I was pretty startled."—Well, for "best girl" read "best girl chum," H. S. R. At seventeen a fellow's thoughts should be riveted on his career, but if, in one of the households where he is welcome, he has a girl "pal" of the healthy-minded, open-air type, why, he can derive nothing but good from such an association.

"Rosy Beak" is troubled with a red nose. He has tried various ointments for it, also indigestion cures, but all to no avail. He is "tall and nice-looking," but this quite spoils his appearance. What's to be done? Well, of one thing "Rosy Beak" may be quite certain—that he will never diminish the redness of his beak by trying the various remedies that are advertised by quack doctors. I should say he had better try to make the rest of his face as red as his nose by getting out in the open air as much as possible, especially when it is windy or the sun is very hot.

Railway Signals in the Transvaal.—"Observer" (Standerton, Transvaal) writes: "It may be of interest to readers who study the workings of railways to know that here in the Transvaal the method of signalling trains differs from that at home. When a train is due at a station, and the line is clear, the arm of the signal is pulled *up*, and not dropped, as is the case in England. I consider this a safer plan than the dropping of the arm, as it might happen that owing to a fault the arm fell down when it should have remained horizontal, and thus cause a collision; whereas here it is impossible for the arm to go up unless pulled by the signalman."

The late Mr. Nankivell.—"C.C." writes: "I have just finished reading the two memoirs of our late Philatelic Editor, Mr. Nankivell, in the May issue, and I feel as though a guiding star had gone out of my hobby. It may seem a trifle affected on my part, but to me he always appeared in the light of a friend ever ready with kindly counsel for the youngest and most inexperienced collector, and ever ready to denounce all that was detrimental to our cause. His monthly 'Corners' were more like friendly chats between one collector and another. A splendid man he undoubtedly was, and it was with the greatest sorrow that I read in the press of his sudden demise. I shall ever treasure his advice, for through the medium of THE CAPTAIN and his own journals he has done more to strengthen my interest in Philately than any one else ever has done, or ever will do."

L. B. O.—It is not altogether fair of you to ask me for arguments with which to combat your aunt's suffragettish proposals. As you are rather short of arguments, it is plain that she gets the better of you. All that you can say to her, therefore, is: "My dear Aunt,—In reply to your demand for the vote, the Old Fag—Editor of THE CAPTAIN, a sixpenny magazine published on the 22nd of the month, containing splendid serials and short stories, and answers to correspondents which are remarkable for their sagacity—says that there are undoubtedly many women who could vote wisely and well, but unfortunately there are a great many other women who would not have the faintest idea what they were voting about, and never would have, as they have no time to study these matters as men do. We cannot, therefore, dear Aunt, grant you the Suffrage."

More Howlers.—Cecil Mackie sends these additional howlers from the *University Correspondent:*

"The chief clause of Magna Carta was that one which said that no one was to be punished without his own consent."

"Clive conducted the Indian Mutiny and brought it to a successful conclusion."

"Lambert Simnel became a scorpion in Henry's kitchen."

"Homer wrote the Idiosy."

"An iambic pentameter is a five-sided figure whose sides are all equal."

"To kill a butterfly, you pinch its borax."

"Chivalry is when you feel cold."

Mater.—The question of University expenses is largely a personal one. At most colleges the fees for tuition and other establishment charges, rent of rooms, cost of dinners in hall, commons (bread and butter), and coals, and bed-maker's and gyp's fees, come to about £85 a year. To this must be added kitchen bills for meals served in the man's rooms, for which an economical estimate would be £18 a year; grocer's bill, about £4 a term; amalgamation club subscription, £5 5s. a year, and expenses of pocket-money, clothes, books, and travelling. Briefly, it may be said that an economical man in an ordinary set at an average College can have his part in every normal sphere of Cambridge

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life at a cost of £160 a year, meaning by a "year" the three academical terms which together amount to six months. Vacation expenses must be reckoned separately.

N. C.—If your parents, and the parents of the young lady, object to your "walking out" with her, you must respect their wishes. When you are a man you can act as you think best in such matters. Meanwhile, there is not the slightest reason why you should not meet at each other's houses, under proper chaperonage. Don't let there be any "silliness," however. Give your parents your word of honour that you and she will regard each other simply as friends—and keep your word. It is your duty to restrain your feelings and set *her* a worthy and honourable example. You are both very young, and for the present you must allow your parents to know what is best for you.

T. W. Ford (Brisbane).—I am glad to welcome you as a new reader, and thank you for recommending THE CAPTAIN to so many people. It is hard luck on us that THE CAPTAIN is so difficult to get in Queensland and other parts of our colonies, but there is always one way to obtain it regularly, and that is to send a year's subscription—8*s.* 6*d.*; Canada, 7*s.*—direct to this office. Of course the nearest newsagent ought to be able to get it for you every month, but Colonial newsagents do not care to order a single copy of a magazine. If you got several of your friends to order it at the same time as yourself you would have your copies over promptly.

DIDN'T MEAN THE SAME THING.

POET: "Do you think my verses would be better for more fire?"

EDITOR: "That is exactly what they need."

INVOLVED.

BROWN: "I suppose that thread round your finger is to remind you of something?"

HENPECK: "Not exactly. It is to remind my wife to ask me if I forgot something she told me to remember."

Drawn by C. A. Mackay.

"Uth-Utz."—As you are no good at mathematics, but fond of English subjects, it is clear that you would find it hard to qualify for a scientific calling, such as that of an engineer. You had better, therefore, think about adopting one of the learned professions, or possibly a Civil Service appointment might appeal to you. Your languages, again, would help you to a billet in the commercial world. More than this it is impossible for me to say, with the scanty particulars you give me.

Pat.—It is not impossible to get both a Rugger and Soccer Blue at Oxford, but I have never heard of any one bringing off such a record, because men naturally stick to one code or the other all the time they are "up." Mr. Fry certainly went near to getting his Rugger Blue. Why he didn't get it will perhaps be explained in a shilling biography of him which is coming out this summer, from the pen of Mr. Wallis Myers, the well-known tennis player.

"Budge."—I will get an article done on the sort of plays that should be suitable for school staging. It is an interesting and live subject. Send your name and address to the Club Captain, and you will be enrolled a member. Enclose stamped envelope for badge.

"Naturalist," referring to David R. Fyffe's pike shooting experiences, says he has read of several people shooting fish and never finding any marks on the fish, the presumption being that the fish were stunned by the concussion of the water. I daresay this is the result of the shot, but I really don't know. Harpooning spring poets is more in my line than pike shooting.

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Bryan M. wants to know how, in the story "Atto's Understudy," Jack, after cutting the tangled cord of the parachute, managed to overtake Otto in his downward flight? He says this is a nice little puzzle in physics, and I agree with him. All I can say is that Mr. Bridges found his inspiration for the story in a newspaper paragraph relating how one of two parachutists had to climb up and cut the parachute free.

R. A. Damant has, at any rate, one thing to congratulate himself upon. He lives at Hankey, *via* Port Elizabeth, Cape Colony. Now, there are many Suttons in the world, many Yorks, many Londons, "Leighs" without number, Manchesters all over the globe, but only one HANKEY. This is, I believe, a fact, and not hanky-panky.

Rupert Carson sends his old CAPTAINS to the natives of Nyasaland. I can imagine there will be some wild whooping over some of our pictures. There are one or two full-pages in this number which ought to kindle the eye of the most moping Nyasalander.

M. R.—I wish some of the twenty-nine people to whom you lend your CAPTAINS would take in the mag. Try the effect of not lending out your CAPTAIN this month except to people who absolutely cannot afford to buy it. Suggestion for comp. noted, with thanks. Always glad of such.

C. M. G.—I can quite understand you are worth considerably more than you are paid, but I think I should wait until I had been with the firm six months before I applied for an increase. After all, that is not a very long probationary period. Let me know how you get on.

E. P. Smith.—A small CAPTAIN Club is better than no club at all. See how many readers you can get to join your club, and then write up to the Club Captain for that number of badges—for which there is no charge.

R. D. Smith.—So very few readers would be capable of going in for the pictorial competition you mention. A suggestion for a pictorial competition which would interest *everybody* is what I want.

L. M.—Your poem consists of loose phrases only, but I understand what you are struggling to express. By the way, it would be very monotonous to have roses that *didn't* droop and die!

L. T. Bardisbanian.—I am interested to hear that I have an Armenian reader of THE CAPTAIN, and that he is being educated at an English grammar school. Send the essay.

Scottie.—A good letter. Charles Lever was a capital writer. As a boy I, too, revelled in his work, especially "Charles O'Malley."

W. E. W. (Prince Edward's Island.)—Our Club Captain will always be glad to receive news from your quarter.

F. D. T.—A competitor of sixteen may enter for "age-limit sixteen" competitions until he or she has turned seventeen.

E. G.—Suggestion as to Musical Corner noted. I agree with your high opinion of "The Scrags." Mr. Morgan is a most careful writer, and possesses a very nice sense of character. You may also have been struck by the excellent taste with which he handles his "mixed" characters.

P. L.—I have never before heard of a reader succeeding in selling CAPTAIN volumes to his or her father. You have achieved a record—and set an example.

W. J. R.—"The Gold Bat" appeared in our tenth volume, and "The White Feather" in the fourteenth, but both volumes are out of print.

"Wuzzy."—Thank you very much for the cowslips. You seem to be having an awfully jolly time at your bungalow.

K. L. A.—Not bad, but not quite what we want.

Ethel.—I am glad to have such a loyal reader.

F. Croswell.—Persevere with your art classes, and you ought to draw well.

Correspondents Wanted.—Alfred G. Crosswell, 36 Josephine Street, Caversham, Dunedin, New Zealand; Jessie Green, Day Dawn, Murchison, West Australia; and U. B. Dolapihilla, Higher Technological Institute, Tokio, Japan, would like to exchange picture postcards with other CAPTAIN readers.

Letters, &c., have also to be acknowledged from: R.W. Wright (Durban), "Ipse," J. Lockspeiser, G. S. Steel, F. Sheehan, A. M. Douglass (Geelong), N. Latimer, W. G. Shiels, (Melbourne), A. F. Behrend, "Wrexford," "Judy," R. C. B., J. A. Struthers, L. F. Mooney (Hawthorn, Australia), W. F. Henn, B. M. S., D. Turpin (India), R. S. H., H. Connolly, L. H., W. O'Brien, "Critic," F. J. B., and Frank Grantham.

"Stripling," "Sailor," "Wireless," F. Rorie, and C. J. E. should send stamped envelopes for replies by post.

THE OLD FAG.

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Results of April Competitions

No. I.—"April Features."

No age limit.

WINNERS OF MARTIN PULVERMANN AND CO.'S "FRANCOTTE" RIFLES: W. W. Young, 79 Rhondda Street, Mount Pleasant, Swansea; John Tedd, 50 Shakespeare Avenue, Portswood, Southampton; Percy L. Leech, 17 Rokeby Street, West Ham, E.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: Hester J. Hanna, Knock, Belfast, Ireland; W. H. Parkin, 18 Birchdale Road, Forest Gate, E.; A. G. Healey, Tregenna Terrace, St. Ives, Cornwall.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Herbert Young, Llvn Owen, George H. Bird, J. E. Dock, Lionel McL. Hunter, Godfrey E. J. Foster, R. H. Cochrane, J. R. Ferguson, G. C. Manuk, Robert Moreland.

No. II.—"June Authors."

CLASS I. (No age limit.)

WINNER OF BENETFINK CRICKET BAT OR TENNIS RACQUET: E. A. Clarke, 60 Tuam Road, Plumstead, S.E.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: E. Stanley Hamelin, Mount St. Mary's College, Chesterfield.

HONOURABLE MENTION: J. S. Martin, R. H. Cochrane, A. Browne, J. Adams, Albert A. Kerridge, Elizabeth S. Harris.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty-five.)

WINNER OF PRIZE AS ABOVE: Kathleen L. Saunders, Highcroft, Christchurch Park, Sutton, Surrey.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: Alice M. Tomlinson, Tretawn, Mill Hill, N.W.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Oscar E. Seyd, Frank Farnworth, V. T. Down, C. Murgatroyd, D. L. Gwynne-Williams, W. H. Gillman, William Kerr, C. H. P. Dudley, Edward Reay, W. G. Kingborn.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Eighteen.)

WINNER OF PRIZE AS ABOVE: Eircne H. Spragge, 11 Calais Street, Camberwell, S.E.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: Cyril Barker, 27 Burlington Road, Withington, Manchester.

HONOURABLE MENTION: J. L. Mann, Cicely M. Sandell, J. G. Vautier, Eric F. Wilkinson, John B. Potts, D. Hemsworth M. C. Stark, Cyril Southerton, J. E. Swale, Freda Fullerton, L. A. Stuart, Robert H. Brechin, Edward Schofield, Harold G. Clews, S. C. Jenner, J. F. D. Tutt, John M. Barras, Robert Moreland.

No. III.—"Pictorial Competition."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNERS OF BOXES OF WATER-COLOURS BY GEORGE ROWNEY, AND CO.: Percy J. Arrow, Balquhiddcr Villa, Bonhill, Alexandria, Dumbartonshire, N.B.; Leonard Brodby, 6 Newberry Terrace, Weymouth; Dulcie Pillers, 20 Belgrave Road, Tyndall's Park, Clifton, Bristol.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Arthur Balfour, Fred. Paley, A. N. Scott, Margaret E. Roberts, James M. Kellie, M. A. Plummer, Arthur Merritt, G. G. Cotton.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNERS OF PRIZES AS ABOVE: Wilfrid G. Browning, 84 Southmoor Road, Oxford; Bernard W. Handley, Shaw Hill, Rochdale; Robert D. Smith, 23 Lutton Place, Edinburgh.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Ruth Vaughan-Stevens, Nicol V. Gray, A. Wyvil Baldwin, W. B. Hervey, K. Batty-Smith, Harry H. Bush, Minnie Jubber, William Wilson, Dora Carrington, May Clarke.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Twelve.)

WINNER OF PRIZE AS ABOVE: D. M. Berry, 88 Cambridge Gardens, Notting Hill, W.

No. IV.—"Jumble Sentence."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF GOODS FROM CATALOGUE OF F. H. AYRES, LTD.: W. Alan Ebdon, 139 Hubert Grove, Stockwell, S.W.

HONOURABLE MENTION: W. A. Elmslie, F. J. Hegarty, E. F. Shaw, J. Rawkins, Thomas W. Owen, Charles Brown, G. R. S. South, J. A. Struthers, G. Winterhalder, J. G. Vautier, Lionel Benké.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF PRIZE AS ABOVE: Mildred Berry, Holme Croft, Ashley Road, Hale, Manchester.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: P. J. Shaw, 24 Crescent Road, South Norwood, S.E.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Frank L. Woodroffe, Grattan B. Norman, Winnie Jameson, R. Wilks, jnr., Charles Riley, C. S. Penn, C. C. Cloud, G. C. Page, K. W. Snushall, Cyril H. Morgan, H. W. Thornton-Jones, H. G. Tucker, Reginald F. Clements, John Tedd, Rowland H. Atkinson, H. S. Graves, Norman T. Janes.

No. V.—"Photographic Competition."

CLASS I. (No age limit.)

WINNER OF GOODS TO THE VALUE OF SEVEN SHILLINGS AND SIXPENCE: J. B. Meldrum, "Eversley," Bowdon, Cheshire.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: R. J. Moffat, 20 Aubert Park, Highbury, N.

HONOURABLE MENTION: E. S. Maples, George A. Stokes, F. M. Wookey, Maurice Williams, A. D. Thornton, Hattie A. M. Voker, E. A. Clarke.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF PRIZE AS ABOVE: Edgar M. Firth, "The Midlands," Wyld's Lane, Worcester.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: D. Holmes, "The Woodlands," Horsforth, Leeds; Arthur Ryrie, 352 Maxwell Road, Pollokshields, Glasgow; Charles G. Graham, Camborne House, Grange Road, Sutton, Surrey.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Maud D. Haviland, Frank C. Clubb, Gladys E. P. Green, Mollie Anderson, Marjory Wight, K. C. Goodyear, J. Russell Knowles, Frederick Wild, William A. Ramsey, Lady Marjorie Dalrymple, J. H. Begg, D. Gladys Ghey, Fred. Paley, J. Frank Mielziner, E. C. Tyndale.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF PRIZE AS ABOVE: F. Lofthouse, 26 Hulton Street, Moss Side, Manchester.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: Percy C. Rendell, 29 St. John Street, Devizes, Wilts.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Cedric C. Underhill, Spencer Silver, W. Salter, William Brown, Harold G. Clews, S. Withers Green, J. G. Proger, E. A. Ward, Elsie Brunton.

No. VI.—"School Notes."

WINNER OF FIVE SHILLINGS: "Norvicensis."

HONOURABLE MENTION: "Junior," "Vincit qui Patitur," "Cadet," "Johnian," "Fide et Literis," "Emanuellian," "Lutteur III.," "Novacastriensis," "Elizabethan," "Nullius non mater disciplinæ," "Tauntonian," "Dum Amnis Defluat," "Cæsar," "Locutus sum," "Ashbeian," "Devonia," "Pluckbriar Junior," "Studio sapentia crescit," "Exsul in herba," "Marcus," "Corporal," "Herioter," "Fourth-Former," "Cleo," "Masonian."

Foreign and Colonial Readers (February).

WINNERS OF FIVE SHILLINGS: (II.) S. R. Alston, 197 Dank Street, Albert Park, Melbourne, Victoria, Australia; (III.) S. K. Morley, Y.M.C.A., Cape Town, South Africa; (IV.) A. S. Brien, 10 Struben's Road, Mowbray, Cape Town; (VI.) W. Hitge, 6 Fordsburg Park Road, Fordsburg, Johannesburg, Transvaal.

HONOURABLE MENTION: (II.) Eileen Erskine (Transvaal), Leslie H. Burket (Canada), L. H. Bradshaw (U.S.A.), John F. Guenther (Canada), H. Laver, jnr. (Transvaal), K. C. Burness (Canada), Reg. A. Ewens (New South Wales, Australia), (III.) Herbert K. Kitson (U.S.A.), W. H. Goodbrand (Natal), Cecil Williams (Trinidad), P. R. Chari (India), Jack England (Argentina), F. B. Adolphus (India), G. H. E. Lyons (Jamaica), J. E. Bush (Transvaal); (IV.) S. J. Pitts (Transvaal), R. D. Molyneux (Australia), E. Crichlow (Trinidad), Ronald W. Tuckwell (Canada); (VI.) Dudley C. Orgill (Jamaica), F. A. Mills (S. Africa), J. Boase (Victoria, Australia).

Winners of Consolation Prizes are requested to inform the Editor which they would prefer—a volume of one of our magazines, or one of the following books: "Green at Greyhouse," "The Gold Bat," "J. O. Jones," "Tales of Greyhouse," "The White Feather," "Jim Mortimer," "The Lost Column" (Charles Gilson), "The Rebel Cadets" (Charles Gleig).

Comments on the April Competitions

No. I.—The votes of competitors placed the twelve items from our April number in the following order:

The Twins of Tendring.
The Inventions of Brown.
"The Scraps."
A Battle Royal with a Tiger.
A Close Call.
The People of the Caves.
How to Train for Sports.
My Leopard.
The Comic Side of Highwaymen.
The City of London School.
Literary Men of the Month.
How I Would Spend £5 in a Week.

The first prize-winner gave eight, and the others seven, correctly.

No. II.—Dickens and Kingsley were the two most popular of about thirty authors dealt with.

No. III.—The colouring generally was good, but few competitors copied both figures with any degree of accuracy.

No. IV.—The prize-winning sentences are:

Class I.—*The Old Fag* in his *Answers to Correspondents* acknowledged *An Arab's Letter* and told *The Twins of Tendring* he would publish *A Prize Essay* on *How to Train for Sports*.

Class II.—*The Old Fag* gave *The Twins of Tendring Some Useful Hints On Sticking to Work*. They wrote *A Prize Essay* on *Shakespeare*, and won *The City of London School* scholarship.

No. V.—Judged as a whole the standard of work submitted was good. A seascape, a portrait study, and a landscape were the subjects of the successful photographs in Classes I., II. and III. respectively.

The attention of all readers is called to advertisement p. v where they will find full particulars of a novel and liberal scheme of Accident Insurance specially devised for their benefit.

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A. N. FIELDEN,
Captain of the Boats, Eton College.
Photo. Hills and Saunders.

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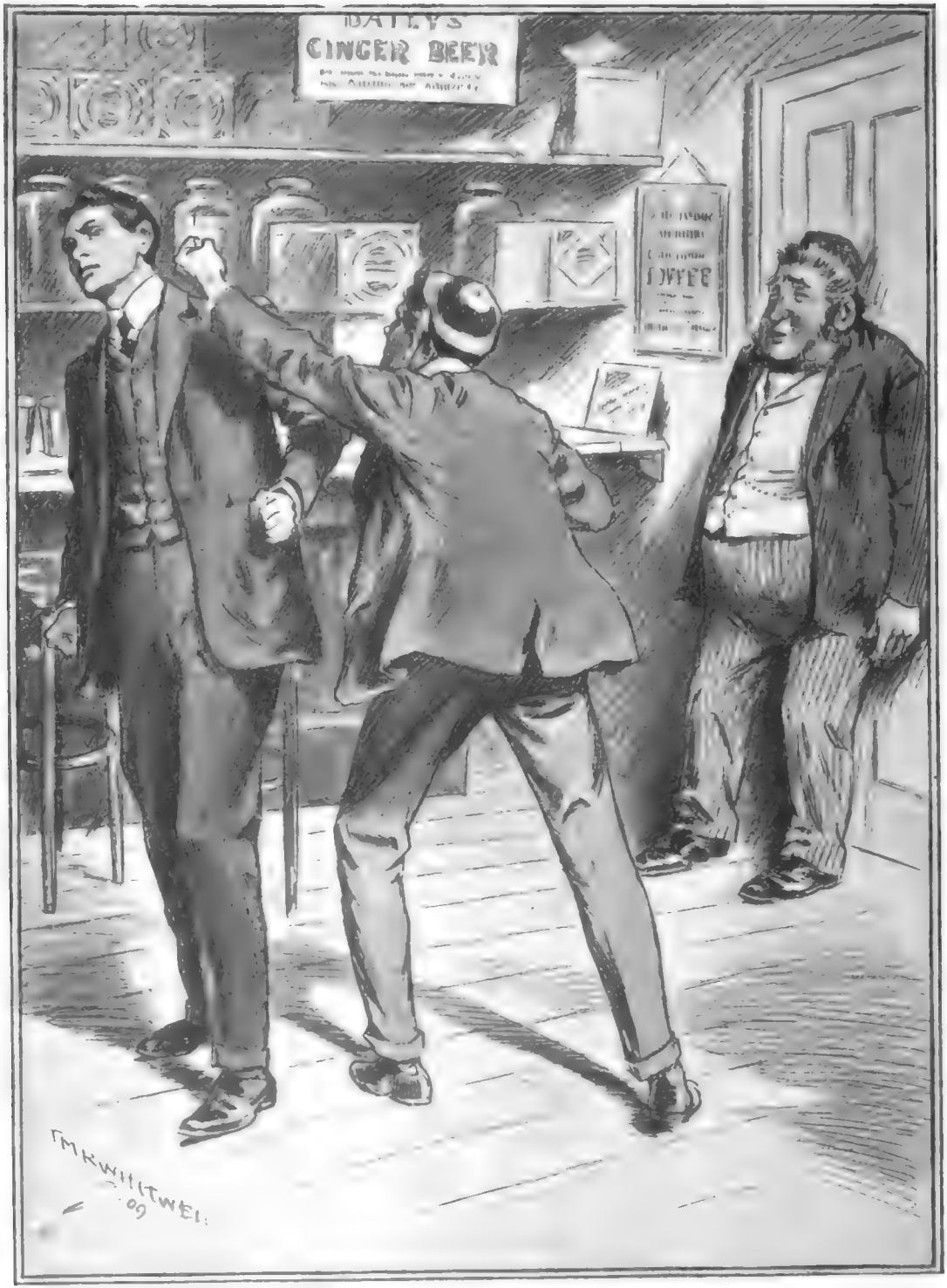

THE YOUNGER TEMPLE CLENCHED HIS FIST, AND CAUGHT THE HEAD OF FRENCH'S A SWINGING BLOW.

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THE TWINS OF TENDRING

A Public School Story

By Captain CHARLES GILSON

Author of "The Lost Column"

TEMPLE Two and Simson—"The Twins"—are two irrepressible members of the Lower Fourth at Tendring School. They possess a genius for bullying in a subtle fashion, and what with breaking rules, playing cricket for their house—French's—indulging in witticisms and practical jokes at the expense of an exceedingly mild form-master (Mr. Wilberforce), and carrying on war against Rogers (otherwise "Kruger"), who keeps the tuck-shop, their hands are quite full. But they find time to coach the new boys in their house at cricket, and one of these is Potts, a timid little fellow who has hitherto been brought up by an aunt. Another person with whom the two find themselves constantly in conflict, it may be added, is Temple One, head of French's, and the best bowler at Tendring. To celebrate the victory of French's in the semi-final of the inter-house cricket matches, it is decided by the juniors of the house, led by the "Twins," to drink sherry from the Cricket Cup, which is kept in French's common room, and Potts is chosen by lot to go "down town" and get the sherry. The Twins accompany him to the school boundaries, and on the way meet Temple One, who stiffly informs his brother that he has been awarded his first eleven colours. Potts is late for roll-call, and Mr. French, finding out the reason, reports him to the headmaster, who is a martinet of the sternest kind and pronounces sentence of expulsion on the new boy. The Twins confess to having instigated the act, and Potts is pardoned just as his cab arrives. But the headmaster punishes the common room as a whole by forbidding those boys who had formed the team which proved victorious in the semi-final, to play in the final house match. This is a severe blow to French's and particularly to Temple One. Reported by Rogers for "borrowing" biscuits from his shop, the Twins are flogged. Thirsting to get even with the old man, the Twins shut up his little grandson, Herbert, in the school shop, where Herbert plays havoc among the various dainties it contains. Rogers thinks the lad was shut in by his assistant, one Alf, and chases the latter out of the shop with dire threats. Temple One gets to know that the Twins are in the habit of ragging Rogers, and ascertaining one day from Potts that they are so engaged, sets off for the shop to see into the matter.

CHAPTER XIII.

AT THE SHOP.

THE Twins were in the tuck-shop, as we know. They had entered with the express intention of persecuting their ancient enemy. They took no special credit to themselves for their ability to make Rogers lose his temper. Any small boy in the junior school could do that. They were artists only in as much as it was their custom to see the matter through. The small boy invariably made off, with his tongue in his cheek, as fast as his legs could go; but the Twins stood before the infuriated Rogers, unshaken and unperturbed. Their presence of mind was a thing to wonder at. While Rogers attempted to roar them down, they either smiled blandly in his face or pretended to take an intelligent interest in his words and actions.

While Potts was putting in his time at the nets, the dialogue in the tuck-shop was working up to a crisis. Things had begun in a very commonplace strain.

"Morning, Rogers," nodded the Twins, as they entered arm-in-arm.

Rogers regarded them with suspicion. He was not sure whether or not the storm had blown over, and they again were by way of being friends. He was quite willing that they should be so. Kruger had a kind and forgiving nature. Yet he mistrusted the Twins.

"Mornin'," he grunted.

"And how's the dear little grandson getting along?" asked Temple.

"Pretty fair," answered Rogers.

Kruger was circumspect. He was not quite sure of his ground. He considered that the less he said the less likely he was to commit himself. He had one unfailing maxim: When in doubt, lie low.

"Ah," said the Rat, "the doctor thinks he'll get over it?"

"He's give him medicine in a bottle, an' it seems to have done him good. Anyhow, the fever's left him."

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"Ah, so he had fever?"

"That he had. His timpriture was one hundred and two in the shade. The doctor says he bore up manful."

"What a scoundrel that assistant of yours must be!" cried Temple indignantly.

Rogers "swelled" at the thought.

"I ain't caught hold of him yet," he cried.

"And when you do?" asked the Rat.

Kruger's face flushed at the thought of vengeance; his bulbous eyes were opened exceedingly wide. He slowly raised his ponderous fist in the air, and then brought it downwards towards the counter, with his gaze fixed straight before him. As he did so, the Rat craftily moved a coffee-cup to the place where his fist was aimed.

"I'll hot him," the old man roared.

Down came his fist, straight into the coffee-cup, which smashed like a rotten nut.

"You've broken a cup," the Rat politely pointed out.

"ME!" cried Kruger. "You 've been an' gone an' done it yourself. And what's more, you'll pay for it."

"I think not," said the Rat.

"You put it there," said Kruger.

"And you put your fist on it."

"That don't make no difference. Whoever put it there broke it."

"Right," said the Rat. "How much does it cost?"

"Fourpence."

The Rat produced fourpence. The bulk of the spoils of the microscope still remained. He paid on the spot, much to Kruger's astonishment. Then, pointing to a glass on the counter, he cried out:

"You put that glass there. I saw you do it; and who put it there broke it. Remember that."

Whereupon, with a graceful sweep of his hand he whipped the glass on to the floor, where it smashed into a thousand fragments.

Kruger was furious.

"That's wilful destruction," he shouted.

"So was yours," said the Rat.

"That was one of my best glasses."

"And you've got some of my best coppers."

"You'll pay for that there glass as I'm a livin' man."

"Why?"

"'Cos you've broke it—wilful."

"No, no. You broke it. You made that perfectly clear."

"Look'ee here. You don't want to come inter my shop and break things wi'out paying for 'em; and I ain't goin' to stand here an' keep on bandying words wi' you. You pay up, or I'll report the two on you."

"Perhaps you would like Mr. Wilberforce to settle the question?" sweetly asked Temple Two.

"You shut your mouth," roared the old man. "I wasn't a-speaking to you."

"My humble apologies," said Temple.

"I don't want 'em," growled Rogers. "I'll report the matter to the headmaster, Doctor Carberry. He won't turn no deaf ear to the rights o' voting men."

The Rat, in addition to having a very creditable memory, was a bit of an actor. He repeated verbatim the words the learned Doctor had used in the Lower Hall, imitating precisely his manner and voice:

"'I am afraid, Rogers, you have no very great cause of complaint. If they worry you in any particular way, report the matter immediately to me.'"

"'And that I will, sir,'" said Temple Two.

Kruger's lower jaw dropped, and he opened his eyes very wide.

"Lumme!" he uttered. "How do you know that?"

"We know all things," blandly observed the Rat.

"We are the people," said Temple Two.

Rogers was too astonished to think. For the first time there moved in his heart something akin to fear of these two fearful boys, though he himself would be the last to own it. He showed a bold front and, like a true Briton, refused to believe that things were going against him. The thought that they had been eavesdropping flashed across his mind. But he dismissed it, forgetting the plaster statues and thinking that in the Lower Hall there was no place convenient for hiding. The only remaining conclusion was that Doctor Carberry had told the Twins himself. This was hardly likely and far from rational, but Rogers was not a rational man. His logic was ever shaky, and here he was the more at sea, since he held the headmaster in the greatest trepidation and awe. He believed that the Twins had forestalled him, and talked the Doctor round. And this was the cause of the fear he felt in his heart.

He leant upon the counter, folding his great, bare, podgy arms.

"Do you know what you is?" he asked.

"What?"

"Smooth-tongued hypicrites," he gave out, with three ponderous nods of the head.

Temple turned to the Rat.

"Write that down," said he.

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The Rat did so, in a note-book. Rogers looked really alarmed.

"What's that for?" he asked.

"Oh, nothing," answered Temple. The Twins glanced significantly at each other, and smiled.

"What do you mean by writing down wot I says?" Kruger blurted forth. "How do I know that you've not wrote it down wrong? And who give you the right to do it? That's what I want to know, who give you the right?"

"We have to warn you," said Temple, "that every word you say will be used in evidence against you."

"Evidence!" gasped Kruger. "When?"

"That," said Temple, "does not concern yourself."

"At present," added the Rat.

Now, Kruger had an abiding reverence for the Law, and there was a legal touch about all this that he did not like. Also, the supreme assurance of the Twins shook his confidence in himself. However, he mastered himself sufficiently to come out with, "Humbug! That's wot it is, Humbug!" Then he wiped his mouth with his hand, and looked at the note-book in a very serious way.

We are not able to say how far the Twins would have carried this little game, had not Marlow entered the shop at that very moment.

He stopped with a jerk at the sight of the Twins, and paled slightly. Then he pulled himself together and bore bravely down upon the counter, on which he deposited twopence, and in a loud and defiant voice asked for a strawberry ice.

"Ho! ho!" cried Temple. "So soon?"

"A strawberry ice, please, Rogers," repeated Marlow.

"Rogers," said the Rat, "you are not to serve him."

"Who says so?" demanded Rogers.

"I do," said the Rat.

"Do you! Then you had better give orders to some one else,'cos I ain't a-taking none from you."

Rogers served the ice, and an exceptionally generous one at that.

The Twins drew close to Marlow.

"Eat it at your peril," said Temple Two.

"What right have you," demanded Marlow, "to interfere with me?"

Here Rogers threw in a word.

"That's what I should like to know," he bellowed. "It's my personal opinion that you two is a general annoyance to every one. Git out o' my shop."

He came round from behind the counter. But the Twins heeded him not. Their eyes were glued on Marlow.

Marlow smiled a sickly smile, hoping thereby to convey the impression that he took it all as a joke. But he never deceived the Twins.

As his lips closed over the spoon, the Rat grasped his collar and Temple seized his legs. He was lifted from off his feet and carried towards the window. He struggled and kicked, but they had him fast. Old Rogers laid hold of the Rat's coat and with his twenty stone of weight soon succeeded in pulling that hero off, but not before Marlow was well across the sill. Temple finished the job. He sent Marlow out of the window, head foremost, on to the ground.

In the meantime, Rogers, puffing and blowing, had dragged the Rat across to the other side of the shop. There the Rat turned and, unable to free himself by other means, landed the old man a blow in the middle of his spacious waistcoat.

Kruger came out with a grunt. If it had been physically possible, he would have doubled himself up. Instead, he leant backwards against the wall and blew out his cheeks in a frantic endeavour to get his breath.

The Rat was about to laugh, for Kruger at that moment was a killing thing to see, when an iron grip closed about his neck. He ducked, but some one held him fast. With an effort he sprang free, turned, and came face to face with Temple One.

The Head of the House was shaking; his self-control had gone to the winds. He raised his fist and struck the Rat, sending him back across the room.

At that the "Little One" stepped sharply up to his brother. Even at that moment he was most immaculate; there was even a trace of swagger in his gait. He tried to speak, but he only stammered, and nothing distinct was said. He looked at the Rat. The Rat had his hand to his face. Then, the younger Temple turned again to his brother, clenched his fist, and caught the Head of French's a swinging blow.

The elder Temple stood perfectly still. His face was white. Then the blood welled up beneath his eye, and a crimson drop stole slowly down his cheek.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE BOND OF UNION.

FOR several seconds no one spoke or moved. Then the younger Temple, seeming for the first time to realise the enormity of what he had done, turned almost sadly away and stepped across to the Rat.

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Rogers had not yet recovered his breath. The Twins, for once in their lives, seemed quite at a loss for something to say and the Head of the House helped them not in the least. There was no one else in the shop.

To have hit a prefect at all was a foolish thing to have done, but to have struck him hard enough to cut the skin over his cheek-bone and draw blood, was a crime without precedent in the annals of Tendring School. That that prefect was Temple One, the most popular and conspicuous boy out of six hundred, made matters more than a trifle the worse. The Twins were not capable of trembling; yet, even then, the Rat dreaded the consequences of what his comrade's loyalty had led him to do.

When his younger brother had struck him, Temple One had straightened himself with a jerk. He now stood rigid, looking his brother between the eyes. He seemed to be thinking; and his lips played uneasily upon his parted teeth. Then, without a word, he left the shop.

The Rat turned to Temple Two.

"You've done it, old chap."

"What else could I do?"

The Rat shrugged his shoulders.

"I suppose I would have done the same for you, Little One," and there was a touch of sadness in his voice. "By gum, there'll be old Harry to pay for this!"

"I hit him often enough when we were youngsters. Why shouldn't I do it now we're both at school?"

Temple was almost savage. The Rat was perfectly calm.

"Because he's the sheep-dog and we're only the poor little lambs. When the lamb turns round and makes for the sheep-dog, there's no fight in it, Little One. We'll both be mutton soon."

The Rat was rarely so depressed. Rogers was chuckling coarsely.

"You ain't so perky now," he observed; "neither on you."

Temple flared up.

"Mind your own business," he snapped.

But Rogers only chuckled the more. For the moment the sweets of victory were his. He rejoiced in the discomfiture of the Twins.

"Wait, my fat old friend," said the Rat, between his teeth. "You wait. We've not finished with *you*."

"Ain't you?" smiled Kruger. "I'm pleased to hear it. P'raps some one ain't finished with you, neither."

The Rat took Temple's arm.

"Come," said he. "Coarse *tu quoque* We'll leave the ass."

"That's it," laughed Kruger, in such good temper that nothing could ruffle him now. "Do you go away, both on you, an' think of wot you've gone an' done. *Tu quoque* yourself. In my reckerlections of the collidge—forty year—there ain't been a boy hit a prefect, only once; and him they took into the Prefects' Room one Saturday mornin' arter school, an' when he come out that boy's entire charackter an' disposition was altered. A lively merry little boy he were—allus laughin' an' jokin', same like you two. Howsomever, arter that Saturday morning he seemed disinclined to speak to any one. He kep' mostly to himself; an' they *do* say as how he took to writin' poetry an' compositioning music, and such like."

The Twins stayed to hear no more. Kruger, in vulgar parlance, was getting back a bit of his own.

Outside, they ran against Marlow, limping on one leg and supporting himself with a hand against the wall.

"What's the matter with you?" demanded the Rat, far from tenderly, for Marlow had been the cause of it all.

"I've hurt my ankle," said Marlow. It was manifest from his expression as well as his gait that he was in considerable pain.

The Rat knelt down and examined Marlow's ankle. He found it swollen and hot.

"He has, Little One," said the Rat. "We had better carry him back to the house."

This they did, joining their hands, while Marlow, whom a few minutes before they had so vigorously assaulted, placed an arm around the neck of each.

The school doctor gave the verdict that Marlow had sprained his ankle; and very soon the common room was in possession of the full details of the case, none of which, however, reached the ears of Mr. French.

To return to Temple One. The Head of the House sat in his study. He had bathed his face, but for all that a tattered, purple cut was visible under his eye.

He seemed restless, or angry, or both. For he got quickly to his feet, knocking over his chair, and instead of setting it up again, kicked it so viciously that he probably hurt his slippered foot. He then crossed to his bookshelf, took out "Wisden's Cricket Annual," read it for about thirty-five seconds, and then flung it into the waste-paper basket. Then there came a knock on the door—no half-hearted, timorous tap, but three sound and hearty knocks.

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"Come in," said Temple.

The Twins entered.

"Shut the door."

They did so. Temple One, setting up the chair, sat down, and looked at his slippers for quite a considerable time.

The Rat coughed, decorously, to attract the attention of the Head of the House; and he succeeded, inasmuch as Temple looked up.

"I suppose you know what you've done?" he asked.

The younger Temple never answered. The other went on:

"I suppose I need not tell you that relationships don't exist at school. In the holidays you can hit me as much as you like. (I shouldn't advise you to, by the way.) In the term, unfortunately, it's a different thing. When you hit me, you don't hit your brother; you hit the Head of your House. Now, a master or prefect may very likely treat a boy unfairly; in which case, if the boy is not disposed to grin and bear it, there is always one channel for complaint—the Headmaster. However, directly he takes the law into his own hands, he puts himself in the wrong, no matter what his excuse." Here Temple struck his little study table with his fist.

"Prefects aren't faultless," he went on; "we're only human. My temper's quick; and I own it, I made a mistake. Yet if I made a mistake, you made a greater one. Potts tells me the whole common room knows the truth: that you struck me, and that I took it like a lamb, and have got a black eye to show for it. I don't imagine that there will be any inquiries made among the masters as to how I got it. But to-morrow the whole school will see it, find out all about it, and I shall become a laughing-stock. I have already seen Hewitt. He considers that the only course likely to remedy matters is to call a meeting of the school prefects."

The younger Temple shifted his feet, and winced. He knew what that meant. The prefects seldom found it necessary to vindicate their position of authority, but when they did, one of Doctor Carberry's canings was comparatively a picnic.

Temple continued: "It seems, if I am to maintain my authority as a school prefect and

"I SUPPOSE YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'VE DONE?" HE ASKED.

Head of this House, that this is my only course. Firstly, because otherwise I might seem to invite every junior-school kid, who had the pluck, to step up to me and land me one in the eye, without any danger of being punished for it afterwards. Also, the fact that you are my brother is in itself a very good reason why I should seem to show no partiality. Two wrongs don't make a right: Hewitt was very insistent on that."

The younger Temple was not blessing Hewitt in his heart. It was generally known that the Head of the School House had openly declared that it would be an unmitigated pleasure to him to get the Twins into the Prefects' Room. The Little One's outlook was gloomy, and his brother went firmly on:

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"I'm going to try to be perfectly candid. The custom of the school, the demands of discipline, my own personal feelings of pride, your own deserts, and all the rest of it, tempt me to take Hewitt's advice. Yet I cannot, because of one thing: that I myself am really to blame. I should not have hit Simson. I lost my temper. You stood up for the Rat, and, 'pon my word, Jim, I can't blame you for doing that. You're pals, and there's an end of it; and I can't make you pay for sticking up for a pal. It wouldn't be fair. So get out of my study, and tell the school, as I suppose you will, that I've let you off, either because I've favoured my brother or because I was in a blue funk of you both. Get out! I'm sick of the sight of you!"

They went.

The common room was full of questioners, but they got completely nothing out of the Twins. Arm-in-arm, they took a walk to the clump of trees, and sitting down on the same bench where Potts had found them on the day he was expelled, they discoursed of Temple One.

"Dash it," exclaimed the rat, "he's a brick!"

"It *was* rather noble," admitted Temple Two, for no man is altogether a hero to his own brother.

"Noble!" echoed the Rat. "Think of it, Little One! Think of what a sweet thing vengeance is! He could have shown the whole school what it costs to hit him; oh, golly, he could have made us squirm! Think of what a fool we've made him! And he has passed it by, because he can't make a chap pay 'for sticking up for a pal.' By gum, he *is* a brick!"

"Hewitt wouldn't have done it," said Temple.

"No fear! Nor any other prefect in the whole school," added the Rat. "But I can get over the generosity; what defeats me is the *justice* of it. It's *too* jolly just, Little One. He can't have all the side he seems to have. He puts a lot on, I know; but it's only skin deep, else he could never have thought more of you than of himself. Great Scott! did you ever hear him talk like that before? I thought he was never going to leave off. It was all good, sound stuff, too."

"Yes, we're a fairly fluent family," observed Temple Two.

It appears that, for the time being, the Rat was not inclined to be flippant.

"Tell you what," he gravely went on, "I'm going to thank him this evening."

"Do," said Temple. "I'm sure he'll appreciate it. He has been quite decently brought up."

"And I'm going to tell him we're not going to play the ass any more."

"Right O!" said Temple. "But what about Rogers?"

"H'm, I won't climb down there. We can't. Remember, when we left the tuck-shop the old fool was laughing at us—laughing at us, Little One!"

"We must get hold of that pimple-faced idiot," reflected Temple.

"Who'll know where he lives?"

"Buckets!" said Temple. "He's a pal of Buckets. We'll get his address from Buckets and look him up."

"When?"

"To-morrow. We mustn't give Rogers time to cool down, otherwise he won't take the bait."

"Do you think he'll give chase?"

"Sure," said Temple. "It only wants to be properly worked."

"Where shall we run him to earth?"

"Bates' tool-house. I've thought it all out. No one will interfere with us there."

Then the bell rang for lock-up, so they both went back to the house, where they met Potts.

The Rat looked the small boy up and down.

"So I hear you are now Temple One's trusty informant on all common room matters?" he asked.

Potts looked frightened.

"Temple asked me some questions," he owned, "and I couldn't tell him lies."

To the surprise of Potts, the Rat burst out laughing.

"We don't want you to tell lies," he cried.

This pleased Potts. He thrust his hands deep into his trousers pockets, and looked the man.

"I do wish you two chaps would make it up with Temple One," he grumbled.

"Do you really?" asked the Rat, a little amused.

"Yes," said Potts. "I've always wished that, for the good of the House."

"Have you?" said the Rat. "Well, perhaps it may surprise you to hear that you've got your wish; though it has come about in rather a roundabout sort of way."

"How ripping!" cried Potts.

"Isn't it," said the Rat. "I'm going to seal the bond of union now."

Knocking, he entered Temple's study, and found the great man, having rescued "Wisden" from the waste-paper basket,

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deeply engrossed in the first-class averages of the year before.

"Hullo," said Temple. "What do you want?"

The Rat was actually not at ease.

"I would like, Temple," he faltered, "to tell you that the Little One and I greatly appreciate your kindness—and justice. We think you were *jolly* just; and we would like to tell you that in future we will try our best to back you up in the House and help as much as we can."

"Thank you," said Temple sourly. "You can tell the 'Little One,' as you are pleased to call my brother, that I'm quite capable of running the House without your aid. You can get out."

Temple Two met the Rat in the common room.

"How did he take it?" he asked.

"Side," said the Rat. "All side, to the last! But a decent chap, withal."

CHAPTER XV.

DIPLOMACY.

BATES' tool-house was at the uttermost ends of the earth—in other words, beyond the water-jump.

Bates, it will be remembered, was the cricket professional and groundman. He was quite a character in his way; an ardent politician and a teetotaler, like Rogers. But we are not concerned with Bates, beyond the fact that he was nominally the happy possessor of a tool-house, where he kept a horse roller and a huge mowing machine, besides other sundries of a like nature.

Bates' tool-house, though somewhat dilapidated, was by no means an insignificant edifice. Two stories high, it was built originally as a stable, with the upper part as a loft, and its eaves stood about twenty feet from the ground. It was constructed of wood, which in bygone days had been tarred, but the tar had gone green. Its roof was of thatch covered with wire netting, as thatch frequently is, to keep the sparrows from nesting therein. No one ever went there except Bates, for his roller or mowing machine: its situation guaranteed that.

Beyond the Junior School football ground there was an expanse of waste land, and on the other side of this was the water-jump, where a crowd always gathered when the school steeplechase was in progress, but never by any possible chance on any other occasion. Further away still, beyond the water-jump, was a belt of trees, young firs and larches, and in the middle of these was Bates' tool-house. So, to all intents and purposes, Bates' tool-house was at the uttermost ends of the earth. Boys were frequently a term at the school before they discovered it; a master had never been known to go there; and it was mainly for this reason that the Twins had selected it as a suitable spot for the carrying out of a certain dark and tragic deed.

Hitherto, no one knew of this scheme, except themselves. But circumstances now made it necessary for them to take Buckets and one other into their confidence. They found Buckets, as usual, cleaning boots.

"Hullo, Buckets," said Temple.

"Arternoon, Mister Temple."

Temple came straight to the point.

"You know that silly idiot who helps Rogers in the tuck-shop, Buckets?"

"What, Alf Sampson?" asked Buckets.

"How the dickens do I know what his name is?" demanded Temple haughtily.

"Well," volunteered Buckets, "'e's the chap wiv a spotty face."

"When will you see him?"

"I'll see 'im this arternoon maybe. 'E generally come up ter the collidge with me in the morning. But 'e ain't come lately. 'E's too feared of Mister Rogers; and 'e arst me to look round this arternoon, an' let 'im know if Mister Rogers 'ad cooled down yet. Love yer! but 'e's a testy old customer, Mister Rogers is."

"We know all that," said the Rat impatiently. "When do you finish work?"

"I've got an hour orf when I've finished there 'ere boots."

"How long will it take you to finish them?"

"Maybe five minutes, Mister Simson, and maybe twenty-five."

The Rat took off his coat and seized a boot. Temple followed his example. Every boot was cleaned well inside five minutes.

"Thank yer," said Buckets.

"Don't mention it," said Temple. "You can now do something for us."

"What's that?" asked Buckets.

"Introduce us to Alf."

The Twins put on their coats and gently, but firmly, led Buckets out of the room and down the road. They had not gone two hundred yards when Buckets stopped.

"Now I want ter know wot game this is!" he declared.

"Do you?" said Temple; "then you can wait. It's first necessary to collect our mutual

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friend, Alf. It would bore me to extinction to have to tell the whole story twice. Wait, and both you and Alf will be highly entertained. I promise you that."

This seemed to satisfy Buckets, for he went on without a word, though no doubt in his dull and homely brain he was trying to think it out.

They entered the main street of Tendring town, where Buckets knocked at the door of a small cottage. After a few minutes the door was opened the fraction of an inch and then closed with a slam.

"'E thinks it's Mister Rogers," grinned Buckets.

The Rat knocked again.

They waited for quite a considerable time, but no one came to the door. They tried to open it, but it proved to be bolted on the other side. At last, the Twins persuaded Buckets to go round to the back and climb over the yard wall. Soon after this the door was opened by Buckets himself, and they were invited to enter.

They did so, and found themselves in a sitting-room, furnished with a table, a small horse-hair sofa, and two rickety wooden chairs. A clock, with the hour hand gone, and two china dogs stood on the mantel-shelf. On the back of the sofa was laid an antimacassar, none too clean.

Alf stood in the centre of the room, trembling from head to foot, and no sooner had the Twins entered than he rushed to the door and, making it fast, stood with his back against it, with heaving chest and arms thrown out in the most approved dramatic style.

"We don't want 'im 'ere," he whispered. "'E'd murder me!"

"Do you live here alone?" asked the Rat, on whom all the drama was lost.

"There ain't a livin' soul to lend a 'and," gasped the youth. "My father's gorn to Lunnon, an' these last three days there aren't been no one in the 'ouse, 'cepting me. I ain't got no sleep; not a wink, I ain't. I've lied awake a' nights, thinking as I can 'ear 'im stumping up to the door arter me with 'is stick. Life ain't worth livin'! I wish I were dead and done with. That I do."

Here Temple interposed,

IT WAS MANIFEST THAT ALF WAS ON THE VERGE OF NERVOUS PROSTRATION.

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"Seat yourselves," said he, with a graceful wave of the hand.

Buckets and Alf meekly sat down side by side on the sofa. The Twins each took a chair.

"We are four men with a common wrong," said Temple. "We are gathered together to see that wrong avenged."

"'Ow about me?" asked Buckets. "'E ain't done me no 'arm."

"Ah," cried Temple; "because you never gave him the chance. You're too subtle, Buckets. Rogers can't get at you. That's just what worries him."

"But I ain't done nothing agin *'im!*" remonstrated Buckets.

"Who has?" loftily asked the Rat. "It's in Rogers' vile and revengeful nature to take strong likes and dislikes; and it is obvious he detests all of us—intensely."

"That 'e do," said Alf; "though 'e ain't got no cause for it."

"Then are we to suffer it in silence?" demanded the Rat.

"No," cried Temple.

"No! a thousand times," echoed the Rat. "Are we free-born Britons, or are we not?"

"We are," cried Temple.

Buckets caught the spirit of patriotism. "That we are, Mister Simson," he gave out with a nod.

"Good," said the Rat. "Then, we'll put our heads together to bring Rogers to his knees," and he banged his fist on the table.

Alf groaned.

"Alf," said the Rat, "we promise you faithfully you shall come to no harm."

"What do you want me to do?" asked that unfortunate.

"You are to go up to the tuck-shop at half-past two on Saturday. Rogers will come at you with a stick." (Here Alf turned ashen grey). "You will run away," went on the Rat, with a wave of his hand. "Are you sure you'll remember that?"

Alf was far too alarmed to answer.

"There's nothing to be afraid of. Rogers, with his lame leg and his twenty stone, couldn't catch a paralysed slug. You will run straight to Bates' tool-house. We have selected Saturday afternoon because it's a half-holiday, and all the fellows that happen to be about will be on the cricket-ground, watching the final house match. At the tool-house you will find two ladders. You will ascend the nearest ladder to the roof, where you will stop, and whisper to Rogers that he's got a face like the top of a toad-stool. Whereupon Rogers, we hope, will come up after you. When he is on the roof, you will descend the ladder on the other side, and take it away with you. Rogers will not be able to jump down, and our friend Buckets here will remove the ladder by which you ascended. Rogers will remain on the roof. Q.E.F. I have spoken."

"And what are *you* two a-going to do?" demanded Buckets, to whom it seemed that the Twins were shirking most of the responsibility.

"We are going to *find* Rogers there, by chance," answered the Rat.

"And we shall tell him," Temple continued, "that unless he apologises to us all, nicely, and promises to mend his ways in the future, he'll stop on that roof all night."

"Supposing he don't promise?" asked Alf.

"My good fellow," said Temple, "he will. At first, perhaps, he won't. But whilst the house match is in progress we will visit him from time to time, and before lock-up goes he'll surrender. You'll see,"

"P'raps he won't," replied Alf, a pessimist to the bone.

"We'll remind him of his age," said Temple, "of his gout and rheumatism. A night in the mist and the cold, on the roof of a shed—why, at his time of life it would kill him! And he'll know it. Rogers isn't one of the Old Guard, that dies but doesn't surrender. No, my friend, the blooming thing's a cert."

Alf was not yet assured. "Why shouldn't he jump down?" he asked.

"My dear good man," said Temple with infinite patience, "I ask you, is Rogers going to drop twenty stone of weight twenty feet through the air *on to a gouty foot?*"

Alf evidently thought it improbable, though he did not venture so far as to express the thought.

"I don't like it," he owned, after a pause.

"Then you need have nothing at all to do with it," answered the Rat.

"I'd rather not," said Alf.

"Please yourself. But we think it only fair to tell you that if you refuse to side with us against Rogers, we side with Rogers against you."

"'Ow?"

"How, you fool! Rogers can't run—and we can. If you ran away from us we would probably be able to catch you. However, that remains to be seen."

Once again Alf was ashen grey.

"And you'll hand me over to 'im!" the poor young man got out.

"Naturally," said the Rat.

The Twins were merciless, or, at least, appeared to be so. They knew their man.

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"I'll do it," choked Alf, "but you won't let 'im down till 'e's promised not to 'urt me, will you?"

"Do we look as if we would?" answered the Rat.

"'Ow do we know 'e'll keep 'is promise?"

"If he breaks it we'll tell the school, and he'll never hear the last of it," said Temple.

"But that won't do me no good arter 'e's give me an 'iding!"

"Yes, it will," said Temple. "You'll be a martyr, Mr. Alf. Thundering fine thing to be."

"I don't want ter be no martyr."

"Ah, but you will."

"I expect 'e'll kill me," groaned Alf.

"Rot, man!" cried Temple, restraining the family temper with difficulty. "He can't kill you without catching you first; and if he catches you it'll be your own fault."

"There's no knowing wot 'e can do when 'e's riled," said Alf.

Temple stammered more than usual, a sure sign that he was irritated.

"Look here. Once and for all," said he, "are you going to do this or are you not?"

"I dunno," said Alf.

"I'm waiting for an answer."

"Yes—I'll do it."

"Right O!" said Temple. "Half-past two outside the tuck-shop on Saturday afternoon. If you're not there we'll come and fetch you. Do you understand?"

"I'll be there," said Alf.

Whereupon the Twins departed with Buckets.

"Will he?" asked the Rat when they were well upon the road.

"*Song doot*," said Temple.

"Rotten French," said the Rat.

"No better," said Temple, "than a gentleman ought to speak."

Buckets regarded them in mingled admiration and awe.

"You're a wunnerful pair," said he.

Temple was walking with a colossal amount of side, and at this remark he put on a trifle more. The Rat progressed at a jog trot, with his back arched and his hands in his pockets and the crafty smile on his face.

They were clear of the little township and had just turned into a narrow lane with well-trimmed hedges on either side, when they both pulled up with a jerk and stood staring rigidly before them.

Approaching from down the lane came Napoleon, with his tam o' shanter, his little red coat and his wheelbarrow.

The child recognised them immediately and came, gleeful and trusting, to meet them.

"'Ullo," he cried, smiling all over his face, which, by the way, was a shade paler than usual. "Grandad ain't found out. No one 'asn't told 'im."

Temple looked at the Rat and the Rat looked at Temple. Then they picked Napoleon up and threw him over the hedge.

On the other side of the hedge was a ploughed field; and all that morning it had rained.

(*To be continued*)

ALGEBRA UP TO DATE

LET U be the driver of a motor-car, and let V be the velocity of the car.

If a sufficiently high value be given to V it will finally reach PC.

V will instantly = O.

For low values of V, PC may be neglected; but if V be high, it is usually best to square PC, for by Euclid (Book II.), PC + L.S.D = $(PC)^2$.

If value of L.S.D be sufficiently great PC will vanish, and V may be extended indefinitely. But should the difference between U and PC be very great, JP may be substituted for PC; in which case the problem is very difficult of solution, because no value of L.S.D has yet been found to effect the elimination of JP. $(JP)^2$ is in fact an impossible quantity.

"SOLVER."

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Photo. by] [Mayne Reid.

TRIMMING PRINTS

IT has been my lot lately to prepare a vast number of photographic prints for reproduction. One of the most important operations is the trimming of them, with the object of at once getting rid of any superfluous objects and rendering the picture as artistic as possible. The slip-in album, with openings to take prints of a certain size, makes no allowance for the fact that at least nine prints out of ten require considerable pruning before they are fit for exhibition, especially those of the snapshot order.

To arrive at a decision as to what portions of a print should be excluded, a simple adjustable mask of some kind is needed. The best form consists of a couple of L-shaped pieces of card, having one leg considerably larger than the other. These are laid upon the print, as shown in Fig. 1, and shifted about parallel to one another so as to keep the opening rectangular, of whatever size it may be. It is advisable to have in stock masks of the various colours of the mounting boards that you may use, as the colour of the mount has some effect upon the appearance of the trimmed print.

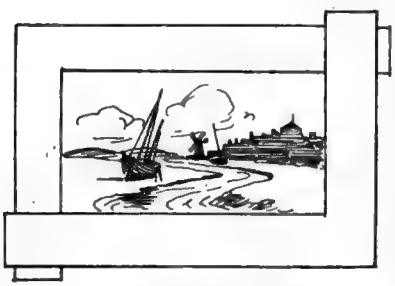

Fig. 1.—Adjustable masks for testing a print before trimming.

When you have decided finally what to retain and what to remove, mark the print lightly at the four corners of the mask and trim the edges away with a very sharp knife, held a little on the slant outwards, so as to undercut the paper and conceal the raw white edge as much as possible. Don't use glass

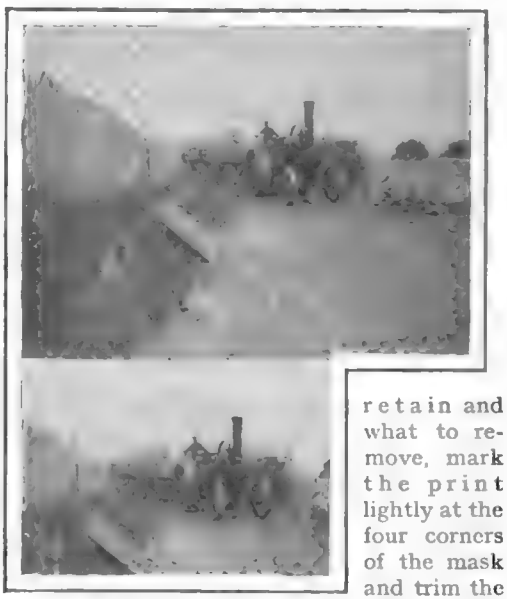

Fig. 2.—An example of the value of judicious trimming.

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as a support for the print, but a piece of stout cardboard, which won't punish the cutting edge and can be replaced when too much hacked about to be of further service.

As an example of judicious trimming I reproduce two prints (Fig. 2); one with only the unexposed margin removed, the other so cut down as to retain only what is worth keeping. A little consideration will show that nothing is gained by leaving in the slab foreground and all the fence on the left. The engine is the thing of interest, which is brought into prominence by reducing the size of the picture. As a parting hint I suggest that the ordinary rectangular shape is the best for all-round purposes. Eccentricity of shape defeats its

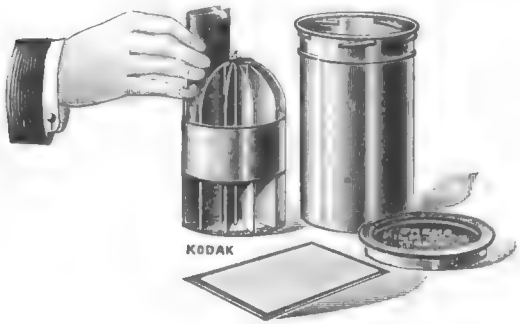

Fig. 3.—The Premo Film Pack Developing Tank.

own object by drawing away attention from the picture itself.

The Premo Film Pack Developing Tank

An objection that I have had to make to the very portable Film Pack is that the development of the films is a troublesome business, as being very thin they cockle in an annoying fashion in the developing bath. No doubt other users have experienced the same trouble, and their representations may be responsible for the introduction of the Premo Tank, which gets over the difficulty very simply. The exposed film and its black paper backing are, after removal from the pack, doubled between the thumb and fingers and inserted into a division of a kind of cage with radial partitions and an encircling ring of metal (Fig. 3). When all the films are in place, the cage is lowered into a tank of developer, which is then capped with a light-tight lid. At the end of twenty minutes the lid is removed, the developer is poured out, and the films are given several good rinsings in clean water, after which they are ready for the fixing-bath.

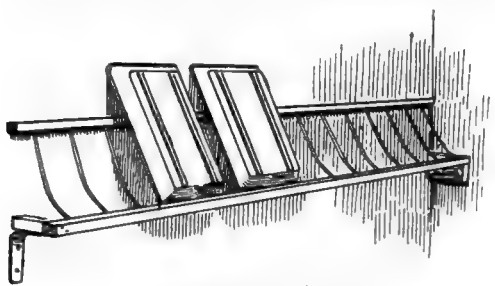

Fig. 4.—A simple draining rack.

A Simple Dish Draining Rack

The sketch (Fig. 4) shows a simple and efficient dish rack which can be made in a very short time. Get a number of pieces of wire $\frac{1}{16}$ in. in diameter, and 6 in. long, and file their ends to sharp points. Then take two bars of wood, the stoutness of which must depend upon the length of the rack and the weight of the dishes to be accommodated. (Half an inch square would suffice for vulcanite or ebonite dishes.) These bars are holed halfway through with a bradawl, at intervals of two inches or so. Then insert the wires into one bar and drive them home, and work their other ends into the holes of the other bar. A few taps with the hammer makes all snug. The gridiron thus formed is bent over the edge of a table or of some other convenient object, to give the wires a decided angle, as shown in Fig. 4. Mount the rack on a couple of brackets situated over the sink. You will find it useful, as a dish laid on it slips automatically into place. The top of the dish should of course be turned towards the wall.

Calculations for Copying Prints

Few photographers know the simple rule for calculating the distances of the lens from focussing screen and object for copying a print on a reduced or enlarged scale. So I will set it forth, after remarking that which of the distances is to be the greater depends on whether the image is to be larger or smaller than the object.

Let D = one distance.
,, d = the other distance.
D = focal length of lens × (times of enlargement or reduction + 1).

$$d = \text{focal length} + \frac{\text{focal length}}{\text{times of enlargement or reduction.}}$$

To apply the formula. Assume that our lens has a focal length of 6 in. and that the image is to be half-size.

Then $D = 6 \times (2 + 1) = 18$.
,, $d = 6 + \frac{6}{2} = 9$.

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The smaller distance obviously is that separating lens and screen. If the image were to be *enlarged* twice, the reverse would be the case.

This simple rule will help you if you wish

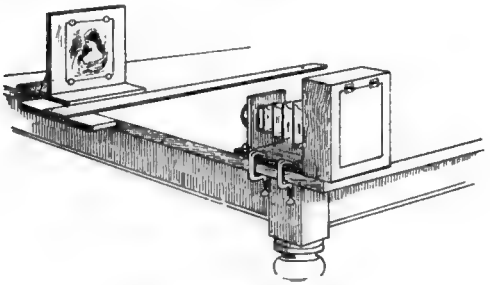

Fig. 5.—A print holder for use in copying.

to copy a series of objects on a certain scale. Calculate out the lens-to-screen distance, rack out your camera to the necessary extent, and move the thing to be copied about until it is in sharp focus. Or, beginning at the other end, set up the object at the calculated distance from the lens and rack the camera out to sharp focus. With front-racking cameras, however, the first method is preferable.

A Simple Copying Accessory

In Fig. 5 I represent a simple holder for the thing to be copied, just a piece of board attached at right angles to a couple of feet. At the level of the lens above the baseboard it is marked with cross and vertical lines to assist centring. If the camera be clamped to one edge of a table and the holder be slid backwards and forwards, pressing against a T-square, a focus is obtained easily; especially if two persons act together, the one to watch the screen and the other to move the holder.

Fig. 6.—A lacemaker's "candlestick."

Old Curiosities

Never lose a chance of securing a picture of objects which, on account of their antiquity or purpose, have special interest attaching to them. One day, when in the Cowper Museum at Olney, I noticed the curious object which appears in Fig. 6, and asked what it might be. I was informed that it was an old lace-maker's (lace-making was once a flourishing industry in Buckinghamshire) candle. On the top of three supports are glass globes filled with water, and between them stood a candlestick.

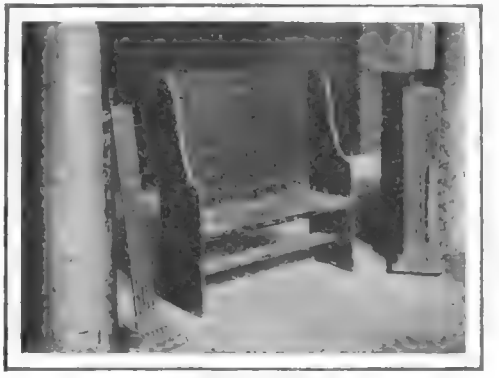

Fig. 7.—A Stool of Repentance.

The candle, being at the focus of the globes, projected three beams of strong light, which sufficed to illuminate the lace pillows of three workers. This is a relic of days when candles were expensive and the paraffin oil-lamp a thing of the future.

Even more interesting is the old Stool of Repentance (Fig. 7), of which I secured a negative, after much manœuvring with a tripod on a slippery pavement, in the town Church at St. Andrews. Transgressors against the social code had to sit, clad in the garb of the penitent, on the stool for a series of Sundays until their offence had been purged. I always regret that circumstances prevented my making a picture of the "scold's bridle" in the same church—a weird contrivance of iron for gagging ladies who indulged too freely in invective or injurious gossip.

A collection of photographs of this kind has a real value, and I advise you to make as large a one as opportunity permits. You will prize it long after the interest has departed from your albums of family groups and seaside snaps.

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BUNKER'S ENGINE TRIP

By BASIL K. FIELD

"CRACKED ABOUT STEAM ENGINES."

BUNKER always has been a rum sort of chap, all right when you know him and the sort of things he cares about, but a bit cracked about steam-engines and railways, and ready to jaw about them until further notice to any one who will listen or talk back.

He's got an uncle who's some kind of a big pot in the railway works that are in our town, and rather a decent old flick, because he lets Bunker muck about in the works all among the engines and carriages and the men who build them and take them to bits and so on.

Sometimes he tells Bunker to get on an engine, and says to the driver, "Just see he doesn't run past any signals," and Bunker gets a ride as far as the station, with a bit of shunting perhaps, and blows the whistle and thinks himself no end of a haughty duke of an engineer. By the way, Bunker is only his nickname. What his surname is doesn't matter a bit.

Bunker and I are day-boys at the same school. One night in the Easter holidays I met him going home looking rather scared and awfully important. He was awfully grimy, too. He interested me, in fact, so I asked him what he'd been up to.

"Swear you won't tell a soul?" he said,

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I swore most solemnly.

"Then I'll tell you. But you mustn't breathe a word. . . . You know about my uncle, the railway one? I was knocking about in the running shed to-day—that's where the engines are cleaned and stabled and so on—and was on the yard pilot engine, which stands about ready to take odd trips and do assisting if need be, when they telephoned from the station to say that the 7.30 to Manningham wanted help to take her train, which was very heavy with holiday people, on to Salchester.

"The yard foreman came up and told my driver what to do, and one of the little signals with round things on their arms went down, and we moved off towards the station. I only meant to go as far as that, as my uncle won't let me go on train engines; but when we backed on to the engine of the 7.30, which was one of the biggest new ones, and I saw all the bustle and excitement on the platform, and some people coming up to have a look at the engines, I didn't want any second hint when my driver said, 'Why don't you come along, master? We don't stop nowhere this side of Salchester, and you can nip off and catch the 8.25 back, and no one any the wiser.'

"It was pretty nearly dark by then, my uncle was away, and it seemed a jolly good idea and quite all right, so I stuck where I was.

"The porter who coupled us up to the other engine came up and said, 'The brake hosepipe back of the tender is pretty near busted. I've shut the cock off, and the other ingin'll work the train brake, so you've got yourn all to yourself.'

"My driver raised his hand in a gesture of understanding, the guard waved his flag and blew his whistle, and the fireman—they don't call 'em stokers, not on railways—who was looking over his side, touched the whistle lever and said, 'Right away.'

"The driver pushed over the regulator handle, and with roaring blasts we moved off into the dark, our resounding puffs beating in and out, and sometimes together, with those of the great engine behind us. It was splendid to look back over the tender and see the clouds of steam lit up red-gold by the light from our fire, and the other engine's chimney and front shoving along behind, chucking out its clouds and sparks and looking as cocky as if it were not only pulling its train, but shoving us into the bargain.

"As soon as we got fairly going, the driver gave the handle of the reversing gear three or four turns—what they call 'notching her up'—and the engine sort of caught its breath and puffed more quietly, while the speed began to get pretty decent.

"We went sailing through a station all lighted up, and the people looked at us, and I felt frightfully large and important standing up there.

"The line is up-hill pretty nearly the whole way except the last five miles to Salchester, when there is a tunnel about a mile long, and near the far end of it the line begins to go down and runs down-hill all the way into Salchester station.

"After a bit the driver leaned his head close to mine and shouted, 'Take hold of her for a spell and see how it feels to be a' ingin driver.'

"You bet I didn't want asking twice, and had hold of the handle in two shakes of a duck's tail. The driver kept looking ahead, so, as he didn't seem to be noticing, I shoved the lever over a little bit, and again and again a little bit, till, without turning, he pointed with his thumb to the fireman, and I looked. He was working like a nigger humping the coal out of the tender and bunging it into the fire-hole. The steam had begun to blow off at the safety valves and there was a good deal of a row going on generally, but the driver stuck his head close and shouted, 'Have mercy on him, master; his clothes'll be floatin' off him if you punch her like this.'

"I saw what he meant then, and had a look at the poor old fireman again. Talk about black diamonds! His face was all black, but the fierce white light from the fire-hole shone on the drops of sweat, so that it looked like one of those cut steel buckle things girls wear stuck in their shoes and hair and all over 'em.

"Bit by bit I pulled the regulator back to where it was when I first took hold. The fireman, whenever he wasn't busy with the coal, kept looking at the height of the water in the boiler—which you can see in two glass tubes fixed into tap things, top and bottom—and turning a brass wheel and looking over the side. Then, after more coal-heaving, he'd look at the water thingumbob again and turn the wheel. The driver didn't seem to do anything, except look ahead out of his window, and cock his eye now and then at the pressure gauge—that's the clock affair that shows the pressure of steam in the boiler. Now and then he looked at the fire, and once took the shovel from the fireman and put it through the fire-hole upside down and looked along under it.

"I asked him what he was doing, and thought he was kidding when he said he was looking for

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a hole, but found after that it was all right, as he explained that if there is a thin place, or 'hole,' in the fire, the draught goes through there and the rest of the fire doesn't get so hot as it ought to. Sometimes, too, he would give the reversing wheel a turn or so, but it didn't make any difference as far as I could see; but I expect it really did—unless he did it to make me think he did do *something* for his money.

"Well, we went digging along through deep cuttings where the noise sounded tremendously loud, then under a bridge, which brought it louder still and close for a noisy second, then along fine straight bits of open country, where you could see the green signal lights a mile or so ahead. Very often I could see them, then bushes or trees would get in the way and the lights would disappear and suddenly come sailing along close by and pass away overhead.

"Presently we came into rock cuttings, small at first, but quickly getting higher and higher; and pretty soon I could see that the walls joined together and went stretching up and away, solid dark against the clear darkness of the sky, as a great hill, so knew we were pretty close to the tunnel.

"The fireman reached over, just as we plunged into the mouth of the tunnel, and pushed the whistle lever. The whistle made a most frightful shindy, a kind of screaming row with a sharp edge that had jags in it, and the beggar kept it going no end of a time, till my ears felt all dumb and beastly. The driver guessed it worried me and bawled in my ear, 'There's likely enough men working further along in the tunnel and we want 'em to know we are coming.'

"Well now! that surprised me. I always thought they whistled so that the old fossils in the train should know it was time to hoist up the windows and shut their eyes. Isn't it rummy how the simplest things get fixed the wrong way about in your nut, if you only see half of a thing?

"It was fine in there, the steam flying along the top all red-hot looking, and the lines of the brickwork racing along in wavy streaks. Here and there there were great shiny patches, and in one place a lot of water came splashing down on top of us, and I felt jolly glad we had a decent cab to shelter us, I can tell you. Just after one of these wet glistening places had passed by, suddenly an awful jarring and clanking began under the engine and shook it all over, and me too. The driver jumped, and shoving me out of the way without any bones about it, slammed the regulator shut, opening it again very carefully.

"He shouted to me, 'Slipping, I had better take her now,' and I wasn't sorry, as it had scared me just a bit, so stood back and looked round me. Behind us, as cocky as ever, the stumpy fat chimney of the second engine was just visible, chump-chumping away like mad, the white-hot cinders shooting against the top of the tunnel and bouncing about all over the place. We were doing a bit of fireworks ourselves, too, and the cinders rattled down on top of the cab, which made me wonder how the poor beggars used to get on when they didn't have cabs to the engines. They must have had a busy time dodging the water and the sparks.

"After about a minute—it seemed like ten—we began to go much faster, and the engine to swing about a bit, when, just as we rushed out into the cutting beyond in a cloud of steam, a red light flashed past us. The driver shut off steam, and directly after there was a bit of a kick or jerk. He said, 'The trainman, he's putting his brake on—he can hold us as well. That was the Hoghill-cutting box distant we passed just now. There's the stop against us, too, cuss it. Right O! It's off!'—as the steady unwinking red eye ahead hesitatingly changed to a beautiful green—'Now we'll show you a bit of speed.'

"He opened the regulator again, as the green light approached and swept away behind us. We really did begin to travel then. The fireman stopped firing and stood staring through his window, with one hand on the edge of the cab to steady himself, the driver the same on the other side. The whole engine began to roll about and swing from side to side, and the driver's head rolled about on his shoulders and marked time. The tender waggled about as if it were trying to get away on its own, and the steam swept down from the chimney top all round us, in a kind of warm veil. We went tearing round a curve, the engine seeming to hotch itself round in great sideway jumps, and I was slung against the driver and nearly went overboard. I felt most rottenly funky, I tell you; yet, at the same time, there was another sort of wild feeling rising up all over under my skin which made me want to shout and say, 'Faster, faster! Go it, you beggars, go it!'

"'She *is* hopping it, that's a moral," shouted the driver, and I looked over my shoulder to see what the other engine looked like rolling about behind us. By gum! What do you think I saw?"

Of course, I guessed a lot of silly rotten guesses, but Bunker was so excited with his tale he didn't wait for me.

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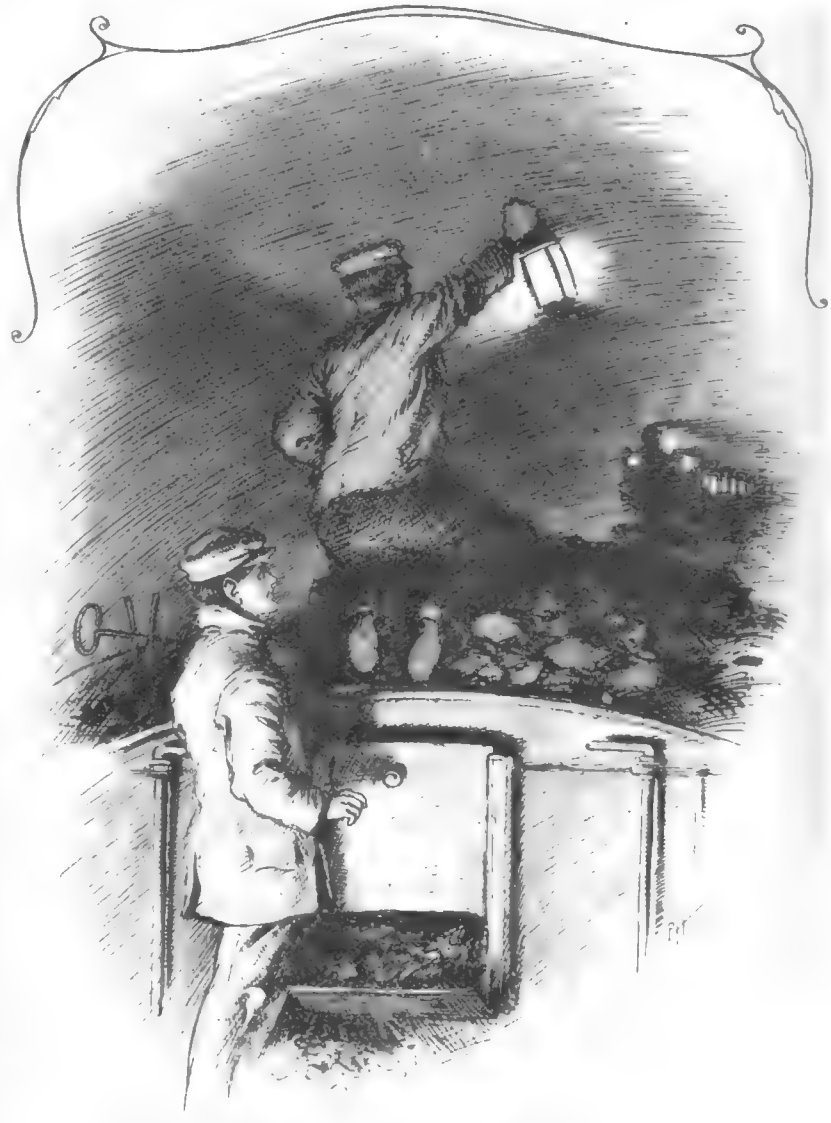
"You *couldn't* guess—there was nothing! . . . No chimney, no engine—nothing! Nothing but our steam curling and streaming away into darkness.

"I stared for a few seconds, then pulled the driver by his coat and said, 'Where's our train gone to?' He didn't understand at first, then looked carelessly round, and d'you know, it jolly nearly made me laugh, funky as I was, to see his old phizog change. He stared like a stuck pig, then jumped to the regulator, shut it off, opened it again, and then slammed it off once more as different ideas took hold of him. The fireman looked at him as if he thought he had gone off his chump, then *he* looked behind; stood shading his eyes with his hand, then collared hold of the brake handle and began twiddling it up as hard as he could.

"Almost at the same moment, as, with the bumping of the tender and the shishing of the locked wheels along the rails, our speed dwindled rapidly, the driver crossed the footplate in about one big step, knocking me over as he went, and fairly chucked the fireman out of the way and began unturning the handle. 'You silly blanky blanker, &c. &c.' I could see the swear words tumbling out, hot and strong, and he looked so jolly wild I made sure they would start scrapping on the footplate. He pulled the regulator open again, and the driving wheels spun round like mad.

"He raved and cussed, shut off again and opened it more gently, looking backwards with his eyes staring like those glass ones in heads made out of hairy cokernuts. I looked over, too, and I tell you my skin went all prickly between my shoulder-blades and crawled up the back of my neck behind my ears and over my scalp. The other engine and train were coming after us like a whirlwind, not more than half a mile away. What it meant was that if they didn't find out what had happened they'd be into us in half a jiff! It was pitch dark, and they must just have been taking it easy on their engine, trusting to our men to see signals, never noticing in the darkness and noise—the line being all



THE FIREMAN WAVED THE RED SIDE OF IT TOWARDS THE TRAIN.

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down-hill—that we had gone away from them.

"*We* had the headlights on, so that the front of their engine—and the back of our tender, too—was dark, but on the curve they were coming round we could see the faint lights from the carriage windows. It can't have been more than a few seconds really, but it seemed a frightful time before our engine got up any speed, and it seemed certain for a bit that the other beggar would come on top of us. My toes curled up in my boots, and my inside seemed to have got adrift and to be bumping about against my heart and lungs and the other things round about there. The fireman, meanwhile, had got hold of the whistle lever, and was popping it for all he was worth—'popping' is giving little short, sharp whistles one after the other as quickly as you can—and *still* the brutes didn't seem to notice.

"Then suddenly they did, and I drew a breath fit to burst my buttons off, and I'll swear the others did too when the faint white plume of steam disappeared and we saw the sparks flying all along the train as the brakes were put on.

"Our driver shut off steam too and eased up, and the fireman took the gauge lamp and, clambering over the coal in the tender, waved the red side of it towards the train. We had quite stopped now, and we heard the other engine start again, then shut off and gradually draw down to us. When it got quite close it stopped, and both drivers got down off their engines and stood and jabbered like magpies for a minute or two. Then they examined the front of the train engine and the back of our tender. They both got up again, and the train engine came gently up to us and started pushing us, and pulling its train as well; we having our brake screwed on a little so as not to run away when he slowed down for the station, and in this fashion we came in more or less good style into Salchester station.

"I don't think any one in the train or on the station knew anything about it, as, having had the two engines up the hill, we had a bit of time in hand, and they would have thought the stop was for a signal. I was jolly glad, and nipped off sharp as soon as the engine stopped. The glory was all knocked out of the affair, and I wished I had never had anything to do with the blessed trip, as there was sure to be a shindy about it, and my uncle is a bit of a scorcher when you get his hair off, I can tell you.

"The two drivers confabbed a bit, and ours came up to me and said in a greasy sort of way, with his face as long as Tuesday morning, 'Young master, Sammy Keppel—that's the train-driver—and me've talked this 'ere over, and since nobody, only us and you, don't know nothink about it, we reckon it's a case of least said soonest mended, and if you can keep your tongue between your teeth about the whole of the job, there's an end of it. That there jerk just as we come out of the tunnel broke our tender-hook, but I can put that in the report book as done shunting. If you go blowin' about this to your friends, the Board of Trade gents will be here in no time to hold a' inquiry, and dear knows what the governor might do about it. Both me and Sammy have got wives and little uns to think of, and I know your good 'eart won't let you speak if we was to get into trouble along of you so doing.'

"Of course I promised for all I was worth, and you can bet your boots I meant to keep it down my throat too. Fancy if the Board of Trade muck-a-mucks found out I was on the engine. Why, I might get into no end of a scrape and never get invited to my uncle's again!

About a month after this, though, Bunker showed me a letter he'd got from his uncle, who had gone away somewhere. The whole affair had got known almost directly. They passed a signal-box soon after the hook broke, and the signalman spotted that there was a space between the two engines, though he thought he was mistaken when he telephoned to the station and found the train had got there all right. But when he went off duty next morning, and was walking along the line, he found the broken end of the tender-hook, and sent it to the station, and they forwarded it to the works, with a report as to where it was found. Of course it was traced directly to the pilot driver, because the same day he had put the breaking of the hook in the report book at the running shed. There was a court-martial, and they badgered Bunker's driver until he owned up about everything, down to Bunker's being on the engine. Both the drivers and firemen were suspended from duty for a week, and had sixpence a day taken off their wages.

Bunker has let me write out his account of the engine trip, and has looked over it, and my brother, who's an author, has touched it up, and so there you are. A jolly good way of writing a story, I call it, since three heads are better than one, any day!

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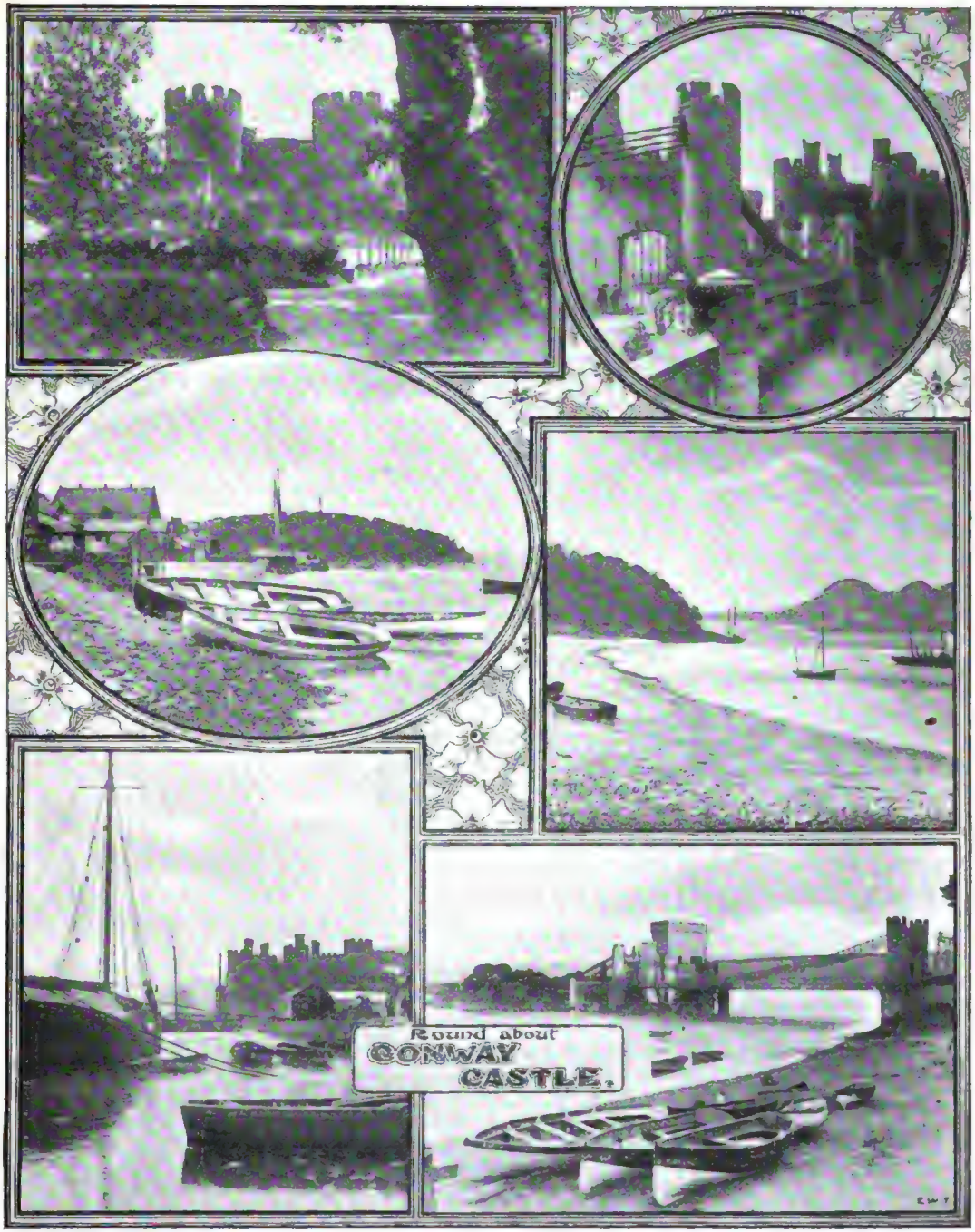

A FAVOURITE WELSH PLEASURE RESORT.
Photos. by Ernest W. Jackson.

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A group of cycling scouts. A smart turn-out, all ready for the road.
Photo. Gale and Polden.

BOY SCOUTS AND CYCLING

IN my May notes I invited readers to give their experiences of cycle scouting. One, who signs himself "Terrier and Scout," and writes from Aldershot, has very kindly sent me the following, which I reproduce, as it will no doubt interest a good many Captainites.

"Here in England the superiority of the wheel over hoofs is obvious, the network of good roads and the enclosed land giving every advantage to the cyclist. If there were fewer roads and more open country the horse would have more of a look-in, naturally.

"Both with the Volunteers and with the Territorials I have had great facilities for noting the uses of the cycle for general military purposes, whether for scouting, orderly work, drawing machine guns or carrying the wounded from the field. I have at present in hand a section of lads, whose ages range from 14 to 17 years, specially selected from the local Church Lads' Brigade Company, for the purpose of training as cyclist scouts and guides, more especially the latter, as they have to have a thorough knowledge of every road, lane and pathway within a thirty-mile radius of home, so that they would be of some real use in an emergency.

Outfit and Routine

"Each lad provides his own cycle, to which is fitted a rifle bucket and clip to carry a Martini Henry carbine; and a military carrier is fixed to the back stays, upon which is placed the rider's blanket and waterproof groundsheet, with mess-tin. A waterproof cape affixed to the handle-bar completes the outfit. At Easter the section covered 97 miles in 3½ days in the neighbourhood of Chilworth and Albury, with only *one puncture* to record, which speaks well for the Surrey roads, I think. [And for the tyres. Cycling Ed.] The lads arranged billets for themselves at farms, also for the detachment of Territorial signallers with whom we were working (the lads, by-the-bye, being quite capable signallers), and also cooked their own food. Road reporting, signalling and military map-making was carried out with excellent results.

"Each morning to the cavalry call of 'Stables' sounded by the Section bugler, every lad had to overhaul and clean his cycle." [Hear! Hear! Cycling Ed.]

The Application

I have known parents shrink from allowing dear Bobby or Billy to join the Boy Scouts or Church Lads' Brigade or some other disciplined organisation lest he should absorb terrible "militarist" ideas. I don't know what such people may think of me for suggesting that "Terrier and Scout's" example is worthy of wide imitation; nor, for the matter of that, do I care. One need not be an alarmist to imagine that the day may come when even lads trained on the principles sketched by my correspondent—lads taught to take advantage of cover, to act as guides, and to transmit signals—might be of real value to their country especially those grown old and patriotic

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enough to join the Territorials. The earlier you begin to train your intelligence and powers of observation the better the man you will make.

Of course, the value of an organised body of amateur scouts necessarily depends on thoroughness of training, which in turn depends on the keenness of the learner, who is not compelled to do more than he wishes. But if I read the signs of the times aright, there are plenty of youngsters ready to devote a lot of their spare time to scoutcraft, merely for the fun of the thing, just as I used to "play Indians" in the distant past. The cycle is a splendid auxiliary, as it gives one command of much wider areas than can be covered on foot, and consequently of a greater variety of "country." If I were in command of a body of cycle scouts I should go strong on signalling — semaphore and Morse—as this is eminently practical and at times decidedly useful. By-the-bye, Messrs. Gale and Polden, of Amen Corner, E.C., publish a very useful "Scout's handkerchief" —linen—on which are printed the semaphore and Morse codes, besides a number of hints for signallers. The same firm also supplies sets of Morse and semaphore cards—a letter or figure on each card—for instructional purposes.

Know your own Country

The average person's acquaintance with the district in which he lives is very limited—as an impartial investigation will soon prove to him. This is due either to lack of opportunity for extending his knowledge, or to lack of desire. Show him an Ordnance Survey map—one mile to the inch—of his district, and ask him for information about the roads, lanes and footpaths. So long as you keep within a few inches (*i.e.*, miles) of his house, he will be able to tell you what you want to know; but as you extend the radius his confidence will wane rapidly, and soon his answers will be confined to the main roads. One of the cyclist scouts would put him to shame by his vastly more minute and extensive acquaintance with his territory.

I think it a simply excellent thing that as many of us as possible should absorb part of the ordnance maps, and bring it about that in any and every district there shall be a number of efficient guides, who could say, not, "I *think* that such and such a path goes, &c. &c.," but "It *does* go to so-and-so, is so long, &c. &c." A lady friend of mine met, some years ago, in a foreign hotel, an officer of a certain continental army, who in the course of a conversation spoke with such knowledge of the district from which she came that she expressed her surprise, and asked when he had last been in England. It turned out that he had never set foot in our islands, but that his duties included the study of maps of the particular district in question, even down to the field-paths used only by agricultural labourers!

Cycle *v.* Feet

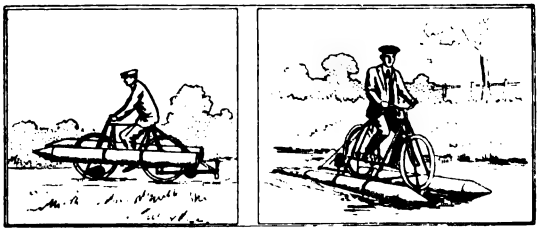
If one sticks to the cycle one misses half the beauties of the country. Use your cycle sometimes to carry you to a convenient spot where it may be left while you continue your explorations on foot, round and back to your machine. Note as many things as your brain will carry, and commit them to paper afterwards as a memory test. I need hardly say that rambles of this kind will increase greatly your interest in the country, besides giving you chances for pursuing hobbies of the photographic and natural history order which you otherwise might miss.

Cycle-camping and Scouting

As you extend your radius the return journey each day may become a bit tedious. The cycle-borne camping outfit would enable you to establish shifting bases of operations from which to work for several days at a time until you had quartered the whole of your county. In this connection I may draw attention to the fact that the Association of Cycle Campers increased its membership last year by 40 per cent., which shows that the pastime is rapidly gaining ground. There ought to be a considerable number of Captainites under canvas and lawn during the coming camping season.

A Two-element Cycle

The persons whom I pitied most at the White City last summer were the men whose duty it was to pedal the boats on the canal running round the grounds. The width of



The "Amphicycle." A French invention designed for service on both land and water.

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the paddle-wheels which propelled the craft was such as to give a "tread" broad enough to bring many nightmares to a racing cyclist. In spite of his uncomfortable seat and awkward position, the human motor managed to urge his heavily-laden craft through the water at quite a good speed, and as I watched him I wondered whether a really scientifically-constructed contrivance might not travel at a pace much greater than that of the ordinary river pleasure-boat, and at the cost of less muscular exertion than the working of a pair of sculls demands. From time to time I have read about water-cycles of various kinds, the last the invention of a Frenchman. This is designed for service on both land and water. A couple of long, cylindrical, cone-ended floats, which can be raised above the wheel base, or dropped below it, as the case demands, supply the buoyancy element. The screw is driven off the rear wheel through a friction wheel operating bevel gearing connected to the propeller shaft. The inventor claims that he can make five to six miles an hour easily on the water with his somewhat weird-looking apparatus, of which two sketches are included among our illustrations. The fly in the ointment seems to be that the "amphicycle" weighs more than two hundredweight—hardly the thing to take for a run round the country in a spare half-hour—and would be of little use on the road.

What Might be Done

If I had a few weeks to play with and lived near a secluded river or large lake, I should do some experimenting on water-cycles. The floats would be made of thin sheet iron ("tin") heavily coated with paint. I should use a screw propeller and have on the propeller-shaft a fly-wheel weighing several pounds with as much of its weight as possible in the rim. This would help to keep the "drive" steady. The efficiency of the apparatus would depend largely on the screw being of a correct design, as a badly-shaped propeller means an undue amount of "slip" or "drag." I wonder whether any Captainite has tried his hand at a vessel of this kind.

Ankling

One of the very stalest of subjects for cycle notes is correct pedalling action. I should feel ashamed of referring to it, were it not true that advice given under this head is acted upon by far too small a proportion of cyclists. There are three leg joints which should be constantly used by the rider, the hip joint, the knee joint and the ankle joint. Of these the first two are employed because they must be: the third is generally treated as a fixture, the leg below the knee being kept rigid as if of cast iron. A good many riders are probably unaware whether they do "ankle" or don't: in which case probably they don't. If you discover, on deliberate trial, that you are a transgressor, put yourself through a course of "ankling"—drop the heel at the top of the stroke and drop the toe at the bottom. At first your unaccustomed muscles will feel fatigue. But stick to it, and they will soon receive strength, while you will become aware of a much better turn of speed, especially on the up-grades. As in running, rowing, cricket and other forms of sports and pastimes, there is a wrong and a right way of using the muscles, so in cycling, though many riders—I think males are the chief offenders so far as the ankles are concerned—seem to ignore the fact.

The Specious "Crock"

"Bon Marché" tells of a friend who bought a very nice-looking and extremely low-priced machine. This treasure soon turned out to be utterly worthless; and a "slight spill" doubled up one of the cranks like a piece of tin. The keenness of competition has reduced the price of the cheaper cycles marketed by good firms to a figure that leaves very little profit, and cycles which are sold at two pounds less than that figure cannot possibly be worth their money, unless the vendor has resolved, for reasons of his own, to sell at a loss. I would as soon go partridge-shooting with a thirty-bob unproved Belgian gun as put my money down for some of the cycles that I see advertised.

Talking of cranks, one of the most striking proofs of the improvement in cycle construction is the toughness of the present-day crank. I remember the time when a spill and a bent crank went normally together. A mere upset of the machine as often as not sufficed to do damage. Nowadays the crank appears almost invulnerable, though it is far slimmer than its predecessors of ten years ago.

"Scout."—You will note what I have said above about the handkerchief. The Sports and Games Association supply complete Boy Scout outfits. Send a line to them for their list.

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"THE SCRAGS"

A Tale of Hickson's

By F. L. MORGAN

SYNOPSIS

WHEN Howard Pillsen becomes Games Secretary of Hickson's, he is informed that one of his duties will be to suppress a team of hockey-players known as "The Scrags" (from the name of their leader, a tall, sullen, but very able hockey player called Ross Scraggleton), the members of which will not join in the general hockey of the school, only playing matches against some of the junior teams. Elizabeth Joy, a new girl, knows nothing of the situation, and, taking advantage of her ignorance, Ross enlists her as a "Scrag." Some of her fellow juniors are indignant with Elizabeth, but she thinks highly of Ross, and remains loyal to him. Pillsen boldly tackles Ross about his team, saying that "The Scrags" ought to play for the school, but Scraggleton receives his protest with defiance. To make matters worse, the captain of Hickson's second eleven foolishly accepts the Scrags' challenge to a match. To fill a vacancy in his team for this match, Scraggleton prevails upon Elizabeth to play—in spite of the fact that a musical examination of great importance to her is imminent. The match, thanks to a plucky bit of play by Elizabeth in the last minute, results in a draw. Thus the Scrags prove themselves a side to be reckoned with, and Howard Pillsen is no nearer a solution of the difficulty.

XI

THEODORA TYLER was downcast. She was sad at heart and solemn of countenance.

"Cheer up, Theodora," said Miss Philips, who was paying a friendly call; "you have as good a chance as the junior."

"I haven't, Miss Philips—straight talking," replied the senior, with an earnestness that carried conviction. "The kid's music is a gift, and—well, mine isn't. Oh, I wish it was all over! . . . Well, of all the cheek!" This last was to some one who burst the door open unceremoniously, and entering unasked, shut it behind him with a bang.

"Ross Scraggleton!" Theodora scarcely knew Scraggleton except by repute, so her surprise was natural. There was also a little indignation mixed with it.

"I wanted to see Miss Philips, and was told she was here."

It was now the music-teacher's turn to show astonishment.

Ross Scraggleton threw his cap on the table. He looked very much disturbed, and Theodora noticed that he was just as he had come off the field.

"Who won?" she asked suddenly.

"It was a draw. But we should have been beaten just at the last if it had not been for Elizabeth Joy. The kid saved the match, but got crocked over it."

"Oh, poor kiddie!" said Theodora. "Is she much hurt?"

"It's her wrist or hand; I don't know exactly, I haven't seen her. She came straight in, and one of the other girls told me about it. She said the kid's hand was very swollen."

"Poor little kid," said Theodora again. As yet she hadn't thought of what the accident to Elizabeth would do for herself on Monday.

"They told me she'd gone up to her dorm," went on Scraggleton. "I think some one ought to go and see that she's looked after."

Theodora, remembering that Scraggleton wanted to speak to Miss Philips, rose with the delicacy that was so natural to her and left them together in her study, saying as she closed the door, "I'll run up and see."

The long dormitory where Elizabeth slept was very silent. The senior hurried by the open doors of the empty cubicles, but pulled up outside the first closed one.

"Elizabeth, may I come in?"

"No, please. Who is it?"

"Theodora Tyler. Did you have an accident on the field this afternoon? Are you much hurt?"

"No; it's only my wrist."

"Well, but you ought to have it seen to, Elizabeth. Won't you come out?"

"No, please, dear Theodora. Leave me alone just to-night, and I'll do what you like to-morrow"

"But I don't think I ought to leave you like this. It may be serious."

"No, it isn't, Theodora, really and truly,"

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and Elizabeth opened the door and stood with one hand held behind her, looking up at the senior with smiling eyes. "I'm all right, Theodora, straight I am, only I don't want to come down again to-night—please, Theodora."

Theodora bent down suddenly and kissed the pleading little face. Demonstrations of affection were rare in Bowen's, and Elizabeth flushed with pleasure.

"All right, kiddie; perhaps the best thing you can do now is to go to bed and give it a long rest. Only you must have it properly seen to in the morning."

Going downstairs again, the remembrance of Monday's examination suddenly flashed into the senior's mind. "Now, I am bound to win the scholarship!" A glow of joy came rushing to the surface, but was speedily quelled. She couldn't help rejoicing over the certainty of her success, but she wasn't going to *panic* with delight, when the poor kid upstairs must be breaking her heart over her rotten luck. No doubt that was why she was so keen on being alone, thought the girl.

The steady hum of Scraggleton's voice ceased as she entered her study. Miss Philips, who was looking rather disturbed, drew Theodora into a chair beside her.

"Theodora dear, I have just heard a most pathetic story from this boy. It appears that Elizabeth Joy's parents are quite poor people who have sent her here at a great sacrifice, trusting that with this start the child's genius will, by means of scholarships, carry her through. She fully realises all this, and had counted on the Edith Harmann to relieve her parents at once of the expense of her education, which they really cannot afford."

"Well," said Theodora, mildly, "I'm real sorry for her, but she has undoubtedly hurt her wrist."

"I know. But Ross Scraggleton tells me that he persuaded her to play to-day, much against her will, and so he feels that this trouble will have been brought about for her by him."

Theodora nodded. "It was rather low down," she said.

"Well, now he wants to have the examination postponed."

"Miss Philips!" interrupted Theodora. "Such a thing is quite impossible. The Head—no one—would hear of it!"

Scraggleton looked up and watched Theodora's face while Miss Philips continued.

"He once heard me say that Edith Harmann was my aunt, and he thought that as she is herself coming to examine——"

"Your aunt!" cried Theodora. "What, the one you told me about?"

"Yes. He thought that I might have some influence, and without telling her why, get her to postpone the examination."

"And could you?" asked Theodora. She had gone rather white.

"Yes—I think so. For a week, say."

"Supposing Elizabeth wasn't well by then?" said Theodora.

"We should know that we had done all in our power for her," replied the music-teacher.

"Would it be fair to—to me?" asked Theodora.

Miss Philips took her hand and squeezed it. Scraggleton spoke for the first time.

"Yes, because you are rich," he said quickly. "You can spend a thousand dollars on your music any day you like. But she can't, and she ought to have her chance of the scholarship. If she doesn't have it, it's my fault, and—well——" Scraggleton paused, quite unable to explain himself further, and Theodora got up and turned her back to the others.

"It isn't only the money," she said with a catch in her voice. "This is all through your wretched Scrags!"

"I know what it means to you, dear," said Miss Philips; "and I have told Ross Scraggleton that whether I interfere or not, shall depend on you. You have been my best friend since I've been here, and I feel I owe it to you to let you decide."

"Should you be going back to your aunt, anyway?" asked Theodora.

"Yes, before the end of the term."

"Hurry up and decide, Theodora," said Scraggleton in a low voice.

Then the girl turned round. It is curious that, in life's great moments, confused or shocked thought wanders a long way round before it seems capable of grappling with the subject in hand. For the fraction of a second Theodora's mind seemed blank; then her heart steadied and she was quite calm. She wondered whether Elizabeth was in bed yet; if she was fretting about the scholarship, crying, perhaps. Then she became conscious of Ross Scraggleton's anxious gaze. He seemed a decent, straight fellow in spite of the Scrags. Anyway, he wanted to do the square thing by Elizabeth, so he had some sort of a code of honour.

A minute went by and Theodora didn't speak. Her thoughts still seemed all on the loose. She remembered that the match had resulted in a draw, and thought how sick

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Pillsen would be about it. Good old Howard, he——"

"Theodora!" Scraggleton's tone was irritable through nervous anxiety.

It was a tragic moment. Theodora started. She had thought of what she would do, but she felt very tired.

"If it is left to me," she said, "I will consent on one condition."

"What is it?" asked Scraggleton. "Don't be all night."

"You've made it so that I must say yes," went on Theodora slowly; "but it's hard luck that both Elizabeth and I should have to pay for your caddish ways. So we'll turn it to good account for Hickson's. Miss Philips may postpone the exam. if you will first disband the Scrags and give your word of honour that you'll only play for the regular teams in future."

Scraggleton was as white as Theodora now.

"Do you agree?"

XII

It was the next afternoon, a soft, mild and fine Sunday that told of a summer at hand. Hickson's generally turned out for walks about this time. No four-miles-an-hour constitutionals, but just arm-in-arm strolls round the fields or across country, comparing home notes, or discussing all things with one's particular chum. The girls discarded everyday jerseys for their prettiest frocks, and consigned to darkest corners their square-toed shoes, while the dainty little foot-gear so dear to girls of every age and description became much in evidence.

Hickson girls wore plain frocks and straight pig-tails all the week, because their intercourse with Carr's and constant games made it both seemly and convenient; but they were not a whit less sweet or girlish for this, only a great deal less trivial and vain. The thought of personal adornment was a very small item in the consciousness of these girls, and though they always looked sweet and neat, the business of life at Hickson's made once a week quite often enough to indulge in lace and frills, with hair-ribbons to match!

"HURRY UP AND DECIDE, THEODORA," SAID SCRAGGLETON.

Howard Pillsen stood on the steps of Carr's House, and wondered if Theodora Tyler would go for a stroll if he went and asked her. Hickson's in twos and threes and fours were constantly passing through the court, sometimes pausing to join forces and form a chattering

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group. Gradually Pillsen became conscious of something unusual in the general attitude towards himself. He was pointed out, nodded at, and evidently discussed in connection with some event that was causing considerable interest and excitement. Pillsen was thinking of inquiring aloud if any one saw aught amiss or unusual in his personal appearance, when the long form of Jonathan Flower loomed forward and mounted the step below Pillsen, thus bringing their heads about on a level.

"Pillsen," said "the Weed," "I congratulate you. You are far deeper and cleverer than I thought. I always knew you were a smart man, but to this extent—no, Pillsen, I never dreamt of such profundity, and I congratulate you."

"Thanks," returned Pillsen, amiably; "what for?"

Jonathan regarded him with admiration. "The truly great are always so modest," he said. "But I should much like to know how you did it, and how the dickens you kept it so dark. I am a humble but earnest student of human——"

"Yes, I know; I've heard it before," interrupted Pillsen.

"Well, then, won't you enlighten me as to how you managed so completely to rout the Scrags just on top of their giddy triumph?"

The Games Secretary wanted time to grasp it. "What did you say?" he asked. "What about the Scrags?"

"Why, they're 'all out,' as our dear Britisher would say, and of course, every one thinks it is the work of your marvellous brain, seeing you've been agitating about it all term. Don't tell me it's not you!"

"Oh, Weed, do dry up your rot and explain."

"It is true, then. Ye gods, his is not the glory! Well, Scraggleton broke up his team last night, and the Scrags are no more. And as it isn't you, I don't know why, unless it was a mighty call of conscience."

"Say, Jonathan, do be serious," almost pleaded Pillsen, absolutely on tenterhooks to know what had really happened. "If it's a fact, it's a real weird sequel to yesterday's ghastly hockey match."

"Dear boy, I am serious. I know of nothing more so than calls of Conscience. I sometimes have them myself, and I can assure you that while they're on they are extremely disturbing."

"You're an ass," said Pillsen. "I must find some one who knows more, and talks a bit less."

On his way to Bowen's, Pillsen became the unwilling recipient of a considerable amount of undeserved congratulation and voiced approval.

"Good for you, Howard!" said Mary Baker genially; while Kennett exclaimed as he passed, "Well done, Pill; you're the square peg and no error!"

Pillsen knew that these remarks referred to the overcoming of the Scrags, but though embarrassed, he did not stop to explain that he had had no hand in the matter. He did venture to make a few guarded inquiries, but elicited no further information. Even rumour seemed at a loss for once, for the story always ended at the one plain fact.

The puzzled Games Secretary found Theodora gentle and polite, but uncommunicative. When told the news she merely said, "Oh, really?" And when asked if she had known it before this, she "had heard about it."

Then Pillsen became indignant and reproachful.

"Of course you are in the know, Theodora, any idiot could see that. I think it's rather rotten. Of course, if it's a secret——"

"It is," answered Theodora. "And it's Scraggleton's. You must ask *him*."

So Pillsen retired, and Theodora watched him go gladly. She was not yet through with her own battle.

Outside Bowen's, Pillsen nearly ran down the late Captain of the Scrags, who was apparently waiting for some one to appear or something to happen.

"Sorry," said Pillsen, recovering himself. "Oh, it's you, Scraggleton. I've just heard that you've given up your hockey team."

"Oh," responded Scraggleton, without raising his eyes from the ground.

The Games Secretary was in no very pleasant frame of mind, and a scathing remark came almost to his lips; but he could see that Scraggleton was hard hit—evidently the sacrifice of the Scrags had not been made willingly—so he put forth a tremendous effort after amiability. He had no desire, now that Scraggleton was down, to give him another kick.

"It was the only thing to do, you know, Scraggleton," he commenced rather awkwardly; "and you can have a clear start next term."

Scraggleton looked up. "If you are pleased," he said, turning away, "you had better thank Elizabeth Joy."

At that moment the young lady whom Pillsen recognised as the juniors' music-teacher came through Bowen's gates into the court.

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Ross Scraggleton started forward to meet her.

"Have you been into San Fran. and back already?" he asked eagerly, taking no further notice of the Games Secretary. "Is it fixed up?"

The young lady did not give him a direct answer.

"I'm going indoors to Theodora," she said. "You had better come."

The two disappeared together into Bowen's, and Pillsen stood gazing after them, wondering if they were developing softening of the brain, or if he was. He was sure it was one or the other.

XIII

"Well, what?" asked Theodora quietly, as Miss Philips and Ross Scraggleton entered.

"Just this, my dear," said the music-teacher, commencing to pull off her gloves. "I have been into the city and called at the hotel where my aunt always stays. She was not there, and is not expected at all at present. I could do nothing more, so came back at once. And I must tell you that I am very glad."

"Glad!" echoed Theodora blankly.

"Yes. I have been thinking about all this, and I feel I have been very unwise to have entered into any plot or scheme to alter the arrangements for the examinations."

"Oh, Miss Philips, it was for the best, we thought!" pleaded Theodora.

"Yes, but I had no right to interfere, so I am glad that things have turned out like this." Miss Philips was not a very strong character, and was no more fitted for her present position at Hickson's than the smallest junior, but she had evidently made up her mind on this one point.

"But what about Elizabeth Joy?" asked Scraggleton. He was sitting in an arm-chair near the fireplace, staring at the floor.

"Well, it is a great pity, but it is the fortune of war, I suppose," replied Miss Philips. "You are greatly to blame, and Elizabeth will have to suffer for your wrong-doing. It seems hard, but it is often like that."

"That's what I hate so," responded Scraggleton.

"Then," said Theodora, slowly, "of course the condition—about the Scrags, you know—doesn't hold good. Unless——" Theodora rose and went over to where Ross Scraggleton was sitting, and very sweetly and naturally laid her hand on his shoulder—"unless you like to do it, you know"

But Scraggleton wasn't ready yet, so he shook off the gentle little hand. And Theodora, because she knew exactly how he felt, didn't take any notice of his seeming roughness, but just patted him encouragingly on the back and returned to her seat.

"Well," she said, "we've tried, all of us, to give Elizabeth her chance, and we've failed. I shan't have any pleasure in the scholarship now, if I get it. But I reckon we had better forget all about this and never breathe a word to any one. No one but us three must ever know."

"Not a soul," replied Miss Philips. "And I'm very sorry for Elizabeth Joy. Is her wrist any better to-day?"

Theodora started to lay the cloth. "I don't know," she said; "I haven't seen her, though I had several shots at getting at her this morning. But I sent a kid to tell her to come in to tea. You'd better stay, too, Ross, and we'll give her a good time. Will you?"

Ross Scraggleton looked up. It was an overture of friendship, and his first invitation to tea in a study. Meeting Theodora's kind, honest eyes, he somehow swallowed in a lump the bitterness that had spoilt things for him at Hickson's for so long, and said, "I'd like to, awfully."

"Good business," returned Theodora cheerfully. "I expect she'll be here in a minute. Won't you wait, Miss Philips, just to see how the kid is?"

Before the minute was up Elizabeth's knock sounded on the door, and her sedate entrance ended in a rush as she saw Scraggleton.

"Why, Ross, you dear old thing, I didn't know you'd be here. And you, too, Miss Philips—what do you think? I saw Mr. Parkinson just now, and he told me that Madame Edith Harmann isn't coming herself to-morrow after all. It will be just an ordinary examiner."

The others didn't know what to say for a minute, they were so astonished at the junior's high spirits. How could she speak so brightly of the exam. when her own chance that had meant so much to her was irrecoverably lost?

"Elizabeth, have you had your wrist seen to? How is it to-day?" asked Theodora at last.

"It's all right, it's quite well."

Theodora turned round with the tea-pot lid poised in the air, and Scraggleton stood the kettle unceremoniously on the carpet. Miss Philips could only look and listen. Elizabeth glanced at them all and stood with both hands held out.

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"Aren't you pleased?" she asked.

Theodora put down the tea-pot and hugged her.

"Pleased! I should just think we are, you dear kid. Now I can do my bit at the exam. to-morrow twice as well."

Scraggleton took a deep breath. "Are you sure it's quite well, Elizabeth?"

"Dead certain," answered Elizabeth sweetly.

"Then it couldn't have been anything really," said Miss Philips, going out of the room, looking much relieved.

"It wasn't, really," replied Elizabeth, drawing her chair up to the table. "Oh, Theodora, could I have a piece of that most splendid cake?"

During the next half-hour Ross Scraggleton made several interesting discoveries, the most startling of which was himself in the *rôle* of an ordinary affable, sociable, and positively chatty Hicksonian. And when Elizabeth said, "We just saved the match yesterday, didn't we?" he knew that the miracle was complete, and replied:

"Well, you did, kid. But the Scrags are all over now, Elizabeth, and next season you must play in one of the school teams."

"Good for you!" breathed Theodora, but Elizabeth's face asked for further information.

Scraggleton explained with a grin.

"You see, I have decided that it isn't exactly 'in accord with Principle' to have a team of my own!"

XIV

Jonathan Flower seated himself on a corner of Pillsen's table.

"For once, Howard, my boy, I am at a loss. I find myself entirely unable to fathom the total eclipse of the Scrags."

"Get out," replied Pillsen; "I'm busy."

"No, you only think you are. Now, I know that something, to put it mildly, has happened. Some crisis has arisen and passed over our devoted heads, unknown save to a few, and unobserved by the masses. But I, being such an earnest student of Human Nature——"

ELIZABETH STOOD WITH BOTH HANDS HELD OUT.

"Yes, I know, man, but I've got some work to do," interrupted Pillsen, pointedly rustling the leaves of a large history.

"Wait a bit. Now, if it was not your talented self, who or what the dickens was it that made Scraggleton throw up his hockey team just in its zenith? Answer me that, my boy, and I'll go like a little lamb."

"Well, he said we had better thank Elizabeth Joy for it," answered the harassed Games Secretary. "Now, do clear out, there's a good chap."

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"Elizabeth Joy—ye gods!" said Jonathan dramatically, startled out of his usual indifference. "Elizabeth Joy, did you say? Ho, yes, Elizabeth Joy, a small girl kid reared by poor but thrifty parents in the Christian Science religion, comes from the backwoods and in less than a term proves herself at Hickson's, in what is a most interesting situation all round, to be—well, the Missing Link. Yes, that's *very* likely. Next, please!"

"She did have something to do with it," insisted Pilsen. "Scraggleton told me so himself in the only civil sentence I've ever had from him, and even then he wasn't what you would call polite! I don't know any more, and I'm sick of the whole business. Theodora Tyler is in it, but she's mum."

"O-ho, it's like that, is it? Well, you've given me plenty to think about, so I'll go—No, I won't, here's the Britisher. Come in, sir; this way to the bear's den. He's dangerous this afternoon, so try not to excite him."

"Here's a nice go," said Stanborough, seating himself in Pillsen's best arm-chair. "Parleby's gone and broken his arm jumping over a gate or something and old Snivets says it means hospital till the end of the term—hospital as far as games are concerned, I mean."

"Poor old Bob, what rotten luck!" said Flower, while Pillsen resignedly closed his history and offered condolences to the absent unfortunate.

"Yes, of course," agreed Stanborough; "I'm frightfully sorry for him, but you don't realise what it means. The Saturday after next we are playing the return against Marchmont, the last match of the season."

The Games Secretary twisted round in his chair and faced the Britisher.

"Well, there's Holtham or John Burke—both good."

"Good enough, but both booked for an exam. on that day."

"Whew! How about Grace Hawkes?"

"Impossible—absolutely no go. She's a splendid runner, but can't hold a stick for nuts. No, I've made all inquiries, and every one's playing what you chaps over here call football, or doing something else that can't be put off, and I must either go with a man short or take a kid. Rotten luck, because Marchmont gave us a fearful licking last time, and I was hoping to make a better show By the way, some one's just knocked at your door, Pill."

Howard sighed. Whenever he particularly wished to be alone, or to do some real work, all Hickson's invariably seemed to want to seek him out and hold forth in conversation.

"*Come in*, whoever you are, and shut the door after you."

"Thanks," said Theodora Tyler with a laugh, doing as she was told.

"Sorry, Theodora—didn't know it was you. Get out of that chair, Stanborough."

But the Britisher was already out of it, and Theodora protested.

"Say, don't make a disturbance for me—I just want to ask the Britisher something. It's about the match against Marchmont. Whom are you going to play in poor old Bob Parleby's place, Ronald? Of course, you've heard of his accident?"

They all nodded, as Stanborough replied, "Don't know. Why, have you discovered a brilliant player whose light has hitherto been under a bushel?"

"Well, hardly under a bushel, I should say." Theodora hesitated, and seemed to glance at Pillsen for a little help, but the Games Secretary evidently suspected and didn't approve of what was coming. He stared into the empty grate with a frown.

"Who is it, Theodora?" asked Jonathan Flower. "Perhaps a member of the late but not lamented Scrags?"

"Yes, you've got it, Weed. It's Ross Scraggleton himself," said Theodora.

"Ridiculous!" grunted Pillsen, while Jonathan looked thoughtful, and the Englishman exclaimed quickly, "I couldn't play *that* bounder; it's a mad idea. What do you say, Weed?"

"I've heard of madder," replied Jonathan Flower.

Theodora sent a graceful glance across at him. Then she looked at Pillsen. She knew that the Britisher never took kindly to a revolutionary idea first off, but the opposition written in the Games Secretary's face was a different matter.

"Howard, Ross Scraggleton is a splendid player, and as he has given up the Scrags entirely of his own accord——"

"I don't know anything about it," interrupted Pillsen, not very pleasantly.

"No? Well, it wasn't anybody's business but his," returned Theodora promptly.

"Thanks, Theodora." Pillsen grinned in spite of himself.

"That's quite all right," said Theodora. "Now, what do you think about it, Ronald? You see, he's done the square thing with regard to the Scrags now, and you've got tremendous influence and if you played him

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it would give him a chance and sort of start him fair for next term with everybody."

"All that's nothing to do with me or the first mixed eleven," objected the Englishman.

"No, but his is first-class hockey—he's miles better than Parleby, really. Jonathan, you've seen him play."

"As good hockey as I've ever seen at Hickson's," replied the Weed, with conviction. "Seriously, Ron. old chap, I don't think you could do better.

Jonathan's opinion went for more than most people's with Stanborough.

"All right. Well, I'll see the chap, and if he can play like that, of course—well, anyway, I'll see," said the Britisher.

"I reckon you won't regret it. Don't tell him I asked you," said Theodora rising to go.

"Don't hustle, Theo," urged Pillsen, "but tell how you got on at the music exam. yesterday. And is it true that the juniors' lady music-teacher is leaving at the end of the term?"

"Yes, she's going. Oh, I got on fair to middling. We shan't know the result for a week, but the kid has come out on top, I expect—good luck to her!" said Theodora as she whisked out of the room.

It was a fortnight later, and to any one in an ordinary frame of mind the day could hardly be called exhilarating. The dull greyness of the afternoon had now melted into tears as if overcome by the weight of its own damp existence, and five o'clock found the fretty drizzle settling down into a steady fall of rain.

But to Ronald Algernon Stanborough everything looked rosy with colour and light. His mental atmosphere was redolent with golden sunshine and singing birds, for Hickson's first hockey eleven had absolutely wiped the floor with Marchmont that very afternoon—Marchmont! who had romped over the college earlier in the season, and whom every one had expected to repeat the performance. Who would not see golden light and hear silver-throated birds (even though, materially speaking, there happened to be no manifestation of either) with five glorious goals to Hickson's credit against a measly *one?*

It had been a splendid victory—a victory that would send Hickson's hockey to rest for the summer surrounded by laurels, and that seemed to be a good omen for next term and cricket. The Englishman was the backbone of Hickson's cricket, and under his rule the college had been the means of several other elevens being started in the neighbourhood, all of which were now doing good work.

Yes, it was a fair day, a fair royal day to Stanborough, as with lightsome tread and cheerful countenance he squelched happily home in the rain.

"Needn't ask who won," grinned Jonathan Flower, meeting him about five minutes from the college.

"Five, my dear chap—five to one, and three beauties straight from that man Scraggleton. He's absolutely first-class and must play regularly next season. And he likes cricket and plays a bit at home—told me so."

"It appears that reward follows righteousness a mighty sight quicker than seems at all necessary sometimes," said Flower. "I foresee a bright and happy future at Hickson's for Ross Scraggleton Esquire."

"Oh, he's all right; a bit suspicious at first, but he shook down during the match and afterwards the chaps were all over him."

"Well, it's a mighty triumph, and I guess we ought to celebrate it with a large and merry meal. I've got tons of grub—will you come if I ask Theodora, old Pill and that chap Scraggleton?"

"Rather! Thanks awfully, Weed. But I must have a bath first."

"Yes, well I've got something I must do before tea; I want to see Elizabeth Joy off."

"See Elizabeth Joy off," echoed Stanborough. "Who's she and where's she going?"

"She is the junior who won the Edith Harmann Scholarship and in whom, as a student of Human Nature, I am particularly interested. The scholarship takes her to Germany in a month, so a fond parent has come to fetch her away from the coll. at once. They're nearly due to start now, so would you mind stepping it out a bit more?"

"Anything to oblige," said Stanborough, breaking into a trot.

"Thanks! And would you mind bringing a few teaspoons to tea with you, and a couple of saucers? Crockery for five is rather a tall order."

"All right. Anything else? I've got some rather stunnin' biscuits—Theodora would like them."

"Bring 'em along. By the way, Theodora and Scraggleton are coming to see Elizabeth off, I believe. Perhaps you'd like to come, too," suggested Jonathan, innocently smiling, as they entered Hickson's.

"Thanks, I'd rather have a bath," grinned the Britisher, turning off into Carr's.

THE END.

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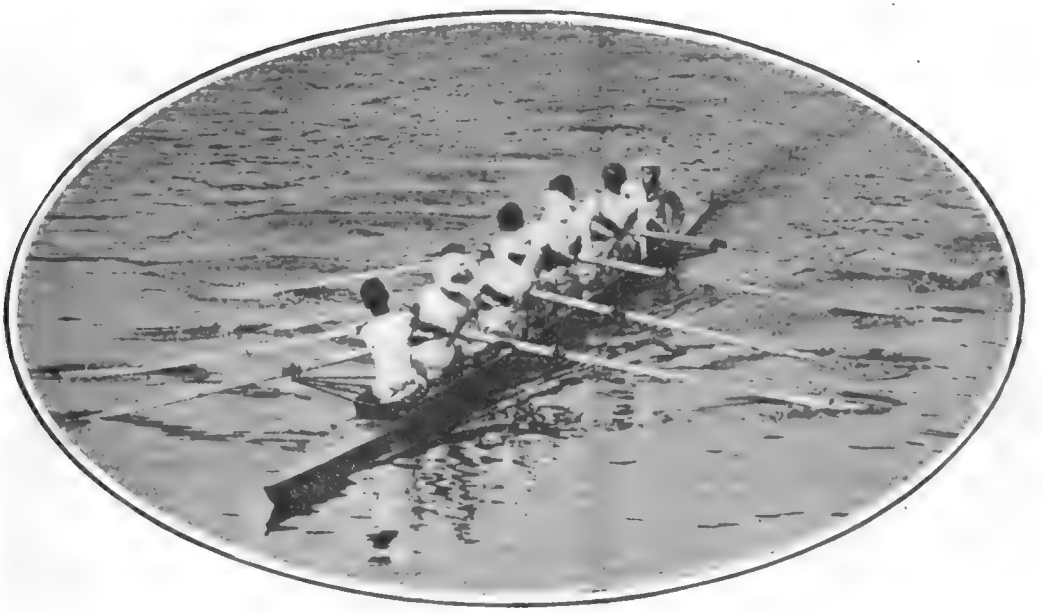
PUBLIC SCHOOLS THAT ROW

By G. WARD-PRICE



THE ETON EIGHT AT HENLEY REGATTA, 1908.
Photo. H. W Nicholls.

ROWING occupies so prominent a position among sports at the Universities that it is not surprising that practically every public school which is fortunate enough to be within reach of navigable water makes at least some effort to follow what boating men, the world over, proudly claim to be the "premier sport."

Despite the robust charms of the footer-field, the allurements of a sun-baked wicket, the lesser delights of racquets and fives, of the swimming-bath and the "Corps," of boxing and golf, of cross-country runs and training on the cinder-path, in spite of all the rival attractions which are offered by the sporting life of a public school, there will still be some for whom the river has a call; who are content to grind away, indifferent to the hot sun of June as to the cold sleet of January, to the constant "Steadily forward! Kick! Hands away!" of a critical coach, at a task seeming to the uninitiated mere galley-slave labour, but which to the oarsman is a delight to be appreciated—after a long novitiate—but never to be explained.

At the public schools, moreover, rowing men are often deprived of the stimulus of frequent contest which at the 'Varsities is supplied not only by the "Lents" and "Mays," or "Toggers" and Eights, but by the 'Varsity Light and Clinker Fours, the Pairs and Sculls, as well as the private races of each College Boat Club. A solitary inter-school race at the end of a long year does not, of itself, supply much inducement to spend three or four afternoons a week "thinking of one's faults," learning to "come steadily forward; keep the button up; get in where you reach to; bring the blade through in one piece; keep the finish long; flick the hands away past the knees"—doing, in fact, the dozen things that one ought to do while avoiding the hundred things that one ought not to do in the apparently simple but really complicated process of pulling one's blade through the water. But the true oarsman can dispense, if necessary, with the joys of conflict. For him oarsmanship is an end in itself worth striving for. To feel the long, light ship, steady as a raft beneath him, leap forward like a spurred horse at every stroke; to be conscious of the perfect rhythm of the human machine of which he is

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a part; to feel his blade grasp the water firmly and cleanly well behind the rigger, and then, driving it through with a hard kick from the stretcher, to see, with the tail of his eye, the white swirl of the perfect "puddle" it leaves; these things rather than the mere winning of races make up for him success, and this, after all, is the attitude of the good sportsman.

Among rowing schools, Eton, of course, holds premier place. Ever since 1812, when the first Captain of the Boats was elected, Eton has been the greatest nursery of young oarsmen in the world, and her former "wet-bobs" have always been found in large numbers as members of the 'Varsities, Leander, Olympic, and other first-class crews.

H. C. B. WEMYSS.
Captain of Rowing, Bedford Grammar School.

Eton rowing is organised with all the complexity and circumstance which become an ancient and venerable institution. There are three upper boats and seven lower, the first of the upper boats, the *Monarch*, being a ten-oar. This is made up, not necessarily of the best oars, but of boys who are of high standing in the school. The *Monarch* leads the famous procession of boats on the Fourth of June, when the crews are dressed in a curious costume — striped shirts, straw hats and sailor's jackets—rather reminiscent of the "Pirates of Penzance," while the coxes wear the uniform of a naval officer.

The majority of the School Eight have places in the second of the upper boats, the *Victory*. The School Eight is selected, however, irrespective of the boats in which they hold places, "boats" being, in fact, more than anything else, a classification in which to improve one's position of merit, though the captains of the Lower Boats have always first obtained their "Upper Boats."

The Eight alone are entitled to wear white flannel trousers and the light blue coats with their peculiar collars and white buttons, that always suggest pyjama jackets.

The Captain of the Boats at Eton is the "swell" of the school. His power over the boats is unlimited. Curiously enough, among his other duties is that of managing the cross-country races of the school.

In addition to the Eight-oared rowing, there are also House Fours and sculling and "pulling" races, the last being what would elsewhere be called Pairs. "Lower-Boy Pulling" is rowed in crafts called "perfects," peculiar to Eton, being fixed-seat clinker pairs with coxswains.

Inter-school racing at Eton began in contests with Westminster, which continued at irregular intervals from 1829 to 1864 and were then dropped. The School Eight first appeared on the Henley Course in 1858 in a private race with Radley, which they won. In 1861 they began to compete at Henley Regatta. The Eton crew at Henley last year was as follows:

	W. Stewart Roberts (bow)	10 *st.* 13 *lb.*
2	E. Millington-Drake	11 *st.* 6 *lb.*
3	A. N. Fielden	12 *st.* 0 *lb.*
4	A. F. R. Wiggins	11 *st.* 4 *lb.*
5	A. S. Garton	12 *st.* 11 *lb.*
6	C. R. le Blanc-Smith	12 *st.* 2 *lb.*
7	P. Fleming	12 *st.* 4 *lb.*
	R. W. M. Arbuthnot (str.)	9 *st.* 8 *lb.*
	R. H. O. Hanbury (cox.)	8 *st.* 0 *lb.*

BEDFORD GRAMMAR SCHOOL FIRST EIGHT.

The heavy weight ascribed to cox. is due, of course, to the rule of the Regatta, which requires crews above a certain total weight to carry an 8-stone cox., or else, as was done in this case, to carry dead weight in the

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stern sufficient to make up the deficit in cox.'s poundage.

The crew lost to Christ Church, Oxford, in the Final of the Grand, after a good race. Their style was beautiful to watch. It was chiefly remarkable for the steadiness of the recovery—a gentle, even swing, which allowed the boat to run freely between the strokes. They took the water quickly and firmly without any of the snatch at the beginning which seems to be becoming popular at any rate with some Henley crews.

Other rowing schools to be mentioned must be taken mainly alphabetically.

Bedford Grammar School.

This school has a flourishing boat club of 120 members, on the Ouse. The most important fixture in the year is the House Fours, rowed at the end of March in tub boats over a course of slightly more than a mile. These races take the place of Trial Eights in bringing out any useful material. The next event is the annual race with Shrewsbury School, rowed in the second half of June alternately on the Ouse and Severn. Bedford has won the race eight times and Shrewsbury six, since it was started in 1895. After the Junior House Fours, the next event is the Bedford Town Regatta in July, for which the school enters three fours. Last year also a race was rowed in July with St. Paul's School, and won by 4¼ lengths.

W. G. NOTT BOWER.
Captain Cheltenham College Boat Club.

Finally, there is the School Regatta, lasting for two days, in which the chief events are :

> Senior and Junior Pairs for Silver Challenge Oars ; Day Boys *v.* Boarders ; Civil and Military Side *v.* Rest ; Past *v.* Present ; the last three events being rowed in eights.

Altogether a full and well-organised rowing year.

Last year's crew was as follows :

	R. C. Rolfe-Rogers (bow)	9 *st.* 11 *lb.*
2	N. A. R. Anderson	10 *st.* 8 *lb.*
3	E. T. Warren	10 *st.* 13½ *lb.*
4	H. C. B. Wemyss	11 *st.* 8 *lb.*
5	H. H. Cox	11 *st.* 7 *lb.*
6	C. W. Courtenay	11 *st.* 7 *lb.*
7	J. A. Thompson	9 *st.* 7½ *lb.*
	R. H. A. Kellie (str.)	11 *st.* 0 *lb.*
	W. S. Reynolds (cox.)	6 *st.* 9 *lb.*

Canterbury, King's School.

The K.S.B.C. dates from 1887. Four-oared races for Seniors and Novices are rowed in the Lent term, and on the form showed in these races, the two crews to represent the school against Tonbridge School in the Summer Term are selected. Of these races, which have been held since 1904, the two K.S. Fours have each won two. Canterbury are unfortunate in having the Stour as their only water, a river which leaves much to be desired from a rowing standpoint. Last year's first Four was as follows :

	S. D. Turner (bow)	10 *st.* 1 *lb.*
2	H. F. Reynolds	11 *st.* 1 *lb.*
3	B. G. Garibaldi	12 *st.* 0 *lb.*
	T. S. Nelson (str.)	11 *st.* 0 *lb.*
	G. A. L. Jones (cox.)	7 *st.* 10 *lb.*

Cheltenham College.

If to triumph over difficulties be a test of enthusiasm, Cheltenham is one of the keenest of rowing schools, for the Cheltenham B.C. can only row on the Severn at Tewkesbury, which is some ten miles from the School. Three times a week, on half-holidays, a special train for the members of the B.C. leaves Cheltenham at 2.25 P.M., which enables them to be afloat at Tewkesbury at about three o'clock. The seventy members of the club are divided into the following crews :

> College Four ; Two Trial Fours ; Two Eights ; Four Half-outrigged Fours ; Tub Fours and Pairs.

On reaching Tewkesbury, the crews row off one after the other to the "Creek," two and a half miles up, where they get out. At five o'clock the roll is called and all the boats row back. The College Four and the Trial Fours are coached by masters throughout the afternoon.

There are two College Races, against St. Paul's School and Winchester College. While in training for the first of these the Four go over to Tewkesbury by road in the evening

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of each whole-school day and get in about an hour and a half's practice.

Last year Cheltenham beat St. Paul's by 4 lengths at Hammersmith, and Winchester by 1¾ lengths at Tewkesbury.

After the College races, the rowing is reorganised with a view to House Fours, of which each house puts on two. These are bumping races and take place on four days at the end of the term. They are rowed in two divisions, on the lines of the 'Varsity bumping races. There are also races for House Pairs and a challenge event called the Lowe Sculls.

Cheltenham has three O.C.s who have rowed in the Oxford boat and eight who have achieved the same distinction at Cambridge, among them four presidents of the C.U.B.C., of whom the last is Mr. D. C. R. Stuart.

Last year's crew was as below :

	F. G. Gudgeon (bow)	11 *st.* 3 *lb.*
2	G. W. Lambert	11 *st.* 8 *lb.*
3	W. G. Nott Bower	11 *st.* 12 *lb.*
	G. F. Elmslie (str.)	12 *st.* 5 *lb.*
	T. B. Bailey (cox.)	8 *st.* 0 *lb.*

THE RADLEY COLLEGE EIGHT WATCHING THE RACES FROM PHYLLIS COURT, HENLEY, 1908.
Photo. H. W. Nicholls

Durham School.

The Durham School B.C. has a long history. Since 1839 it has never failed to send in crews for the Durham Regatta. A Durham oarsman starts his rowing career in the Junior Fours, which row against each other in tub ships. After about two years of this, he is promoted to one of the two "Rigger" crews, which consist of members of the School Third crew and reserves. These two boats, which also compete together, owe their name to the time when outriggers were exceptional. There are also Senior and Junior House races, Senior and Junior Sculls and Light Pair races. All the above fixtures take place in the Michaelmas Term, and the term ends with a race against an O.D. crew.

Rowing begins again in the second half of the Lent Term after football has stopped. It now takes the form of preparing the School's three or four crews for the Durham Regatta at the end of June. The first two crews row in light ships. Durham boasts many rowing Blues, including several presidents of the 'Varsity Clubs. The list of Oxford Presidents includes J. Arkell and F. R. Carr, while at Cambridge, Blues have been won by such well-known Old Dunelmians as B. N. Cherry, H. J. Chaytor, W. H. Lowe, and E. H. Prest.

Last year's first boat consisted of :

	G. M. Cooper (bow)	10 *st.* 5 *lb.*
2	H. W. Hosking	10 *st.* 8 *lb.*
3	S. Arnott	11 *st.* 3 *lb.*
	F. Henderson (str.)	11 *st.* 1 *lb.*
	S. O. V. Hodge (cox.)	6 *st.* 3 *lb*

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J. B. ANDRAS.
Boat Captain, St. Paul's School.

Magdalen College School, Oxford.

This school Boat Club, from its close connection with the University, enjoys the advantage of excellent coaching. The Hilary Term from January to March is the boating term, and every one in the school who can pass the swimming test and is not in the hockey eleven, is expected to row. Fixed-seat clinker fours are used. The school first and second boats race annually against the first two Fours of Bath College. Last year the first Four also met Abingdon. After these races House Fours are organised to compete for a Challenge Cup.

Radley College.

Radley stands high in the ranks of rowing schools. Since 1861 they have competed nearly every year in the Ladies' Plate at Henley.

The races are organised as follows :

Lent Term, Senior and Junior Trials.

Summer Term, Senior and Junior Sculls ; Senior and Junior Pairs ; Senior and Junior House Fours (which last are rowed as bumping races).

Winter Term, Senior and Junior Fours.

Sixteen Old Radleians at each University have obtained their Blues.

Last year's Radley crew at Henley, which was defeated by Brasenose in the Ladies', was as follows :

	U. E. Lloyd (bow) . .	10 *st.* 11 *lb.*
2	E. H. Bickersteth . .	10 *st.* 13 *lb.*
3	A. I. James . . .	11 *st.* 4 *lb.*
4	D. L. Scott . . .	10 *st.* 12 *lb.*
5	R. F. Reade . . .	11 *st.* 1 *lb.*
6	R. G. Roberts . .	12 *st.* 1 *lb.*
7	C. M. Stuart . .	11 *st.* 4 *lb.*
	H. S. Illingworth (str.) .	10 *st.* 7 *lb.*
	N. Collins (cox.) . .	7 *st.* 7 *lb.*

SHREWSBURY SCHOOL EIGHT, 1908.

Top row : E. Longworth (bow), 9 st. 7 lb. ; F. Vachell (4), 11 st. 4 lb. ; V. Harvey (2), 11 st. 2 lb. ; F. T. Prior (coach)
R. D. Newill (stroke), 10 st. 2 lb. ; J. G. Harrison (3), 10 st. 12 lb.
Middle row : T. Bate (6), 12 st. 4 lb. ; J. A. Hartcup (captain) (7), 11 st. 4 lb. ; R. J. Hearn (5), 11 st. 12 lb.
Bottom row : E. Harrison (cox.), 5 st. 10 lb.

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St. Paul's School.

During the Christmas Term there is only tubbing at St. Paul's. The Lent Term is devoted to "inter-club" races and Trial Eights, while the School races are rowed in the Summer Term. The School is divided for athletic purposes into six "clubs," of which the day-boys form five and the boarders one. Each club puts on a Four and the races are rowed off in heats. These races and the Trial Eights are rowed on fixed seats. In the Summer Term there are fixed seat four-oared races with Cheltenham and Winchester, and last year a sliding Eight was sent to row Bedford Grammar School.

H. L. RAYNER.
Captain Tonbridge School Boat Club.

The Four consists of the following :

	H. N. Spencer (bow) .	9 *st.* 12 *lb.*
2	W. E. Sandys . . .	10 *st.* 4 *lb.*
3	P. D. Ward . . .	10 *st.* 12 *lb.*
	J. B. Andras (str.) . .	10 *st.* 7 *lb.*
	G. F. Bullock (cox.) . .	7 *st.* 2 *lb.*

Shrewsbury School.

At Shrewsbury, the fixtures are as follows :

Michaelmas Term, Trial Fours.
Lent Term, Senior Challenge Oars ; Junior Challenge Oars.
(These are Inter-House competitions for first and second House Fours.)
Trial Eights.
Summer Term, Races against Royal Chester R.C. and Bedford G.S. ; Bumping Races for first, second and third House Boats ; Victoria Sculls.

All the important races are rowed as time races. We publish a photograph of last year's Eight, with weights.

Tonbridge School.

The Tonbridge B.C. has sixty members. There are two Senior Fours, who are coached by masters and in turn coach the rest of the Club. At the end of the Summer Term there are House Races and a Regatta. The first Four last year beat Winchester and St. Edward's School, Oxford, but succumbed to the King's School, Canterbury.

Last year's Four was :

	E. von A. Pictorius (bow) .	9 *st.* 8 *lb.*
2	C. C. Chittenden . .	12 *st.* 8 *lb.*
3	H. L. Rayner . . .	10 *st.* 6 *lb.*
	A. C. Brown (str.) . .	9 *st.* 10 *lb.*
	J. Pegg (cox.) . .	8 *st.* 0 *lb.*

There are also several among the smaller public schools which row, and here keenness is even more necessary to support a thriving Boat Club, owing to the difficulty of taking men from the other sports of the School. Such a one is Abingdon, where rowing has to be confined to the Lent Term, in order to avoid clashing with cricket. At St. Peter's School, York, also, there is a Boat Club, which holds races such as School House *v.* Day Boys and School *v.* Masters. King Edward's School, Norwich, Hereford Cathedral School, Bath College, Worcester Cathedral King's School, and others, have more or less flourishing Clubs, and until recently Merchant Taylors' School, London, supported a club-house at Hammersmith.

There is one defect in the organisation of public school rowing which will probably have suggested itself to those who have read the foregoing outline of the systems existing at the chief rowing schools. It is that the schools are not sufficiently linked up by inter-school competitions. A few races, arranged privately between two schools, exist here and there, but there is no competitive event on a large scale around which public school rowing can crystallise.

Such an event did, in fact, exist from 1879 to 1885 in the form of a Public Schools Cup at Henley Regatta. By the courtesy of Mr. J. F. Cooper, secretary of the Regatta Committee, I have been supplied with the particulars of the brief history of this institution. The winners were as follows :

1879	Cheltenham.
1880	Bedford.
1881	Bedford.
1882	Magdalen College School.
1883	Hereford School.
1884	Derby School.

Mr. Cooper says, "In 1885 the Cup was sold to the Marlow Regatta Committee. It was withdrawn from the Henley Programme on the ground that Henley Regatta was essentially for first-class rowing only."

The Marlow Regatta Committee never made

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much of a success of the race and it was soon discontinued.

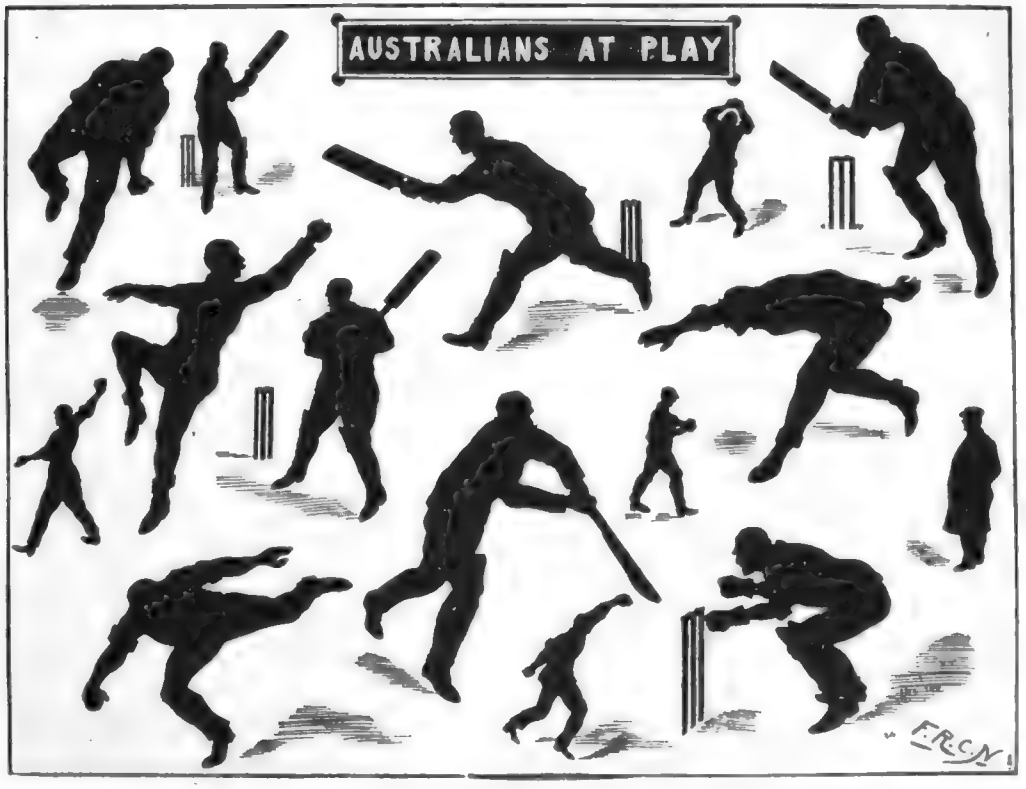
The reason for the failure of this race was the mistake that was made in establishing it at Henley. Rowing is a sport that cannot be taken up at all seriously for racing purposes by boys until they have reached the age of at least sixteen, and the two years or so which then remains to them before leaving school is too short a period in which to attain to a very high standard in the difficult art of oarsmanship. Hence the form displayed in the Schools Cup at Henley showed up badly against that of the other events. Leading oarsmen, quite rightly, regarded the event unfavourably as out of place at Henley. The school crews felt their own deficiencies keenly in the presence of better crews and became discouraged.

Thus the cause of public school rowing received a set-back from its too ambitious start. But for some time past a strong feeling has been growing among the public schools that such a cup, if re-established on more modest lines at one of the smaller Thames regattas, would do a very great deal of good to school rowing by holding out something to work for. The absence of such a definite aim is felt by every school boat captain.

Now, there is no one who takes a keener interest in public school sport than the Old Fag, and I should not wonder if the display of a little enthusiasm for such a plan on the part of the rowing schools were to persuade him to offer such a Cup to be competed for at the end of the summer term by public school crews which have not rowed at Henley Regatta. There might even be two cups, one for Senior Fours, to be rowed on slides in clinker built ships, and a junior trophy for fixed seat boats.

At any rate, the least that public school boat captains can do is to communicate with the Editor and let him know how they would regard such a scheme.

If a "CAPTAIN" Cup could be successfully established, it could not but provide immense encouragement to public school rowing.



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A SAMOAN CRICKET MATCH

By F. W. CHRISTIAN

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE SOPER

MALU-I-FAFO, OR "SHADES OF EVENING WITHOUT THE HOUSE."

I

A DAY and a night's comfortable sail, sometimes two or three in the time of the light and variable winds, on board one of the copra-schooners from Apia brings one down to the pretty little village of Leone on Tutuila—"The Isle of the Beacon-Fires," as I have heard it translated.

Leone, notwithstanding its Spanish-sounding appellation, is a pure Samoan local name, and means "The Sands," so-called from a noble expanse of firm black sand left by each ebbing tide, where, as at Sandown in the Isle of Wight, a capital playing-pitch of wonderful trueness of level and firmness of foothold is afforded—a regular paradise for a defensive batsman, as even with the fastest tear-away bowling, very few balls rise much more than half-stump high, a most welcome change after the kicking wickets and contracted boundaries of the ground near the British Consulate at Apia over the water.

Our good old national game had been recently introduced both at Leone and down the coast, at the villages with the Malagasy-looking names of Amaluia, Amanave, and a little place called Nua, where dwelt a certain worthy old-fashioned chief named Too-mata.

Whilst on a former visit to Nua, I had mustered the youth of the village and taken them up to Leone, where we had met the locals, captained by Dave MacKenzie, the pawkiest of Scottish traders, and, under the eye of the French padre, and before a goodly gathering of natives, both Catholic and Protestant, had led them to a disastrous defeat.

This first match, for some reason or other, had been played in the village main street facing the sea, and the plan of disposition of the fielders had been thrown grievously out of gear on account of the extremely narrow area available for play.

Mid-on, for his sins, had to field with his back to the village whale-boat, drawn up under a boat-house crowded with noisy spectators. Long-off had to take up an uncomfortable position under a spiny hedge of dwarf orange, marking the boundary of the Catholic School. The rest of the fielders were dotted around in a very unscientific manner under the eaves of clusters of native thatched houses, yelled at continually and subjected to a running fire of chaff from the mirthful folk hived thick as bees within. It being high tide and the sands completely under water, deep square-leg, at the foot of a gentle slope, stood in the scantiest of attire knee-deep in the gathering flood, whilst deep mid-on, every other over, anxiously watched the proceedings immersed up to his middle.

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The first ball of the opening match, I remember perfectly well, was a full-pitch, which the Leone captain promptly despatched high and hard right out into the middle of the little bay.

In a trice there was a glorious splashing. Oblivious of lurking sharks, a pair of sturdy swimmers, active as otters, were gallantly breasting the deep, and when the ball safely reached terra-firma again not more than seven runs had rewarded the mighty hit, and the successful batsman was quenching his thirst with a fine young green coconut.

Runs came pretty fast that morning, and, as monkish chroniclers of Danish and Norman invasions say, "It is tedious to tell further how these matters went." Suffice it to say that the men of Leone thrashed us handsomely, and that the next voyage I made down to Nua, the lads of the village called me to lead them to yet another conflict, towards which this story is now moving, to retrieve their lost laurels.

So I took with me my faithful Man Friday, Tupou the Tongan, and my bull-dogs Vashti and Long-Tooth, and started very early one fine morning on the six-mile walk across to Leone, to arrange the return match, if possible, for next day, and to send back a messenger for the rest of the Nua eleven to follow in the morning. The path lay along rocky ledges cut out of the water-worn cliffs, broken every now and then by huge round boulders of smooth basalt rock and of grey honey-combed limestone, overshadowed by giant Barringtonias with their big broad leaves and crimson fuchsia-like tassels of bloom and crested with the feathery Toa, or Ironwood, that cassowary amongst littoral trees.

On our way the bull-dogs, aggravated doubtless by the stings of the Nua mosquitoes the night before, proceeded to indulge in a terrific battle, accompanied by most formidable snarling and growling, grappled, lost their footing, and plumped down ten feet or so into a nice deep green pool of water, out of which we presently fished them, dripping like mermaids and looking remarkably foolish and ashamed of themselves.

We reached the outskirts of Leone about nine o'clock, and great was the wonder excited by the appearance of these strange grim-looking beasts, who, bristling defiance, ears and tails erect, marched along looking ready to eat up village and villagers at a mouthful.

As we approached MacKenzie's house an unforeseen comic drama unfolded itself with startling swiftness. Mac was the happy possessor of a fine and flourishing family of cats—I am really afraid to say how many—but enough of them seemingly to make a clean sweep of all the rats in Leone. They were magnificent animals, sleek and well-favoured to a fault, of every conceivable shade of colour, except perhaps scarlet, purple and pea-green, fed up on great meals of fish and grated cocoanut, until one would think that cold mouse wouldn't taste nice any more. They had been so pampered and petted, and brought to such a pitch of plumpness and haughtiness of spirit from high feeding, that they would never tolerate the presence of the dingy yellow dogs of the village within a hundred yards of the verandah. Imagine, then, the indignation of Mac's feline sentinels when they saw two great strange dogs of such very questionable, not to say demoniacal, appearance making straight for the house.

As the bull-dogs came on, a vast sable form darkened the doorway, its back humped into a majestic arch, its tail swollen like a bottle brush. With green eyes aflame with hate, spitting abhorrence, old Black Tom leaped out all teeth and claws, dashed his talons into brindled Vashti's pendulous cheeks, mounted her back and dug them in again, and with a second spring, before Long-Tooth could seize him, clawed his way up a friendly breadfruit-tree and, uttering bitter caterwauls from a lofty branch, glared down like a fiend upon the scene of conflict below.

Whilst the dogs, taken aback at the sudden and furious onslaught, were recovering their presence of mind, other cats issued from the house pell-mell and flung themselves upon the invaders, only to be rolled head-over-heels and trampled under paw at the first onset, and to receive some severe bites as they scampered back in panic.

In a moment the tide of battle had turned. Cats were climbing up pillars and posts, cats were perching on chair-backs, cats, active as monkeys, were shinning up book-shelves and kitchen dressers; furniture was upsetting, china and crockery smashing, Mac was cussing, and Vashti was chasing a plump and pretty white Grimalkin, the darling of Mrs. Mac's honest heart, right under the mosquito-net, as it sought refuge at the side of its sleeping mistress, who, suddenly awakened from her slumbers, at the sight of a formidable and bleeding visage set with grinning ivories, added her screams to the charivari around her.

With some difficulty Long-Tooth was persuaded to relinquish his grip on the throat of a fine tortoiseshell of which he had taken

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"seizin," and the two dogs stood, sorely scratched, but still full of fight, panting but victorious on the verandah, wagging their tails and turning up the whites of their eyes deprecatingly in response to the voice of their chiding master, and viewing, quite undismayed, the portly form of Mac, in blue-and-pink pyjamas, issuing, stick in hand, with a guffaw of Homeric laughter, from the, French window of his suddenly invaded premises,

The good-natured Scotchman readily accepted my apologies. Peace was soon restored; even Mrs. Mac declared herself appeased. But not so the colony of cats. Angry and sorrowful pussies, refusing absolutely to be tempted from their perches by offers of milk and meat and fish, occupied positions of safety all the livelong day, on ledges and eaves of native houses or on branches of breadfruit, chestnut, and umbrella trees of commanding elevation, mewing and mowing dismally from time to time, hissing, growling, and humping their backs viciously at every living thing coming nigh them. And it is said, moreover, that the village mongrels of Leone, in their predatory excursions and their house-to-house appeal or broken victuals, have held up their heads ever since that memorable morning.

When breakfast was over, after a vain attempt to pacify the sulking pussies, we went down and drank *kava* with the village elders, gave them some pig-tail tobacco, and soon fixed up the cricket match for the morrow, to take place in the afternnoon on the sands below when the tide was out.

Accordingly, I sent a small boy down to Nua to bid the villagers muster and come across next morning, so as to reach Leone by mid-day, when a hot-and-cold collation of salt beef and ship's biscuit, roast pig and yams, breadfruit and bananas, with other trifling matters, would be set forth *al fresco* in the centre of the village as a preliminary to the more serious business to follow. If I remember rightly, I was to find the beef, Mac the biscuits and other odd articles needful, and his native relations and the body of village elders, or Leone Vestry Board, the provisions of local origin and production.

Things having been thus arranged to the satisfaction of all parties, Mac departed to his copra warehouse, most of the young men dispersed by twos and threes, some to the bay to fish, some to the plantations and patches of swampy village common-land in the rear of the settlement to dig yams and taro, others hastened to kill pigs and chickens and make all other necessary preparations for the next day's feast.

II

Next morning we were up with the lark, or his tropical understudy, as Stevenson calls the native blackbird.

All the morning the settlement was in a bustle, as is always the case with South Sea people, and even their less impulsive Malay brethren, whenever a feast or some such important break in the monotony of village life is going forward.

Slowly the great Eye of Day swam up into mid-heaven, until, as the quaint old Samoan saw phrases it, he looked straight down upon the cuttle-fish lurking each in his hole in the shallow pools upon the pitted surface of the reef. Jubilant strains of odd music and ululation mingled drawing near along the beach, now mark the coming of the picked youth of Nua, bat on shoulder, all pranked out in their holiday best, marching in Indian file, with their papas and mammas, their sisters and their cousins, their aunts and poor relations, with the *tama-sepo*, or village urchins, trotting along at the rear of the procession, all full of mischief as a tree-full of monkeys.

They are received most cordially and with many polite speeches. One and all presently sit down to a rude and plentiful repast. They polish the beef-bones clean, clear off stacks of hard ship's biscuits in as workmanlike fashion as so many fo'c's'le Jacks, and do mighty execution amongst the mealy yams, succulent taro and toothsome baked sucking-pigs brought in whole on trays of split cocoanut-frond twisted into shape like basket-osiers. Cups of *kava*, the South Sea Island substitute for the *kahua* or coffee of the Malays and Bedawin Arabs, are handed round and gravely imbibed. Then a little more speech-making and a little more *kava*, too.

At last a move is made to the sand-flats, now high and dry. It is settled that the match be decided upon the first innings, time and tide not permitting two "knocks" apiece. Nua wins the toss and elects to go in first. The umpires have taken their posts, two at either end—in order to prevent mistakes and promptly settle any difficulties, time being precious. The first pair of Nua batsmen, Matuu (Blue Heron) and Viliamu Peletane (William the Briton) are standing at their posts.

The Leone bowling was opened by Alf Pritchard, the half-caste carpenter, an under-

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hand bowler of high initial velocity, who commenced by sending down five semi-shooters and a well-meant yorker to the visiting skipper, who stopped them with the greatest caution. His partner, the Blue Heron, a bird of ambitious flight, proceeded to treat the other bowler, who sent down some very sad stuff indeed, most unceremoniously, and ran into double figures before Pritchard sent his middle stump spinning with a fast grub that never rose an inch from the treacherous arena.

The new-comer Fua-uli (Mr. Taro-Sprout), did not stay long enough to take root or put forth bud or blossom, another swift daisy-cutter finding its sinuous way to the base of his sticks.

A gigantic form was now seen approaching with a bat of truly appalling dimensions. I won't say it was quite as thick as the main-mast of a "seventy-four," but it was a really good, workmanlike-looking tool, and with a little more carving about the figure-head might have passed for an old Fijian war-club of the very purest water.

"Isn't she a jewel?" murmured Mac, at point.

"I believe you. A real old pearl!" replied the jubilant captain of the visiting eleven.

The batsman, smiling defiantly, set to work straight off, brandishing his Titanic implement as if it were a feather. He stopped the shooters nonchalantly, pulled long-hops with terrific force over wide-mouthed mid-on's and stupefied square-leg's heads, and pounded full-pitches for fours and fives in the direction of long-leg until he nearly ran his partner off his feet.

He took every conceivable risk with anything pitched up at all within reach, and snicked good length balls through the slips in a fashion perfectly maddening to the hard-working bowlers.

A catch at cover off one of Mac's slows at length sent back the mighty warrior, and with a hundred up for three wickets down a brief interval for refreshment was taken, a quantity of juicy green cocoanuts being brought into the field.

Soon after resuming it was evident that the wicket was spoiling fast, looking, what with ball-prints and foot-prints, just as if an army of big robber-crabs had been passing over it. We ultimately managed to get a hundred and thirty runs, thanks mainly to the determined efforts of the "Man with the Mace."

When Leone went in, they fared very badly on the corrugated surface, the ball cutting all sorts of capers. Mac, like an astute old general, took no risks and played himself carefully in, standing cool and steady as a rock, hitting hard enough, however, at everything hittable, with a very long carry sometimes, showing clearly that he had not forgotten his early golfing days. His lieutenant, however, was not so fortunate. The stalwart Pritchard, who had bowled desperately hard with wretched luck under a scorching sun, came in complaining that he felt fairly dazzled and bewitched, and could hardly see out of his eyes. After a few blind hits he was missed in the long-field, and then bowled by a ball that came in tremendously from the off, thanks to a little sand-hill of recent formation.

COVER STANDS READY TO RECEIVE IT.

A broad and burly chieftain bearing the imposing title of Malu-i-Fafo, or "Shades of Evening without the House," the next on the batting list, now stalked in, majestic in a Turkey-red shirt and a native kilt of bright blue with big white checks. He started hitting away merrily enough, and remembering a favourite forcing-stroke of his in the preceding match, I signed cover-point to go back very deep indeed. Presently a slow dropping ball came down to the reckless smiter about a foot wide of the off-stump and a little bit short of a good length. "Shades of Evening" opened his mighty shoulders and smote with a will, and the ball soared up and up, high into the blinding blue. . . . If he had only stepped out a foot or two further to meet it full! But he hasn't, and the ball goes spinning up and still up as if it had taken unto itself wings, and begins curling and curling back, like a football "skied" against the wind, towards where cover stands, a cheerful grin on his huge features, at his appointed station, with a pair of hands as big as a basket ready to receive it as it falls.

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With a whoop and a shout of glee, he catches it, he has it safe, and Malu-i-Fafo, in a rage, hurling his ineffectual weapon twenty yards away into the sand, strides gloomily into the outer ring of spectators, and hides his diminished head.

Mac goes on the even tenor of his way, stealing risky singles, treating the good balls with respect, slicing and pulling the indifferent ones, just as calm and collected as if he was back on the St. Andrews links of the auld Mitherland.

Eighty, and now ninety, goes up. The

LONG-ON IS NEARLY WASHED OFF HIS LEGS BY THE ON-SWEEPING WATERS.

century is reached. Leone stock is rising in the market, and the Nua captain, setting his teeth in desperation, sends down an extra fast yorker. Of course Mac would stop it. As well bowl at a brick wall! He has been stopping them all the afternoon. A moment's indecision, and Mac plays back. Alas! for the hope of Leone. It has bowled him, and he walks out amidst hearty and well-deserved applause and cheering, conscious of having played the man.

There are six wickets to go down, just thirty runs to get, and not much over half an hour to get them in. Can they do it?

The next batsman goes in with a determination to finish off the match hammer and tongs. Alas! for his hopes. No mere weight of weapon and strength of body will do it without the eye. He flukes a lucky couple off his first ball, misses the second, and is clean bowled with the third. The next two balls are too much for the comrades that succeed him. The first hat-trick on Leone sands.

A little wizened man, the village jester, who gravely informs the scorer, the umpires and the fielders that his name is Mataafa, ambles grotesquely to the wicket, and receives his quietus a ball or two later, amidst a great shout of triumph from the men of Nua, who, delighted beyond measure at the prospect of a possible victory, are getting a little bit out of hand.

Two more wickets to go down, and nearly half an hour still to play.

Lafonga (Tribute-Money), a lithe young lad, active as a panther, goes in. Mac shouts to him and his partner to play steady and take no risks, which they manage to do with such success that over twenty minutes pass and they are still unbeaten.

There are only eight runs to get now, but the tide is rising fast and long-on, standing deep, is nearly washed off his legs by the on-sweeping waters, and is forced to give ground step by step.

"Last over!" sings out the Leone skipper.

"Right you are!" shouts back the visiting captain.

Was it by luck or by judgment? An extra fast ball rises a little from the sodden pitch and glides off the edge of Lafonga's bat into the hands of Tupou, safest and surest of wicket-keepers.

The last Leone man rushes in, takes guard, and stands like Ajax ready for a mighty smite. The bowler, feeling his feet turn suddenly chilly and damp beneath him, steps back into a fast-forming puddle and sends down a final "teaser" that cuts the off-stump clean out of the ground. Nua have pulled the match out of the fire, and the water, after all.

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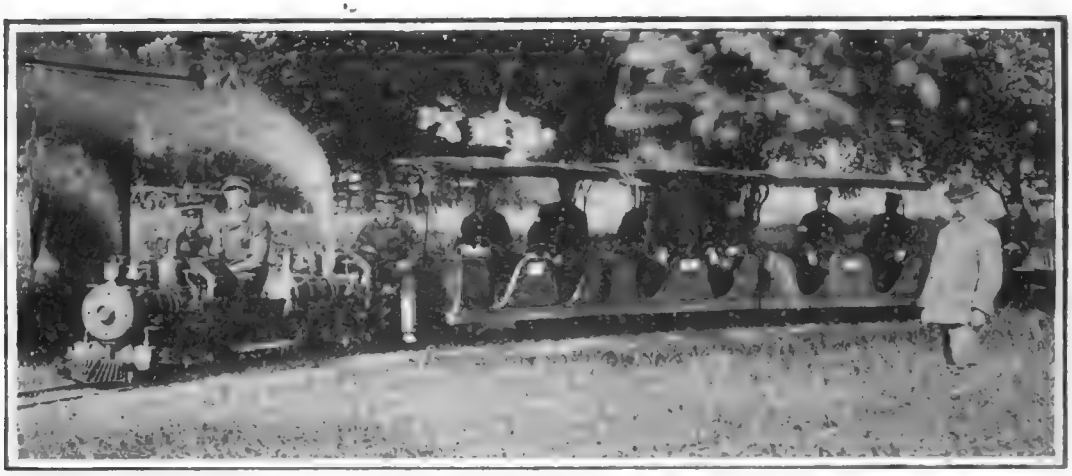
GARDEN MODEL RAILWAYS

WITH A NOTE ON MODEL STEAMBOATS

By HENRY GREENLY, Mem. Junr. Inst. Engineers



Mr. C. W. Bartholomew's miniature railway at Blakesley Hall, Towcester.

SO much may be said on the subject of garden railways that the space at my disposal will suffice only for a rapid review of the leading features and problems of outdoor model railway engineering. In dealing with the details of any particular line, the proposed site, the size and use of the railway to be laid down, must be known quantities. In all cases, however, the type of locomotive provided is one of the chief factors in planning the line, as should the curves prove too sharp and the gradients too severe for the engine, little satisfaction will be obtained from its use. Those who have not seen my previous articles may therefore be referred to the table published in the March number. The radii of curves recommended in this table for various engines are of course only approximate, as by increasing the gauge of the line on the curved portions and taking special measures to ensure the maximum lateral play of bogies and pony trucks, the curves may be reduced in size; they are, however, the minimum I would recommend for safety and comfort. There are many lessons to be learnt from a careful perusal of this table of dimensions. The one point which should be borne in mind at this juncture is that the *small-type* engine to a *large scale* will be found altogether more satisfactory for a garden railway than a *small-scale* model of a huge modern express engine, the minimum radius of curve being the same in each case.

Garden railways may be divided into two main classes: (1) those on which passengers are intended to ride and (2) those of small scale in which locomotive and trains run more or less uncontrolled. With the first-named, except for the track itself, which may be laid in the same manner as any other outdoor railway, a description of the engineering works which might be adopted is somewhat beyond the scope of the present article. In the latter class, to allow the operator to attend to the wants of the locomotive in comfort, the line should be raised three or four feet above the level of the ground—at stopping-places, at least. The only drawback to this is that model railways fixed on the top of posts or trestles, or attached to brackets on the garden fence, do not lend themselves to realism. If laid entirely on the ground, the grass and shrubs, in the summer months especially, become somewhat troublesome, and to ensure safe running the road section illustrated in Fig. 1 is to be strongly recommended. Nothing is more annoying than constant derailments owing to the growth of weeds, &c., between the rails and sleepers. In making cuttings, too, the use of cement concrete is also advised, to prevent the propagation of vegetation out of all scale to the model railway and its rolling-stock.

The smallest gauge advisable for an outdoor line is 2½ in., but if the type of engine chosen is of moderate dimensions most gardens may be made to contain a 3½-in. gauge railway.

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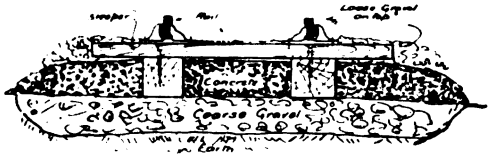

Fig. 1.—Cross-section of outdoor model railway track, showing how the foundation for the line should be made to obtain best results.

Of course, in

PLANNING A GARDEN RAILWAY

much depends on the nature of the ground. As all know, the endeavour of the railway engineer in building a new line is to obtain the most level track he can with the money at his disposal. If the ground is level this, of course, provides no difficulties. He can, like the famous Czar of Russia, when shown a map of a proposed Imperial railway, take a rule, draw a straight line between the two points to be connected by the line and say that shall be the plan of his railway. If, however, the course of line is hilly or mountainous, he must avoid expense in tunnelling, making cuttings and embankments by deviating the railway from a straight line and laying gradients within the power of the locomotives with which he will be provided.

Care must also be taken to see that the earth required for embankments may be obtained from cuttings in another part of the line. For example, given a profile as in Fig. 2, and ruling gradients of not more than 1 in 100, the plan of railway shown by the heavy line might very well be adopted. Cutting No. 1 provides sufficient earth for embankment No. 1, embankment No. 2 is supplied by the earth removed from the tunnel and cutting No. 2. The ravine next the tunnel is bridged by a viaduct because it is too deep to be crossed by an embankment—which might also impede the flow of the river at the bottom—and because a viaduct can be more cheaply made. The tunnel is bored through the mountain for the simple reason that a cutting would be impracticable.

Gardens do not usually vary in level to this extent, unless of course the distance from *A* to *B* is many hundreds of yards and the ground is in a naturally uneven state. There is, however, no reason why realism in railway work should not be obtained by

CREATING THESE NATURAL DIFFICULTIES.

The mountain covering the tunnel may be a rockery, and by altering the profile to suit circumstances, the two ends of the line may be raised on a trestle viaduct to allow the operator

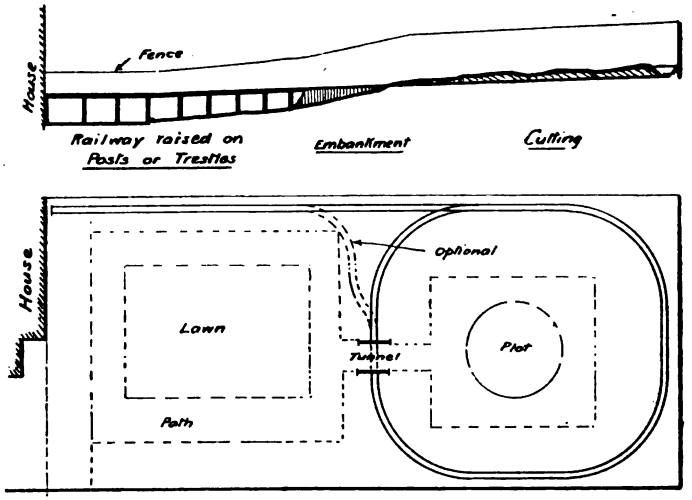

Fig. 3.—Plan of line suitable for garden rising at the back and providing a continuous run.

to attend to the locomotives. This viaduct will then take the place of embankments Nos. 1 and 4 in the sketch.

Where no earthworks are possible and, say, the ground rises in a fairly regular incline from the house to the back fence, a very good plan is to fix the line to the side fence, or build it up on trestles at the station, and to continue it either level or with a falling gradient as shown in Fig. 3, the continuous portion of the line being on the ground or in a cutting. This plan, of course, involves crossing the centre of the garden, and if there is a path as indicated, tunnelling under this path. Its merit is that all the main features of railway engineering are provided, viz., a tunnel, cuttings, an embankment and a viaduct.

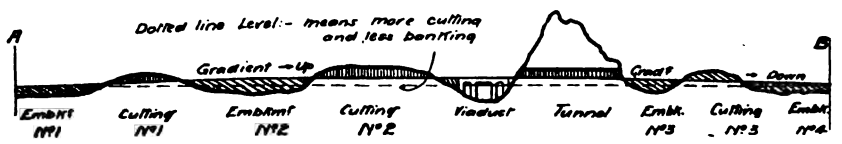

Fig. 2.—Diagram showing how the profiles of a garden model railway may be arranged.

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Where the garden falls away from the house, it is a rather difficult matter to suggest a really suitable plan without knowing something further of the nature and size of site. The household authorities are not likely to submit to a railway just outside the drawing-room door, and if laid down in such a position the risk of damage is considerable. The railway may therefore have to be confined

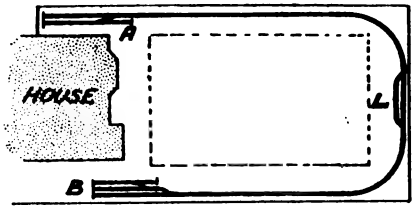

Fig. 4.—Plan of non-continuous line. *A* and *B* main stations; loop *L* optional.

to the end of the garden, where the traffic is generally less severe.

In a situation such as this, where the railway cannot cross the garden, the best plan is to lay it all round the boundary walls, as shown in Fig. 4, and to spend a greater amount of time and trouble in making and equipping the stations (*A* and *B*) at each end of the system, and possibly a loop at the centre, as at *L*. As "the crow flies," the stations *A* and *B* will be fairly close together, and if only one operator is available, he will have sufficient time to cross from one to the other while the train is traversing the main line round the sides and end of the garden. The possibilities of garden railway planning are infinite, and therefore I must not dwell too long on this particular branch of the subject, but proceed to deal with some of the constructive details which occur in most all outdoor model railways.

The Substructure

for a model railway to be installed out of doors should, under no circumstances, be heavy planks of wood laid flatwise. Warping, twisting and a bad track generally is sure to result. The boards should be of moderate dimensions, say, 4 in. by 2 in., or even 3 in. by 1½ in. for a small model railway, and should be placed edgeways at a distance apart of about ⅛ in. less than the gauge of the railway; the space

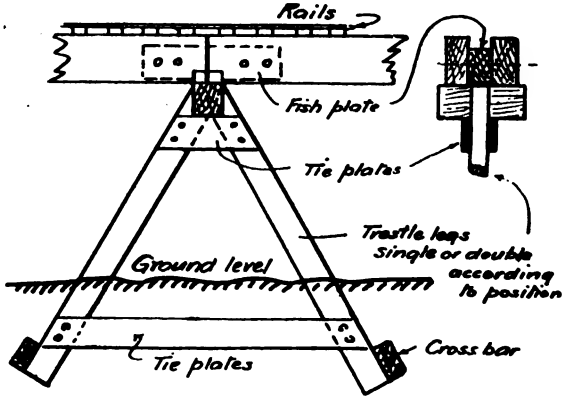

Fig. 6.—Trestle supports for model railway.

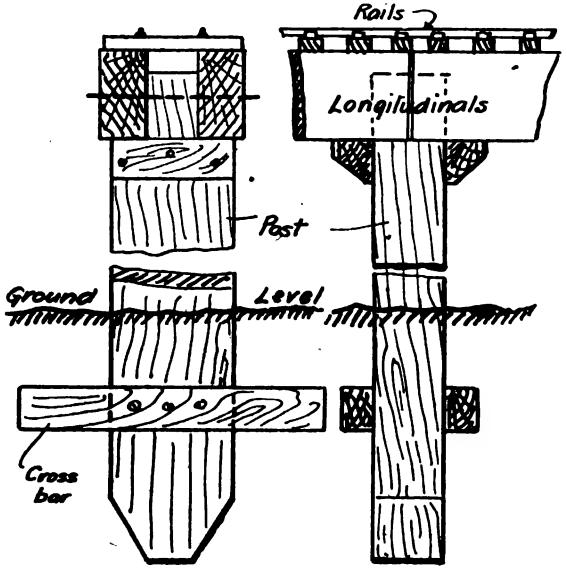

Fig. 5.—Posts for supporting model track above ground.

being filled at intervals along each length with blocks of wood, bolts or screws tying the two main timbers firmly together.

Where no lateral support for the posts is possible these should be of stout timbers, at least 5 in. by 3 in., tarred at the foot, let in the ground for at least 15 in., and rammed tightly all round. The major axis of the post should stand transversely to the line of railway and below the level of the ground, and some battens may be nailed to the posts to give them greater lateral stability, as shown in the sketch, Fig. 5.

If trestles are used they may be made of lighter material altogether, 2 in. by 1½ in. stuff being the standard size for an average model line, except, of course, for the top piece, which holds the longitudinal beams upon which the sleepers are fixed. Fig. 6 shows the construction of the trestles. Single uprights should only be used where the track can be supported laterally, otherwise put the trestle transversely or use four legs. Whether posts or trestles are employed, the greatest care must be taken

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to see that the tops are quite level with each other, otherwise an undulating railway, which may *not* be desired, will result.

FENCE OR WALL-SUPPORTED LINES

should be made in a similar way, wooden or galvanised iron brackets being used in place of posts and trestles. These brackets should be fixed to the wall, or to the firmer uprights of the fence, and tested for height with a spirit-level and a 6- or 10-ft. wooden straight-edge. To these brackets (Fig. 7) the longitudinal timbers may be secured, packing being inserted between them and the top of the brackets, should any of the latter be discovered to be out of level after fixing. A very good finish for any railway which is laid against a wall or fence is obtained by erecting a retaining wall, as shown in Fig. 8 on the inside of the line. This retaining wall is simply a flat board set at a slight angle, with square pilasters screwed on to the board. The frieze or parapet may be made of thicker stuff, and the cornice and frieze mouldings are narrow strips of wood nailed on to the respective boards. For outdoor work ***no glue should be used*** in the construction. Rely solely on the screws, bolts and nails, and "paint" joints.

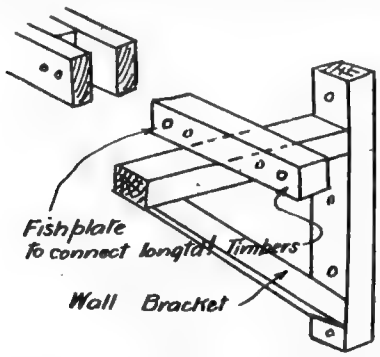

Fig. 7.—Brackets for supporting railway against wall or fence.

Of course, the obvious drawback of the "timber placed on edge system" of supporting a model railway is its absence of realism. This may be overcome by filling up the spaces between the timbers with thin boards, duly tarred and provided with holes to allow of the escape of rain water. Granite chips may then be used to ballast the line up to the top of the sleepers. The outer edge of the line may, of course, also be guarded by a low parapet which, besides being useful, will also add to the appearance of the line. All these improvements are shown at *A* (Fig. 9), and transform what is simply a model locomotive track fixed against a wall into a realistic model railway.

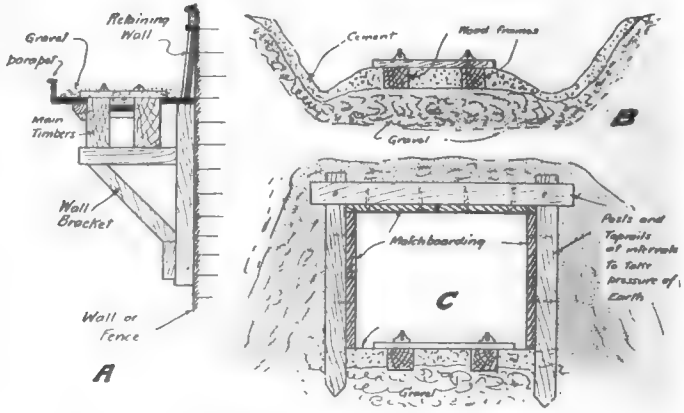

Fig. 9.—Sections of out-door line.
A, railway against wall; *B*, section in open cutting; *C*, section showing method of tunnelling.

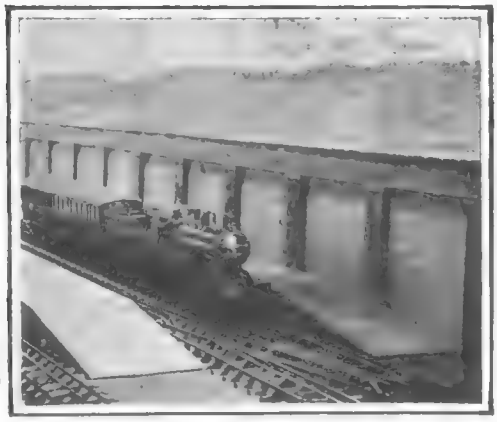

Fig. 8.—Photograph of 2-in. gauge railway, showing use of retaining wall to mask fence or other structure.

Retaining walls and other walls and other ornamental structures may be finished in an excellent manner by first being painted a dark stone colour, and directly after the final coat covered with fine sand of any desired colour. The paint preserves the woodwork and the sand gives a roughness of surface imitating that of stone to a nicety. For indoor work the same effect is obtained by coating the woodwork with thin glue and allowing the sand to lay on it until it is dry. For station platforms a black or dark paint may be employed and fine coke dust instead of sand. The edges of the platforms may be painted

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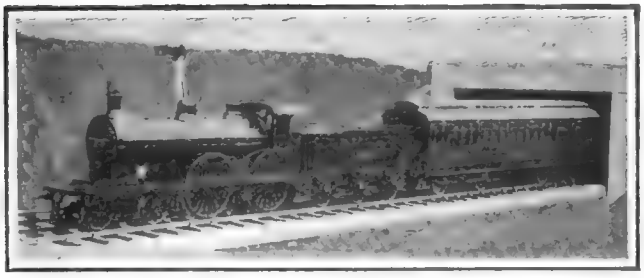

Fig. 10.—A model Midland train, showing simple overbridge.

white and either coated with a light-coloured sand or left as painted.

The hand sketches Fig. 9 (*A*, *B*, and *C*), and Fig. 1, give sections of a line at various points, wood-frames laid on gravel and cement-concrete being used as a basis for the permanent way and to prevent the growth of weeds. Tunnels should not be made on the curved portions of the lines if it can be avoided.

Fig. 11.—A model garden railway built up on a retaining wall of brickwork. A somewhat expensive method.

If needs must, then make one or more manholes, so that derailed trains may easily be removed. In all cases, the internal portion of the tunnel should be as smooth as possible, and the supporting posts for the roof should be driven into the ground outside the lining. As already mentioned, all woodwork in the ground should be well tarred and the soil round the tunnel should not be too heavy, as it is likely to hold the damp.

Model Steamboats

The first example which I propose to talk about is not a steamboat, although it is a model steamboat. This is a rather fine distinction, but in these days one must be careful. The model shown in Figs. 12 and 13 is a replica of H.M.S. *Thorn*, and is 5ft. 6in. long on the waterline. It is propelled electrically in the manner I explained in my article on electric motors and marine propellers in the February number. On test in the local River Colne it behaved admirably and kept a beautifully even course, thus proving the efficiency of twin screws for model boats of small beam.

The hull is machine-carved and made of two pieces of wood. It is divided into three compartments and covered with a thin aluminium deck, the centre portion of which, with the top hamper, is removable in one piece, enabling one to get at the machinery, and fastens down on to a rubber joint, to ensure its water-tightness. The funnels and ventilators are of metal and are as light as possible, cast aluminium being employed for the latter fittings as well as for the conning tower, turtle-deck and guns. An electric searchlight is fitted on the steering platform and is supplied with current from one of the main accumulators.

The other model is of the same general type, but is only 40 in. long and has steam machinery. It has been made with the idea

Fig. 12.—Fore part of model torpedo-boat H.M.S. *Thorn*, showing side-lights, searchlight and three guns.

Fig. 13.—Rear part of above, showing steering-gear, boats, gun and torpedo tube.

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of obtaining a high speed, and as the beam of the boat is only $4\frac{3}{4}$ in., the use of twin screws was rendered imperative. The engine is one I designed for twin-screw boats, and has two single acting cylinders, $\frac{3}{4}$-in. bore by $\frac{3}{4}$-in. stroke, placed athwartships, and only one valve. The two cylinders are synchronised by toothed gearing cut on the flanged edge of the fly-wheels. The boiler is of the single flue type $3\frac{1}{4}$-in. diameter outside, the furnace, which is $1\frac{1}{2}$ in. diameter, being filled with vertical cross-water tubes. This type of boiler is one of the best for marine work, as it holds a comparatively large quantity of water and at the same time has a low centre of gravity. The boiler is fired by a specially small petrol blow-lamp.

The deck fittings are attached to three separate pieces of wood which come together to form a completely covered-in deck. The end funnel is the only one in connection with the flue of the boiler, the centre and forward funnels assisting the ventilation of the fire.

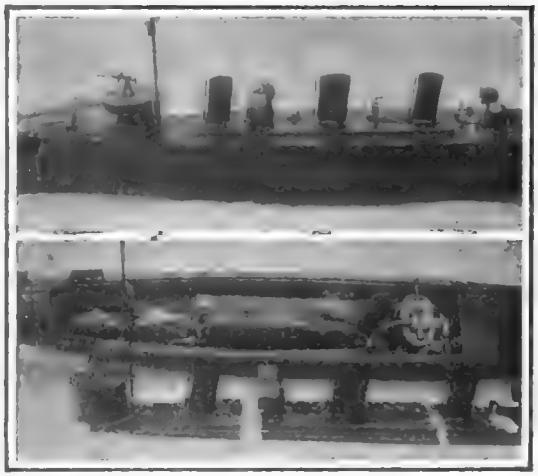

Fig. 14.—A model steam torpedo-boat-destroyer, complete and with decks removed to show machinery.

The photographs (Fig. 14) show the boat with and without the decks.

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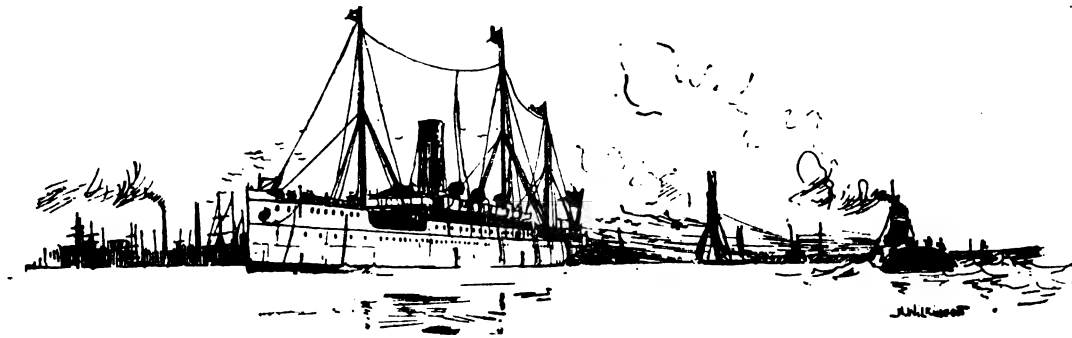
"ONE GOOD TURN —"

By FRANCIS MARLOWE

Illustrated by PHIL EBBUTT



I

MR. AMBROSE KEIM, the great New York financier and millionaire banker, felt that there were imperative reasons for sending his fourteen-year-old son to a school in England. Three times in the course of two years had Arthur Keim, his only child, been kidnapped and held in captivity until a ransom was yielded for his release. In the first instance the kidnappers had been fairly moderate in their demands. They had returned the boy to his father for the comparatively trifling sum of five thousand dollars—in English exchange about one thousand pounds. On the second occasion the price for the boy's release was raised to three thousand pounds. The last time, they had boldly asked for ten thousand pounds, and because his boy was the apple of his eye, Mr. Ambrose Keim paid this sum.

But the ten thousand pound ransom was not paid until a prolonged attempt to capture the kidnappers had failed. When at last he realised that his boy's life was in danger if he did not pay up immediately, Mr. Keim for a few moments ceased railing at the incapacity of the New York police, wrote a cheque, had it converted into gold and sent it to his unknown persecutors in the manner prescribed by them. Then he waited for his son to be delivered up to him, his heart torn by the knowledge that the boy had been ill-treated.

When his son was safely under his roof-tree again, Mr. Keim was able to take a calm survey of the situation. He quickly came to the conclusion that the kidnappers would not cease their attentions to his son so long as he had a cash balance in his bank account. It was so easy; to them the capture of Arthur Keim was the practical equivalent of writing a cheque and cashing it. All they had to do was to tell his father that they had him, and ask for whatever money they wanted. It was a game that might last as long as Mr. Ambrose Keim had money to give them.

All Ambrose Keim's precautions to safeguard his boy had proved futile. Once he had dismissed all his servants because he was convinced that some amongst them had been bribed. But this did not improve the situation; Arthur Keim had again been spirited away. In the police he had no confidence whatever. They were either incompetent or corrupt.

He was at his wits' end to know what was best to do. He could not always keep his son at his side; he could not give proper attention to his business while his mind was distracted by the thought that at any moment the tinkle of his telephone bell might herald the news that his boy had again disappeared. Friends had advised him to pay a tutor a large salary to educate his son and be his constant companion. But he was afraid. He was afraid to trust any one lest he might be hoodwinked by an agent of the kidnappers. And yet the boy had to be educated and live his life; he could not be locked up in a strong room like plate or valuable securities.

Ambrose Keim saw that the outlook was black, and anxiety was graying his hairs; unless the kidnappers became too exorbitant in their demands his bank account might stand their siege, but he feared that his heart would not.

Thus it was that the great financier arrived

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at the conclusion that the only course open to him was to send his son to an English school. Not to one of the great public schools, where the boy's arrival might become a matter of public comment and leave a broad trail for the kidnappers to track him down by, but to a secluded, unadvertised place where some old-world scholar prepared a few pupils for the Universities and taught them how to grow up honourable, clean-living men. To such a place, if he could find it, he felt that he could send his son with a great lightening of the anxiety that burdened him. If he could find such a place, he would send the boy there unostentatiously, secretly, in fact, and make the principal understand the very urgent reasons why it should not be noised abroad that his new pupil, Arthur Keim, was the son of Ambrose Keim, the American millionaire.

If the boy were smuggled to England and safely installed in a school that was out of the beaten track, it was highly probable that the kidnappers, having lost sight of him, would at last seek some other means of obtaining money without working for it. If, perchance, they did pick up the trail and get the lad into their clutches again, they would have the English police to deal with, and Ambrose Keim had great faith in the English police. He reflected with satisfaction that he need not entirely lose sight of his son, for his business was international in character and often brought him to the English side of the Atlantic.

He spoke of his scheme to his private secretary, Mr. Vernon Lester. Now, it happened that Vernon Lester was an Englishman.

"Why, I know the very school to suit you, Mr. Keim," he exclaimed. "I was educated there myself, and my son Geoff is there at the present moment. Arthur is rather young for it, but that is an obstacle that can be overcome. It is in the heart of Warwickshire—a lovely old Elizabethan mansion."

Mr. Ambrose Keim was not a snob, and if all else were favourable would not hesitate about sending his son to school with the son of his private secretary. Vernon Lester was a cultured Englishman and a keen man of business, and the millionaire wanted no better recommendation of the school, as a school, than the fact that his private secretary was one of its products. But because of the peculiar circumstances of the case he wished to know something more about it before deciding.

"What sort of a man is the principal?" he asked.

"A fine old gentleman," replied Vernon Lester, enthusiastically, "a Cambridge man, an LL.D. and M.A., a great classical scholar, perfectly unworldly, and has no desire to make more out of his school than will enable him to live a quiet, studious life and give the world a scholarly book at rare intervals. His staff of masters are all fine fellows and entirely devoted to him."

Ambrose Keim nodded as though well satisfied with this report.

"I'll cable to the principal at once," he said, with prompt decision. "I'm glad I mentioned the matter to you. By the way, as I cannot get away for at least six weeks, I'll want you to take my boy across. Don't forget to tell your lad, Geoff, to keep an eye on him. I'll appreciate it."

Thus the difficult business was settled. For four days Ambrose Keim scarcely allowed his son out of his sight, and then, without letting any one but Vernon Lester know of his intention, he bundled the boy into a swift motor car and rushed him from his house on Riverside Drive to the outgoing liner *Monarch*, *en route* to Woodstock Hall, Warwickshire.

II

In making his plans and in carrying them out, Mr. Ambrose Keim had completely overlooked Mr. Byron Kidney. As a matter of fact, he did not know of Mr. Byron Kidney's existence, for that gentleman had taken very elaborate precautions to prevent him from learning of it.

A slim, pale-faced man was Mr. Byron Kidney. He was still on the right side of forty, and apparently took life very seriously, but at the same time derived a considerable amount of philosophical enjoyment from it. He had a large intellectual-looking head, of which the principal features were a handsome growth of glossy black hair and a pair of dark eyes that looked out on the world with a dreamy expression except when he was moved to anger, when they could glitter unpleasantly.

It was seldom that Mr. Kidney exhibited anger, and, strangely enough, one of the exceptional occasions on which he allowed strangers to see his temper ruffled occurred just as Vernon Lester and Arthur Keim were mounting the gangway from the wharf to the deck of the *Monarch*. This was just a few moments before the advertised sailing-time of the great liner.

Mr. Ambrose Keim, being desirous of escaping recognition that would draw attention to the fact that his son was leaving for England, did not go on to the wharf. Instead, he

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took Lester and the boy to lunch at a select little club of which he was a member and kept them with him until the latest possible moment. When at last he bade them good-bye, they had only bare time to reach the liner before she cast off from the wharf. There was no baggage to delay them; all such matters had been seen to earlier by Mr. Lester, and everything, therefore, went smoothly until the incident occurred which brought Mr. Byron Kidney angrily on the scene.

It happened that Mr. Byron Kidney had been standing for some time at the top of the *Monarch's* gangway, watching the crowd below, when Vernon Lester and Arthur Keim reached the wharf. By a curious coincidence he had booked a saloon passage on the *Monarch* with part of the lion's share of the ten thousand pound ransom which Mr. Ambrose Keim had recently paid for his son's release from captivity. In a pocket-book in his breast pocket were letters of credit that represented a considerable amount of Mr. Keim's gold, and he was looking forward to a very pleasant holiday in Europe.

MR. KIDNEY'S LEFT HAND GRIPS HIM BY A HELPLESS OUTFLUNG ARM.

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It was characteristic of the man that he did not turn a hair when he gazed down the gangway and saw, hurrying straight towards him, Mr. Ambrose Keim's private secretary and the boy to whose existence he owed his prospective pleasure tour and most of those luxuries of life in which he had so freely indulged of late. Surprised as he was at their appearance, he was unmoved by even a single tremor of alarm. Although the plans for kidnapping Arthur Keim had come, in each case, straight from his brain, he had always kept modestly in the background and carefully covered up his tracks. Therefore he was confident that neither Vernon Lester nor the boy knew him, and that their hurried advance up the *Monarch's* gangway could be in no way connected with him.

Half-amused, he watched them with a contemplative eye, until suddenly the reason for their presence flashed into his keen brain. Instinctively he realised that Ambrose Keim was sending his son to Europe to place him out of reach, and immediately he was planning to turn his trip on the *Monarch* to good account. He saw the finger of Fortune in the coincidence, and resolved that, if possible, his European tour would be a combination of business and pleasure.

Vernon Lester and the boy are within a few yards of him now, and he is looking at them dreamily. Men on the wharf and on the liner are making preparations to unship the gangway. Suddenly a tall, powerfully-built man darts up it; presumably he is a belated passenger frantically afraid of being left behind. Roughly he elbows by Vernon Lester and in doing so thrusts himself violently against Arthur Keim. The boy is flung through the head of the gangway, cannons forcibly against something or some one, and falls back from the impact. Instantly there is a tumultuous outcry from deck and wharf; but it is hushed almost as soon as it uprises. Though for an instant the boy is in deadly peril of dropping sheer to the water, where death is almost certain, yet in that instant Mr. Byron Kidney's left hand darts out and grips him by a helpless outflung arm.

From mid-air the pale, slim man swung the boy bodily to the deck, and dropped him there. Then, almost in the same movement, he struck fiercely at the man who had caused the accident, and sent him staggering against the guard rail of a hatchway.

With a bellow of rage the hapless man rushed vengefully to return the blow, and Vernon Lester, anxious to protect the man who had rescued his employer's son, jumped to interpose. But he was too late; Mr. Byron Kidney, his dark eyes ablaze, met the maddened giant half-way, and, in a twinkling, by some sharp, uncanny trick which no eye could follow, flung him headlong to the deck, groaning over a broken wrist.

Even Mr. Byron Kidney himself would have found it difficult to account for his volcanic outburst of rage; perhaps it was honest anger at seeing a young life almost sacrificed by wanton stupidity, or mayhap it was because he saw a potential source of future income nearly swept away before his eyes; Arthur Keim dead would be of no further use to a kidnapper. However, he did not seek to analyse the matter; Mr. Lester had seized him by the hand and was thanking him volubly, and his only thought at the moment was that the incident had been remarkably useful in introducing him under favourable conditions to Mr. Ambrose Keim's private secretary. He foresaw that he might be able to make profitable use of the introduction.

"I thought that chap was going to down you," said Mr. Lester, referring to the man Byron Kidney had so roughly handled, "but you seem to have given him something to remember you by."

"Oh, I can always take care of myself, thank you," remarked Mr. Byron Kidney with a quiet smile.

Vernon Lester, looking at him closely now for the first time, noticed that his slimness was deceptive, that his well-fitting, fashionable coat covered shoulders and chest that were suggestive of wonderful power, and that he had long, almost ape-like arms that might be terrible in their strength. He made a mental note that this quiet-looking man was probably right when he said that he could take care of himself.

III

Mr. Byron Kidney made no immediate effort to improve the introduction to Mr. Vernon Lester which the incident at the gangway-head had so happily given him. He judged from the private secretary's manner that any overtures he made toward a shipboard acquaintance would be cordially welcomed, and, for the moment, this was enough. When he realised that Arthur Keim was actually to be a passenger on the *Monarch*, certain plans had immediately formed in his brain, and he determined to act on them at once. In a quiet, gentlemanly way he deprecated the passengers' determined attempts to make a

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hero of him, and after an interchange of civilities with Vernon Lester and a smiling word or two to the boy, he modestly effaced himself and sought the seclusion of his cabin. There he occupied himself for some time in composing a code message, which would have greatly disquieted Ambrose Keim could he have seen it, and this message was the first wireless despatch that left the *Monarch* for New York on that particular voyage. There is no object in concealing the fact that it was to Mr. Byron Kidney's confederates. As Ambrose Keim had decided to remove his son to England, Mr. Kidney found it necessary to make arrangements to establish a branch of his business in that country.

Business matters settled, Mr. Kidney was at liberty to enjoy the voyage. He soon found that there was no necessity to make advances to Mr. Vernon Lester. The boy arranged all that. The quiet stranger had completely captivated him by the prompt and effective fashion in which he had met the gigantic passenger's furious rush. He took the first opportunity of attaching himself to Byron Kidney, and that gentleman was pleased to unbend and accept his companionship and hero-worship in the most friendly spirit. This, of course, brought Vernon Lester naturally to complete a happy trinity.

Mr. Lester found Byron Kidney a charming companion, a trifle reserved, perhaps, but well-informed, and entertaining when he was in the mood. To the private secretary his most pleasing characteristic was that he evinced no curiosity as to the reasons for his trip to England. Lester was not to know that Mr. Kidney's lack of interest in this respect was because there was nothing for him to learn except the boy's exact destination, and this he had no doubt of finding out through Arthur Keim's confidences or, failing this, by tracking down his quarry. Mr. Lester showed his appreciation of his new friend's delicacy by refraining on his side from personal inquiries, and Mr. Kidney derived great comfort from this, for he exceedingly disliked to be forced to prevaricate or lie.

Arthur Keim was entirely successful in penetrating Mr. Byron Kidney's reserve, except, of course, in regard to his profession. It seemed, indeed, as if the man had conceived a genuine affection for the lad. Perhaps it was Arthur Keim's frank admiration that attracted him, or it may have been that he had a definite object in gaining the boy's confidence and regard. However this was, the two were almost inseparable. When the weather permitted, they played deck quoits or other shipboard games together; when it was wet or dark, Byron Kidney, who was a master at chess, instructed his young friend in that game. Every morning, also, before breakfast, he gave him lessons in jujitsu, charming the boy greatly with the possibilities of this system of self-defence. It was Arthur Keim who, early in the voyage, led up to this.

Thus the voyage progressed, without untoward incident, until the sixth morning since the *Monarch* left New York. When her passengers awoke on that morning they heard her mammoth syrens booming hoarse warning notes that sent a thrill through inexperienced travellers. Arthur Keim, who was one of the first to get on deck, found the great liner enveloped in a dense sea-mist, but thrusting her way through it at slightly diminished speed. From a quartermaster who loomed up like a wraith he learned that the ship was off the English coast, that the mist had risen during the night and had already delayed them so much that even if it lifted immediately they would be several hours late at Plymouth.

Soon exhausting the interest of the mist-shrouded deck, the boy presently sought one of his favourite resorts, the "wireless" room. There he found the operator, Jenkins, breakfasting, and was soon sharing his hot coffee. To this refuge Bryon Kidney tracked him about half an hour later, and found him intently watching the operator transcribe a message from the wireless receiver.

As Byron Kidney entered, the operator looked up and nodded to him. They were on friendly terms. Mr. Kidney stood with his hand on Arthur Keim's shoulder and joined him as a silent spectator while the message was coming through. Suddenly he moved a little nearer the operator and took up a position from which he could easily see the words that were being transcribed. He had caught a glimpse of the beginning of the message and had immediately found an absorbing interest in it. It was Vernon Lester's name that first attracted his interest—the message was addressed to Ambrose Keim's private secretary—and then he saw that what followed was in Ambrose Keim's private code.

Byron Kidney knew Ambrose Keim's private code; he had made it his particular business to become familiar with it. What he did not know was that the boy was as well acquainted with it as he—his father foreseeing that it might prove useful had instructed him in its use—and that he was watching the words

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that were formed under the operator's fingers with almost breathless interest.

The message had been sent by cable to England, and from thence transmitted by "wireless" to the *Monarch*. Plainly it was urgent, otherwise it might have awaited Mr. Lester at Plymouth.

Intently Byron Kidney's eyes followed each word as it appeared on the paper before the operator, and yet, though the message was a startling revelation to him, and most intimately concerned his liberty, he did not stir a muscle. He was thinking rapidly. By some means Ambrose Keim had discovered his identity and was conveying his sensational news to Vernon Lester. What could he do to save the situation?

Freely translated, the message ran: "Vernon Lester, s.s. *Monarch*. Have discovered chief of gang of kidnappers is on board with you. Booked as Byron Kidney. Do not lose sight of him; have him watched and tracked by police. Am getting warrant. Take great care of the boy.—Ambrose Keim."

It was check, almost checkmate, to Mr. Byron Kidney.

IV

The operator finished transcribing, folded the paper he had written on and slipped it into an envelope. To him the despatch was a meaningless tangle of words.

"For Mr. Lester," he said carelessly, as he wrote the private secretary's name on the envelope, "Arthur, my boy, you may as well take this along."

Byron Kidney thrust out a hand swiftly.

"I know where to find him; give it to me," he exclaimed, with the faintest trace of impatience in his voice.

But the boy had got the envelope. He was nearer to the operator and had almost snatched it from him.

Byron Kidney set his lips tightly; for the first time it occurred to him that the boy might have deciphered the despatch. He looked sharply at him and fancied that his face was unusually pale and that a scared expression flickered across it. But the lad met his eye squarely, without blenching, and the man remained uncertain.

INTENTLY BYRON KIDNEY'S EYES FOLLOWED EACH WORD.

It had flashed across Byron Kidney's mind that he might in some way prevent Vernon Lester from receiving Ambrose Keim's message; but now he dismissed the idea. He had reckoned without the boy, and, another flaw in this plan, it would be useless to destroy the message when the operator could supply a duplicate of it. He decided promptly not to attempt to tamper with the despatch, but he registered a grim resolve that an "accident" would occur to Mr. Lester which would render him incapable of acting on the information it conveyed. He had a wholesome respect for the English police and feared that he could never shake them off if they once got close on his track.

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"All right, Arthur," he said, with a smile, as he took the boy playfully by the arm, "we'll go together."

Involuntarily the boy shrank from his touch; a second later he pulled himself together and walked composedly from the "wireless" room. But Kidney felt him quiver and was certain now that he had read and understood the despatch. He wondered at and admired the boy's self-control.

Arthur Keim would have sought Mr. Lester in his cabin, under the impression that he had not yet left it, but Byron Kidney checked him.

"You will find him in the smoking-room," he said. "He was on his way there when I left him to look for you. Hurry along, and you'll catch him before the breakfast trumpet sounds." He lied readily and without a scruple.

The boy, glad of the chance of leaving his companion, darted away at once, and Byron Kidney stood for a moment staring after him through the rapidly clearing mist. Suddenly he swung round and moved hastily in the direction of Lester's cabin.

It was at this point that Fate intervened and, in dramatic fashion, saved Mr. Kidney the trouble of rendering Vernon Lester incapable of carrying out Ambrose Keim's instructions.

He was scarcely ten paces from the private secretary's cabin, when a tremendous rending crash seemed to tear the very vitals of the ship. The deck under his feet quivered terribly, and he was flung heavily on his face.

When he rose to his feet, there was an outcry from every part of the ship, but above it all he heard the captain's voice ring out from the bridge. For a moment the engines stopped, then they throbbed again and the propellers were running full speed astern. The great ship quivered again from stem to stern, again the engines stopped, and then it seemed that a deadly silence, more terrible than anything that had gone before, had suddenly descended on everything.

But cries of alarm were arising on every side, and from the end of the corridor in which Byron Kidney stood, stewards and white-faced passengers were running swiftly to the upper deck.

"We've struck the Manacles, I think," yelled a steward as he caught sight of Kidney. "Help the people in the cabins."

Kidney's first action when he grasped the situation was to snatch a life-belt that hung near him. Then his thoughts reverted to Vernon Lester. His brain acted quickly. Here was a situation, ready-made for him, where such an accident as he desired might occur without suspicion attaching to him. He jumped for Lester's cabin.

As he moved he became conscious that Lester was shouting. The voice was muffled, but Kidney heard panic in it. He wondered, but when he reached the cabin door he understood. The stout panels were quivering under a violent battering from within.

Byron Kidney's immediate impulse was to try the handle of the door. It moved freely, but though he pushed at the same time the door would not budge. Unthinkingly, he flung himself violently against it, but it did not give a fraction of an inch. Then he realised with a sudden quickening of his pulses that the door was jammed and that Vernon Lester was a helpless prisoner in his cabin.

One moment of indecision and then he backed quietly from the door, heedless of the frantic appeals that followed him. When the ship struck she had been his unconscious agent, and he did not propose to undo her work.

A few yards away a frightened woman was dragging a couple of crying children from a cabin; except these and himself there were no other human beings save Vernon Lester in that part of the ship. Kidney, hurrying swiftly to the deck, picked up the two children and bade the hysterical mother follow him. At the end of the corridor a steward met him,

"Any other passengers down that way, sir?" asked the man.

Byron Kidney shook his head, and the steward turned back.

Thus he reached the deck, and found that the ship's boats were being hurriedly lowered. It was plain that the ship was thought to be in immediate danger of sinking. He handed over the two children to the sailors who were in charge of the nearest boat. Then he looked about him.

He saw the captain standing near him, with the light of a lantern flickering on his grim, pale face, and he heard his low reply to a question.

"We're slipping into deep water and will be under in ten minutes."

While he stood, awaiting his turn in the boats, Arthur Keim found him.

"Have you seen Mr. Lester?" the boy asked anxiously.

Kidney shook his head irritably. It annoyed him to be reminded of Mr. Lester.

"You can't expect to find him in this crowd, especially when you can scarcely see for the

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mist," he said. "You had better stand by here and get off in the next boat. He will be all right."

The boy looked at him silently for a moment, and seemed to hesitate to say something that was on his mind, while Kidney watched him curiously. At last he spoke, quietly, so that only Kidney heard.

"Look here, Mr. Kidney," he said earnestly, "I know who you really are, and that wireless message was to tell Mr. Lester to have you arrested. But I've been thinking a bit; you saved my life at New York and I'll give you a chance to get away now. I haven't seen Mr. Lester to give him the message, and there it goes."

He took the crumpled despatch from his pocket, tore it across, and dropped the pieces over the ship's rail.

Byron Kidney stared thoughtfully into the mist a moment, then turned and laughed lightly.

"Arthur, you are a real sportsman," he said, "and I'll bear that in mind. Stay right where you are," he added, "and get into the next boat if you can. I'll have a look round for Lester and tell him you are safe."

He swung away from the boy, looked around him and judged that there was still time for what he proposed to do. An instant later he disappeared down a hatchway, plucking down an axe that was slung at the top of the stair as he went.

Vernon Lester had given up hope of rescue, when Byron Kidney smashed in his cabin door with an axe. Both men reached the deck in time to get off in the last boat that could be lowered.

Lester was profuse in his gratitude, and would have entertained his rescuer royally in London if he could have persuaded him to travel thither. But, with many compliments and regrets, Mr. Kidney left him and the boy at Plymouth, and Lester, when he reached London and found another cablegram from Ambrose Keim awaiting him, felt rather glad that he had done so. Gratitude compelled him to acknowledge to himself that he was pleased to escape the unpleasant duty of handing Mr. Kidney over to the police.

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THE NEW MEMBER

A CONVERSATION OF THE FUTURE

"HALLO, Reggie! What are you charging for it?"

"Charging for what, old man?"

"That ten horse-power smile you're wearing. I'd like it for an hour, or, if it goes cheaper, by the week——"

"Ah, my boy, it's a fixture!"

"And that's a ripping neat little badge in your coat; where did you get that from?"

"Same place as the smile, old chap."

"Now, look here, no wretched riddles! I'll give it up, pay forfeit, say bow-wow twice, do any mortal thing you like, but what is it? I'm serious. I want the recipe for that giant grin. I'll admit anything you like; your house eleven is streets in front of mine; you'd have whacked us easy last week if it hadn't been for the wicket; you can bat blindfold better than I can——"

"Talking of cricket, what do you think of this bat?"

"It's a beauty, just! What a stunning bit of wood! I say, it *is* a ripper! Wherever did you get it?"

"Same place as the smile and the badge."

"Now, tell us, old man, all about it!"

"I don't think you're good enough to know."

"Merciful grasshoppers, you will get into such trouble in a minute!"

"I'm not feeling a bit quaky. You see, I've taken up boxing, and——"

"Oh, how fine! Where are you getting instruction?"

"Same place as the smile and the badge and the bat came from."

"If you don't part with your jolly secret I shall go raving mad with jealousy and have green and yellow spots come out in purple patches on my face. Unless you want to see me hastened off to a padded room—"

"Well, I'll tell you. It's the CAPTAIN Club."

"The CAPTAIN Club! Do you mean to say you get the smile and the badge and the bat and the boxing from the CAPTAIN Club? How much did it all cost you?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing! Work it out, for the price doesn't seem excessive."

"Well, I bought THE CAPTAIN from Dodds the newsagent, and the tales and articles in it were so ripping that I told him to send it to me every month. That's where I first found the smile. Then I read about the CAPTAIN Club, and it struck me as such a tip-top idea that I joined like a bird."

"Yes, go on!"

"Well, then the badge came along as a mark of membership, and the smile deepened and kind of got wedged in. And I thought that as my luck seemed to be going strong I'd have a shot at one of the competitions open to club members only,* and sure enough along came this cricket bat only yesterday."

"Yes, yes. But the boxing?"

"Let's have some breath! The secretary of the CAPTAIN Club branch here is a splendid all-round sportsman, and especially smart with the gloves. So he said that if any of us fellows would like to learn a bit about it he'd show us the way to make ourselves tough chaps to tackle, and several of us jumped at his offer. I'm getting quite useful already."

"Is that the lot?"

"Rather not! You see, we have arranged to have the mission hall one evening each week as a club room, and we have no end of fun. That reminds me. We're going to present a little comedy in the autumn entitled *The Old Fag Remembers*, all done by us. 'The CAPTAIN Club Amateur Dramatic Society'—bully, isn't it? And then there's the cricket club; we're going on tour in the holidays——"

"I say, Reggie, you *have* found a good thing. Can I join the CAPTAIN Club?"

"Easy as easy, old man. Come along to Dobbs now and get THE CAPTAIN, then send in your name to the Club Captain and get enrolled. That's all you have to do. Here, come back, there's no need to *run!*"

ANOTHER "SMALLEST" CHURCH

THERE are many churches which are said to be the smallest in this country, but I think that the church at Lullington (Sussex) has the honour of being *the* smallest. There is no pulpit and no vestry; while the safe is kept in the chancel, which is about one and a half yards wide. The nave is about twice as long as the chancel. Altogether there is room to seat about thirty people in the church. The font is like an ordinary basin.

W. R. E.

* *Beginning next month, two competitions will be reserved for club members only.*

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ATHLETES I HAVE MET

(And Would Rather Not Meet Again)

By PHIL PATERSON

IT'S one thing to be an athlete; quite another to know how to behave as an athlete—how, in fact, to "play the game" when playing a game.

There are faults of manner that cause many a good athlete to be "barred" by his fellows.

We'll suppose, if you like, that this is a motor-car trip, and each of these faults to be avoided is represented by a steep hill, with a danger-board at the top. Then, like a careful chauffeur, you will apply your brakes and glide safely over the dangerous place, where others have come to grief who had not these useful hints of warning.

Board No. 1.—We are coming to the steep descent known as "Gasbag Hill." Fortunately,

THE TALKATIVE PLAYER

is a rare bird. He gets so sat upon while he is young, that he either gives up chattering like a magpie during games, or else takes to golf, where he has no one to be annoyed by his flow of language except one small caddie, and he is paid for the job. Of such are the coxswains of racing "eights," and very often schoolmasters are given to much talking on the field. But these are privileged beings, whose duty it is to make themselves heard. We will forgive them, and like them none the more. I refereed a short time ago in a hockey match between two preparatory schools. One side played silently, no one's voice except the captain's being heard, and his only when necessary. The other side seemed to think that their success depended on the amount of shouting they got through. Even a master who was looking on kept up a running fire of exhortation and abuse. These boys will have a rough time in public school games unless they check the evil habit.

You will generally find that a man or a boy who uses his tongue freely on the field is not so ready with any other part of his athletic outfit. Learn to play in silence.

Board No. 2.—Then there is

THE CONCEITED PLAYER.

Perhaps he is more "barred" than any other type of athlete. We all know him. He plays to the gallery. He thinks all the time that every one is looking at him. He has been heard to remark when he has just been "yorked" by the first ball of the match: "I'm afraid we sha'n't do much against this bowling," or "Rotten pitch! That ball came back a yard," just as if he had seen it. This species of player is to be distinguished from the man whose anxiety to do well arises from pure keenness on winning. This person is apt to be a nuisance to the rest of the team, and very often spoils a good effort by over-anxiety; but he doesn't go wrong from a desire to show off. "Cockiness" or "side" is no part of our true athlete's character. Rather does he follow out the teaching of St. Paul (who, by the way, would have been a splendid captain of any side), and "esteems others higher than himself." He is always ready to sacrifice his own interests for the good of his side. He does not take care to run that last run before over is called so that he may get the bowling—unless it is necessary for the welfare of his side.

Board No. 3.—You may recognise

THE SELFISH PLAYER.

in other games, such as hockey and footer: He cares nothing for the rest of the team. He is no good in either of the back divisions, whose duties are of necessity unselfish. As a forward he is a mistake, however good he may be individually, because he is sure to spoil all attempts at combination. His one aim is to score himself. He is quite certain to complain bitterly of the selfishness of his comrades of

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the front rank, blind to the fact that he himself is the weak spot. I remember one year being shifted from my place at centre-forward in a hockey-team to make room for a well-known county cricketer who was staying in the neighbourhood. The result was disastrous. The rest of the forward line were mostly spectators, while the great man dribbled all over the field, with great skill, and much to his own enjoyment, no doubt, but when he did get a chance in the circle, his exertions had made him so unsteady that his shot very seldom went within yards of the goal. Ordinary unselfishness on that player's part would have made a material difference both to our enjoyment of the game and the final score.

Board No. 4.—A man to beware of and to avoid imitating is

THE "CADGER."

He is usually to be met with in small cricket clubs, where the difficulty of making up a team leads to his being asked to play much more often than he otherwise would be. He rarely has a bat fit to play with, never gloves, while he looks on pads as common property.

If he borrows your bat and breaks it, his apology is a flimsy and off-hand thing. If you cannot afford to buy your own gear, wait till you can, or be content to use the club's. I have a vivid recollection of a person—you could hardly dignify him with the name of man—who was in the same form as I was at school. He was several years older, but he used to beg, borrow, or steal my Latin proses, and snatch glimpses over my shoulder. I met him again years after, at a tennis club I had just joined. He had quite forgotten me, and I did not refresh his memory. Soon he was borrowing cigarettes from me, and matches from some one else. I was told he had also borrowed a racquet and shoes. None but newcomers, such as I was, could be induced to play with him.

Of course, no one minds lending anything to a comrade in an emergency. It is the habit of depending on other people's generosity that must be avoided by all true sportsmen.

Board No. 5.—Not the least pitfall for the unwary young athlete is

THE GRUMBLING HABIT.

What a kill-joy is the grumbler. The weather, the pitch, the captain, his luck, everything but his own stupidity comes in for a share of his growls. Now, no one ever lost a run or a goal through cheerfulness. As in life, so in games, let us make it our constant aim to look on the bright side of things. If "slip" drops a catch off your bowling, don't scowl at him and sulkily toss up full-pitches to leg. The poor chap is probably feeling quite as bad as you could wish him to. Besides, you may do the same for him next over; then you will not like to be scowled at.

Above all, don't let the other side hear you complain about the state of their ground. The odds are that the secretary has spent hours of hard toil helping the ground man to get it ready, making the best of what is often a very thankless job. A gentlemanly player will never forget the courtesy due to an opponent.

Well, my young friends, I hope I haven't bored you with my sermon. I'm not altogether talking "through my hat," as I have had experience of all the people I have tried to describe as a warning to you. May you never come to be classed among them. Put on the brakes as soon as you come to the danger-spot, and then your athletic career will glide smoothly on to the pleasant places where "Blues," "County Players" and (who knows?) All-England (or whatever country you belong to) representatives do sport themselves.

DO ANIMALS SHED TEARS?

INSTANCES of cats crying have been given in these pages, and I should like to say that dogs, too, can shed tears, as I have occasionally seen dogs exhibiting grief in this way when chained up. I also have a pet donkey which, when she is tied up for running away, or when she has her pack-saddle put on and finds her load too heavy, or sees other donkeys getting more mealies than she is given, plainly sheds sorrowful and unmistakable tears of vexation, which trickle down her nose!

"IMPALA" (Transvaal).

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THE PEOPLE OF THE CAVES

A TALE OF MYSTERY AND ADVENTURE IN THE ISLE OF MAN

By

CLUCAS JOUGHIN

PETER CHRISTIAN tells this tale of how he, with two other sturdy Manx boys called Ned Corjeag ("the skipper"), Faraday Faraker ("Friday"), and an English "new chum," Johnnie Wesley, set out for a holiday cruise round the coast of the Isle of Man in the *Trap*, a fishing-boat. They fall in with some old fishermen, called Coutha, who tell them tales about the "Little People," or pigmies, supposed to be still existent in certain caves of the island. The *Trap's* crew determine to explore one of these caves, and on entering it find signs of human occupation, and are startled by a shrill whistling proceeding from a spot above their heads. In an inner cave they catch glimpses of the Little People, who immediately disappear, and a little later the explorers are mysteriously overcome by noxious fumes, eventually recovering consciousness to find that they have been removed to the entrance. They return to the *Trap*, and in allowing their vessel to be used to land a cargo of tea, which proves to be contraband they are embroiled in an encounter with the Customs officials. Their fishermen friends disperse, leaving the revenue officers to find the contraband for themselves. The next morning Peter and his companions are searching the mountain side for the top entrance to the Little People's hiding-place when the "skipper" suddenly vanishes from sight, and while endeavouring to fathom the mystery the others come upon a movable boulder which covers a hole in the rock. With a climbing rope they descend into this, "Friday" leading. Deep down is a narrow ledge, and crawling to the edge of this, Peter sees in the cavern below, Friday, the skipper, and an old man, surrounded by a group of Little People.

CHAPTER XII.—(*continued*)

AT CLOSE QUARTERS.

THE smoke of the torch held by Friday ascended into the great dome of the cave, from whence it was carried round into the heights of the narrow extension where I lay. The longer I looked down through it the more clearly I saw the figures beneath me, but there was a smoky obscurity about the scene. Six of the Little People were dressed in red overalls, the others being in brown, but all wore red caps. The old man who stood with Friday by the side of the skipper, appeared to be talking to the little fellows, but I was too far away from them to hear what he said. Ned's face, though pale, and marked by scars, was lit up by a broad smile. His head was bandaged. I could see that much. The old man peered up in our direction.

"Is there any one there?" he shouted.

"Yes!" I bawled out. "Peter Christian is here, and Johnnie Wesley is at the far end of the cave!"

"Come along down!" Friday shouted,

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" Here's Tom the Dipper, who has been in this cave hundreds of times, and knows every one of the little fellows by name ! "

I scrambled back to Johnnie as fast as my hands and knees could carry me. " Johnnie," I said, when I felt him, for see him I could not, " you are a seer of visions. The skipper is there all right, and old Tom the Dipper is standing by his side ! Hurry up. It's a pretty straight drop down, and you must get on my back and hold tight ! "

While the reader is, in fancy, seeing us go down into the further darkness of the upper cavern, and scrambling along to the wide cave below, I will take the opportunity of describing Tom the Dipper.

We all knew him intimately, for, though not a resident of our part of the island, he regularly visited it in his dual vocation of local poet and rag and bone collector. From whomsoever he paid a little money for rags and bones he was generally able to get some of it back for printed copies of his rhymes on local topics. All his compositions were printed in both the Manx and English languages, so the customer could have his choice, or buy both if he, or she, felt disposed to be so liberal. A collection of these rhymes might not inaptly be compared to the crude drawings and carvings found in the excavated caves of prehistoric man. It was the work of a child born with a faculty that had never been developed. Or they may have been compared to Tom's dwelling-house, which was a rude, stone-built hut, without form and void of art, on the side of a mountain a few miles to the south of the cave where we now see him in converse with little people whose existence was known, but whose habits of life and thought were enshrouded in such mystery that they had long ceased to be considered as anything other than supernatural.

The clothes Tom wore were the same as we had ever seen on him ; and his hare-skin bell-topper was older than the skipper. But if Tom lacked wit he did not fall short in his sense of humour, nor in the kindliness which is a usual accompaniment of the extremes of genius and folly. Sixty and more years of toil and privation had left their marks on his long, pale face, but had not dimmed his merry-looking eye.

As Johnnie and I approached the truly wonderful and extraordinary looking audience that Tom was addressing on apparently familiar terms, the little men and women stood aside to allow us to take our place by the side of our own people.

We squatted down by the side of the skipper and watched the faces of the diminutive creatures while Tom told them, in the Manx language, which, he assured us, they understood perfectly, that we were also friends of his of whom they need have no fear.

Ned and Friday had shared the barley cakes among them, and they were nibbling away at the fragments still in their little hands. There were a great many more women than men, and I counted in all fifty-four, which exceeded the number we had seen on our former encounter with them.

We now had ample opportunity to study their appearance. In height they varied from about three feet three inches to three feet six inches. Their cone-shaped caps made them look taller. The women had their hair down about their shoulders. That of the men was short and bushy. The colour of their hair, generally, was red, and reddish brown ; but there were a few old-looking men and women whose hair was grey. The typical face was oval, and the head long ; but the most remarkable feature in their physiognomy was their eyes, which were comparatively large, and turned obliquely upwards at the outer extremities, and were set much further towards the sides of the head than our eyes, giving one the impression that they were so placed that they would be able to see behind them by the slightest turn of the head. The uniform colour of the pupils was a dark grey, and the expression of the whole eye was one of deep cunning combined with a love of mischief. A person not very charitably disposed would have described them as thievish-looking, mischievous, tricky eyes.

I observed their fingers and toes minutely. They had five of each, but the thumbs were longer in proportion to their fingers than ours ; and the first toe of the foot was not their biggest toe, though it resembled ours in form. The biggest toe was the one in the centre. It was broader and slightly longer than the others. Their finger-nails and toe-nails were short, as if with much climbing of rocky places. The nose—that is to say, the average nose—was raised fairly well at the ridge, and the nostrils were broad. They kept their mouths shut when not engaged in speaking, and though the mouth was broad the lips were thin. The chin was long ; the ears were comparatively large, and peaked at the top. Later on, I took an opportunity to measure the width of the foot of one of the men by placing the first three fingers of my right hand against his toes. The width of my three

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fingers equalled the spread of his five toes as the little fellow stood before me.

All these items I made mental notes of as the fifty-four of these creatures stood before us in the light of the torch Friday held, and in the additional light of their own blazing rushlights.

"I suppose," said Tom the Dipper to me, "that you have never been so close as this to the lil fallers before?"

"No," I answered, still unable to take my gaze away from them, "but I am very glad to have made their acquaintance at last. It has been one of the chief objects of my many midnight excursions."

"Men and women," said Tom, addressing the Little People in Manx, "this bouy's great-uncle and I were bouys together. He was a great fiddler; an' I belave he once met you all on this very mountain one moonlight night, an' began to play for you."

I acknowledged this somewhat original introduction by raising my cap.

All the little men and women raised their caps.

Quick as was the movement of their hands, my eye was quicker, and I saw that their foreheads were large and receding, and their heads high on the central arch.

"Ha!" said Friday, when they raised their caps, "they are mimics!"

CHAPTER XIII.

TOM ACTS AS SHOWMAN.

"WELL, Peter," said Tom the Dipper, continuing his story, "I made a paceful acquaintance with these lil fallers many a long year ago, an' though I hev towl many a body, nobody would belave me. Afther seein' them, an' talkin' to them, on the mountain many a time, I came upon them one night dancin' aroun the hole where Ned fell down, an a good thing it was for him that I was here to rescue him. Well, they all began to pop down the hole one by one, so I says to Cudda, the chief—that's Cudda in front of ye: the nearest feller with the grey hair; the next to him is Budda; the two other owl fallers is Hama-hama and Bilda-bilda, and that smart-lookin' faller with his high hat on is young Cluck-cluck. They only wear their *high* hats on special occasions when they want to look extra smart—well, I was goin' to say that I said to Cudda, I'm comin' down too, if ye don't moin, an' down I scrambled. That was twenty years ago an' more, when I was young an' active. In these days I always come in by the seaward door. I come whenever I feel a bit lonely, an' want to hear some music an' singin', an' see some dancin'; an' they orfen leave the door open for me."

"Music and singing and dancing!" repeated Johnnie Wesley, incredulously.

"Ay, the nicest singin', an' the prettiest dancin', an' the smartest scrapin' o' fiddles thou avver heard."

"I have often heard of the fairies having fiddles," said Friday, "but I never believed a word of it."

"To-night," said Cudda (in the Manx language, the reader will understand), "we sing, and play, and dance to the new loon."

"He manes the new moon," said Tom. "They always call it by that name, whether they are spakin' their own gibberidge or the Manx langwadge. Three times every year they dance to the new moon, an' three times every year they worship the full moon."

"Worship the moon!" said Johnnie. "Moon worshippers?"

"I have heard of *sun* worshippers," said Friday, "but never of moon worshippers."

"These fallers all worship the moon, though," replied Tom, "an' they call the face in the moon by the name of Eblis—which, I suppose, is their name for the Almighty. So perhaps it's the *face* in the moon they worship."

"How very extraordinary!" said Johnnie.

"They hev more exthra-ordinary notions than that, though, bouys, an' between ourselves (they are all listenin', but they don't understan' a word of English) they are the most dhreadful haythins. Cudda here, who is the owldest man among them, has orfen towl me that they were the fuss people the great Eblis made, an' that they were on this world more moons before the big people were made than there's hairs on the heads of everybody in this islan'; an' when all the animals were great big monsters that no man could hev fought against, an' that that was the raison they were made little, so that they could get out o' their way by hidin' in holes, an' climbin' up rocks an' big trees. Now, I call that three lies in one, for there's millions of hairs on the heads o' the people of this islan', an' that would mane thousan's an' thousan's of years, an' we know from the Great Book that Adam was the fuss man, an' Eve the fuss woman, an' that everybody in the world was destroyed by the flood 'cept Noah and his family—an' the local preachers all say that the world is only about six thousan' years owl."

"This world is more like a hundred times six thousand years old, Tom," said Johnnie

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Wesley. "It has been proved almost to a demonstration that the deluge was only sufficiently extended to drown the people then living."

"Thou'll be an English scholar?" said Tom, looking Johnnie up and down.

"No, Tom, but I am studying for the ministry. My father is a minister."

"The lil fallers say," continued Tom, "that all the *big* men on the 'arth were once drowned by big wahthers, an' that they would ha' been drowned too, only the big men were so awful down on them for long years before that took place that they had to roam away into a far, far country that the wahthers didin' rache. That's another of the lies they are tellin' me."

"That's very curious," said Johnnie. "All the races of mankind have their own tradition of the Noachian Deluge; but that these creatures should have a tradition of it is certainly marvellous."

"Hev *all* the haythins a story of the big flood?" Tom asked.

"So our college professors say; and though their traditions all vary, and generally claim that everybody was drowned save a few of their own particular race, the traditions all work out for the same origin."

"If thou are an English scholar, sir, I'm not goin' to argue with thee; but tell me if *this* is not a lie. Look at all these lil fallers, an' lil ones, that are standin' watchin' us with their eyes open an' their mouths shut: there's owl men an' owl women among them that say they used to run across from here to Irelan' on dhry lan'! Now, do ye believe *that?*"

"I have always heard," Friday remarked, "that St. Patrick swam over from Ireland on horseback, but I never believed it."

"Oh, the *swimming* may be a modern version, Friday," I interposed. "The fishermen all say that the sea is very shallow between here and Ireland, and in the days of St. Patrick it may have been land divided by channels, like the fen country of England was at the time of the Danish invasion. So St. Patrick may have come over on his horse, after all, swimming the narrow channels and riding over the land."

"When did St. Patrick come over?" asked the skipper, speaking now for the first time, for he appeared weak from shock and loss of blood.

CUDDA LEAPT MORE THAN HIS OWN HEIGHT IN THE AIR.

"There are people who won't believe that St. Patrick was ever here," said Friday.

"There are people who believe in nothing but themselves," I retorted. "St. Patrick came here about A.D. 420, or later."

"Larger tracts of country have sunk since that date," Johnnie remarked.

"They may be very old people?"

"I should think they are owl people!" cried out Tom the Dipper. "Cudda here says he has seen more moon festivals than there's

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hairs on his head, an' on mine, an' more than that, an' I'm thinkin' that can't mane anythin' less than ten thousand moon festivals, which, at the rate of six a year, must make him over a thousan' years owl! That's another of his lies!"

"How old are you, Cudda?" Friday asked in Manx.

Cudda looked puzzled.

"Aw," said Tom, "he can't understan' what you mane that way. He doesn' know what *owl* manes. Ask him when did he make that lil dagger knife that he carries stuck in his coat. You see the bone handle of it by his side theer."

Friday pointed to the handle of the weapon, and asked Cudda to hold it up. In an instant it flashed in the light of the torch, and so rapid was the movement of the little man's hand that I did not see the action of drawing the weapon from its sheath.

"When did you make that dagger?" Friday asked.

"The days after the night I came over from the big mountains" (pointing his dagger toward the Mourne mountains of Ireland) "with Budda and Hama-hama, and those" (pointing to the old women with grey hair.)

"A moonlight flit!" said the skipper.

"I wonder where they got those names," Johnnie said; "Budda sounds like Hindoo. Is it possible these people had wandered into India before the time of the Noachian deluge? Yet there is the Buddu country in East Africa."

"An' Cud-*dha*," said old Tom, "is the Manx for 'Hit him.'"

"'Cluck-cluck,'" said the skipper, who was a great reader of Fenimore Cooper, "will mean 'The Hen.'"

"The hen, the hen," Friday said; "the common domestic fowl is said to have come to us from the jungle fowl of India. What are the names of the women, Tom?"

"Well, man," replied Tom, "I'm knowin' the names of the owl ones bes. That one is Doyla, an' that one is Ada, an' them two over there is Ag an' Silla-silla. They hev a story that the fuss lil feller that ever lived was called Hoyla, an' the fuss lil woman Doyla; an' that the fuss childher they had were two daughters to which they giv the names of Ada an' Ag."

"Jer-usalem!" said Friday. "The names of Adah and Zillah appear early in the book of Genesis!"

"Hoyla, Doyla, Ada and Ag," I said, "sound familiar to me. The words remind me of something I cannot for the moment recollect."

"Stow it, Peter!" shouted Friday. "Some story of a dreadful calamity that happened to people of that name before the days of Adam, I suppose!"

"Let me look at that dagger, Cudda," said Friday, holding out his hand.

The face of Cudda changed in an instant, and he slipped the weapon back into its sheath in the long overall he wore.

"Ha, ha!" laughed Tom the Dipper. "Thou might as well ax him for his head. Not even me will they let touch one thing they ever made with their own han's!"

I saw that the dagger was a very narrow flint-bladed instrument of about four inches to the handle, which was broader than the grasp of Cudda's hand by about half an inch. I took out my pocket-knife, opened it, and handed it to the little man. The whole group of Little People rushed up to examine it.

Then Johnnie Wesley showed them his four-bladed knife, of Sheffield make, and Friday handed over to them his large fisherman's knife.

The excitement became intensely amusing. All the little men and women collected round the knives in circles. They felt the edge of the blades; smelled the wood handles, and tried their teeth on the horn ones.

"If you would give Cudda an' Budda a knife apiece," said old Tom, "you would make friends of the whole tribe for life."

"Tell Cudda," said Johnnie to Tom, "that he is to keep that knife as a present from me."

"I'm afeered he won't know what a prassant manes," Tom replied, "but I'll tell him you are givin' him that knife for himself, for his own use for avver."

When Tom translated this piece of information to Cudda, the little chief leapt more than his own height in the air.

Budda looked equally pleased to hear the other knife was for him, but he took the good news with less demonstration of his joy.

"Now," said Tom, "if ye only hed some bits o' red white and blue rags that ye could give the women, my word, but ye'd see a dance!"

"Johnnie," I said, "you have that pocket-book of the principal flags of Europe, Asia and Africa, woven on silks."

"I was just thinking of them, Peter; but as they were a birthday present from my mother, years ago, I was wondering what she might think if I gave them away."

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"You'll have lots more birthdays, Johnnie," said the skipper, "and your mother may make you another set, but you may never have such an opportunity again for putting them to use."

Johnnie brought out the pocket-book. It contained the principal flags of the countries named. Friday took from his pocket a packet of pins (he always carried pins and a pair of scissors) and I waved my hand to the little women to come forward.

Strange as the coincidence may seem, there were the same number of flags as there were of the little women—forty of each.

Tom the Dipper was in ecstasies when he saw the flags. "Bouyla veen," he said, "thou'll be worshipped!"

Johnnie laughed, and proceeded to hand Friday and me the flags, one by one, to pin them to the overalls of the women.

The skipper, still reclining on the ground, with his back against the low rock, cheered a bit, in a husky voice.

Cudda, Budda, Hama-hama, Bilda-bilda, and the other older men, watched each flag with keen eyes. The younger fellows—youths probably varying from two hundred to five hundred years in age—stood behind them.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE FLAG DISTRIBUTION.

IT would take too much space to describe the different effects produced by each flag, but each had its own share of admiration. The results which followed the exhibition of a few of the flags cannot, however, be altogether passed over, as they appeared to throw light on the ancient origin of these mysterious people.

Directly Johnnie produced the standard and ensign of China—a dragon spitting fire, on a yellow ground-work—Cudda, Budda, Hama-hama, and several of the others betrayed visible agitation and interest; and Cudda, springing to the top of the rock, leapt down again with a pyramid-shaped rush-holder in his hands. He held it up for us to look at a crude carving on one of its sides.

It was now our turn to be astonished. The carving was that of a gigantic and horrid-looking dragon, with the figure of a man of pigmy proportions ascending a high tree to escape from it.

"Surprising!" said Johnnie.

"Most exthra-ordinary!" said Tom the Dipper. "I navver noticed that thing afore!"

Johnnie fumbled among the flags and brought out the merchant-flag of Siam, an elephant on a red ground-work.

Cudda, as quick as lightning, turned another face of the miniature pyramid toward us. It had the unmistakable figure of the extinct mammoth carved on it. All the older of the neolithics scrutinised both pictures, and pointed out to each other the difference in the tusks of each, the tusks of the mammoth being much larger, and more curved.

Then Cudda and Budda exchanged some words in their own language, evidently concerning some topic upon which they seemed not quite to agree; but finally they both turned to Hama-hama and said something which caused that old fellow to hop up to their sleeping-place, from whence he re-appeared with a tolerably large piece of ivory, which we saw, at once, must have been taken from a tusk of the mammoth. On it were many crude, but curious, carvings, the most interesting being two figures in a grove of high trees—the figures being much larger than that of the pigmy escaping up the tree from the dragon.

The women who had received flags were dancing about in the cave; and those who waited for their ribbons took quite as keen an interest as the men in the comparisons of the elephant on the silk with the carving on the pyramid rush-holder. They talked more about it, anyway.

"Can it be possible," said Johnnie, as if some new idea was troubling him, "that these pigmies are descendants of the pre-Adamite people?"

"I never heard of pre-Adamite people," said old Tom, "an' what's more, I don't believe in such infidel talk."

"What do you believe these little people to be, then?" I asked.

"Fairies," said Tom, decisively.

"But they talk, and sing, and dance, and have bone and sinew," I said, "though not very much flesh, I admit."

"That's a thing that's puzzlin' me orfen," replied Tom the Dipper.

On another face of the pyramid was a rude carving of an ichthyosaurus; and on the fourth side a pigmy chased by a giant.

"Ask Cudda where this rush-holder came from," said Johnnie.

Tom put the question, and Cudda, Budda, and Hama-hama answered, all together, that it was "made before the big people came."

"Wonderful!" said Friday; "but I don't believe it!"

"Another of owl Cudda's lies," said old Tom.

"I am not so sure of that," replied Johnnie

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Wesley; "such carvings have been found in depths of the earth that are buried much deeper than any remains of the sons of Adam."

"Where?" asked Tom.

"All over Europe," Johnnie answered.

"Don't believe it," Friday snapped out.

"Nor me, naythe," added Tom.

"God made the world in six periods," Johnnie said, with some warmth of discussion, 'and the work of each period, according to the finding of geologists, corresponds exactly with the work of each *day* as recorded by Moses. First there was darkness and no life anywhere; then light and water and things that lived in water; then land and things that lived on land; then more light and different kinds of trees and animals, and flowers and fruit; and so on till man appears—long after the world had been the living-place of algæ and shell-fish and fishes and reptiles and animals and fruit each peculiar, or almost so, to their own period of the world's history, thousands of years before man arrived."

'Don't believe it," Friday jerked out.

"Nor me," said Tom again.

"Go on distributing the flags!" shouted the skipper. "See how the rest of the lil women are reaching out their hands to you!"

Johnnie handed one of them the ensign and merchant-flag of Turkey.

The little creature dropped it as if it had been red-hot iron.

"What's the meaning of that?" we all cried out.

Tom asked her why she would not take that flag.

"Bad!" said the little woman, "Loon wrong way!"

"Ha!" said Friday, "It's a waning moon! Is it possible that these people have their superstitions?"

Johnnie handed her the man-o'-war flag of Japan. Again the woman refused to touch it.

"Let me look at it," said old Tom, as he picked it up. "Aw, I see what's amiss. This is a picthur of the sun, an' they are all afraid of the sun."

"Afraid of the sun!" we cried out. "Why?"

"Don't know," said Tom; "but they are, an' that's all I know."

"That little woman is in bad luck," said the skipper. "Look at her; she's going to cry."

It was too painfully true. The little woman was weeping bitterly.

"Pick out a nice flag for her, Johnnie!" I cried out. "Can't you find her the Union Jack, or the Red, White and Blue?"

Johnnie found her the French tricolour. The effect was charming. The pigmy lady dried her tears with her red cap, popped it on her head again, and began to dance.

At last the forty flags were all distributed, and gallantly pinned to the little women's coats by Friday and myself, the pins exciting as much curiosity as the gay flags gave pleasure.

The forty women were now tripping about the floor of the cave amid a perfect babel of chatter. But the twelve men who had not received anything looked troubled.

"Hev ye northin' on ye ye could give them other fallers?" Tom asked.

We all overhauled our pockets. The other knives we agreed we could not spare. The skipper had scores of nails of all sorts and sizes—copper, wrought-iron, bellows tacks, &c.—hanks of twine, fish-hooks, a blue-and-white cotton pocket-handkerchief, and a rare collection of odds and ends. Friday had his scissors, a red silk pocket-handkerchief, a pair of sleeve-links, some stale crusts of bread and bits of mouldy cheese, a purse (with nothing in it), some dozens of bellows tacks, and a collection of old boot-laces, buttons, and other trifles. Johnnie had a purse (containing silver and copper coins, and postage stamps), a photograph of a young lady (his sister, perhaps?) and a packet of darning needles. I then turned out my pockets—such of them as were not useless by the holes that were in them!—no purse, no money, plenty of string, nails, pieces of lead for casting revolver bullets, fish-hooks, dog whistle—ah! the very thing for one of them! I blew it as loud as I could. The fifty-four little people ran helter-skelter away for the upper cave like scared rabbits.

We laughed; and Tom the Dipper called them back.

I handed the whistle to Bilda-bilda. He put it to his mouth and blew it gingerly.

"Harder! harder!" we all cried, puffing out our cheeks and blowing.

Bilda-bilda blew harder, and the whistle (a black ebony pea-whistle) sounded through the cave.

It was answered by the furious yelping of little dogs, which barked in alarm from some hidden depth in the rocks.

Cudda waved his hand and said something to one of the younger fellows in his own gibberish. The young fellow—not more than a hundred years old, probably—darted away out of sight, and as quickly returned with three whips.

Then Cudda pulled a heavy stone away from a cavity in the rock behind where we stood, and

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a score of little brown dogs came rushing out. No sooner were they out, than three of the little men, on the appearance of the dogs, began to belabour them with the whips—laying on blows with magic speed. Nor did they stop until the last of the pack was back in the kennel.

"What's that for?" asked the skipper of Cudda, in Manx.

Tom the Dipper explained that these dogs *never barked until they were told to*; having transgressed on this occasion, therefore, they had been duly rewarded!

We distributed our odds and ends among the other eight men, and so managed to make them all perfectly happy.

The forty flags of Europe, Asia and Africa were, by a curious coincidence, no inapt symbol of the world-wide habitat of the Little People. To them, we sons of Adam were a common enough sight. They often saw us while they were on their nightly rounds: themselves invisible the while. But to us, *they* were a spectacle that strained our nerves the more we gazed. Then, the superhuman activity of their movements was perfectly dumfounding. We boys were all good runners, in hard training from January to December, but we agreed that no one of us, or even all of us together in the chase, could have the least chance if we tried to catch one of them.

There came a lull in the excitement, and group by group the pigmies retired into the darkness of the subterranean canyon. The skipper, who had been dosed with elderberry juice to revive him after his accident, fell asleep, and we were preparing to follow his example, when there came from beyond the circle of light the sweetest, but the quaintest of singing in chorus.

THE WOMEN WERE NOW TRIPPING ABOUT THE FLOOR OF THE CAVE.

Our older people had often told us of the singing of "the fairies," but we were not prepared to hear such enchanting little melodies: the words being, to us, an incomprehensible succession of liquid sounds, very rapidly uttered. The effect was very soothing to our nerves, and I began to feel free from the creepy sensations which the presence of the strange little people had produced on my mind.

Friday extinguished the torch; the rush-lights burned slowly, faintly illuminating our immediate surroundings only; and we determined to stay where we were and await the midnight hour when the pigmies, or fairies—call them by what name we will, they were certainly living people and not spirits—until these fifty-four relics of the neolithic people, let us say, would come down from the dark recesses of the inmost cavern and prepare for their journey over the mountains to Glen

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Rushen, where they were to meet, according to Tom the Dipper's experience, all the other pigmies of the island in the celebration of one of their triannual dances to the new moon.

CHAPTER XV.

A MIDNIGHT JOURNEY.

THE floor of the cave was artificially laid with earth, trodden down hard and level, and was clean and dry, so we prepared ourselves for a few hours' sleep on the bare ground by the side of the low rock which lay in the middle of the cave. We missed our blankets—Johnnie especially so, for his finely-spun West of England clothes were not intended for such occasions. I unbuttoned my heavy homespun jacket, and snuggled him close to my waistcoat, folding the flannel-lined old coat close about him.

Then I courted sleep, but it would not come. Traditions which had come down to us through countless generations kept my brain in a whirl: stories more ancient than the Scandanavian dynasty in the island. I thought of the years, far back in the unwritten history of our people, when our Celtic ancestors, few in number, had familiar meetings with the Little People, who were then more numerous. Many of these stories of friendly intercourse between the two peoples had been handed down in our own family for over a thousand years, maybe two thousand; and I could not help a feeling of sincere regret that no one had left us a written story of some of their experiences.

At length I slept. After many dreams, in some of which I thought the pigmies played hop, skip, and jump over our bodies, while in others I thought they stood around and laughed at our heavy-headedness, I at last, with my eyes wide open, saw, as I believed, Cudda the chief actually come down from the upper cavern and walk over towards us with his flint dagger in his hand. Drowsy and stupid as I was, I perceived, as he passed one of the rush-lights, that his eyes were fixed on me. All the more horrid stories I had heard of the mystery which surrounds these strange beings came crowding into my mind: stories of cleverness and cunning passing the wit of our forefathers.

As Cudda came slowly along the space between the narrow extension of the cave and the place where we lay, my brain seemed to become super-heated by a thousand fancies. I thought of the number of inexplicable deaths of dogs on the mountains—dogs found dead in the daylight that had died mysteriously in the night. I recollected stories of drunken braggadocios who had gone off, swearing, in times long gone by, that they would find out what "The Fairies" really were, or die in the attempt, *and who were never seen again, alive or dead!* And were there not stories of infants stolen by these queer-looking little creatures—infants that were carried off from their cradles as they lay sleeping in their lonely mountain homes in the still hours of the long summer twilight, when the sons and daughters of Adam were labouring in the fields!

Had these fifty-four pigmies been discussing the probabilities that might arise out of our unique adventure? Had they determined upon our death? And was the chief now coming to carry out the decision with his own hand? Tom the Dipper had told us that their flint daggers were often poisoned. If I allowed Cudda to come too near me, I thought, I could no more parry his nervous and lightning-like activity than I could evade a pistol shot.

It was all so horrible that I became transfixed by the magic spell of Cudda's eye. He had reached my side, and now stood over me. He then began to slowly, very slowly, raise the dagger, until it attained the limit of the upward reach of his sinewy little arm.

However incredible it may appear, I distinctly recollect realising the fact that I was hypnotised. I tried by every mental struggle, and by many desperate attempts of nerve and muscle, to arouse Johnnie; but he slept as peacefully as an infant.

Then the deadly little flint dagger began to come slowly downwards. Cudda kept his oblique eyes steadily fixed on mine. The dagger seemed to crawl down between. As if to increase my agony and gratify his own exultation in the power of his magic, this master-magician, normally so rapid in all his movements, seemed now to be giving his weapon the appearance of a movement as slow as the hand of a clock.

The expression on his thousand-year-old face became malignant and terrifying. I realised that my nerves were paralysed, and that I lay in a state of muscular collapse. Something between a grin and a smile made the turned-up corners of the old fellow's eyelids coil up into a fiendish curve. His eyes glared at me from his very temples.

I thought desperately on the warnings of the misthress on the Nyarble shore; and of the nightly persecutions with which the Baldwin Fairies haunted the miller who had turned the mountain stream away from its old course

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in the ghyl where they were believed to have a secret dwelling-place.

The flint weapon—poisoned, I felt sure—came nearer, but so slowly that I had time to live past years over again, and groan inwardly in consequence. Still the dagger neither stopped nor was quickened in its downward movement. I thought of the lark lying on the green sward unable to rise while the hawk mesmerised him. At last, the curious old weapon touched my chest, and its point entered the flesh. I sprang to my feet, but Cudda was nowhere to be seen.

From the outer darkness, beyond the circle of light in the little firmament made by the three rush-candles, there came two women in red overalls—each bearing a wicker basket. Though Johnnie and I were now on our feet, staring about, they took no notice of us.

Then the little fellow who was known to us by the appellation of Cluck-cluck came over and placed his fingers under the base of the skipper's bandaged skull, and gently scratched. The skipper woke up gradually and pleasantly, and sat up with a smile on his face—still pale from loss of blood.

How different, I thought, from the reckless ways our nurses used to waken us up when we were small fry! How many delicate boys—young, younger, even to the youngest, have had the seeds of heart maladies sown by the sudden and barbarous awakenings of—savages? I mean savages in temper!

Little Men and Little Women came bustling down from the upper cavern. Three of the men carried fiddles; four of the women had infants on their backs. In part these doll-like babies clung to the shoulders of their mothers, and in part they were supported by pouches made of hare-skins.

The women combed out their hair. An honest old sailor had once assured us that he had watched a mermaid comb her hair with the backbone of a fish. I put out my hand and asked the nearest little woman, in the politest Manx I could muster, to let me look at the comb. She shrank back with a look of terror.

"They hev a notion," said Tom, "that if they give away anything of their own make it will be the manes of their desthruction."

"Curious," I remarked.

"Very wonderful," said Johnnie, "and perhaps it might be so: one thing might lead to the other?"

"Tom!" cried the skipper, "they are all ready to start. Let's be moving. I feel pretty well now."

I saw the oldest-looking of the women in the red coats take a rushlight from a bundle she held. She lighted it and placed it in a small rush-holder, fastening the rushlight with a peg to secure it to its desired elevation. She then put a shade over the light. The shade, I observed, was made of very transparent skin that had been stretched and dried. It looked like the dried bladder of a rabbit, fixed to a slightly made frame-work.

The woman then lifted this curious lantern into a small wicker basket, which had a handle hooped over it. She passed her arm through the handle, waved her hand to the company, and moved forward in the direction of the tunnel by which we had first entered the cave.

"Tom," said Friday, as we followed the Little People to the seaward exit, "did you ever ask Cudda or Budda why those six little women dress in red coats, while all the others wear brown?"

"Bless ye, bouy, yes. It was one o' the fuss things I took notice of myself. Them's the wives of Cudda and Budda; an' Cudda an' Budda are the principal chiefs of all the fairies in this islan'."

"Then I suppose *all* the chiefs' wives dress in red?" queried Johnnie.

"An' their daughters," answered Tom.

"But where are the children of these?"

THE LITTLE FLINT DAGGER BEGAN TO COME SLOWLY DOWNWARDS.

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"I navver saw any af them, so I suppose they are all married and gone away. I've seen lil fallers do themselves up very particler to go a-courtin'. An' I've met them on their way from one cave to another, lookin' very smart an' proud, an' marchin' with a very gran' swagger, as if the whole islan' belonged to them."

We crept out through the tunnel. Some of the women began to cover up the secret entrance, and Johnnie and Friday gallantly assisted them: a performance which appeared to greatly amuse the little men.

We ascended the rocks: the old queen, as we may now call her, leading the way with the light in the basket.

We paused to look abroad over the sea, and away to the northern sky. It was midnight.

We had been informed by Tom the Dipper that our journey was to be to the head of Glen Rushen—to a level piece of land near the Round Table. All the fairies, Tom had said, would be there: "the Glen Rushen fairies, the Baldwin ones, the ones from Baldrine, an' Ballure."

We pulled up our crowbars, and dropped them, with the rope and sledge-hammer, down into the cave. Cudda and Budda rolled the stone over the hole.

ONE OF THE MEN RAISED HIS GUN TOWARDS HIS SHOULDER.

Then we moved forward in a body. There was an incessant chatter of little tongues all our way along the mountains. The distance we had to travel was between three and four miles, but the pace the Little People made for us was as surprising to us as their general activity.

As the skipper and Friday understood the Manx language, they had lots of talkee-talkee with the pigmies. Cudda, Budda, Hama-hama and Bilda-bilda, as well as the older women, all maintained that there was a time, heads of hairs of moons gone by, when the land extended many moons of journeys to the north and east—in their own words "to the land of cold winds, and the land where the big fire rose up"—without any "big waters."

"Rubbish!" said Friday, in English.

"Absolutely in harmony with our geological lecturer at the school," said Johnnie Wesley. "The British Islands were joined to Scandinavia and Siberia in the north, and to the continent of Europe by the east."

"Don't believe it!" Friday snapped out.

"I'm orfen wondherin'," said old Tom, interrupting a hot debate between Friday and Johnnie, "I'm orfen wondherin' if the lil fallers hev any *sowls?* I'm navver hearin'

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anything af them about a hereafter, 'cept a yarn they hev got that the day will come when all the people of the world will be little again, an' that then they will come out from livin' in holes in the arth, an' walk in the light o' the sun instead of in the light o' the stars."

All the way over the mountains the whole of the Little People talked and jabbered away in their own language, which to us was a perfectly unintelligible speech, very rapidly uttered. Not only did they talk rapidly, but they all seemed to be talking at once; the women especially. Nor did they exercise any precautions to prevent themselves from being overheard by any one who may have been journeying through the solitudes of the wild districts we passed over.

As we were approaching the mountain road which descends from the Round Table to Glen Rushen, the Little People in advance, by reason of our inability to keep even with them, we were startled by some one shouting "Hi, hi!" and by the repeated striking of a stick against a stone.

In an instant the old queen extinguished the light she carried in the basket, and every pigmy fell flat to the earth.

Following their example we also lay low.

About two hundred yards in advance of us we saw two men standing on the mountain road, gazing in the direction of where they had "seen the fairies."

The men, we clearly saw, were armed with fowling-pieces, and one of them swung his gun round and raised it toward his shoulder.

The skipper pressed my arm, and whispered, "That's my brother Thomas and Richard Quine!"

"I thought so," I answered; "but what on earth are they going to do?"

"Goodness only knows," said Ned. "I hope they are sober, for if they discharge their guns among that crowd of the lil fellers, they'll never live to tell about it; and what may afterwards happen to us is more than I dare think of, and I'm no coward, Peter, as you know!"

(To be continued)

A NEW FOREIGN HOLIDAY SCHEME

WHAT boy (or girl) would not like to spend a month or two during the summer in France or Germany, if he (or she) knew how to get there cheaply? This article proposes to explain how it may be done.

In 1903 a French genetleman named M. Toni Mathieu, seeing that all boys and girls wanted to go abroad, but could not afford to pay boarding-school fees or hotel expenses, and that parents hesitated to entrust their daughters and sons to foreigners, formed the "International Exchange Society," with headquarters at 36 Boulevard Magenta, Paris. His ideas were, first, that French girls and boys who wanted to go to England or Germany should be able to exchange homes with German or English girls and boys; secondly, that the parents of young people in different countries who are anxious to travel, require introductions to each other, and that it was possible for a society to make inquiries as to social position on each side, to ensure confidence, which private individuals would find most difficult to accomplish.

The formation of the Society on these lines was immediately appreciated, and many eminent men in France and England at once lent their support, whilst the French Government and the City of Paris subscribed sums of money, which have since been annually increased, towards the expenses. In its first year 25 exchanges took place, but this number has grown to 44, 66, 120, 150 and 173 in the following years. Most of them take place during the summer holidays, but last year 55 of the 173 were for longer periods, extending to twelve months.

Last year a branch was opened in England, under the auspices of the Modern Language Association, which appointed as secretary Miss Batchelor, of Grassendale, Southbourne-on-Sea, Hants, to whom all inquiries should be sent.

On receipt of an application, the secretary issues a form containing a series of questions which must be filled up. Proof of health is required and a photo is asked for, but is not essential. When the form comes back to her, she looks through her applications from the country to which an exchange is required, selects the most suitable, and puts the two families into communication with one another. If the outcome is satisfactory, well and good; if not, another address is given, and so on until an agreement is reached.

Some of the French railway companies grant special fares to the exchanges, and so the fee of five shillings charged to cover expenses (the secretary is unpaid) is recouped

J. P. T.

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LITERARY MEN OF THE MONTH

CAPTAIN MARRYAT

IF Captain Frederick Marryat, re-incarnated, were to stroll into THE CAPTAIN office and talk for the space of five minutes to the Old Fag it is a million to one that he would get a commission to write a serial. Why? Because the Old Fag has a hawk's eye and a beagle's nose for "the man who has been and gone and done things." The rollicking Captain, like his own "character" Thomas Saunders in "Poor Jack," could probably "do his work from stem to stern—mouse a stay, pudding an anchor, and pass a gammon, as well as he could work a Turk's head, cover a manrope, or point a lashing for the cabin table." Certainly, if he never did any of these dreadful things himself—being a "gentleman born"—he could, like "Philip Bramble," have taught an apprentice how to box the compass, how to see at once exactly how her head was pointing, how to mark, and how to cast the lead-line.

I say, he would have certainly got a commission to write a serial for THE CAPTAIN—and what a serial it would have been! I can hear the Old Fag sigh as he reads this. Those breezy days are gone for ever—gone with the "wooden walls" and the "main-top-gallant," the "marlinspike" and the "main-brace," the "rattling shrouds," the "Barbary pirates" and the "Spanish Main". If a serial-writer to-day so much as mentions these enchanting things—or places, as the case may be—to an editor he is immediately and ignominiously shown out to the lift. Captain Marryat has "said it all." Alas, that it should be so!

And who was this sea novelist *in excelsis?* Strangely enough, he was not even a Britisher—by blood, at any rate. His only "saving clause" is the fact that he saw the light—such as it was—in Great George Street, Westminster, on July 10, 1792. But he was of Huguenot descent—a good stock, by the way—and his mother hailed from Boston—commonly known as "the hub of the Universe," and situate in New England—and was herself of German origin!

But if his blood was wrong his heart was all right. He was one of Cochrane's middies, and saw service in every sea. A lad who went into the Navy in 1808, even though Trafalgar had been fought and won three long years, was sure to run up against a bit of fighting before he had been many weeks "on the briny." In sooth no midshipman ever had a livelier apprenticeship than Marryat. "The cruises of the *Imperieuse*," he says, "were periods of continual excitement, from the hour at which she hove up her anchor till she dropped it again in port; the day that passed without a shot being fired in anger was with us a lost day." Cochrane was the Lord Charles Beresford of his day—with a thousand chances of showing the stuff he was made of, to Beresford's one—and cutting out expeditions, battery storming, and the Richard Grenville Act of "one to fifty-three" were of daily or nightly occurrence.

That was the school in which Marryat learned fiction-writing. No wonder, then, that he sold his first book for £400! He straightway took refuge in Latin, saying *Vita sine litteris mors est*, which, to be translated truthfully means: "There is much more money in literature than in fighting the French." Therefore, about the age of thirty-five, with the rank of Captain, a C.B., and a Fellowship of the Royal Society and the medal of the Humane Society for "at least a dozen" gallant rescues, he finally left the sea and settled down steadily to authorship.

I suppose "Mr. Midshipman Easy" and "Peter Simple" are his best books, although some critics swear by "Snarley-Yow," a book I have not had the pleasure of perusing. But he wrote twenty-four in all, not by any means equally good. But, in spite of many faults of taste, and some glaringly bad English, he lives and will continue to live, because, like Kipling, he is an "apostle of things as they are." His books represent reality. He dresses his story up a little, of course, but the descriptions ring true and the atmosphere is right. His humour is thin, but his fun and frolic and practical joking are exuberant. Moreover, he never lost sight of the moral purpose, though he seldom obtruded it unduly. He tried to amuse, but he also tried to instruct and to guide. He was not a great moralist, but he never allowed wrong to triumph and vice to trick itself out as virtue.

A. B. C.

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THE INVENTIONS OF BROWN

IV

THE DEMON SKATES.

By C. B. DIGNAM

I

BROWN was in London once or twice while the roller-skating fever was at its height, and spent a good deal of his time in a huge rink that had been erected in the West End.

The last time he and Jones were there (for Jones nearly always accompanied him) he came away looking rather thoughtful.

Jones asked him what was the matter.

With a start the inventor came out of a brown study.

"I—I was thinking," he said.

"Bravo!" cried Jones enthusiastically. "Keep it up, old boy!"

Brown smiled a little sadly, as he said, "My dear Jones, I wish you wouldn't air your cheap wit. What I was thinking of was this. Why should we use the ordinary type of roller-skate to propel ourselves round a floor, when we might have a mechanical contrivance to do it for us? I begin to see my way to constructing a machine which I believe will be unique. I got the idea from something I saw in an American scientific paper. The mechanism is very intricate, and will keep me busy for some time."

They went home, and for six solid weeks the inventor designed, and redesigned, cast and turned, riveted and drilled, and then one evening he had the pleasure of saying *finis* to his creation.

Later on, when Jones looked in, he explained the whole thing.

"Between these four rubber-tyred wheels is the motor (a liquefied air one) and tank for the power. This flexible cable is the means of controlling the speed. I think twenty-five miles an hour could be obtained on a good surface."

Jones asked how one steered.

"Nothing easier. The front wheels of the skates being on a pivot, a slight motion of the foot is all that is necessary to bear to the right or left. I propose to go to London to-morrow and try the skates," he added. "The Cattle Show is on, so Tuffin had better come up with us."

They cycled over to Farmer Tuffin's and arranged to go to town by the 9.54 train. The farmer was greatly interested in the skates and made Brown promise to let him try them.

II

After spending the morning at the Cattle Show, our friends had lunch and then made their way to the roller-skating hall in the West End, where they spent a couple of hours or so careering round on the ordinary type of skates.

By this time Farmer Tuffin was feeling happy but bruised, for, as he himself said, the floor never kept in the same place for five minutes on end; it was always dodging round and hitting him somewhere, and never in the same place twice.

Brown had chummed up with the floor-manager, who, being an American, was naturally very interested in his invention.

"One of the cutest things I've seen, sir. I guess as it ain't driven by gasoline you can't blow any one up, so you can just flap round and smile."

Having thus obtained permission, Brown put on his motor skates and applied the power. He glided away from the side of the rink with but just a slight backward jerk at starting, the floor-manager skating beside him.

When they had completed a couple of rounds, the American expressed his delight.

"I call that bully," he said, patting Brown's arm. "No noise, no fuss—just gliding along like a six-cylinder Thomas car on wood-pavement."

Brown tried the skates again, and then Jones put them on, but starting too suddenly, his feet shot away from him and he came down rather heavily. However, with a little care he got a way for the second time without a fall, and sailed round the floor in fine style, much to his own and the inventor's satisfaction.

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While Brown was watching Jones, the farmer came up and asked if he could try his skill.

"Certainly," replied Brown, only too pleased to give the enthusiastic Tuffin a chance to test his invention. "As soon as Jones stops, my boy."

"Here you are, farmer," cried Jones, a few minutes later, as he pulled up. "Don't forget to shut off the power a good way from where you want to stop, for you get up a great pace in next to no time."

As soon as he had put on the skates and adjusted the belt to which the control cable was fastened, the farmer stood on the rink and pulled open the little throttle lever to its fullest extent.

Except that there was no noise, you might have said he went off with a bang. The skates fairly lifted him from the ground, and, to save himself from a bad fall, he grabbed at Jones, who in his turn naturally clung on to the nearest person within reach. This was a fat and elderly individual, who yelled as Jones' arm took him round the neck, and fell broadside in front of a couple skating by. Others being unable to pull up, there was soon a heap of fifteen people or so on the top of Jones.

Tuffin's luck held good, for the farmer did not fall, but struck out a wild career for himself towards the middle, where figure-skating was in progress. As one foreign-looking man was hovering on one leg with the other stretched out behind him, Tuffin swept past, just touching the skate attached to the foreigner's horizontal leg. Before reaching the floor, the figure-skater described some fearful and wonderful gyrations, making grotesque efforts to maintain his balance. But it was not to be. Bump!

Jones grinned.

"Tuffin is out for blood," he said.

There was the figure-skater, sitting dazedly on the floor, uncertain if the roof had fallen in or whether an earthquake had occurred, as a dozen attendants rushed to his help. The farmer, owing to the crowd in the middle, escaped notice except from those he collided with.

"Splendid!" said Jones, adding truthfully, "I've never seen anything like it," as Tuffin crashed into the rail at the side, his feet flying from under him, and then retired gracefully on to the concrete.

Brown rushed at him and shut off the motors.

"For goodness' sake be careful, and don't imagine this is Brooklands," he cried. "I think we'd better get some tea now, and try the skates again later. Besides, I want to adjust the valves; they're too slow in opening."

While having tea, they discussed the mechanism of the skates, the farmer saying it wasn't fast enough and Brown saying it was.

"You'll let me try 'em again, won't you? I won't go too fast," urged Tuffin.

Rather against his better judgment, Brown granted the request.

As they were finishing tea, Brown caught sight of the bandsmen forming up by one of the entrances.

"I wonder what they are going to do!" he said.

Jones, who was strapping the skates on Tuffin's feet, turned his head to look.

"Oh, I saw something about a march round of the band," he answered. "You'd better get on before they come, farmer; otherwise you'll find it fearfully crowded."

III

Mr. Tuffin walked heavily to the rink and opened the throttle ever so gently, for he realised that there were disadvantages to starting in the manner of a racing car—racing the engine, and letting in the clutch with a bang.

For a couple of turns, perhaps, he went smoothly enough, but then the wicked demon of speed whispered tempting words in his ear. With this good floor it was a shame to crawl along at ten miles an hour. Why not go a little faster—only just a very little?

"Not so fast, please!" cried an attendant, skating skilfully backwards and missing people by instinct, almost as though he had eyes in the back of his head.

But Mr. Tuffin heard him not, for his mind was full of satisfaction at the neat way he just scraped past people without actually touching them.

The attendant reversed, rapidly gained on the farmer, and, touching him on the arm, requested a slower speed.

Tuffin, always ready to oblige, placed his hand on the throttle lever, but quite forgot the direction in which to turn it.

He pulled it right over, meaning to stop, but unfortunately he pulled it the wrong way.

Brown had evidently altered the lift of the valves to good purpose, for the motor responded to full throttle like a hundred horse-power Napier. Tuffin shot forward like an arrow, dragging the attendant off

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his feet; and as he fell, the man's hand snapped the control wire away from the lever.

Keeping his balance by a very miracle, the farmer tore onward. He was doing twenty-five miles an hour inside fifty feet!

For perhaps twenty seconds the crowd didn't realise hat anything out of the ordinary had taken place. Then, as a short and heavy something, crouching low on the floor, flashed by them, upsetting people right and left, they came to the conclusion that the ring was no place for the ordinary roller-skater.

In ten seconds a mob of skaters was making for the gaps in the rail, and going hard at them, too. Jones tells me that the exit close to where he stood was a sight for the gods! People forgot that there was a drop of six inches or so to the concrete space surrounding the floor, but remembered it soon enough when they got there!

With an open space before him—for there was no need for the request to "clear floor" at one end of the building—Farmer Tuffin was rapidly approaching thirty miles an hour. His corner work was a veritable dream! Bent almost double, and leaning forward like a runner about to start for a hundred yards' sprint, he spun round the good maple floor at a dizzy speed. People shouted "Stop him!" but wisely kept behind the safety of the rail themselves.

TUFFIN SHOT FORWARD LIKE AN ARROW, DRAGGING THE ATTENDANT OFF HIS FEET.

The floor-manager collected his attendants at one end.

"Mind, boys," he said; "be careful how you tackle him. If you trip him, and he falls on you, you'll be smashed for sure. Just race after him and hang on."

As he gave the word, the group of brave spirits swept into the arena, determined to put "stop" against Mr. Tuffin's great race, or die.

As the farmer took a corner, heeling over like a man on a steeply-banked track,

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one man had an opportunity but hesitated to clasp this whirlwind of flesh and blood.

That second's hesitation cost him dear, for the farmer's head caught him in what is known in sporting circles as the "wind," and laid him out.

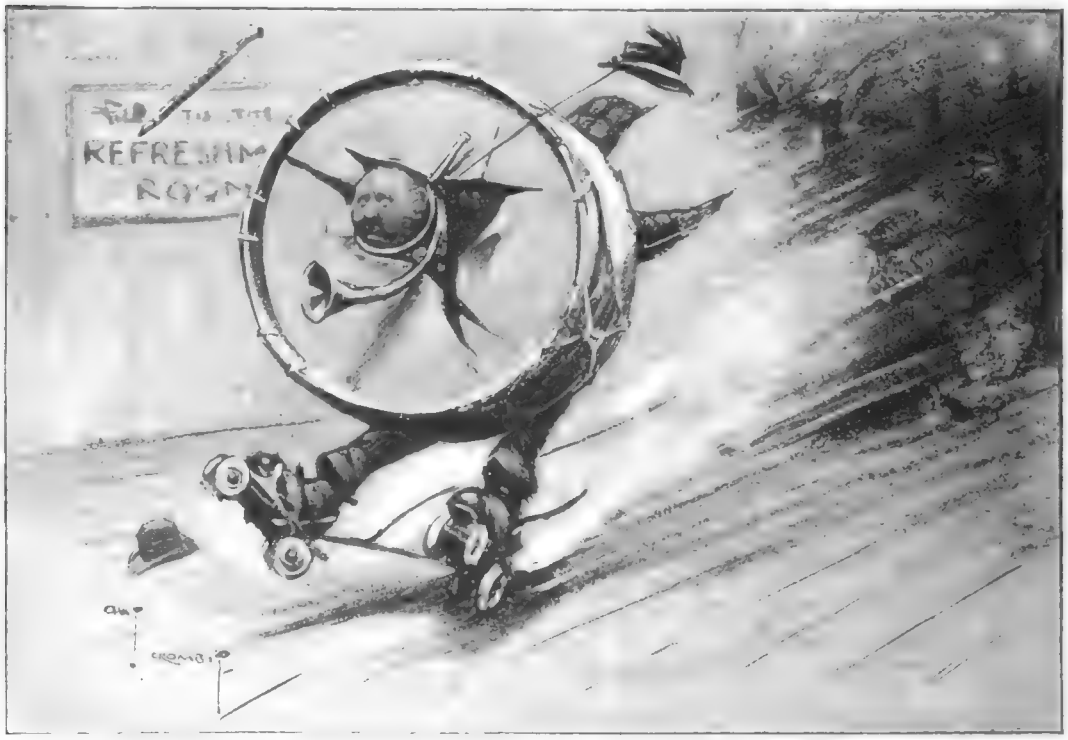
Nothing daunted by the sight of one of their little band being out of the game, the others renewed their efforts. But, though they were skating at a speed that would have won many a race, they could not compete with Brown's tireless mechanism. The farmer was doing nearly two laps to their one.

Presently one of the men grabbed at the tail of Tuffin's coat, and unlike the majority of people who grasp at conclusions, got it. He described what Jones called a "delirious curve" before he hit a group of men standing in a corner of the rink.

Jones joined in the hunt now, followed by a sporting member of the Stock Exchange and several other men. The crowd was getting excited and offered bets on the result.

"Go it!" they yelled, leaning far over the barrier, "don't let them put you out!"

One of the pursuing contingent, finding that he was being overhauled, called to another to join hands and trip the farmer. *Bang!* Tuffin crashed between them as if they had been pea-sticks, and thrashed onward with, if anything, increased speed.



HE MADE HIS WAY STRAIGHT FOR THE OPEN DOOR OF THE DINING-ROOM.

Farmer Tuffin was becoming rather tired of tearing round the rink, but whether he wished to or not, it was a case of must. Every now and then he purposely made for the men in order to be caught, but to his dismay they seemed far from anxious to welcome him; and I don't blame them, for how would you like to stand in the way of anything racing towards you at thirty miles an hour? A motor-'bus, for instance!

All this time the bandsmen had been standing at one of the gaps in the rail, to cheer Mr. Tuffin in his wild career, the man with the big drum retaining his weighty appendage.

As Mr. Tuffin swept by for about the thousandth time some bright specimen in

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the crowd called out, "Why don't you rope him in?"

No sooner said than done.

The attendants rushed for the big rope they cleared the rink with at the close of the skating, and making a long line, gradually crept closer to one end of the hall.

IV

Poor Tuffin, finding his space being curtailed, had to keep going round in a rapidly contracting circle, till people held their breath and wondered at any man's ability to whirl round at that sickening speed and still live. He became giddy, lost his bearings, and instead of heading for the other end of the hall, as he had intended drove in a bee line for the gap in which the bandsmen were crowded.

The musicians fled for their lives, but hampered as they were by panic-stricken people around them, they were not quick enough to escape our unfortunate friend, who crashed into them with all the momentum of his sixteen stone. The unhappy man with the big drum was the nearest, and naturally received the greatest shock.

Tuffin struck him sideways, swerved off and then went slap through the parchment, his head just appearing the other side. Then he spread pain and disaster amongst those nearest to him, brushing them aside like flies.

With a French horn slung round his neck, and most of his body jammed inside the drum, he made straight for the open doors of the dining-room attached to the building. Even as he swept in, a waiter, dexterously balancing four plates of soup crossed his course. Only one of the waiter's four customers got his soup, and even then in a more or less unusual way—that is, from his hair downwards.

It was awful in the dining-room, ladies fainting, men shouting, tables overturning, and Tuffin careering round like a bull in a china shop. To add to the general cheerfulness, all the unharmed attendants and a great crowd of the public invaded the room, all shouting directions and no one paying the least attention.

It was too good to last, for Tuffin caught his foot on an overturned table and barged into a pair of big windows that opened on to a kind of balcony. Every one held his breath as the doors split open with a crash of glass, and the farmer rolled over the edge of the stone balustrade and disappeared from sight. Then there was a combined rush to the window.

Luckily for our friend, some painting was in progress, and the workmen had erected a scaffolding and canvas. Tuffin owed his life to this, for as he fell over the edge he struck and carried away the canvas, which acted as a kind of parachute as he sailed through the air to finally land on the roof of an electric train that was passing. He rolled along the roof and finished up by lodging between two coaches.

When Brown and Jones had recovered the farmer, they made their way back to the country as soon as possible, Mr. Tuffin exclaiming every few minutes that he was bruised all over.

"Never mind your bruises," said Brown rather crossly, as the train slowed up at their station; "think of me. *I've* got to pay for the damage."

"SAINT LAWRENCE ON THE GRID"

THE district round about Tuxford is a most interesting one, abounding in objects of architectural and historical importance. In Tuxford Church there is a very remarkable monument in the form of a rude representation of the martyrdom of St. Lawrence. The saint is depicted reclining on a huge grid-iron. Two figures are shown in the act of turning the body—"basting" it—with long forks, whilst a third is vigorously encouraging the fire with a pair of bellows. The monument has been rather badly damaged during its existence through many centuries; but its remains are sufficient to make it of great interest, and it is certainly one of the most curious archæological examples to be found in Nottinghamshire.

S. A. SMITH.

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VIVISECTION

A DOCTOR'S "SUMMING-UP"

IN answer to the Editor's footnote to Mr. F. D. Thompson's letter in the May number, expressing a wish that an unexaggerated and trustworthy opinion could be obtained upon vivisection, I would call his attention to an article by Dr. Greville MacDonald written in the *Contemporary Review* recently, which is a very just and logical statement of what are his conclusions upon the subject. He gives full credit to the vivisectors for certain discoveries for the alleviation of pain and the prevention of certain forms of disease, such as antitoxin in the cure of diphtheria. He deprecates the want of accuracy in the exaggeration sometimes shown by anti-vivisectionists. He states both sides calmly and fairly, and then, in his summing-up, he gives his own opinion. It is a very conclusive one. I cannot do better than quote from what he says :

" The so-called law of survival of the fittest does not summarise the law of evolution unless we accept it in the sense that he loves most fitly who *loves most truly*, who knows that the greatest privilege his strength has won for him is its power of *helping the weak*, not only the tenderness of heart which is charity, but the *relinquishment of the winnings of strength for the strengthening of weakness*—the progress of the race can in no way be advanced by the perpetuation of that most unscientific crime against the law of higher evolution, *cruelty*. Remember the two cheap sparrows, and that one of them could not fall on the ground without the fact being known to the Eternal Justice. . . . It cannot be other than an article of faith that the love of God is essential in the life of the lower animals ; science will never show that it is not. They cannot forget that kindness done to the least is divine service rendered ; nor can they shut out the correlative fact that he who offends one of the least is following Iscariot to the great betrayal. The progress of the race is built upon no other foundation than *humanity*. The cruelty of fashion in feathers and furs, the barbarities of sport, the inhumanities of trade in slaughter-house and poultry-cramming, cannot be separated in their influence upon the race from the barbarities that *sometimes*, if they do not commonly, figure in physiological laboratories. . . . Familiarity with forms of suffering actually inflicted for purposes of teaching must lower the student's sense of his obligations."

He goes on to question how far the teaching of physiology is helped by living dissections. " The student can never grasp vital processes by vivisection ; he will grasp the laws of life better by studying the nature of man than by dissecting the living dog."

He asks the physiologist that teaching by demonstration on living animals should be discontinued, " when he remembers how many of his experiments fail altogether to prove the very facts for which the dog is sacrificed and often tortured."

Familiarity with vivisection must have a demoralising effect upon the vivisectors. In some continental towns he tells us (from personal observation) that experiments upon human beings as well as animals are tacitly sanctioned, and cruelties practised which would horrify any humane person.

The law in this country is that animals while undergoing operations shall be anæsthetised (*i.e.*, sensation-deadened with chloroform), but this is often not effectively done by the callous operator. He asks for the better inspection of physiological laboratories ; that all dissections should be forbidden upon the horse and the dog—the friends of man—and that those animals that are allowed to be experimented upon should be strictly safeguarded. He does not advocate prohibition, as, he says, " no Act of Parliament can eradicate the spirit which makes cruelty possible." It would lead to its being carried on in private, and so for the present it must be a compromise. In the future we must hope to progress to a nobler view of our obligations. " Even," concludes Dr. MacDonald, " the cure of disease is not the first point in the health of the people. . . . Man can advance only through the strengthening of his nobility."

MARGUERITE HAMILTON SYNGE.

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THE WATERGATE

By JOHN SMELLIE MARTIN

Illustrated by E. S. Hodgson

I

The trouble began with the watergate.

When MacLing, laird of Drumgale (known according to custom as Drumgale), put the watergate on the river at the loch entry, without mentioning the intention to his neighbour across the water—MacLennan, laird of Invergale—it was because of the extreme warmth of their friendship. Since the moment the astonished gaze of Invergale fell upon the mysteriously arisen structure, no word had passed from him to Drumgale; and Drumgale, knowing and fearing what would happen, had in turn refrained from offering to speak.

From this passive aversion an active feud had grown, which the procession of years had developed rather than diminished; and it had been long a matter of tradition and honour in the families that there should be no word of intercourse. It was thus that Donald MacLing, younger, and Duncan MacLennan, younger, day by day walked for part of the way the same road to Ardengale Station, rode in the same train to Invercloich, sat under the same masters in the Academy there, all without word of connection between them.

Duncan was a tall, slender lad of about sixteen years, imaginative, nervously quick, steeped in the literature and folk-lore of his race. In this he took after his mother, much to the chagrin and disappointment of Invergale, who, Herculean in breadth of person, prided himself upon being practical and scientific.

"Science," he was wont to declare unctuously, "iss the thing that will be making two blades of grass grow for one." He pronounced blades as "plades" and grow as "crow," but that is of no importance.

The case of Donald MacLing was exactly the reverse. About the same age as Duncan, he was shorter by some inches, solidly built, phlegmatic and patient, with a strong bent for practical chemistry. He would have been an ideal son for Invergale, but Drumgale, himself a man of strongly romantic temperament, never ceased to lament what he called his son's mechanical mind.

The annual examinations at the Academy fell towards the end of June, and the breaking-up and presentation of prizes followed after a fortnight's interval. The respective fathers for long had known, through third persons, of each other's desires, and, burning to see their sons carry off the prizes for which they were least fitted, they had even reached the length of covertly threatening displeasure and punishment should their ambitions not be satisfied.

Mr. MacKenzie, the Rector, made it a principle to preserve a mysterious reticence regarding the various prize-winners, in order that the whole affair might be a burst of surprises; but, now and then, when a paper of exceptional merit was handed in, he was not above dropping a hint to the author with a strict charge of secrecy.

Thus it happened that, on the evening before the breaking-up day, Duncan and Donald, with the knowledge that each was to be awarded, with extra commendation, the prize in opposition to his father's fondest wishes, found that, through pre-occupation they sat in the same compartment of the train for their homeward journey. There was no one else in the compartment.

The lads were manifestly ill at ease in this unusual proximity. But the train started ere either could decide what to do. Although they fidgeted awkwardly in their seats there was no enmity in their hearts. Moreover, they were opposite poles of strong attraction, and in the breast of each burned an incipient flame of rebellion against the unreason of his father's ambition.

Duncan, quickest in thought and movement, twice made a half-turn towards his fellow traveller, who was staring glumly out of the opposite window.

"I say," he whispered impulsively, but shut his mouth upon the word and drew back guiltily.

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Donald, apparently all ears, wheeled on the instant and smiled sadly.

Emboldened by this friendly demonstration, Duncan bent forward.

"I say, Donald," he said in a low tone, as if fearful of being overheard, "it's a shame."

"It is that," returned Donald, intuitively reading the mind of the other.

"You are to get the science prize and I am to get the prize for languages," continued Duncan in the same guarded voice. "I don't see why our fathers should force us against our will. And I don't see why we should not speak to each other, anyway. Do you?"

"Not I," replied Donald frankly; "but I doubt we had better keep the thing quiet for a while till this trouble blows by."

"It seems so," agreed Duncan in rueful tones; "but I'm dead sick of the business. A chap does his best at what he can, comes out on the top, and is frightened to go home with the result. It's pretty rotten. I've a good mind to run off and quit the whole show."

Donald nodded in thorough accord.

Duncan sat up, his eyes grown intent in thought, and for a little while there was silence. Suddenly he jerked his head forward, his eyes aflame.

"I say," he cried eagerly, "let's change the prizes!"

Donald gasped. The thing struck and confused him like a blow upon the temple. He grinned feebly. The thought was like the inroad of a stray light in the middle of darkness; it might only be crossing the path, but some relief was afforded, and he clutched at the hope.

"Well, I'm on," he replied simply and readily.

"But, there's the labels," continued Duncan blankly, after a short pause. His face, however, speedily brightened.

"I have it," he cried gaily. "The books and stationery come from Fraser, the bookseller's. There's a young lass in the shop that I know. I shall get a couple of blank labels from her to-morrow morning." He reddened as he said this, for he was inclined to be self-conscious. "If she says anything, I shall tell her it's a trick. And so it is," he added hastily, the blush upon his face deepening.

Donald gravely nodded his acquiescence. He hardly noticed Duncan's confusion at the mention of the lass; and, in any case, he was in no mood for chaffing.

"Let me see," resumed Duncan, puckering his brows, "we come home by the two o'clock train to-morrow. I shall bring a bottle of ink and a pen and write the new labels in the first strip of planting on the road."

Again Donald inclined his head in assent. He knew Duncan to be a fluent penman. The matter of forgery, or whatever it might be called, he excused on the ground of expediency, and put it over against the ruthless tyranny of their parents.

At this juncture the train stopped at Ardengale Station, and, with nods of understanding, the lads jumped from the carriage.

II

When the two-o'clock train drew into Ardengale Station the next day, peace brooded in benediction over the living green of tree and bush and meadow.

But there was perturbation in the minds of Duncan and Donald as they emerged from different compartments, fearful and ready to seek the handiest hiding-place should either or both of their fathers await them at the station in anxiety for news. So far the way was clear, and they hurried, the one behind the other, through the sleepy village.

Usually the lads wore knickers and school caps, but on this gala day they were fully attired in kilts with Glengarry bonnets; and the few old women at their deep-set windows, and the general merchant in the cool shade of his doorway, looked after them and shook their heads sententiously.

"They will be hurrying home with their prizes, bless the boys; and who will be blaming them?" was the general conclusion.

The road was a lonely one, and the first planting, which stood about a quarter of a mile from the little clachan, was reached without sign of other traffic. Without ceremony, Duncan, who led, plunged into the wood. When securely screened from the road by the birches and hazels, he threw himself upon the sward and wiped from his brow the sweat drawn thither by his haste in the blazing sun and his feverish anxiety to accomplish his task. He was quickly joined by Donald, who was scarcely less heated.

"I'm mighty glad we've got in without being seen," whispered Duncan, throwing his bonnet upon the grass. "But it strikes me I'll have to cool my wrist before I can write."

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As he finished speaking he rolled up his right sleeve and dipped his hand into a little mossy pool. While his temperature was thus in process of reduction a loud exclamation from Donald, who had been examining the labels, caused him to wheel round violently and drench his sleeve.

"What on earth's the matter?" he cried in a loud whisper.

"Why, there's no gum on the things! We're a pair of proper dafties," replied Donald, kicking viciously at a tree-stump. "What are we to do?"

"By gum," rejoined Duncan, mopping his forehead with his wet sleeve.

"*Buy* gum's the word, then," muttered Donald, before Duncan could say further. "I'll run back to old Mrs. MacIvor's for a bottle. Her place is nearer than MacDuff's, and she's likely enough to have something of the kind."

THEY CREPT CAUTIOUSLY TO THE WOODSIDE AND DUNCAN STOLE OUT.

"Well, it's all that's for it," assented Duncan ruefully.

With unwonted urgency, Donald leaped off. To his joy, after some dubious rummaging, Mrs. MacIvor produced a penny bottle of gum from a dust-coated shelf, and he departed abruptly, leaving the old woman woefully disappointed in her hope of a gossip.

The road took a turn at the planting, and as he reached the corner of the wood he heard the sound of rapidly approaching wheels. There was no saying who might be in the vehicle; and, without a second's hesitation, he threw himself at the stob and wire fence. Unhappily, or happily, his foot caught the top of the fence, and, to the

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twanging of the quivering wire, he shot head first into a clump of bracken. He wormed himself deeper into this opportune cover, and the tall fronds still trembled with the disturbance when a gig rattled past.

When the frightened lad realised that the gig had not stopped, he took courage to raise his head. The sole occupant of the gig was his father. Ere he jumped to his feet he cautiously crept to better shelter. But he had not advanced a step in the freer posture when he remembered that the gum-bottle had been in his hand when he fell, and it was not there now.

Horrors of horrors! was it lost or broken? The sweat upon his brow suddenly chilled, and, regardless of danger, he hurried back to the spot where he had sprawled among the bracken. But it was only after a search, in which he crawled about at full length like an Indian brave baffled upon a trail, that the bottle was recovered. Joy swelled in his heart as he saw that it was unbroken, and, carefully shielding his treasure, he dived through the wood to the spot where he had left Duncan.

His fellow conspirator was fretting in a grievous apprehension aroused by the passage of wheels and the prolonged absence of Donald. But the sight of the gum in a measure restored his equanimity. The refrigeration of his pulse was now successfully finished, and laying himself down flat, he painstakingly filled in the blank labels. All that now remained to be done was to fix them over the first labels with the gum.

While Duncan was occupied with the writing, Donald had been vainly trying to uncork the gum-bottle. The bottle evidently had long lain in Mrs. MacIvor's stock, and the cork was fixed to the glass as with cement. When Duncan asked for the bottle, Donald gave a last wrench. There came a little crashing of glass, and the body of the bottle dropped to the oozy margin of the pool, leaving him staring helplessly at the neck which remained in his fingers.

Quick as a serpent-strike Duncan was upon the fugitive body, but already the greater portion of its contents had mingled with the water of the pool.

With a solemn face Duncan held the bottle to the light. A small quantity of gum still lurked in the corners, which, eked out with water, served the purpose. The operation of fixing was finally concluded by wiping the superfluous liquid from the edges of the labels with their handkerchiefs.

Duncan surveyed his handiwork with a smile of satisfaction. Donald grinned in sympathy.

"I would defy old Mack" (the name by which the Rector was known to the school) "to tell the difference," he exclaimed proudly. "'Duncan MacLennan, First Prize for Science.' Ho! Ho!" he continued, doubling himself up in laughter. "It's as good as a play. I should like to see old Mack's face if he got the chance to read that." All the same, there was a suspicion of hysteria in the laughter.

"I hope Mack doesn't run across any of our old men," remarked Donald, whose face had sobered at the mention of the Rector.

"Well, we've got to risk something, you know," urged Duncan. "Mack seldom comes our way, and he'll be off on his usual Swiss holiday as fast as he can. But it's time we were moving."

They crept cautiously to the woodside, and Donald stole out, followed in a minute or so by Duncan.

III

Donald's home lay on the north shore of Loch Gale, and Duncan's on the south shore. The approaches were like the two sides of a guitar, parallel to the banks of the river and round the opening curves of the loch. When the road to Invergale crossed the river it avoided a wooded knowe and a small morass; it was thus longer than the other.

As Donald was trudging in a leisurely manner opposite to the watergate, he was surprised to hear a loud shouting and to see Duncan running towards the river, waving his arms like one demented. Perplexed by this new turn on Duncan's part, he hastily crossed the meadow to the watergate. The lads reached the water almost at the same moment.

"I say," cried Duncan in a kind of contracted yell, "we've forgotten that the *Express* publishes the results."

"Crikey!" gasped Donald. "So we have. What's to be done?"

Duncan only moaned and swung about on the river-bank, with Donald's prize volume clasped convulsively to his breast. Suddenly, however, his frame steadied, and he stared horribly past Donald's head.

"I say," he shouted hoarsely, "yonder's your father. He has seen us and left his machine* and is coming over the meadow."

But Donald did not turn his head. He was

* Gig.

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gazing with a similar air of apprehension over his new friend's shoulder.

"And yonder's yours," he moaned dolefully.

It was, indeed, Duncan's father who had been waiting for his son near to the road, while Drumgale had driven to Ardengale on a kindred errand.

The two lairds rapidly converged upon their hapless offspring. The lads stared blankly at each other.

"I say," cried Duncan in a stage whisper, "let us get on the watergate and pretend to quarrel and fight."

He stepped gingerly upon the second spar of the erection, and Donald showed his acquiescence by following his example. Duncan moved with the greater speed, and they met near to the Drumgale side. Then, in a contracted posture, holding on to the top rail by their left hands, with the prize volumes wedged into their left arm-pits, they made pretence to spar.

The situation had the elements of a broad farce in it. But, in a breath, the comedy turned to tragedy of overpowering possibilities. Without a creak of warning, the watergate, which was in a secret state of decay, collapsed beneath the live weight. As the lads sank from sight, their elders arrived upon the scene.

Duncan came first to the surface, but, missing his fellow, he looked down into the clear water and dived on the instant. Then began a terrible struggle for Donald's life. The lad's kilt had become entangled in part of the sodden wood that had dropped to the bottom like a stone, and Duncan was fighting madly to bring him to the surface. They were close to the bank; and while Drumgale could dimly discern the occurrence, his neighbour could only apprehensively conjecture.

In his despair, Drumgale was about to lower himself into the river when, with a last conscious effort, Duncan tore Donald free, and they rose together. Happily, Drumgale was in a good position for the further salvage. He had already caught hold of the post of the watergate with his left hand, and he was able to grip Duncan with his right and drag him to the bank, together with his own son, upon whose collar the rescuer's hand had closed as in a death clutch.

Drumgale stretched out the stricken lads side by side upon their backs, and gazed helplessly on the rigid forms and pallid faces. Then he looked wildly around in despair, and broke out into frantic shouting and beckoning.

It so happened that Dr. Smith, who lived two miles farther down the valley, in his time a pupil at Invercloich Academy, had been at the breaking-up ceremony; and, tempted by the beauty of the day, the Rector had gone with him for a ride in his gig and a visit to his place. They came along the road as Drumgale began his dance of despair. The empty vehicle by the wayside attracted their attention; then, the shouting on the river-bank coming to their ears, they looked and saw Drumgale apparently bereft of reason.

The Doctor could not refrain from smiling at the unusual contortions of the staid laird, but, impressed by the continued gesticulations, he turned his horse to the roadside, and, followed by the Rector, hastened across the meadow.

As the Doctor reached the river-bank, Invergale, who had been running to and fro wringing his hands, unable to pass the deep water and fearful to turn his back to seek bridge or ferry, took heart, and, with unusual agility for a man so portly of person, ran up the river towards the bridge, but at the first fordable place dashed across waist-deep.

The Doctor had promptly set to work to try to resuscitate the lads, with the assistance of Drumgale and the Rector; but the task was proving hard and his face was very grave. On the arrival of Invergale the efforts were redoubled and at length rewarded; respiration made fluttering signs in the lungs of the lads; they stirred almost simultaneously, and life came swiftly into their healthy frames.

A universal "Thank God" from the company was followed by an instinctive look of appreciation and impulsive hand-grip between the two neighbours.

The Rector, aware of the previous state of feeling, was turning hurriedly and delicately away when his gaze fell upon two objects in the watergate. The precious volumes of his choosing, after being tossed hither and thither in the treadmill of Duncan's frantic struggles, had risen to the surface in the corner.

Farther up, the ground dropped abruptly, making a fall which sent the water in a sharp set to the loch. It was to keep objects, thus borne by the current, from being swept into the loch that the watergate had been erected. The books were flapping against the part of

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WITHOUT A CREAK OF WARNING THE WATERGATE COLLAPSED.

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the structure that still hung intact by the bank.

The Rector hauled out the treasure-trove with the crook of his walking-stick, and tenderly shaking the dripping volumes, came across to the lads as if to administer a restorative with these tokens of their talents.

Duncan and Donald had recovered more than they had shown. Under the veils of his eyelids Duncan saw the Rector approach and open one of the books. His own words in the planting came vividly upon him, and he was of a mind to roll into the river at this new and incriminating *dénouement*.

The Rector began to read with a singing, Highland accent, and the breath struggling within Duncan's breast ceased for the time to operate.

"'Duncan MacLennan, First Prize for Languages.' And there never was a better in the school."

Duncan raised himself slightly. Was he dreaming? Certainly not. His father and Drumgale still stood hand in hand. What strange and unexpected prank had fortune played for him?

Then the Rector opened the other book, and Duncan sank back in his renewed apprehension, bruising with his fingers a spray of bog myrtle and freeing the rich scent.

"'Donald MacLing, First Prize for Science.' There never was a cleverer or more patient lad at experiments."

Donald's turn to raise himself had come. He had not fully grasped the reading in connection with Duncan, but there could be no mistaking the words that were scarcely yet silent upon the Rector's lips.

Duncan sat up sharply at the same moment as Donald, their heads almost coming in contact. The lads looked at each other and grinned feebly. The two parents rushed forward, and their sons smiled faintly upon them. The lads were unutterably glad that there was now only a plain issue to face. How affairs had taken this turn they could not, in their confused state, conjecture, but their heads were light with joy at their escape, not from the water, but from their own deceit.

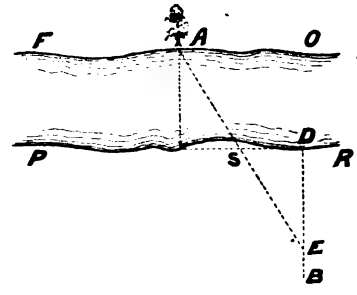
Mutual congratulations followed all round, the two lairds meekly accepting the Rector's eulogies of the respective merits of their sons. The feud was happily at an end; the watergate had begun and ended it; and the chastened friendship was more likely to be lasting than the earlier experience.

Next day Duncan and Donald, in a careful inspection of the loch entry, solved the mystery of the missing labels. Imperfectly fixed by the weakened gum, the labels had been churned and floated loose by the struggling lads and the set of the current. Had the Rector been less perturbed when he recovered the books, he would have seen a little piece of paper warp round a broken spar and another slip from one of the books as it was drawn from the water.

THE WIDTH OF A RIVER

HOW to be able to tell the width of a river too wide for a measure is often considered a difficult problem, but when the way is known it is quite an easy matter.

You first look along the opposite bank (*FO* in sketch) for a certain object near the edge of the river (*A*). You then select a point exactly opposite on the bank (*PR*), and to the right take a distance of ten yards, or any convenient distance, divide it equally into two parts, and at the farther point draw an imaginary line at right angles to the bank and walk along that line (*DB*) until you



reach a point where it would be crossed by *AS* if continued. *DE* is the width of the river. Q.E.D. JAS. BARLOW.

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COMPETITIONS FOR JULY

Last day for sending in, July 19. (*Foreign and Colonial Readers, August 18.*)

NOTICE.—At the top of the first page the following particulars must be clearly written, thus:

Competition No. ——, Class ——, Name —— Address ——, Age ——.

Competitors may enclose their attempts for the various competitions IN ONE COVERING ENVELOPE, but each attempt must be put in a separate envelope inside the covering one, plainly marked with the number of the competition and class.

Letters to the Editor should not be sent with competitions.

We trust to your honour to send in unaided work.

Pages should be connected with paper-fasteners, not pins.

Write only on one side of the paper.

COUPONS.—In order to ensure that those who compete for our prizes are actual purchasers of the magazine, we require all competitors to affix to their competitions the coupons which will be found on an advertisement page. A coupon is provided for each competition. Please use paste, gum, or paper-fasteners for attaching these coupons to the paper.

The coupons may be used, by the same competitor, for other competitions than those for which they are numbered.

HONOURABLE MENTIONS.—Any competitor who has been honourably mentioned twelve times may apply for a Certificate of Merit.

Address covering envelope: "Competitions for July," THE CAPTAIN, Southampton Street, Strand, London, W.C.

All competitions should reach us by July 19.

The results will be published in the September number.

AGE RULE: A Competitor may enter for (say) an age limit 21 competition, so long as he has not actually turned 22. The same rule applies to the other age limits.

In every case the final decision lies with the Editor, who cannot enter into correspondence with unsuccessful competitors.

No. 1.—***"Rhyming Competition."***—Take a complete line, or part of a line, in this number, either out of the body of the magazine or from the advertisements, and supply a line of equal length to rhyme with it. For an example, take the 11th line on page 278 of the June number:

> By F. Darton & Co. (See Prizes page)
> Hand cameras await competitors sage.

Or, to take an incomplete line (see line 54, column 2 page 285, June number):

> "Homer wrote the Idiosy,"
> And dedicated it to me.

The Prize in each class will be Half a Guinea.

Class I. . . No age limit.
Class II. . . Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class III. . . Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 2.—***"Public School Sports."***—It is a matter of considerable disappointment to a great many people who follow public school athletics that the Public Schools Sports Meeting at Stamford Bridge is not more fully represented by athletes from the great schools. It has been suggested to us by a public school boy that the venue of this meeting should be changed to Queen's Club, and that if this were done the headmasters of great schools might waive their present objection to allowing their boys to attend this annual meeting. We invite essays not exceeding 400 words on this subject, and as it is possible some public school correspondents may not care to have their names and addresses printed, we undertake to publish only a *nom-de-plume* where so desired. The Prize will be an "Imperial Driver" Cricket Bat or a Tennis Racquet, by H. Gradidge and Sons. Consolation Prizes of books will, as usual, be awarded. (See Prizes page.)

No age limit.

No. 3.—***"Photographic Competition."***—Send a photograph of some one in uniform—a soldier, sailor, policeman, hospital nurse, fireman, volunteer, boy scout, &c. &c. Prizes: Goods to the value of 7*s.* 6*d.* from the catalogue of John Piggott, Ltd.

Class I. . . Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class II. . . Age limit: Sixteen.
Class III. . . Age limit: Twelve.

No. 4.—***"Striking Advertisements."***—What in your opinion are the twelve most striking advertisements in this number. An advertisement should arrest the eye, and arouse the interest of the reader in the commodity advertised. A small advertisement cleverly composed may be as striking as a full-page one—a fact that should be borne in mind. Prize: A 1909 "Royal Ajax Marvel" Roadster Bicycle, with Free-wheel, £7 17*s.* 6*d.* (See Prizes page.)

One age limit: Twenty-one.

No. 5.—***"Pictorial Competition."***—A prize of Ten Shillings will be awarded for the best comic black-and-white sketch submitted, and Five Shillings will be paid for every other sketch we use. Competitors should bear in mind that the sketches sent in for this competition will be used in our September, October and November numbers, so that they should be as seasonable as possible. The *"jokes" must not be copied from other papers.* We should also be pleased to consider sketches suitable for our covers—in red and blue or red and black. Only original work must be submitted.

No age limit.

No. 6.—***"School Notes."***—A prize of Five Shillings will be awarded for the best paragraph (not exceeding 200 words) dealing with school life. Each paragraph should bear a *nom-de-plume* for publication. Half a Crown will be paid for those we print. Photographs dealing with school life will be paid for at the same rate.

No age limit.

FOREIGN AND COLONIAL READERS are invited to compete in all competitions. In their case the time limit is extended to August 18, Australian readers being allowed one month longer. By "Foreign and Colonial" we refer to readers living outside Europe. There will be no age limit. One prize of 5*s.* will be awarded to the sender of the best entry in each competition. Envelopes should be marked: "Foreign and Colonial July Competitions."

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SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, LONDON.

"I believe that all men who are cricketers at heart are, in success or failure, always doing their very best."

"W. G.'s Little Book."—This is one of the best little bob's-worths I have come across for a long time. W. G. sits down to write full of ripe experience, anecdote, illustration, and a genuine love of sport which stamps him a typical Briton. He is full of enthusiasm and keenness whether talking of a lordly county match or of a village encounter. Throughout he seems to be chatting to you by his fireside rather than writing a book; and, as is the way with an entertaining conversationalist, while discussing one subject he edges in remarks on divers others bearing a relationship to it. Somehow, in comparing cricket and golf, he manages to say something about fishing and rabbit-shooting. In his chapter on "Fielding" he branches off to discuss wicket-keeping, and records the little-known fact that in a Test Match at the Oval in 1884 he kept wicket for a brief spell—while, in fact, the stumper proper, Alfred Lyttelton (the late Secretary for the Colonies) went on to bowl lobs. Writing on fielding in the "deep," and the decline in the art of "throwing-in," he wants to know why the 'Varsities don't have a cricket-ball event at their annual meeting at Queen's Club, and observes sagely that an ability to throw a cricket ball a long way is likely to prove more useful in after-life than a like aptitude with a sixteen-pound weight at the end of a wire.

DR. W. G. GRACE

"From long experience," says W. G., "I have come to the conclusion that schoolboys should be allowed to play in the style which comes most naturally to them." Let the hard hitter hit; don't cramp him by trying to force him into a narrower groove. The public likes big hitting—"if there were more hard hitters we should have fewer drawn matches."

Similarly, it is no use trying to make a batsman who is naturally a slow player into a hitter, though one can coach him into showing more enterprise than Nature has endowed him with. Confidence and resolution are the virtues to be instilled by the good coach. W. G. attributes his batting success to his entire freedom from nervous-

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ness. In his first big match or two he wouldn't have been human had he not been a little nervous, but after getting 170 and 56 not out against the Gentlemen of Sussex in July 1864, "I cannot remember ever again being really nervous. I thus started with a great advantage over most batsmen, and to add to this I feel sure I was helped by my determination to get the better of the bowler, before he began to get the better of me."

He proceeds:

The man who makes a practice of going in first is invariably the least nervous batsman. Nobody ever saw C. B. Fry, Hayward, Bobby Abel, Tunnicliffe, A. O. Jones, A. C. MacLaren, the late Jack Brown or Vine nervous, except when going in other than first. Nervousness is largely a question of time and a mental attitude induced by watching wickets fall and thinking over them. If you have no time to ponder over it the medicine is seldom so dreadful after all.

"Get Runs or Get Out" is one of W. G.'s maxims. Sometimes it is necessary simply to keep one's wicket up, but you may take it as a general rule that it is better to go for the bowler and put him off his length than to stick in half an hour "playing timorous cricket and getting no runs." But sometimes it is advisable to block rather than to hit, and when a captain has decided on his tactics he should on no account alter them owing to the attitude of the crowd. "Cricket," declares the Grand Old Man of the game, "must never be allowed to be ruled by the populace." And then he has a word to say about the said populace:

The Yorkshire and Lancashire crowds are the best and fairest in my experience. They were in the old days and I believe they are still. The worst are those at Trent Bridge and Leyton, and of late years on Bank Holidays at Bristol and Brighton, though few people have a good word for the assembly which gathers on the roof of a public house overlooking the Oval. The general tendency of crowds is, I regret to say, to get worse.

Naturally W. G. writes at some length on the subject of bowling. He tells us of long-ago bowlers who were faster than Kortright or Richardson, and who required "two or three longstops." Of course he touches on the googlie. Mr. MacLaren thinks that if googlies ever become general, then "good-bye to all style," and the Doctor is very much of the same opinion:

But with my long experience I have rather a suspicion that it will never become universal. My reason for this is that the bowling of "googlies" well—and there is nothing easier to score from when they are bowled badly—is a much greater physical strain than is any other kind of bowling.

It is interesting to learn that the South Africans who bowled googlies right-handed admitted that this peculiar delivery generally caused trouble in the left side, under the lowest rib—"and in my opinion," adds Dr. Grace, "a bowler cannot last who has any trouble over his delivery."

And a little further on I find this reference to Mr. Bosanquet

By the way, I believe it is mainly if not wholly due to an injury to one of his fingers that the inventor of the "googlie" is no longer able to bowl the ball.

"Our Best Bat."—It is while discussing the googlie that Dr. Grace states definitely that he considers C. B. Fry the best bat in this country. Schwarz, Vogler and Co., the South Africans touring here in 1907, baffled our best bats with the googlie, but in Mr. Fry they came up against a thinker. He met the googlie for the first time at Lord's, "played it at Leeds, and may almost be said to have mastered it at the Oval." Twice in this book the Doctor names Mr. Fry as our best bat, and you may be sure this veteran knows what he is talking about. People who line the ropes talk a lot and think they know a lot, but it is the men who play the game who really know, just as the best judges of a novelist are his fellow novelists, and not the people, though their name be legion, who read his books. When the readers of a certain newspaper were, early in the season, suggesting England's Test Team, a lot of them left out Hayward!

"Throwing-in."—I have already referred to W. G.'s remarks on this branch of fielding, but now I will quote him *in extenso*. Long throwing, according to him, seems to be a lost art.

If you watch an average day's cricket closely you will not see more than a single throw of one hundred yards from man to pitch—not that this is often necessary, owing to the existence of boundaries, but occasions do arise when it is imperative. The best throwers-in of recent years have been Denton, Joe Vine and Messrs. Hutchings, Lawton, Jessop and C. O. H. and E. H. D. Sewell. The two last named, by the way, are no relation to each other. Of these Hutchings and Lawton were the pick, though T. S. Fishwick of Warwickshire could throw in well over a hundred yards. This was not generally known because he usually fielded at short slip. The longest throwers in the old days were W. H. Game, J. M. Cotterill and myself, who could all throw over 120 yards. Whereas we in the past had fewer cricketers to choose from we had many more good throwers in every team than there are to-day. This I regard as something of a curious fact.

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W. G. has two reasons to offer for this decline. "One is that our outfields do not get so much practice as they used to in the old days before there were boundaries, and another is that the growth of our towns has so reduced facilities on the part of our youth for throwing stones that gradually the race of throwers is becoming extinct." The Doctor adds that one rarely hears of even a respectable throw at any of our public schools' sports, but he evidently has not read the School Sports Results published in THE CAPTAIN. For his benefit I append

SOME RESPECTABLE THROWS AT PUBLIC SCHOOL SPORTS.

J. E. Phillips (Lodge School, Barbados), 120 yd. 8 in.*
Harvey (Malvern College), 105 yd. 2 ft. 6 in.
Trueman (Sherborne School), 104 yd. 1 ft. 6 in.
C. E. Jacob (La Martiniere College, Calcutta), 103 yd.
E. E. Calthrop (Bradfield College), 102 yd.
T. R. Chant (University College School, London), 100 yd. 2 ft. 4 in.*
P. M. Docker (Loretto School), 99 yd. 2 ft. 1 in.
G. W. S. Agar (Elizabeth College, Guernsey), 98 yd. 1 ft.
T. Steele (St. Bee's School), 97 yd.
C. G. Phillips (R.M.C., Sandhurst), 95 yd. 2 ft. 10 in.
B. Holland (Bedford Grammar School), 95 yd. 1 ft. 8 in.

I have only tabulated throws of 95 yd. and over. There have been many of over 90 yd.

I have quoted enough of W. G.'s little book to prove that it is a very interesting little book indeed. It is a book that every cricketer should read diligently, for it is unlikely that there will ever be another such all-round cricketer as W. G. Grace, excelling as he did—and does, for he hasn't given up yet—as batsman, bowler, fielder (particularly at point) and skipper, or another such great judge of the game. When the paper covers drop off, give it a cloth binding, and put it upon the shelf along with the other books you cherish. W. G. has written a big book about cricket, but everybody can't afford that, so this one will make a very efficient little "sub."

Cricket Books.—From *Cricket* office come two brochures which many of my readers will like to dip into. One is "J. N. Crawford's Trip to Kangarooland," price 3*d*. It is a lively little book written by Jack Crawford himself, with the aid of his brother, V. F. S. There are half a dozen pictures by "Rip" in it. The other book, costing One Penny only, is "Cricket's Year-Book for 1909," containing among other things portraits of county teams and of the Australians by Messrs. Hawkins of Brighton. It seems a pity that Warwickshire, Hampshire, Gloucestershire and Derbyshire are not included. "25 Cricket Stories," published by Geo. Newnes, Ltd., is a collection of tales, humorous and otherwise, having the greatest of all games as their central theme. Amongst the writers are P. G. Wodehouse, H. Hervey, and A. B. Cooper. All the tales are readable, and some are splendid. The price is a shilling.

* School record.

Our Cover.—The picture on our cover this month represents one of the famous Australian wool-ships of the late 'sixties, bowling along with a strong breeze astern. These ships, together with the equally well-known tea "clippers," made some wonderfully fast voyages and more than held their own with the steamers of that day. The rivalry between the American and British owners was intense. The ships of the former at first easily led, but gradually the British, commencing with the famous series of "Aberdeen Clippers," regained and kept the foremost place. The performances of favourite ships were watched with almost as keen an interest as those of the "cup" racers of to-day. In one case, three tea-ships left a port in China together, and without sighting one another on the voyage, arrived in the Thames within a few hours of each other. It is satisfactory to know that the leader was British—by name, *The Lord of the Isles*. Of other British

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boats the *Thermopylea* made the record voyage from Melbourne to London in sixty days; others equally well-known were the *Cairngorm*, *Fiery Cross*, *Ariel*, &c. Of the Americans the *Flying Cloud*, in 1851, made the record voyage from New York to San Francisco in 84 days, running 427 knots in 24 hours; though this was eclipsed later on by the *Sovereign of the Seas* with 18 miles an hour for 24 hours. This same boat sailed 10,000 miles without tacking or wearing on a return voyage from Honolulu. Another famous American clipper, the *Dreadnought*, made the voyage from Sandy Hook to Queenstown, 2760 miles, in nine days and seventeen hours. A couple of years later, after losing her rudder, she was sailed stern first for 280 miles! Which is also a record!

"Coconuts."—I noticed that in "A Samoan Cricket Match" Mr. Christian had spelt cocoanut "coconut," and on asking him if this was correct, I received the following interesting note:

"Some people write the English of *Cocos nucifera* as 'cocoanut,' others as 'coconut.' The latter is really the correct spelling. I will tell you how the word came into existence. When the Portuguese, on their trading expeditions, reached Malaysia, they called the nut *Nuz de Coco*, or *Monkey-Face Nut*, from the Portuguese *Coco*, a bogey boggart, scarecrow-ghost, or anything with a sort of Golliwog visage. This came, of course, from the three holes at the top of the nut, which children of to-day call the 'monkey's face.' I find that R. L. Stevenson writes the word 'cocoanut.' Therefore let us not be pedantic, and by all means write it cocoanut, too. We shall be wrong, but still we shall err in the best of all good company. My explanation affords a queer little testimony to the vanished colonial power of Portugal, and may interest you as a sort of forlorn foot-note to history."

Mr. John Mackie.—One would have thought Mr. John Mackie had had enough trotting about the world, but he is off to Canada again in August. He will go up the St. Lawrence River, and later on to the backwoods of Quebec to fish and shoot. Of course, this is Mr. Mackie's old hunting-ground, as twenty years ago he was a member of that stalwart and daring body, the North-West Mounted Police. The author of "The Life Adventurous" has promised to send us the skin of the first bear he shoots to serve as a hearth-rug for Bask. One of Mr. Mackie's most interesting experiences in former days was witnessing the lassoing of two grizzly bears by cow-boys in the foothills of the Rockies. About twenty cow-boys surrounded the bears, threw their lassos over them, and then rode off in different directions. One of the bears broke loose and made for a horseman. Quick as lightning the cow-boy threw his leg over the saddle and dismounted, and the bear's huge paw came down on the horse and ripped it open. Both bears were eventually shot.

CAPTAIN MARRYAT.

The Literary Man of the Month.

"We'll rant and we'll roar, like true British sailors
We'll rant and we'll roar across the salt seas,
Until we strike soundings
In the Channel of Old England.
(From Ushant to Scilly 'tis thirty-five leagues.)"

"Well, Mr. Advertisement Fag," said I, as a well-groomed, clean-shaven gentleman entered my office the other afternoon, "and how are the advertisements coming in?"

"Very well indeed, sir."

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"Were any of the designs submitted for our 'Catchy Advertisements' competition taken up?" I asked.

"I regret that none of them seemed to appeal to the advertisers," he replied.

"Not even the Oxo one?" I exclaimed.

"No, not even the Oxo one," said he. "They get such a heap of ideas sent to them, you see."

"Well," said I, "it struck me that the bow-legged men looking through the railings at a football match was a far quainter design than anything of Oxo's I have seen on the hoardings so far. Didn't Lux jump at the Bo-peep idea, either?"

"No," said the Advertisement Fag.

"So the whole lot were wasted?"

"No, we won't say wasted, because they afforded entertainment to CAPTAIN readers, and some of those young designers, mark me, will one day be represented in flaring colours in some of our most prominent advertisement positions."

"Do our advertisers take an interest in THE CAPTAIN, apart from their own connection with it?" I asked.

"A great interest," said he, "and their sons still more. I had rather an amusing instance of this the other day, when I called on a big advertiser who had for the moment relinquished taking space. 'Hullo,' he said, 'you've done a nice thing for me. When I began advertising in THE CAPTAIN, you began sending me a free copy every month, and I took that copy home to my son. When I left off advertising I didn't receive my free copy, and I can tell you I got into a jolly row at home when I didn't bring along THE CAPTAIN on the 22nd of the month . . . Well, well, I'll take another six half-pages!'"

Then, looking at his watch, the Advertisement Fag dashed off to Gamage's.

Well, boys, just for the good of the old mag., I trust that whenever you want anything in the shape of a cricket bat, a tennis racquet, a bicycle, a camera, a model engine or yacht, or even gardening implements, you will order them preferably from CAPTAIN advertisers. We can vouch for the excellence of goods recommended to your notice in our pages, for we not infrequently turn away advertisements of doubtful articles, and our indefatigable Advertisement Fag is most particular in ensuring the *bona-fides* of everything mentioned in his department.

Adoption.—I am in possession of particulars of a very sad case in which a boy of thirteen, of refined parentage, has been left stranded and penniless owing to the death of his father. His sister, who was a CAPTAIN reader, also died recently. I want to know whether anybody would care to correspond with his mother, who is unable to support him, with a view to adopting him. The boy is rather backward, and inclined to be delicate, but I have medical testimony to the effect that there is nothing seriously wrong with him.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

"Railway Bill" writes: "Referring to 'Observer's' remarks about railway signalling in the Transvaal, he considers the pulling up of the semaphore to be the safest method of signalling 'all right,' but I am certain the British way of working to be better and safer than that of the Transvaal. A lowered arm to indicate 'all right' can be controlled from other departments apart from the signal-box, and things are so arranged that when a fault occurs the arm will not drop if it happens to be up; but if anything went wrong with the arm, down it would immediately jerk into a horizontal position. I think it would be rather dangerous to work an arm that had to be pulled for 'all right' in this country, because in the hot weather the wire connecting the arm with the lever in the signal-box is apt to expand, and then the arm would either not pull up or fall down after having been pulled up. With the British system the heat affects the wires so that when pulled the arm won't drop, only this can be remedied by tightening them. Frost has the opposite effect."

"Captainite in Spain."—I am sorry your letters have been ignored. You see, we receive a large number, and it is not possible for us to reply to all of them without boring our readers. Often when we think an answer would not interest readers we reply by post. However, our Club Captain is now hard at work and prepared to answer practically any kind of letter. When he is in doubt about anything he brings it to me. If you will send your name and address we will add your name to the Club list, and you will enjoy all the undoubted benefits which will accrue from membership.—P.S.—If you cannot get on with "Westward Ho!" chuck it. There is nothing wrong in a fellow who cannot read "Tom Brown" or "Westward Ho!"; it simply means that such books do not appeal to his temperament.

H. G. Clews.—If you are shortsighted you are likely to remain so, though I have heard of people's sight growing stronger as they have advanced in age; sometimes a man will see very much better at thirty than he can at twenty. I imagine that work in a chemist's shop would be likely to try your eyes considerably. On this point, however, you should consult your specialist. I should say that it is most necessary to have good sight for the deciphering of Latin prescriptions and measuring out minute quantities of chemicals—often of a poisonous character. You can improve your "pigeon-

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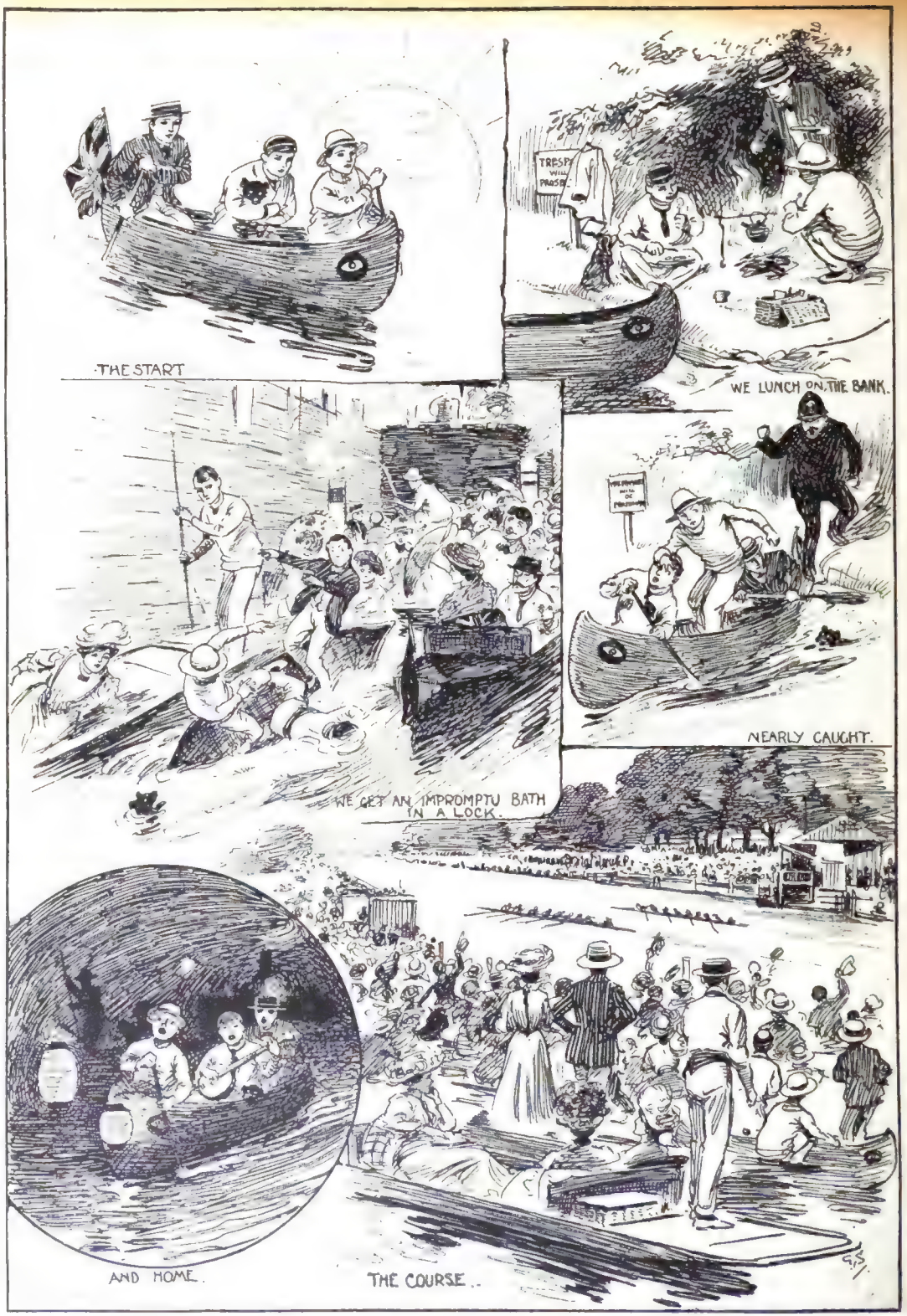

HENLEY

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chest" by drill and the moderate use of dumb-bells. If you are likely to develop any chest complaint you should avoid an occupation that would tend to keep you indoors too much.

"Nationality."—As you were born in Yorkshire you are a Yorkshireman. As to whether you ought to stick up for Yorkshire or Lancashire at cricket depends entirely upon your feelings in the matter. I too was born in Yorkshire, but at the age of four I went to live in Warwickshire, and all my associations from an early age having been of a Warwickshire kind, I look first for the Warwickshire scores in my paper—and regret to say that I am often doomed to disappointment. At the time of writing they haven't won a match.

"High School Girl."—My dear, you are talking utter nonsense. So far from Mr. Harry Furniss's article, "The Comic Side of Highwaymen," encouraging certain boys to enter upon a career of crime, the outstanding feature of the article was the showing that the supposed "heroes" were nothing more than very ordinary thieves, and in some cases dreadful cowards. Mr. Furniss's object was to divest highwaymen of the glamour with which other writers have endowed them.

W. H. B.—As you are a constant reader of THE CAPTAIN, a look through back correspondence columns will furnish you with several replies to your question given during the last twelve months. There are open scholarships at every college,—particulars obtainable from tutors. There are County Council scholarships in nearly every county—apply to the Clerk of your own county council. Finally, there are London City Company scholarships,—apply to the secretaries. Values vary from £20 to £100 a year.

E. P. Smith.—It is the hardest thing in theworld to find a good Athletic Editor. You get a man who writes about Rugby football, but he knows nothing about Association, and a man who is good at cricket knows nothing about hockey or swimming. I find the best way is to get specialists on their own subject—like Mr. J. G. B. Lynch on boxing—to write on that subject, instead of getting one man to deal with subjects that he only half knows.

"A Comrade."—I cannot say that I think hard exercise before breakfast does much good, but a twenty minutes' walk is beneficial, as it clears the lungs and sharpens up one's appetite. As I suppose you have a good stiff day's work to do, I should like to suggest that it is not wise to use up much of your energy before that day's work begins. Get to your work fresh and fit.

I. A.—I am getting tired of these letters from girls asking me whether they ought to meet boys. I have already said that I think there is no harm in a girl having a boy friend if he is a nice fellow, but the friendship should be known to and approved by the parents, and you have no right whatever to talk to the boy you write of when your parents don't wish it.

P. Harris.—Sorry to hear that if you had a motor-car you would not take the slightest notice of the police, that you would "dash through the people," and run over ducks. Of course, it is only a poem, but still, it rather shows what you are made of. The safest form of locomotion for you would be a rocking-horse.

"Sussexers."—Your questions are too ridiculous. If Mr. Fry found it inconvenient to play for Sussex he has every right to play for Hampshire, and you use the wrong word altogether when you talk about his "desertion" of your county. Carrying on the *Mercury* is not Mr. Fry's business, which is that of a magazine editor and journalist. The *Mercury* is a philanthropic undertaking which takes more out of Mr. Fry's pocket than it puts in it.

G. R.—We have had queries about knock-knees before, and I believe I have said that there is no cure for them, any more than there is for bow-legs. Of course, if a boy's legs are weak and thin, the shape of his knees must suffer, and so you ought to put yourself in the way of being drilled, in order that you may grow as strong and sturdy-legged as possible.

W. A. Oldfield.—Thank you very much for your interesting letter. It is indeed a compliment when a man like you goes on taking in regularly a magazine which was his companion as a boy. We are glad to welcome you as a member of the Club.

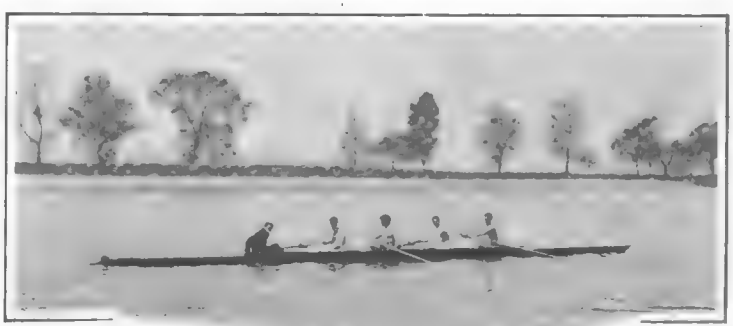
"Whiskers."—In future the "CAPTAIN Club pages" will be reserved absolutely for members of the Club. If you write verses, however, there is no reason why you should not submit them as ordinary contributions.

Captainite (Edinburgh).—Keble would be the college for you. There is a kind of "hostel" system in force there. Write to the Tutor for all the particulars you want, stating your position clearly.

"Dick Junior."—Remain young as long as possible, and frolic about with youngsters just as much as ever you like. I hope you will soon be much better.

"Floremus."—Any note of interest we receive about other universities than Oxford or Cambridge will be inserted in our "'Varsity Notes" pages.

F. Lushington.—Thanks for the suggestions for cover pictures, but I fear they are not quite suitable.



ST. PAUL'S SCHOOL FIRST FOUR ON THE THAMES.
See "Public Schools that Row."

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E. D. D.—If your poem has not appeared you may take it that we did not find it suitable.

Q. von S.—Many thanks for the primroses; it was very kind of you to think of me.

A. J. B., W. J. P., and C. F. H. should send stamped envelopes for replies by post.

J. P. Q.—Your suggestion for a competition is welcome and excellent. I will use it.

"Cholly."—Your writing is like your drawing—middling good.

Letters, &c., have also to be acknowledged from: "Mona," D. Turpin, R. N. J. Harris (Cape Colony), J. Anderson, Reginald H. Cox, "A Medical Student," F. Gratrix, J. C. Rogers, G. L. Parsons (Argentina), Eileen Erskine (Johannesburg), Arnold R. Whitworth, L. J. Lloyd (Cape of Good Hope), Collin Brooks, F. J. A., G. R., "A Girl, &c.," "Marharjan" (India), "Bill," "Beetle" (Argentina), "Cadet," S. Q. S., S. R. R. (Argentina), "Ex-Cherry Tip," G. S. M., "Railwayac," R. Eustace, J. B. Greaves, "Ipse," Lionel L. Benkè, "Pro Bono Publico," Bob Schall, P. Shuttlewood, Jnr., M. E. W., "Two Years Ago," R. Ewens (N.S.W.).

THE OLD FAG.

Results of May Competitions

No. I.—"Suggestions for a Local 'Captain' Club."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-five.)

WINNER OF GOODS FROM CATALOGUE OF COOK'S ATHLETIC CO., LTD.: Godfrey E. J. Foster, St. Luke's Vicarage, Preston, Lancs.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: C. W. Hiscocks, 231 Bow Road, E.; W. Earle Steuart, "Kinnoull," Milngavie, near Glasgow.

HONOURABLE MENTION: George F. Bourne, Harold Schofield.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Eighteen.)

WINNER OF PRIZE AS ABOVE: A. Elmslie Campbell, 41 Sunnybank Place, Aberdeen.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: Richard Cooper, 113 Halkin Street, Belgrave, Leicester; James E. Dook, 18 Tyne Street, Hessle Road, Hull.

HONOURABLE MENTION: W. Evans, H. E. Pugh, Cecil A. Moncur, A. D. Mansell.

No. II.—"Pictorial Competition."

No age limit.

WINNER OF TEN SHILLINGS: H. Page, 90 Matthias Road, Stoke Newington, N.

HONOURABLE MENTION: B. V. Slater, R. M. Robertson, Norman Janes, W. Porter, J. R. Carter, H. Williamson, S. Woolger, E. S. Price, Bernard W. Handley, Bert Needham, Fred. Torr, Charles Underhill, James Kellie, A. Macallum, J. Cameron.

No. III.—"The Inventions of Brown."

CLASS I. No age limit.

WINNER OF CRICKET BAT OR TENNIS RACQUET BY JOHN PIGGOTT, LTD.: John Y. Morris, Kelmscott, Worsley, near Manchester.

HONOURABLE MENTION: George W. Ivey.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF PRIZE AS ABOVE: M. McDonnell, 46 Deauville Road, Clapham, S.W.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: Duncan M. Millan, 49 Woodberry Terrace, Muswell Hill, N.; Fred. Spriggs, 7 Eastwood Road, South Woodford, N.E.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Paul Theocharis, Claude Harding, A. D. Mansell, W. T. E. Duncan, Gwendolen Squire, H. Alexander, Lionel L. Benké, H. F. McLoughlin.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF PRIZE AS ABOVE: Joan Young, Clarence House, Wycombe Abbey, Bucks.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: Edward Gledhill, 67 Bradford Road North, Huddersfield.

HONOURABLE MENTION: A. B. Whitefield, Thomas Cooke, W. B. Boone, Harry Taylor, George Seymour, T. H. Fairbrother, Arthur Lloyd-Jones, W. H. Pargiter, F. D. Ardagh, D. Greville, Edward Schofield, A. Templeman, M. H. Jones.

No. IV.—"Cyclists' Competition."

No age limit.

WINNERS OF "BROWNIE" KODAKS: G. J. Blake, 11 Weltje Road, Ravenscourt Park, W.; A. C. Lawson, "Blairgorm," Western Road, East Finchley, N.

HONOURABLE MENTION: T. C. Milne, Clare T. Bowles, Philip M. McSwiney, J. C. Scott, A. Templeman.

No. V.—"Photographic Competition."

CLASS I. (No age limit.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: Miss Penrice, "Fitzhall," Wellington Road, Bournemouth.

HONOURABLE MENTION: C. Hankinson, Hugh H. Birks, C. W. Bradbury, Arthur R. Beard, R. Hindle Kay, Albert Needham, A. L. Pentelow.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: E. Percy Lester, 13 Whitefield Terrace, Plymouth.

HONOURABLE MENTION: J. C. Bryden, Reginald J. Drury, J. H. Begg, Jnr., A. Lloyd, C. Cullis, K. C. Goodyear, B. E. Maude, Marjory Wight, G. C. Caton.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: F. Wrathmell, "North View," Upper Hopton, near Mirfield.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Sydney W. G. Ratcliffe, N. A. Beal, R. T. A. Hog, William C. McOey, Alex. McArthur, H. Moxom, J. M. Bannatyne.

No. VI.—"School Notes."

WINNER OF FIVE SHILLINGS: "Herga."

HONOURABLE MENTION: "Good for nothing," "Ululetta," "Patrick FitzPatrick," "Curly," "Alleynian," "Charco," "Schola Bedfordiensis."

Foreign and Colonial Readers (March).

WINNERS OF FIVE SHILLINGS: (I.) Herbert K. Kitson, 213 West Upsal Street, Germantown, Philadelphia, U.S.A.; (II.) E. Crichlow, Tunapuna, Trinidad, B.W.I.; (III.) Nelson Isaac, 28 Wright Street, Wellington, New Zealand; (IV.) R. Boase, 2 Packington Street, Kew, Melbourne, Australia; (V.) J. Malkinson, 95 St. Urbain Street, Montreal, Canada; (VI.) John H. Bishop, Firmount Road, Sea Point, Cape Town, South Africa.

HONOURABLE MENTION: (I.) G. Callender (S. Africa); (II.) Kathleen Pickels (Canada); (III.) A. S. MacLeod (Canada), R. W. Tuckwell (Canada); (IV.) Dudley C. Orgill (Jamaica), R. J. N. Harris (Cape Colony); (V.) H. K. Kitson, Trevor L. Lyons (Jamaica), J. Malkinson, John Blundell (Canada), E. A. Collymore (Barbadoes), F. W. Price (Transvaal), R. W. Tuckwell, Frank A. Gunn (Cape Colony), L. H. Bradshaw (U.S.A.), J. Boase; (VI.) H. K. Kitson, L. S. Raman (India), Trevor L. Lyons (Jamaica), Frank A. Gunn, Gottlieb Bell (St. Lucia), E. A. Collymore, F. W. Price, R. W. Tuckwell, John F. Guenther (Canada), F. W. Molesworth (Canada), J. Malkinson, J. Boase.

Winners of Consolation Prizes are requested to inform the Editor which they would prefer—a volume of one of our magazines, or one of the following books: "Green at Greyhouse," "The Gold Bat," "J. O. Jones," "Tales of Greyhouse," "The White Feather," "Jim Mortimer," "The Lost Column" (Charles Gilson), "The Rebel Cadets" (Charles Gleig).

Comments on the May Competitions

No. I.—A number of useful suggestions were submitted, and the Club Captain will avail himself of them where possible.

No. III.—Competitors' ideas as to the inventive faculties of Brown were somewhat elastic, but the entries showed the writers' keen appreciation of the doings of the inventor and his two friends. We hope to refer again at greater length to the more amusing of these suggestions.

No. IV.—The Cycling Editor has made experiments with the temporary repairing methods suggested by competitors, and will have something to say about them next month.

No. V.—Portrait studies and a landscape were the subjects of the winning photographs in Classes I., II. and III. respectively. Competitors should write their names, &c., on the work itself, and not on a separate enclosure.

The attention of all readers is called to advertisement p. iv where they will find full particulars of a novel and liberal scheme of Accident Insurance specially devised for their benefit.

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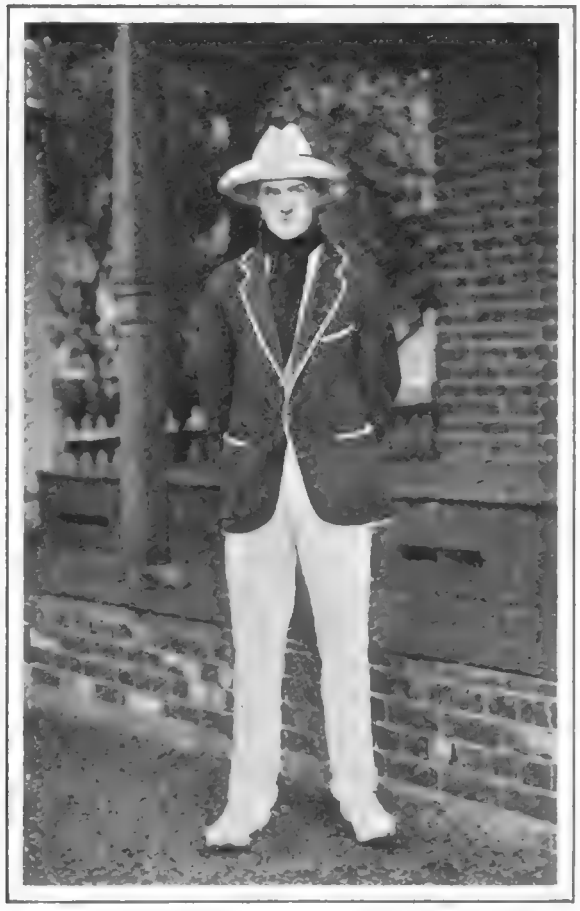

A. H. LANG.
Cricket Captain, Harrow School.

Photo by "Sport and General."

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HALFWAY UP HE STOPPED AND BRANDISHED THE KNOB OF HIS GREAT UMBRELLA IN ALF'S HORROR-STRICKEN FACE

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THE TWINS OF TENDRING

A Public School Story

By Captain CHARLES GILSON

Author of "The Lost Column"

THE Twins are Temple Two and Simson ("The Rat"), who wage war against masters, rules, and Rogers ("Kruger"), who keeps the tuck-shop in the school grounds. As a result of one escapade of The Twins, the boys in the common room of French's House belonging to the House XI are debarred from playing in the "final" against the School House. Temple One, head of French's, therefore has to make up a team as best he can from the remnants of French's House. Intermingled with their interest in the final match is a plot hatched by the Twins for the humiliation of Rogers. They have arranged that "Alf," Rogers's assistant, shall lure the old man on to the top of a tool-shed in the playing-fields, where he will be compelled to remain at the Twins' pleasure.

CHAPTER XVI.

FINAL INSTRUCTIONS.

SATURDAY was come—the day of the match, the day upon which Paul Kruger was to meet his doom, a day never to be forgotten in the annals of Tendring School.

There was nothing particular about the sunrise, save that it promised a glorious day; and indeed, except for the persons immediately concerned in the narrative, it came and went—a very ordinary sunny day at the end of an English June.

At breakfast, as usual, Mr. French carved the ham; and there was much that was quite prosaic in that. Temple One, also as usual, talked solely to Cunningham and Thurston, the two prefects—every one else was beneath his notice. His eye, by the way, was still marked. When Mr. French had first noticed it, the house master had raised his eyebrows, but had said not a single word. As for Temple, he had been able only to bite his lip. Truly, his lot had been hard to bear. However, both his eye and his pride were healing, and the king was himself again.

There was some expectation at the breakfast table. They had heard the night before that Marlow's ankle would not permit him to play in the match, and the vacant place in the team was not yet filled. In consequence, there was no little excitement after the morning meal, when, with his finest prefectorial air, Temple One approached the notice board.

He ran his pencil through Marlow's name, which stood fifth on the list, and inserted the name of *Potts*.

An audible murmur arose, expressive of surprise, relief, delight, and as many emotions as there were boys in the room; but no one spoke until the head of the house was gone.

Then a small junior asserted himself to his cost.

"Potts!" he exclaimed, in royal disdain. "Oh golly! Fancy Potts playing for the house!"

His indignation was about to carry him further, when the Rat culled him as tenderly as though he were a primrose, and dropped him on to the floor.

Dinner that day was a silent meal; or, rather, speech came only in subdued whispers: grave issues were at stake; suspense was in the air. Would Temple get Hewitt out? Who could stop in with Temple? How many runs were French's worth against the first eleven bowling of Logan and Clarke? These, and a thousand others, were the vital questions of the hour.

At two o'clock all French's and the School House, except the Twins, were around the pavilion. The Twins had stationed themselves well away from the rabble, under the clump of trees.

Hewitt and Temple One came down the pavilion steps. Hewitt spun a coin in the air.

"Heads!" cried Temple, and "heads" it was.

Temple had evidently made up his mind, for he never wasted an instant.

"We'll bat," said he, and went back into the pavilion for his pads.

The scorer already had Temple's order of going in. There was nothing noteworthy about it, save that Temple himself was going in first with Cunningham, the only one who by any possible means might manage to stay with him long. Potts was placed last.

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"What's the time?" asked Temple Two as the school house, led by Hewitt, took the field.

The Rat looked at his watch.

"Ten past. They're ten minutes late. Twenty minutes in which to watch the match. Then the great Mr. Alf should appear on the sky-line, and we'll have something better to do."

"I like watching cricket," said Temple.

"Ah, the king of games!" said the Rat.

It was far beneath them to grumble, and therein they were certainly wise. They were paying the penalty of a past indiscretion; and though it touched them nearly—for the Cup was very near to their hearts—they had learnt to play the man. And if a boy learns nothing more than that, his days are never wasted at an English public school.

"This wicket won't suit Logan," said Temple.

"No; too fast," said the Rat.

"Don't suppose Clarke will be particularly dangerous, either."

"Too good for most of 'em, if old Cunningham gets out." The Rat was not a pessimist, but what he said was obviously true.

By now the match had begun. Logan was bowling, and Temple One had played carefully forward to the first three balls, sending them back to the bowler.

"The Big Un's turned cautious all of a sudden," observed the Rat.

The younger brother was less polite.

"Silly ass!" he exclaimed, on Temple's playing back to Logan's fourth ball. "What's the use of stopping there till Cunningham gets out? If you're going to get any runs, you fathead, you had better get them now."

Temple One might actually have heard him and taken the lesson to heart. For, to the next ball, he stepped out and drove it beautifully into the road, amid cheers from French's juniors assembled around the rails.

From the last ball of the over he scored two, and then it was for Cunningham to face the bowling of Clarke.

If Temple's six in the first over had pleased French's, the second over was destined to afford them even greater delight. Never before had "old Cunnnigham," the great, heavily-built boy who kept wicket for the school, been seen to show such form. Though French's team had been deprived of half their strength and the whole responsibility of supporting Temple rested with Cunningham—who had never professed to be a bat—he showed not the least shade of nervousness. He batted carefully, strong and straight, playing every ball from either Logan or Clarke well in the middle of his bat.

Three overs saw ten up on the board, and Temple, cutting Logan for a three, sent up the twenty after three overs more.

Twenty for no wickets, Cunningham still keeping Temple company, and Temple's eye well in, as his reception of the first ball of Clarke's next over proved. The ball was not particularly short, but Temple, treating it with scorn, stepped back and pulled it on to the pavilion rails. It was only Temple One who dared such strokes.

"He's good for a hundred," observed the Rat.

"It's on the cards," said Temple Two.

And the Twins looked innocently happy. The Rat even tried to sing.

The very next ball, Temple One was bowled. He had tried to pull it, and the ball, keeping low, had come in sharp from the leg, sending the off bail spinning away in the air.

A loud and prolonged shout went up from the School House boys, and as Temple walked back to the pavilion, School House caps were thrown into the air, while small boys stood on their heads and set to kicking each other in a wild and furious joy.

The younger Temple turned to the Rat.

"This is tedious," said he, with his head in the air.

The Rat read the telegraph.

"25—1—16. I should say the rest were good for a total of ten. Little One, as you say, this is wearisome. I doubt if watching cricket is really enjoyable after all."

"Shall we go?"

"Why should we wait?"

Temple could find no reason, so arm-in-arm they crossed to the tuck-shop and met their ally, Alf, on the way.

"How do you feel?" asked the Rat.

"I feels awful," groaned Alf, and he looked it.

"Where is Buckets?"

"I ain't seen 'im."

Alf burst out in sudden violence.

"If Bill Buckets ain't a-coming I ain't going to have nothing at all to do with it!"

"Be at peace," said the Rat. "Here is the man."

Buckets came up, grinning. He had considered the project throughout the space of three days and three nights, and now looked on it all in the light of a joke.

"Still game?" asked Temple.

"Course I am."

"Then gather around. We'll *pow-pow*, we'll

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strategise, we'll *pare bellum*. Shall I spout, Rat, or will you ? "

" Go ahead," said the Rat.

They seated themselves on the grass, while Temple gave them instructions in a very superior way.

" Buckets, you are to leave us here. Hie thee to the vicinity of Bates' tool-house and hide. The two ladders are already there. Some painters—worthy, industrious fellows—working in the Senior School, left them there. They will return to their task on Monday morning and find their ladders gone. One ladder is painted red, the other is painted white. The red ladder is placed on this side of the tool-house, the white on the other. Buckets, you will hide near the red ladder. You will find a small gravel-pit, surrounded by furze bushes, which has been placed there for this especial purpose. As for you, Mr. Alf," Temple continued, " you will remain for the present where you are. My esteemed friend and I will approach the tuck-shop, and bait the bull. We are the picadors, as it were ; and picadoring is a distinctly ticklish job. You will remain within sight of the tuckshop windows. When we have need of you one of us will come and fetch you."

" An' what then ? " gasped Alf.

" The bull will charge."

" Oh, my ! "

" Fear nothing. You have but to run straight as a die to the tool-house and there mount the red ladder. Don't run too fast. Keep close enough to him to draw him on. From the dizzy eminence of the tool-house roof you can, and *must*, hurl defiance in his teeth. Sit on the roof and call to him sweetly, ' You can't catch me now, you mutton-headed old grampus,' or words to that effect."

" I couldn't do it, mister ! " gasped Alf.

" You must," said Temple. " It will be the finishing touch. It will draw Rogers up after you. As soon as he is on the roof you can slide down the white ladder on the other side and take it away with you, while Colonel Buckets rushes out from the gravel-pit and bears the red ladder away. Then, the mutual enemy, Rogers, absent from his opened shop, is at your mercy and ours. He'll have to go back to his shop, for we'll tell him gently that we have put his dear little grandson inside. He will promise anything if we only let him down."

Alf actually smiled.

" It's a wonnerful clever idea," said he.

" Naturally," answered Temple. " We're wonderfully clever people."

" *What* 'ave I got to call 'im ? " asked Alf, whose memory was not of the best.

" Anything you like," said Temple, with a careless shrug, " but ' a mutton-headed old grampus ' will do as well as anything else."

Alf perspired at the thought.

They sent Buckets to his post and stepped off towards the tuck-shop.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE CHASE.

NAPOLEON was seated against the door. On beholding the Twins this little hero burst straightway into tears.

" You frew me over the 'edge ! " he bellowed.

" Shut up," hissed the Rat.

Both Napoleon's chubby fists were in his eyes.

" I never did nuffing to you," he whined.

Kruger, who had heard his relation's cries, appeared at the door. There were no customers in the shop.

" Wot are you a-doing to my gran'son ? " he demanded at the top of his voice.

" Talking to the dear little mite," answered Temple.

" You done more'n that. He don't cry when he's spoke to, my gran'son don't."

" He apparently cries if you look at him," said Temple.

" You've been bullying of him," bellowed Kruger.

" No, never," replied the Rat. " We are always kind to kids ; it's a little weakness of ours. For instance, three days ago we found him right away from the school buildings, taking a walk all by himself in the road. Think of the danger he was in, Mr. Rogers. Why, he might have been kidnapped, or lost, or run over. He surely had no right to be so far from home ? "

" That he hadn't," owned Rogers, a little alarmed at the thought.

" Precisely," added the Rat. " So we threw him over the hedge."

(This was " baiting the bull.")

" *What's that !* "

" We threw him over the hedge," calmly replied the Rat. " H-e-d-g-e, hedge."

Rogers slowly opened both his eyes and his mouth, and then got out his words with difficulty, one by one.

" You—threw—him—over—the—hedge ! "

" Yes. Wasn't it thoughtful of us ? " said Temple Two.

" So that was how his coat was ruined ! " articulated Kruger, whose senses were still astray.

" We thought of that," said the Rat. " I

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said to my celebrated friend here, 'If we throw him over we'll spoil his clothes; but, on the other hand, if we leave him alone and unprotected in the road, a carriage, cart, or bicycle will come along and spoil him entirely—as an infant.' So, coming to the conclusion it was better to spoil his clothes, we threw him out of danger over the hedge."

"I never heerd o' such imperince!" gasped the old man, "never in all my life! You'll pay for that there coat, or I'll know the reason why. Who are you to go about throwing children over hedges, I should like to know! Gents! Why, *demons* is what you is! I'll bring the law agin you, see if I don't."

Temple, his hands in his trousers pockets and an expression of injured innocence on his face, looked at the Rat and jerked his head towards Paul Kruger.

"That's what we get," said he, "for being kind."

"Kind!" roared Kruger. "Kind! When you are guilty o' battery and assault agin a poor little offensive angel!"

The Rat was indignant. He drew himself up and folded his arms.

"Enough of this," he demanded. "I think you forget to whom you're speaking."

"Do I?" said Kruger. "I know I'm speaking to the two most upstreperous young villains in the whole collidge, excludin' none. Your character's known throughout the school, and you ain't got none. You don't behave like gents, an' you ain't, neither; you ain't got honesty, you ain't got manners, an' it's my personal belief, that you ain't got a drop of the milk o' human kindness in your veins. So there."

Rogers pulled himself up and regarded the Twins fiercely.

The Rat turned to Temple, who was busy with a pocket-book.

"I hope, Temple," said he, "you've made a note of all this?"

"Word for word."

"Then it will be used in evidence agin yoursel's," said Kruger, "when you're charged with battering and assaulting infants."

"'An offensive angel,'" added the Rat.

Kruger flushed hot.

"You're making fun of me!" he roared.

"Tut, tut, my good man," stammered Temple, "you can't help being funny. We don't blame you for it. You're simply a bloated mass of fun, fat and ignorance. Do you know, Rogers, you always seem to me a sort of humorous jelly-fish."

And Temple swaggered past into the shop.

It was all Kruger could do to refrain from striking him as he passed. Temple's calm bravado would have annoyed a saint. The old man was all but beside himself with rage.

"I won't swallow these here insults!" he got out. "It ain't humanity to bear with them!"

"Give me a strawberry ice," said Temple Two.

"I'll serve you with nothing."

Temple whispered to the Rat, who immediately left the shop.

"Do you refuse to take my order?" he demanded.

"I does—that is, I do," Kruger corrected himself.

"You does, you do," said Temple. "Then I'm sorry to tell you I shall have to report you."

"Get out o' my shop!" roared Kruger. "I ain't here to bandy words with you."

(The bull was baited now. The picadors had done their work. The hour of the toreador was come.)

Kruger lunged heavily into a corner and seized the umbrella which was never far from his hands. The old man was purple in the face with fury.

"Get out of here!" he bellowed.

Rogers was in a highly dangerous mood. Temple obeyed as quick as thought; and he sprang down the tuck-shop steps, Kruger close at his heels, and came face to face with the Rat holding Alf by the arm. The gallant toreador was trembling in every limb.

Rogers pulled up with a jerk, puffing already from exertion, and regarded his late assistant with blank astonishment.

"You here?" he thundered.

Alf's legs grew weak beneath him. Indeed, he would have sunk to the ground had not the Rat manfully held him up.

"You here, you grovellin' thief! I never want to see your ugly face again. Be off!"

The Rat quickly whispered something in Alf's ear. Alf's lower jaw dropped out of sight at the words, and with eyes fixed rigidly before him and halt-glazed the torcador stood tongue-tied and motionlesss.

It was a time for immediate action; the Rat saw that success and failure were balanced in the scales.

"Say it, you mule," he whispered, "or all's up. Quick!"

But Alf seemed incapable of speech. The Rat took him strongly in his arms.

"Here, Rogers," he cried, "do you want this ass?"

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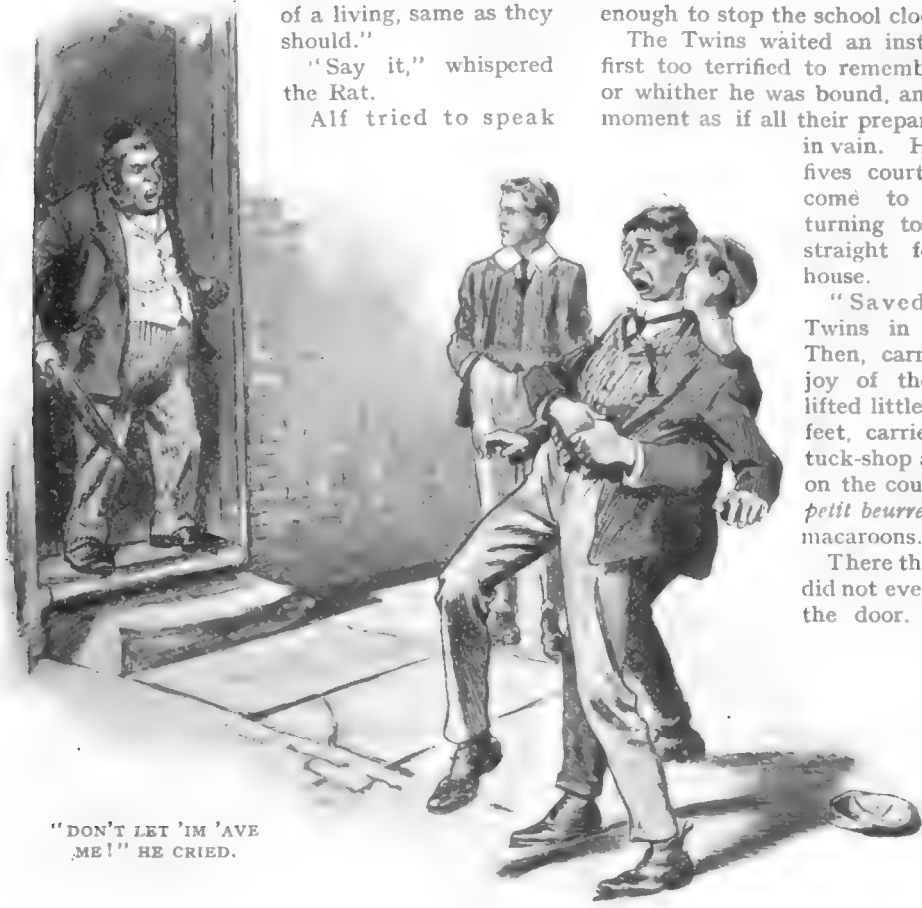
At which Alf came out with a sudden scream, and struggled hard to get away from the Rat.

"Don't let 'im 'ave me!" he cried. "'E'll murder me, that 'e will!"

"And you'll deserve it," panted old Rogers, slowly descending the steps. "I'll teach you to stop away from work, while all honest men is earning of a living, same as they should."

"Say it," whispered the Rat.

Alf tried to speak kindly, to curry favour with Rogers, with the result that the insult was even more pointed than it otherwise might have been.



"DON'T LET 'IM 'AVE ME!" HE CRIED.

"You *are* a mutton-headed old grampus," he remarked politely, and then he tried to smile.

"WHAT! I'll learn you!" was as much as Kruger had time to say.

He raised his heavy umbrella to strike a tremendous blow which without doubt would have felled his weak-knee'd assistant to the ground had not the Rat at that moment let the unfortunate youth go free.

It was very like coursing, for Alf had been straining at the leash, and he set off across the playing-fields as fast as he could go, disregarding and quite forgetting Temple's instructions not to go too fast.

However, Kruger was far too angry to control himself, and, dot and carry one on his gouty foot, he sprang away after Alf, waving his umbrella above his head and shouting loud enough to stop the school clock.

The Twins waited an instant. Alf was at first too terrified to remember where he was or whither he was bound, and it seemed for a moment as if all their preparations were to be in vain. However, near the fives courts Alf seemed to come to his senses, and turning to the right, made straight for Bates's tool-house.

"Saved!" cried the Twins in a single breath. Then, carried away by the joy of the moment, they lifted little Napoleon off his feet, carried him into the tuck-shop and sat him down on the counter, between the *petit beurre* biscuits and the macaroons.

There they left him. They did not even trouble to close the door. They went out and saw Alf running like one demented, while Kruger's bellowing filled the air.

The Rat went into ecstasies of laughter. He stamped his feet and held his sides, while tears trickled down his sunburnt cheeks. He felt himself growing weaker every moment, and he clasped Temple's arm for support, but Temple threw him off.

"Come on, Rat," he said, "we'll be too late to see the sport."

Temple set off after Rogers, and the Rat soon followed, crying with laughter as he ran.

Fortunately, they were well away from the cricket ground, and with the exception of a few stray juniors there was no one to see the chase. They reached Bates's tool-house close on Kruger's heels.

Alf was already on the roof, tucked up and

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pale as a trussed chicken. Rogers went after him up the ladder, which bent under his immense weight. Half-way up he stopped and brandished the knob of his great umbrella in Alf's horror-stricken face.

"I'll learn you, you imperint varmint! Come down, an' I'll give you summat you'll never forget!"

It was at this juncture that the Twins all but ceased to breathe. There is a decisive moment in all engagements, and such had now arrived. The suspense was extreme. Two words from Alf of an inflammatory nature, and Rogers would mount to the roof. They could see the form of the faithful Buckets, crouched among the furze.

However, the close proximity of the knob of Kruger's umbrella to Alf's nose was more than that young man had the physical courage to bear. He was already well-nigh distracted with terror, but now he appeared suddenly to lose control of his limbs. Kruger stood on the red ladder placed against the tool-house on the side of the school. Alf looked piteously around him, and seeing nothing, he groaned. Whereupon Kruger, ascending one step higher, caught him over the head with the umbrella. Which frightened Alf completely out of his life.

He made a sudden and frantic dash for the white ladder, and placing his foot violently upon the uppermost rung from the side, knocked the ladder down, thus cutting off his only means of escape.

The Twins were too far away to give instantaneous help, and Buckets, who had received no orders for such an unlooked for contingency, remained where he was.

Alf looked at Kruger and then burst into tears, asking the irate old man to forgive him and promising faithfully never to offend him again.

The game was lost. Kruger hesitated a moment, during which he noticed that the ladder was bending. Deeming it safest to descend, he did so, step by step.

Once on *terra firma* again, he looked up at the cowering figure of Alf.

"I'll forgive you right enough," he made answer, wiping the perspiration from his brow with a huge bandana handkerchief, "but them that's made their bed can sleep on it, and you can stop where you is."

Whereupon, with much coughing and puffing and grunting, he placed the white ladder under one arm and the red ladder under the other and stumped off towards the school. After all, Rogers was very *slim*.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A MATTER OF MAGNETISM.

THE Rat looked at Temple and Temple looked at the Rat, but neither could think of a single thing to say. In absolute silence they watched Rogers carry the ladders back to the senior school.

"I reckon the old man's done us."

They turned, and there was Buckets, smiling from ear to ear.

"Mind your own business," stuttered Temple, more than a little annoyed.

"I will," said Buckets. "I'm going back to the 'ouse."

"Then go."

Laughing loudly, Buckets left them.

"What are you going to do, Little One?" asked the Rat.

"I'm going to watch the cricket," said Temple.

"But what about Alf?"

Temple thought for a moment.

"He can jump down," said he at length.

"I doubt it," replied his comrade. "He's a born funk, is Alf."

"Then he can stop where he is, for all I care," said Temple, with something akin to malice in his tones. "He can stop there till he's found; and he won't be found by me."

Arm-in-arm, they went back together to the cricket field, slow of step and heavy of heart, almost, but not quite, repressed. The Rat was thinking hard.

"Little One," he said, "we must never trust to an ally again. It was one huge mistake."

"Mistakes of one kind and another are inevitable," remarked Temple. "The greatest general, you will remember, Rat, is he who makes the fewest mistakes."

Which brought them to the cricket field, where much cheering and jeering was taking place.

"The house is out," said the Rat.

"All out," echoed Temple, "and for a total of *forty-nine!* 'O blow, thou winter wind!' Rat, lend me some of the microscope money. I'm going to drown my sorrows in biscuits."

"Not yet," said the Rat. "Steer clear of Rogers till we've thought out something. We may as well stay and watch the match. Think of it—*forty-nine!*"

Indeed, French's *had* made but a sorry show. Temple One, their only hope, had been disposed of for sixteen. Cunningham had played a careful and highly creditable

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innings for twenty, and had not gone until seven wickets had fallen, when, hitting out rashly, he was taken by Clarke in the slips. No one else had done anything. Potts, who went in last, never had a ball. Potts felt this sorely; but Temple told him never to mind and to buck up in the field. Which compensated for much.

Howbeit, a total of forty-nine was a hopeless score against such a batting side as the School House. Yet where was Temple One there also was hope; and besides, there was a chance that Hewitt might be bowled early in the game; the finest bat in the world cannot always be sure of making runs, especially against such bowling as Temple's.

But whatever hope French's eleven may have entertained at the beginning of the School House innings, it dwindled to nothing as the afternoon advanced. Temple bowled finely, and forced Hewitt to play a defensive game throughout. Time and again the Captain of Cricket was beaten, but Temple never touched his stumps. Once came a hard chance through the slips from Hewitt's bat. In a first eleven match it would have been snapped up by the Rat, the finest slip in the school; but here it went bounding away for four, between two weak-knee'd boys, who hardly looked comfortable in flannels, and who gaped at each other and then after the ball. Temple said nothing. He was completely tolerant. He had known what to expect. He knew that from the start all depended upon himself; and if he could not bowl Hewitt, their only chance was for Hewitt to get himself out, which he seemed in no way inclined to do.

The Head of French's was severely handicapped in that he had no second bowler capable of taking the other end. Time and again during the progress of the game Temple longed for his brother and the Rat. He tried six bowlers in all, but not even the best of them—one Codrington, to wit—met with the least success. Hewitt and the School House batsmen treated them all alike, and hit them with quite apparent ease. Temple never gave himself a rest; he could not afford to do so. Throughout the afternoon he bowled with undiminished energy, he never lost either his length or his pace; and yet wickets came few and far between, by reason of the fact that Hewitt, heroically keeping most of Temple's bowling to himself, played him with consummate patience and respect.

French's total was passed before a wicket fell. With the total at fifty-three, Temple bowled Clarke, who had made most of the runs. Then another and equally effective stand took place, and three figures were on the board before Temple secured the second wicket. The School House boys were kept busily cheering for the rest of the afternoon, while French's juniors strutted hither and thither, reminding the members of the School House that they were only playing a second eleven, and requesting them impolitely to wait for next year, when French's would be sure to win back the Cup.

To cut a long story short, the School House were all out four minutes before the drawing of stumps for a total of two hundred and seven; Hewitt carried his bat through the innings for eighty-nine, being without any doubt mainly responsible for the total score by playing Temple's bowling in such masterly style. The match was to be continued on the following Monday, when French's would have to go in to bat with a hundred and fifty-eight runs against them on the first innings. It was an utterly hopeless task.

That evening there was no hilarity in French's common room. Temple One preserved a sad and silent dignity, characteristic of himself and quite in keeping with his exalted position as Head of the House. Cunningham, the prefect in charge of extra preparation, was decidedly snappy and a trifle unfair with his reprimands. The Twins, even, were downcast. And as for Potts, he took the whole matter as a private catastrophe of his own. In fact, they were a dismal party of boys, and it all came from being ultra keen on the House.

On Monday, during the interval, the Twins, as was their custom, entered the tuck-shop in quest of nourishment to carry them through the rest of morning school. Kruger was exceptionally busy; the place was packed with hungry boys, and Alf was not there to help. When he caught sight of the Twins, neglecting his customers, he took the wooden spoon from the strawberry ice and shook it before their eyes.

"You're in for it," he warned them. "You're a-going to catch it, both on you. I'm a-going to tell the Doctor o' wot I knows."

"Really," said the Rat, quite carelessly. "How extremely kind of you. Temple, what will you have?"

The old man suddenly flared up. "Who locked my gran'son up in the shop? Who made him ill for a week? Who did it again on Saturday? Who threw the poor little daisy inter a ploughed field and spoilt his nice new

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coat, the same what cost his grandad six and sixpence halfpenny ? Who did all that ? "

"My mother," said Temple sweetly, aloud. Under his breath he added : "We're found out, Rat. The youngster's split."

"And I'm a-going to tell the headmaster the truth," Rogers went on. "And if I knows anything at all about it, on previous occasions he has chastised you with whips, but now he'll chastise you with scorpions ; the same which will learn the two on you never to meddle with me and my relations to the end of your mortial days."

At that, Rogers furiously drove the wooden spoon back into the strawberry ice, whilst a boisterous cheer of derision greeted the close of his speech.

"Laugh ! " he cried. "Do you laugh, all on you. There's them as won't be laughing soon."

Temple sprang on to a chair, and addressed the assembly in the following words. He stuttered a little at first, but in a very short time he had worked himself into a high state of moral ecstasy, and his words came fast and sure.

"Gentlemen," he cried, as he indicated Kruger with a wide wave of the hand, "gentlemen, you see before you that which at first sight might be mistaken for a grey-haired man of the worthy working class. Gentlemen, first impressions are often deceptive. It is my duty to warn you—indeed, I have to tell you candidly—that those snowy, greasy locks partially cover the head of one of the lowest types of men, one utterly incapable of any intellectual effort and totally destitute of any moral faculty whatsoever, but fully charged with the instinctive cunning of the lower beasts." (Loud and prolonged cheers.) Temple went on : "Dissect his moral anatomy, examine it under the microscope of truth, and you will find therein no single redeeming feature." (Roars of applause, during which Kruger tried in vain to speak.) "Look at him ! " shouted Temple. "Look at him, and tell me honestly from your hearts, can any one of you picture him doing one good action, saying even one single kindly word ? " (A perfect thunderstorm of "Noes.") "Exactly. This thing is vile. I declare to you that he is in league with the headmaster. He openly sells us confected atrocities of his own poisonous manufacture, and at exorbitant prices. Beware of him, gentlemen. He's not to be trusted. You have heard from his own lips that he's a sneak ; and there he stands behind his counter, cowering like a prisoner in the dock, unable to give me back the lie."

Temple descended from his rostrum. Mark Antony was out of it, Demosthenes and Cato men of indifferent fame. The tuck-shop was a pandemonium of noise. They took it half in earnest and half as a most colossal joke. Several prefects were there, and being possessed of a sense of humour, they never stopped it, but listened and laughed at every word.

Temple did not stay till the mob had quieted down. He left, swaggering out with the Rat, when the uproar was at its height and Rogers almost literally foaming at the mouth.

After all, it was but a temporary and very transient triumph, and Temple knew it well. They had schemed and plotted, and their schemes had gone astray ; and Rogers had the whip hand of them now.

"Bravo, Little One," said the Rat. "You made him squirm. But was it altogether diplomatic, do you think ? "

Temple shrugged his shoulders.

"What does it matter ? " said he. "The old beast will sneak, anyhow ; and I couldn't resist the chance. Oh, but it was glorious ! I got the idea, and I jumped on it, Rat ; and it all come out so pat and beautiful that I'm tingling all over still. Rat, old cock, that's art ; I'm an artist, and you are too, if you can tingle. Tell me, Rat, do you ever tingle ? " (But Temple was flushed, and he never paused for an answer.) "I am always tingling, Rat, because I'm carried away by the art in things. We call it art, because it sounds nice ; but to be an artist you need not necessarily paint silly pictures or write rotten books ; there's art in fighting, in cricket, in everything, Rat ; but it is only the artist who knows that it is there. The other fools—my brother, for instance—have got to be told ; they can't see for themselves. But I can, Rat," he ended, linking his arm into Simson's.

"Little One," said the Rat, "you're drivelling, hopelessly."

"Am I, Rat ? I'm rather tired. I've run out of magnetism for the time being. There's the bell."

They went back into school, and for the rest of the morning Temple Two recovered his "magnetism" by throwing paper pellets about the Lower Fourth room, during a dissertation from the Reverend Mr. Wilberforce on the Star Chamber and the notorious case of Titus Oates. It seems this peculiar method of recuperation met with signal success, for he returned to the house for dinner in the best of animal spirits, though completely ignorant upon all matters appertaining to either the Star Chamber or Titus Oates.

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CHAPTER XIX.

A SACRIFICE.

AFTER afternoon school the house match was continued. These inter-house matches went on from day to day, and were played out to a finish. On this particular occasion, however, it was generally anticipated that French's would lose by an innings, and that the game would not carry on for another day.

But cricket is more than glorious by dint of its uncertainties; and the first hour of play on Monday afternoon showed that French's meant business, and the School House might have to bat again.

Fifty was up for no wickets; Cunningham playing the same steady, careful game that he had played in the first innings, and Temple punishing every ball without pity or discrimination. Sixty appeared on the board. Hewitt, trying a double change, took off Logan and Clarke, and put on himself and a boy called Wright to bowl. Hewitt was a great public school bat, but an indifferent bowler; and Temple showed him as much by sending up the seventy off his very first over.

In the pavilion, Potts was shouting himself hoarse. The Twins, under the trees, were rubbing their hands with delight. The School House boys were unusually silent and reserved, though still inwardly confident, for one hundred and fifty eight was quite a sufficient lead.

"If only we had done something like this first innings," sighed the Rat.

"Ah, if we only had!" said Temple, slowly shaking his head. "By Jingo, look at that!"

It was one of Temple's phenomenal sixes, out of the ground and over the road. Wright, the bowler, was biting his nails; Hewitt, hands deep in pockets, was pacing impatiently to and fro, and "80" appeared on the telegraph board.

The next over Cunningham went, caught at mid-on off Hewitt. The change, in spite of its disastrous start, had not been without effect.

"BEWARE OF HIM, GENTLEMEN, HE'S NOT TO BE TRUSTED."

Cunningham walked into the pavilion amidst cheering and clapping of hands; even the School House applauded weakly, for, as the Rat said, they had some small sporting instinct, though they one and all were louts. Cunningham had only made twenty-nine, but the

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partnership had registered eighty-four, and Temple was only wanting three more runs for his fifty. French's were still seventy-four behind.

The next man in was Thurston, upon whom no one might safely rely in matters of cricket, though at the winter pastime he was one to be reckoned with. He was a tall, thin boy, hook-nosed and dark of eye, rather like an eagle, and third prefect in French's. On this occasion, he carried his close resemblance to the king of birds even so far as to quickness of sight. He hit painfully across his wicket, and swung his bat like an Indian club, whilst his legs sprawled out all over the crease, but he never missed the ball. Neither did he ever hit it anywhere near the middle of his bat; but that is beside the question. In a shocking style, in a shocking manner, he made a most shocking score, which much distressed the School House and turned French's almost delirious with joy.

Hewitt, after dissolving the Temple-Cunningham partnership, had again put on his original bowlers; but both Logan and Clarke showed signs of being tired, and above and beyond that they were annoyed, and not unnaturally, by Thurston, who hit balls wide of the leg stump with the back of his bat, so that they went over third man's head for four.

The Twins were laughing heartily. It was quite a decidedly humorous thing. Thurston, had French's been playing up to full strength, would probably have gone in last; and here he was, first wicket down, treating first eleven bowling with so little respect that runs came plentiful and fast.

He did not last long—it was never likely he would. But while he was in he did most of the run-getting and helped to carry the total up to one hundred and thirty-nine.

"Only nineteen runs and two wickets behind," said the Rat. "Oh, Little One, if there was any one else to come in we would make a fight of it yet!"

"Thurston has got thirty-eight," said Temple, reading the board.

"Great Scott! A red-letter day for Thursty. The Big 'Un must have got about sixty. He'll begin to bag the bowling now."

"He has been trying it on for the last four overs, but Thursty never gave him a chance."

"More fool he," said the Rat.

"Suppose the rest of 'em all have Thursty's luck?" suggested Temple.

"Impossible."

"Don't know so much about that. The bowling's gone rotten. Thursty's innings would have demoralised even *me*. I can stick having my bowling hit, but I'm dashed if I like it being scooped about by a fellow who thinks he's playing lacrosse. How many more do we want?"

"Nineteen to equal."

"And eight wickets to go."

"Eight sheep to be led to the slaughter," said the Rat. "Here comes number one. Let's watch. Cricket ought to be abolished. It's bad for the nerves of growing lads like you and me."

Number one walked to the wicket, nervously took his block, handled his bat, and then got bowled first ball.

"Young Inkskip," said Temple Two. "He'll answer for that in the dormitory."

But number two went down in the same over for another duck, and things again looked sad. The Twins had visions of the cricket cup floating away between the bars of the common room window to a far distant unknown land.

During the next four overs Temple kept the bowling to himself by carefully scoring singles or threes off each sixth ball. At the fifth over he made a mistake; he tried to score a single past point, and indeed, was well out of his crease, when the ball was magnificently fielded by Hewitt, who threw his wicket down. Temple was only in by an inch. A shudder went round the ground.

The next over accounted for two wickets. The School House bowlers were heart and soul in the game. The last ball of the over, the wicket-keeper purposely let a bye. Temple, however, was too old a soldier to take the bait. He never moved from his ground. French's onlookers hissed the wicket-keeper: the School House hooted Temple for refusing to run; and several free fights started simultaneously amongst the smaller boys seated around the ground.

"It's a great day, this," said the Rat.

"Confound this hooting," said Temple Two. "I know my brother. He's a good chap and a fine cricketer, and he never was finer than now. But he's as conceited as they make 'em, and sensitive. This will make him lose his hair, and once he gets rash, *sauve qui peut*, though I'm dashed if I know what it means."

Temple Two was perfectly right; he did know his brother, and his brother did get rash. The Head of the House showed his temper by jumping on to the very next ball he got, and driving it, like a bullet, down the pitch. In the ordinary course of events the

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ball would have gone to the boundary, but unfortunately it hit the wicket at the other end and turned off to mid-on. If the hooting had not caused Temple to lose his head he would never have called, but he did call. There was only one run, and he lost the bowling, with five more balls to come.

The mistake led to its dire conclusion; from the last ball of that over another wicket fell. The Rat looked at the board.

"150—7—0," he read aloud. "*Sauve qui peut.*"

Temple got to his feet.

"I'm sick of it," said he. "I can look no more. I want to do something. I understand now why Nero played the fiddle while Rome burnt. I also could hurt somebody, I'm not particular though how."

Hitherto their eyes had been glued to the game. They now looked around them, presumably for some one to hurt. Fate, it seems, came half-way to meet them; for there, in the shade of the trees, was Mr. Alf.

"The very man," said Temple Two.

"The arch-traitor," breathed the Rat.

"That man," said Temple, "could be an 'arch'-nothing. But let that pass. Suffice it that he has caused us to miss our destiny."

They approached Alf stealthily and, coming upon him by surprise, almost startled him out of his life. Alf looked really ill. His face was a greeny white, his eyelids were redder than usual; apparently he had not slept since Friday night. He was haggard and jaded. In addition to his customary unhealthy appearance he now looked the haunted man.

"Sycophant!" hissed Temple.

"Renegade!" added the Rat.

"What else could I do, misters," pleaded Alf, "with the great knob of that there umbreller bobbin' under me nose?"

"Have you seen him since?" asked Temple.

"Who?"

"Rogers."

"Mister Rogers! Lumme, no! I wouldn't go near him for a thousand pound."

"What did we tell you?" whispered the Rat, creeping slowly upon his prey. He looked particularly venomous; for another wicket had fallen, though neither himself nor Temple deemed that occasion worthy of any remark.

Alf drew away.

"You won't take me to 'im!" he almost screamed.

"We are men of iron," said the Rat, and he seized Alf by the scruff of the neck.

Alf shouted for mercy. He implored them, with tears in his eyes, not to deliver him up. But, as the Rat had said, the Twins were men of iron. They led their captive away from the cricket field as the ninth wicket fell.

On the gravel before the tuck-shop the unfortunate Alf became as one possessed. He struggled in desperation, he kicked, and used his teeth. The very sight of the tuck-shop windows made him mad. So mad, indeed, was this weak-knee'd, lanky youth that, at last, he broke free from two exceedingly good half-backs and made off across the playground and beyond the cricket pavilion as a man can only run for life itself.

The Twins glanced at each other, and then set off after him. They had to have something to live for, and they put their hearts into the chase.

As they passed the pavilion, Potts was walking out to bat.

(To be concluded)

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SCHOOLBOYS AT BISLEY

By GEORGE A. WADE, B.A.

A TYPICAL SCENE IN THE "LINES" AT THE BOYS' BISLEY.

BOTH the chief public schools and the second rank of such, as well as a very large number of excellent secondary schools, have now on their programmes, as one of the regular items in the summer term, a week at Bisley or Farnborough for the best shots in their cadet corps.

The life in camp of the selected teams from Eton, Harrow, Charterhouse, Winchester, Rossall, Rugby, and similar great schools has become quite a notable feature of the principal week or fortnight of the world's best rifle-shots at Bisley, and the coming of the youths is always looked forward to by the older volunteer-soldiers with the greatest pleasure and interest, while the effect on the boys, on their health, their shooting, and their general development, has proved wonderfully beneficial.

When the marksmen from the chief schools have taken their departure from Farnborough their places are filled by another notable detachment of boys from a number of schools that may be classed as of the next rank in our educational system. It is only during the past three or four years, however, that this group has begun to show marvellous progress both in numbers and results. Its increase may be gathered from the fact that whilst in 1906 339 such boys attended Bisley, in 1907 this number had increased to 562, and last year it reached 665 !

These boys come from such fine grammar schools as Abingdon, Brighton, Dartford, Pontefract, Saffron Walden, Wantage, Wolverhampton, &c., and they make an exceedingly imposing array during their week at Bisley. Numerous trophies and prizes are open to them, as to their predecessors of a week before from the bigger schools, and that they are not without their own heroes may be gathered from the fact that last year above half of these boys scored a total of 60 out of 105 possible at the miniature range, whilst two (one from Dartford and one from Mercers') reached the excellent total of 94.

After this contingent has left Bisley others come along from various secondary schools, of more modern foundation for the most part. And then several camps of boys arrive too from the now well-known Boys' Brigade, to

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win experience and prizes on the famous training-ground for shooting.

This article is not intended to give any special description of one school or another, nor of this prize or that. It is rather meant to show what is the daily life and employment of a schoolboy who is fortunate enough to be included in one of the groups that go to Bisley from the many schools that now have their own cadet corps and shooting teams.

Each corps of boys is, of course, accompanied by several of its own officers, but there are also present at Bisley many popular army officers who take a special interest in all boys, from whatever schools they come. These gentlemen not only give the lads valuable advice and help in the matter of shooting, but they look after their camp arrangements, their general welfare, and their enjoyment, in a way that is beyond praise. Foremost amongst those who take the utmost interest in the movement are Lord Cheylesmore, C.V.O., Colonel H. Ricardo, Lieutenant Thorne (of the Grenadiers), Major Mullins and Captain Thowton (R.M. Light Infantry), Lieutenant Colonel Crosse (Secretary of the National Rifle Association), Surgeon-Major Moores (Scots Guards), and what the boys owe to these officers, and to many others who give so much time and trouble to make them happy and comfortable, it is indeed not easy to say.

The whole of the arrangements are, generally speaking, under the control of the National Rifle Association, which has taken charge of them for three or four seasons past. The number of boys allotted to a tent last year was only three, so no boy was cramped for space.

RIFLE-PRACTICE, WITH THE BEST PROFESSIONAL INSTRUCTION.

As most of the lads who come to Bisley are able to swim, and as the weather in July and August is invariably fairly warm, two large bathing-pools are erected by the Association for their use, and these are, it is needless to say, largely patronised every day.

The cost to each boy who attends Bisley varies according to the class of school he comes from. If he is with Eton or Rugby he may find that it will need at least a five-pound note to clear his expenses. But if he attends with the boys from the second rank of public schools, he can do the thing for much less. He will then pay fifteen shillings for his meals for the week; a shilling for the benefit of the sergeant-instructors, and another shilling for the waiters. His expenses are very appreciably lessened because all his meals are prepared and served in special canteens. He has neither the preparation of meals nor the washing-up to trouble about, as has the boy who attends the Public Schools Camp a week or so earlier.

Breakfast in the camps at Bisley, so far as this group of boys is concerned, is served at 8 A.M. It generally consists of tea or coffee, with, for each boy, either two eggs, two sausages, or about three ounces of bacon, besides bread, butter, and marmalade. The boys are ready for their dinner, you may be sure, when it is served at 1 P.M. And a capital dinner it is, too! Hot joints of beef and mutton, potatoes and two other vegetables, followed by milk-pudding or stewed fruit. The lads get practically as much as they want of each course, and the boy who is not satisfied with the fare at Bisley must indeed be hard to please. It is 6 P.M. before tea comes along, and included in this meal are bread and butter, jam, marmalade, and salads. Moreover, if a boy finds that these meals are not enough for him, or that he wants something which is not included in the regular fare provided, he can always buy it at the dry-canteens which are, in fact, but a novel species of school tuck-shop transferred to Bisley Common!

It will thus be seen that, for anything between three and

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FIRING FOR THE ASHBURTON SHIELD AT THE 500 YARDS RANGE.

five pounds, in the case of a boy from one of the principal schools, and for about a sovereign in the case of a boy from the next class of school, a lad gets a week's holiday in a district noted for its bracing and pure air, a splendid amount of rifle-practice at the butts, with the best professional instruction, and social intercourse and friendships just after his own heart! Is there anything in all our land cheaper or better for English boys than this, or any pastime calculated to make them finer citizens?

Now, what has a boy in camp to do during the day? Let us take a typical week at Bisley for an example, and perhaps we shall get a better idea if we consider fully the case of the boy, say, from Dartmouth Grammar School rather than one from Haileybury, &c.

On the first day of the camp boys are constantly arriving at all hours, so no serious duties are imposed on them on that day beyond the preparing of their blankets, mattresses, and other camp necessaries. By the time the shades of night have fallen old friendships have been renewed, and new ones begun, as boys from Lichfield Grammar School meet those from Islington, and as Brighton boys again find themselves located alongside those from Newcastle; for all the expected corps have arrived and are in their own quarters, and most of the boys are tired with a journey more or less long and wearying, and the various groups will be quite ready for the bugle-call that tells them it is time for bed.

The real work of the week will commence on the next day, as the boys soon learn when they are roused from deep slumber by the *réveille* at 6 A.M. They will quickly get up and be about, for at 7 A.M. the tents and lines have to be inspected, and only a quarter of an hour later the boys have to parade in their shirt-sleeves for physical drill. Beginning the day in such stern fashion makes them hungry as hunters by the time breakfast awaits them.

Not much chance is allowed for larking about after this meal, since the boys all assemble at 9 A.M., and, whilst one half of them is practising shooting at the butts, the other half is undergoing a course of drill. This goes on to 10.45 A.M., after which the process is reversed—the former drillers going to the butts, and the recent shots coming along for drill—and lasts till dinner-time, at 1 P.M. From 2 P.M. till 5 P.M. there is constant practice in drill and musketry, every boy taking some part therein, so that nobody gets much rest before tea-time. But after tea he is free for the evening until 10 P.M., when the bugle sounds for "Lights out."

There are, of course, some noticeable differences between this type of boys' life at Bisley and that of the lads in camp from the big schools, though the general features are the same in both. The numbers of the two classes who attend vary much, since it is usual for something like three thousand officers and men to be in camp from Harrow, Wellington, Shrewsbury, Marlborough, &c. Moreover, the actual arrival of boys from the great schools at Bisley is more imposing than that of their more sedate *confrères*. Imagine the sensation

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and delight of the volunteers already there when they see the fine corps of Lancing College march in with its drums beating and bugles blowing, and the regimental pet, a splendid goat, the gift of the parents of some old Lancing boys, leading the way with as much pride as if he were "Billy" of the famous Welsh Fusiliers.

Then, too, these boys, being more used to camping than most of the fellows from the second rank, have to rise at 5.30 A.M. each day, and they are marching to parade at 6.30 A.M. With them the reservoirs half a mile off, and the wash-house, are in great demand after 4.30 P.M., for most of them are excellent swimmers. They bring with them, too, bicycles, golf-sticks, hockey-clubs, and impedimenta galore. Every night there are concerts in a large marquee that has been specially erected for the purpose. These concerts are extremely high-class, and have, in the past, been the means of unearthing some marvellously fine talent.

The chief difference between this camp and that which succeeds it, however, perhaps lies in the fact that the former boys seem to do more for themselves. They draw their own rations, keep their own tents clean and tidy, to a great extent prepare and attend to their own meals, and sleep seven boys in a tent instead of three! Doubtless the fact that these youths are more used at school to living together, to doing things for themselves, and to looking after "number one," is responsible for this.

Somebody has said that it is in cadet corps and their work that you see the public school boy at his best. And there may indeed be much truth in that. At any rate, the boy shows he is a "man" when at Bisley, and shows it in no uncertain fashion. He is keen as mustard at the work; in spare time he is ever noticeable cleaning his rifle, polishing his bayonet, brushing his uniform, doing all sorts of things to glorify his corps and to prove that his school is *the* school. In turning out its company, each of the chief schools vies as to which can be the smartest and best, the quickest and cleverest, and there is nothing but the greatest praise bestowed upon all these lads by veteran soldiers in the camp.

There are many proofs of what a fine effect the training at Bisley has on the boys from our best schools. Look at that march of the Carthusians on a field-day two summers ago. Having been called to Aldershot with the corps from other great schools, the Harrovians and Carthusians arrived only to find it such a dreadful day that the whole affair had been postponed, and that most of the participating corps had been telegraphed to that effect before setting out. But these two schools had somehow not received notice. So, having actually reached Aldershot, the Carthusians and the Harrovians wanted to have a field-day of their own, despite the terrible state of the ground. But the

THE RUGBY AND ST. ALBANS SCORING BOARDS AT THE 500 YARDS RANGE, ASHBURTON SHIELD COMPETITION.

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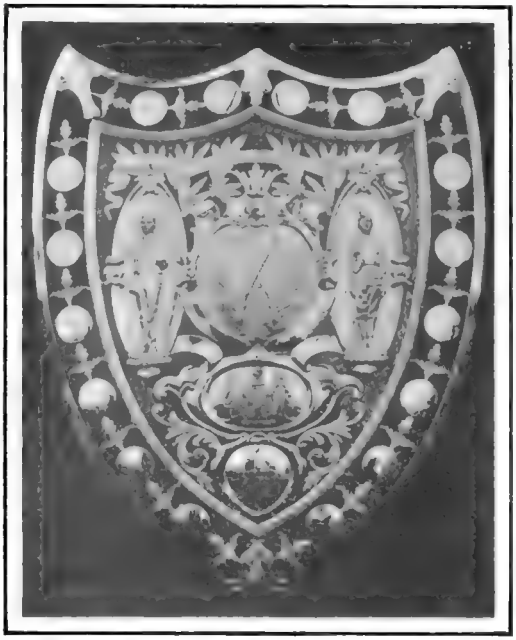
authorities declined to allow it. Annoyed and disappointed, the contingent from "the School on the Hill" took the next train back to Harrow. But the Carthusians, to show their grit and their contempt for authorities that could be deterred by such trifles as rain-sodden ground and muddy-looking skies, actually set off and marched all the fifteen miles back to Godalming, singing songs as they slushed through the mud and water on the high roads!

Then another day during the last visit of the secondary school contingent to Bisley there was got up, by some regular regimental officers, a full day's mimic warfare for the boys' instruction and pleasure. And the youngsters went through it as hard as nails, tiring and wearing as it was, for scarcely a single boy would give in or fall out of the ranks, though the day was terribly hot. Many officers from some of our best regiments were extremely loud and enthusiastic in their praise of what these lads had done and borne that day.



THE "FRANKFORT" CHALLENGE SHIELD.
The trophy for competition amongst secondary schools.

At Bisley, or Farnborough, or Aldershot, or on an ordinary field-day at Wimbledon, Richmond Park, or Haslemere, all the work and duties of these embryo-soldiers of our great empire are ever carried out conscientiously, enthusiastically and well. Of course, there may be occasionally a boy who shirks, but he is indeed a *rara avis*, for the cadet corps of a great school is no place for the laggard. The innate respect for the corps, the very drill its members have to undergo periodically, the love of the work, the whole *esprit de corps*, make the cadets of our big schools the pride of those establishments.

Whether it be Charterhouse carrying off the Ashburton Shield, or Rugby winning the Spencer Cup, or Eton supplying a guard of honour at Windsor, or Westminster being inspected by Lord Roberts, or St. Paul's proving to Londoners that the fine old school is a finer school than ever—you may be sure all are "A1 at Lloyd's."

Our photographs are by Gale and Polden.

THE "PRO.'S" LOT

MR. VAILE devotes quite a large part of his article on Choosing Test Teams to the status of the professional, and the antagonistic feeling running through the whole article spoils it of much of its value in discussing the subject he writes upon. I have yet to learn that professionals as a body—or, if you like, individually—object to the front and back door treatment, or to any question of alleged snobbishness which, on the surface of things, this system would appear to occasion. No indignation meetings have been held, the quality of the cricket served up has not deteriorated, and it is safe to say that, no matter what may have prevailed in the past, the professional has never been treated better by his amateur *confrere*, *quasi* or otherwise, than he is at the present moment; and whilst wages continue as at present, and "fat" benefits loom in the distance, and whilst he can on occasion "get good English gold for writing to the papers," your professional has no cause to grumble; his lot is cast in pleasant places.

"Why a purely Amateur Committee?" wails the champion of the pros. Well, why not? We all agree that it is highly desirable—even if not quite original—to do things that have not been done, if they are better than those that have been. That little "if" of course spoils the whole thing, and no argument is adduced by Mr. Vaile which convinces us that professionals are better able to judge the qualities of every Tom, Dick and Harry cricketer. Their "life" it may be, but give me the knowledge of the ardent amateur backed up by his disinterestedness and thorough sporting spirit.

DAVID JONES.

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WEE JIMMIE MACLEAN

A STORY OF A GOLF CADDIE

By EASTON STUART

Illustrated by H. M. BROCK

HE had been a golf-caddie all his days—at least, as long as he could remember—and he was now a little over fourteen years old. Not a long life, maybe, but one full of the experience which hardships bring and ofttimes puts very old heads upon very young shoulders. True, Jimmie had spent all his years under the shadow of Barclay kirk steeple, in that little coterie of small poor dwellings called Wright's Houses that seems to hang on to the skirts of the great church, but which must have clustered round the little tavern, "Ye Olde Golf Inn," many long years before the church was even thought of. These houses, in a bygone age, had been a village about a mile from "Auld Reekie," and though still retaining all their old-world character had become engulfed in the advancing tide of the modern city. The only industry, beyond a joiner's shop or two, was the making of golf clubs and balls, for this old-fashioned village lies on the edge of the famous Bruntsfield Links, and has been a golfing resort of worthy Edinburgh citizens from time immemorial.

Jimmie was reared in this atmosphere of golf, as were his forefathers for generations before him. His father had been a caddie who added to his income by the remaking of old gutta balls into new, spending his time about equally between the tavern and his calling. To Jimmie he was but a memory, rendered more vivid perhaps by the remnants of a golf-ball maker's moulds which lay about the house. His mother eked out a precarious living for herself and her child by charing and taking in laundry work.

Although hard, Jimmie's was by no means a dull or joyless life, for had he not that glorious stretch of green turf on which to roam and play, with the wide sky overhead and the magnificent prospect of the Castle and Arthur's Seat towering far over the tops of the trees and houses which skirted the links? Truly a playground fit for the children of the gods! The boy lived on the links when the weather was fine, ever with a ball and a cleek in his hand from the time he could toddle; and when it was wet or rough he haunted the workshops of the club-makers, drinking in stories of the mighty players of the past. "There were giants in those days"—Allen Robertson, Old Willie Park, Old and Young Tom Morris, who had all sported the red jacket and played titanic games for "The Belt" over the old links.

Now the glory had departed from Israel. The advancing city had enveloped even the wide links, and the great game had been shifted to the hills on the city's suburbs. But this classic ground could not be used for aught else but golf; so the City Fathers had, in the interests of public safety, split the links into two or three short courses, a pitch and a putt between the holes. Here the old men and boys played all day, and the young men all the evening, and even until after dusk, when the position of the holes had to be marked by a lighted match or cigarette end.

Of a morning many a citizen making his way across the links to counting-house or chambers stops to watch the players and thank God there is such a game as golf, playing which old men may wear out under His blue sky instead of rust out upon a tavern bench. The youngsters also drink in health and gain vigour by this same pastime. Here are childhood and old age side by side, both keen on the game, and all happy.

Jimmie knew every hollow, every mound, every patch, every blade of grass even, on the links; he knew, too, the lie of every green, the best way to approach it and whether it was keen or soft. For had he not played them all from the time he used a crooked-headed stick for a club—and had been brutally told by some older boys to "Take ye dollie oot o' that; ye dinna belang tae the club"—till now, when he gloried in a cleek and putter! Many a time he had trudged round at the heels of some ancient duffer with

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the latter's putter and irons, when he could have used them to much better purpose himself. These journeys served to quicken his observation as to play and his knowledge of the ground, and it also brought grist to the family mill.

He achieved his first golfing triumph when he was little more than nine years old, as a member of a boys' club, by coming in first at their tournament although he was the youngest. Glory was all he reaped, as the juvenile secretary decamped with all the funds, amounting to eighteenpence, leaving the club bankrupt. It was during this tournament that the green-keeper, a municipal official, spoiled Jimmie's best score at the ninth green, where he "lay dead" in two and anticipated breaking his club's record, by unceremoniously kicking the ball away and scattering the youngsters with his stick. All except Jimmie, who stood with clenched teeth bidding him defiance, saying, "I'd fecht yae altho' you were as big as the steeple." Fortunately the unequal combat did not come off, as the man realised he had interrupted a "competition," instead of breaking up a band of young ragamuffins larking on his best green, and made a gruff apology, ever afterwards treating Jimmie as one of the privileged. Indeed, Sandy Grant, the keeper, freely said he would back wee Jimmie Maclean with his dirty brown gutta against any player on the links, old or young.

This opinion of Sandy's had become so rooted a conviction by the time our story opens, that he, along with some of Jimmie's old gentlemen friends, persuaded the lad to allow himself to be entered for the great annual competition for the Cup which (with badge) is presented by one of the city magnates to the champion of the short-hole courses.

Jimmie was not a romantic figure; in fact, the very reverse—a shabby little man of a boy with a queer old-looking face, which would have been plain but for the unmistakable character stamped upon it; the mouth rather large but firm, the jaw square and just escaping coarseness, the nose a quaint little stub of a thing, set over a deep upper lip, and with an upward tendency towards the tip. The eyes, however, were his redeeming feature; small and set somewhat far apart, they were bright and sharp as a bird's, and withal had a good-natured twinkle lurking in their corners. Short and square, he looked as if he had at some time been taller and for some reason had had a portion sawed off him. His clothes had seen better days when in the keeping of their original owner, who very evidently had not been of the same pattern as their present wearer. Longish legs finished off with boots a size or so too big for the feet which they enclosed, the trousers turned up, and a Balmoral bonnet on his close-cropped head made up the exterior of Jimmie. He was, however, full of golfing experience and crammed full of golfing proverbs, cool and deliberate in word and action; his nerves, from the toning they had had in the fresh air, being under proper control, the only quick thing about him being those sharp, observant grey eyes. Most of the competitors knew Jimmie and respected him as a caddie, but, along with the stewards, looked somewhat askance at him as an entrant in the great tournament.

The ties were played in the evenings, or at such times as suited the various competitors; for here, if anywhere, the democratic character of golf is demonstrated to the full. The competitors are drawn not only from the "cleek clubs" of Bruntsfield Links—whose members are mostly artisans, &c.—but also from the young "bloods" of many well-known Edinburgh golf clubs. The young man who was drawn against Jimmie in the first round belonged to one of the latter, so he knew not the prowess of the caddie, and from the height of his faultless rig-out looked rather contemptuously down on the uncouth lad with whom he was drawn to play. Rather ostentatiously and somewhat patronisingly did he toss a shilling in the air to decide which should have the "honour"; but when that first piece of luck fell to Jimmie and he produced the polished brown gutta ball, it was with the utmost difficulty he retained his well-bred *sang-froid*.

The first hole, however, set at rest all qualms he might have had at playing such an antagonist, as Jimmie did not even give him a chance to halve it. So with the next, and the next, but at the fourth some would-be wag in the crowd called out in derision to Jimmie to lift his "Haskell" as it "wasna' fair," just as he was about to play his third, upsetting him so much that he overran the disc, thereby losing the hole. The grey eyes looked like steel for a moment or two, and the only other visible sign was a tightening of the lips and a squaring of the shoulders; but Jimmie's partner, flushing up red and hot, addressed the offender in language both

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OSTENTATIOUSLY HE TOSSED A SHILLING IN THE AIR.

forcible and graphic. This incident seemed, curiously enough, to bridge over the social gap between the competitors, who on the instant became friends, paying all the respect and consideration which one player can so subtly show for another in this most sensitive of games. The contest finished on the fourteenth green, when Jimmie stood five up and four to play.

The brown gutta and its quaint master fought their way through to the semi-final, from which they emerged victorious very comfortably by three up and two to play, to the great delight of the large crowd which followed the game, and who had unanimously elected Jimmie as first favourite.

Three days intervened between this tie and the final struggle. Jimmie passed his time pretty much as usual, carrying clubs here or on the Braids as opportunity offered, with practice games in between. The day before the great event, however, he spent almost entirely in the club shop of old McEwen, talking over the game in all its possible bearings, or listening to the old man's stories of how Young Tom, or some other great "gouffer," had won his title on the last green. The old man's advice was summed up very tersely thus: "Keep a cool heed, ma laddie, gang canny, dinna press, and tak tent tae yer puttin'."

So the great day dawned at last, and it was with eager, anxious gaze that Jimmie examined the heavens to see if by any means he might drag the secret of the weather from them. Edina, Scotia's darling city, being a beauty, has all a beauty's capricious whims, and has especially a trick

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of veiling her charms with a curtain of cold wet mist, even after a glorious summer morning. On this beautiful June day, however, no traces of mist or rain showed themselves, the sky was serene and the links were in perfect condition for play. So it wore on till late afternoon, when the crowds began to make their way to the links, to witness the play in the final for the Short Holes Championship.

Although Jimmie had long been familiar with the sight of the crowd, the policemen regulating and controlling the great human tide, the stewards with their ropes to prevent the people from pressing too closely upon the players, the markers, the city magnates and other officials connected with the tournament, he could not help feeling nervous as, from his mother's window, he watched them all gathering. He felt very much inclined to run and hide instead of facing all that throng of critical and curious people, but his mother encouraged him with cheering words and laughingly pushed him from the house, saying he was not to return without the Cup.

When the contestants met at the first tee they presented a striking contrast in years as well as in appearance. The other finalist was a tall, robust young man—an artisan evidently, well dressed, well fed and wholesome-looking. His golfing gear was as well appointed as himself, clean, bright and fairly new. Jimmie was in his only suit of well-worn clothes, the trousers baggy and turned up at foot, the long jacket discoloured by constant exposure, but withal he had such an unconscious air, and spoke so frankly and respectfully to the officials and his opponent, that the hearts of all those hundreds went out to the

JIMMIE WAS CARRIED SHOULDER HIGH.

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lad and wished him well. Jimmie's student friend, who had opposed him in the first round, acted caddie to him in this, carrying his old-fashioned-looking "golfing tackle."

Fortunate in the "toss," Jimmie had to lead off, and the crowd could scarce repress a laugh as he turned up his sleeves at the wrists, dived into his trousers' pocket and produced the brown gutta. It is one thing to play with the links to yourself and the greens quite clear, but an entirely different matter to play within a wall of human beings stretching from tee to green. True, the ropes held them in check, and they were accustomed from long use to remain perfectly still and quiet, but the faces all turned towards the players and the eager craning of necks, the countless pairs of eyes, all combine to have an effect upon the inexperienced player, disconcerting and unnerving him. Such seemed to be Jimmie's feeling as "his first" was short of the green, and his more experienced antagonist making no mistake, he had to play "the odd." The hole went to the tall young man, to the evident disappointment of the crowd. However, the youngster braced himself for the next, driving away the fear he had of playing into the crowd and, maybe, hurting some one. Albeit he could only claim a half, and the same again at the third, but at the fourth he drew level. The crowd felt relieved, and Jimmie's caddie spoke encouragingly to him for the first time.

So the game progressed, the advantage resting first with one, then with the other, until they stood all even as they teed up for the last hole.

As Jimmie stood up to address his ball he saw over the sea of heads the window of his mother's room, with a face which he knew to be hers pressed close to the glass. Whether it was from this, or nervousness, he took an unusually long time to his stroke, but when he did play, it was a perfect picture of a "pitch," straight on the pin, and less than a yard from the hole. His opponent played cautiously also, but his ball, though truly and well played, landed just on the edge of the green. He had thus to play again. The young man carefully studied his stroke, viewing his ball and its relation to the hole from every possible point, dusting the turf with his fingers, and taking all the other precautions which golfers adopt when they "tak tent tae their puttin'." Then he played! It was a good attempt from the distance, and looked like dropping in, but while well up it was wide of the hole, coming to a stop right between it and Jimmie's ball —a direct stimmie! "Fine, man, fine!" broke involuntarily from Jimmie, and, as the ball came to rest, "Eh, bit it's a neasty yin!" The crowd were pretty much of the same mind, but relieved to see that the hole was still anybody's. Hard lines! they said, but nevertheless enjoyed the added excitement.

Jimmie had seen such a stroke played once, and had tried to repeat the performance himself afterwards, but with indifferent success. Now he must call up all his skill and all his nerve! The feat would be very difficult to accomplish under ordinary conditions, it was ten times more so when there were well-nigh a thousand people looking on.

He squatted down behind the old gutta, took in the lie of it that way, then had a look at it from both sides, also in front. He had his putter in his hand and had almost decided to play, when he suddenly turned and took the mashie from his caddie, returning the putter. Then, amid a silence which could be felt, he bent his back to the task; a firm stand, a steady glance at the whole, every muscle and nerve tense, then a short, sharp stroke, and the gutta hopped like a living thing over the opposing ball and trickled into the hole. The game was his!

The silence was broken as suddenly and as loudly as when thunder bursts after the calm which precedes a storm, and the multitude gave voice to their pent-up feelings, as round after round of applause broke from them and they made a wild dash for the players. Jimmie's rival had barely time to shake hands with him, before the lad was seized and carried shoulder high to receive the cup and badges.

There was great rejoicing that night at Wright's Houses, and Sandy Grant, the green-keeper, was a "fou, fou man," but a supremely happy one, as he left "Ye Olde Golf Inn," where he had spent what remained of the evening, talking over the match and drinking long life to his favourite "wee gouffer."

As Mrs. Maclean lovingly turned the gold badge over and over, and looked at the Cup adorning the centre of the mantelpiece, the good woman quite forgot in her present happiness all the struggle and misery of the past years, and Jimmie, watching her, felt that it was worth while to win these things, if only for the light of joy which it brought to those eyes which always seemed to him "homes of silent prayer."

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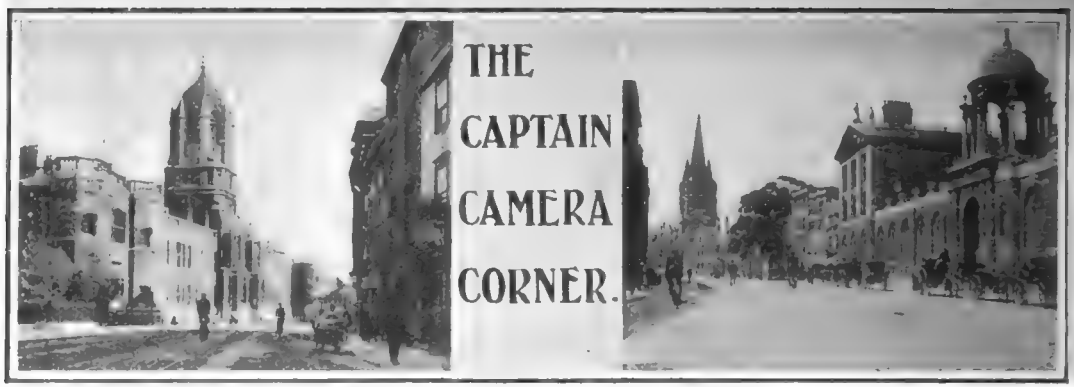

COMMON FAULTS IN NEGATIVES

THE leading brands of plates are now prepared so excellently and carefully that troubles in negatives are due, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, to some fault in manipulation. As I get a number of negatives submitted to me for an explanation of some defect, I propose to devote this month's "Camera Corner" to a few of the commonest troubles which beset the amateur.

Pinholes,

that is, tiny white holes in the negative, arise from dust on the film during exposure, and the consequent screening of minute areas of the sensitive surface. The precautions needed to avoid this trouble are of the simplest: dust out your camera now and then, and clean your plates before putting them into the dark slide or sheath. Hold the plate film downwards and give it a few smart taps to remove particles. If the hand be quite dry the side of the hand makes a good dusting-pad.

White Spots

of considerable size result from air bells adhering to the plate during development. Air bells are frequently caused by soaking the plate before placing it in the developing solution. This is a practice which should be avoided. Another cause is the vigorous swilling about of the developer at the commencement of development, and the formation of what may be called a slight "head" on it. Tap water often carries air in solution and when the water is subjected to ordinary atmospheric pressure, as in a dish, the air is released and forms bubbles. If you are much troubled by bubbles make a practice of wiping over the plate with a pad of cotton-wool immediately it has been flooded with solution. This will detach any bubbles before they have had time to do any harm.

Black Spots

may be traced to chemical impurities of some sort. Rust, or particles of metal from sheaths, produce these spots, which often take a star-shaped form. Cleanliness is the surest protection against troubles of this kind.

White Patches

are the outcome of not flooding a plate properly. If, during the first few seconds of development, part of the plate remains dry, that part will get behind the rest of the surface and never catch it up again. A plate thus affected is ruined; so be very careful to use plenty of developer and to flood the plate thoroughly.

Mottled Negatives

If you do not rock your negatives during development there is a danger of the chemicals depositing on the film and causing streaky development, which may take the form of large patches of a more or less regular network pattern. Where plates are stood on edge for development the danger is practically eliminated, as any deposit falls to the bottom of the vessel. But if you use dishes don't omit to rock them.

Grainy Surface

is produced by allowing a plate to dry partially and then washing it again. The "grain" takes the form of a regular and fine pattern covering the entire surface. Excessive washing may have a similar effect.

Dark Patches

on the film result if a partly-dried plate is "forced" by artificial heat. The areas which

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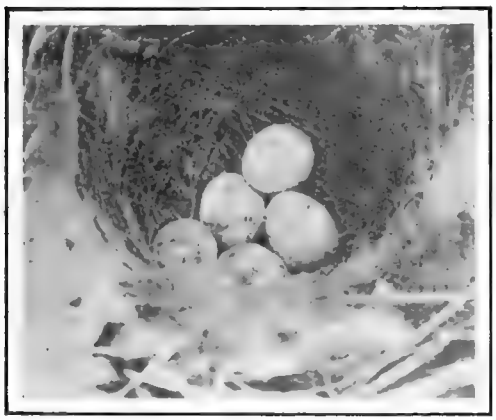
dry last often gain extra density—for some reason unknown to me—in the drying. If drops of water fal on a dry negative they will leave permanent marks on the film. I need hardly point out that one should take care not to subject a negative to excessive heat to dry—especially in summer, when the natural temperature of washing-water tends to soften the gelatine. In my early photographic days I experienced more than one disappointment through leaving plates to dry in a hot sun. I still remember a particular negative of a family group, which "slipped down hill" a bit while drying, and gave the group the appearance of having passed through a stage of serious physical distortion which would have done credit to the india-rubber man of a travelling show.

Silver Stains

are produced by contact with damp P.O.P. In wet weather put a sheet of some water-tight material—oiled paper will do—between the frame back and the paper. If printing paper be left a long time in contact with a negative these stains may appear. To remove them try a strong fixing bath; and don't be disappointed if this, the only possible remedy which I can suggest, fails to do the trick. Silver stains of long standing are practically hopeless.

Fog

may be due to one of several causes. The commonest is exposure to unsafe light in the dark room, or to leakage in the camera. Developer containing too much of the No. 2 or accelerating solution may be the culprit. Again, impurities in the developer produce green fog. A general fog extending even over the edges screened by the rebate of the dark



A ROBIN'S NEST.
Photo. by W. B. Jepson.

FEATHERED SITTERS.
Photo. by W. B. Jepson.

slide or sheath suggests that the plates are stale.

Leaky slides cause long black arrows across the plate. If the shutter is a too loose fit, the end of the plate furthest from the shutter will be most affected, as the light enters at a very oblique angle. It is well to examine one's slides now and again to make sure that they have not warped or opened at the corners Long habit compels me to keep my slides shaded from direct sunlight as much as possible, and take no needless risks. Perhaps I have to thank this habit for almost complete immunity from "slide fogging."

Fingering Unexposed Plates

has disastrous effects. The skin is a terrible absorber of chemicals, which, if the hand be at all moist, are transferred to any surface touched. Minute though the quantities be, they are sufficient to make their mark as soon as the developer is applied.

General Rules

for the avoidance of trouble during development are:

(1) Keep your dishes, glasses and shelves clean.

(2) Never touch an undeveloped film with your fingers.

(3) Take care how you pour the developer on to the plate.

(4) Don't overwork your developing and fixing solutions.

(5) Don't be in too much of a hurry when developing, fixing and drying.

Handling Plates

If fingers carrying the least trace of pyro on them are dipped into the hypo bath, they will be badly stained. Few amateurs realise the staining powers of hypo. It is a mistake to plunge the finger-tips into the liquid to fish out a plate. Rather tip the dish till one edge of the plate is exposed. Allow this to drain a moment, and then take hold. This

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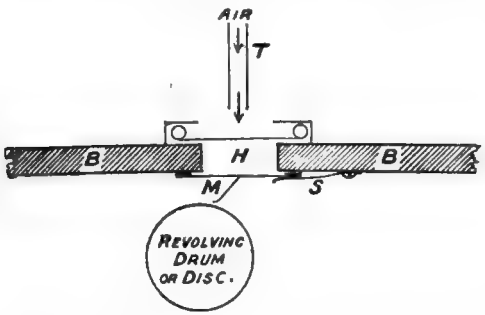
method effectually prevents hypo getting on the nails, from which stains are most difficult to remove.

A Shutter-speed Test

In a previous issue I have given directions for testing the speed of a photographic shutter

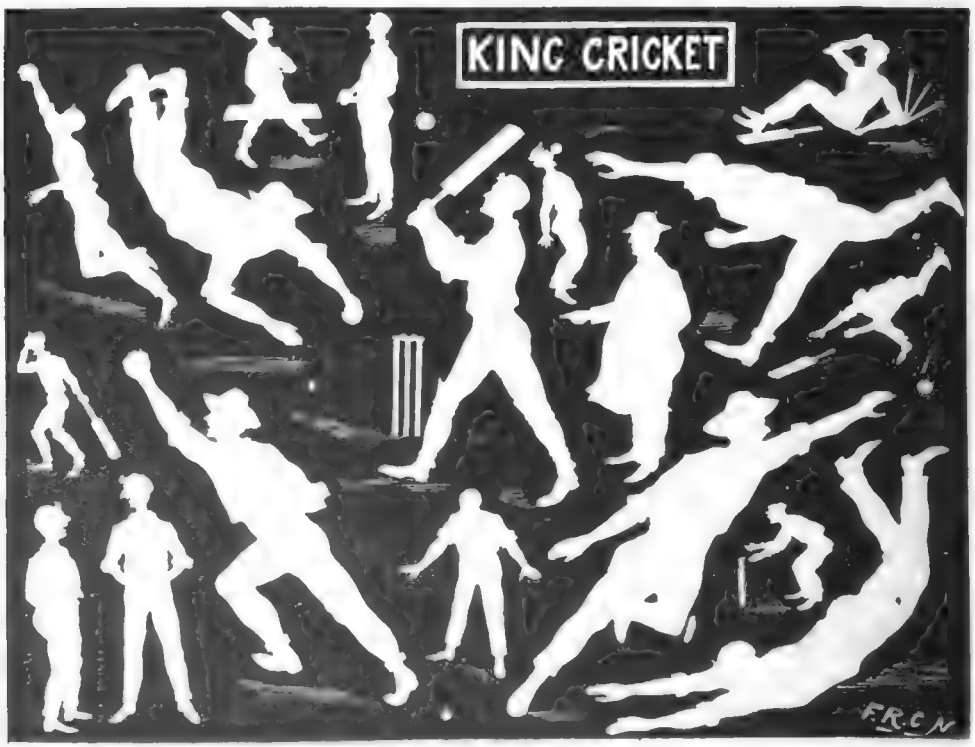


A NOVEL METHOD OF TESTING SHUTTER SPEEDS.

by means of a white paper disc attached to a cycle wheel revolving at a known speed. A novel method of testing has been invented recently by Mr. W. H. Smith of Croydon. The principle is shown by the diagram appended.

BB is a board with a small hole *H* bored through it. The lower side of the hole is closed by a very light mica plate, *M*, pressed up against the board by a weak spring, *S*. From the mica plate projects a tiny dye-soaked brush, which, when the plate is pushed down a small fraction of an inch, marks a paper covering a drum, *D*, revolving at a known speed.

The shutter to be tested is set and laid over the hole, *H*, and a blast of air is blown against it through a tube, *T*. When the shutter is released the air current reaches and depresses *M*, causing the brush to mark on *D* a line, from the length of which the duration of the exposure can be calculated easily. Anybody who possesss a gramophone or phonograph—both of which have accurately governed motors—ought to be able to rig up a testing apparatus of this kind at very little expense of time and money. The principle is as simple as the idea is ingenious.



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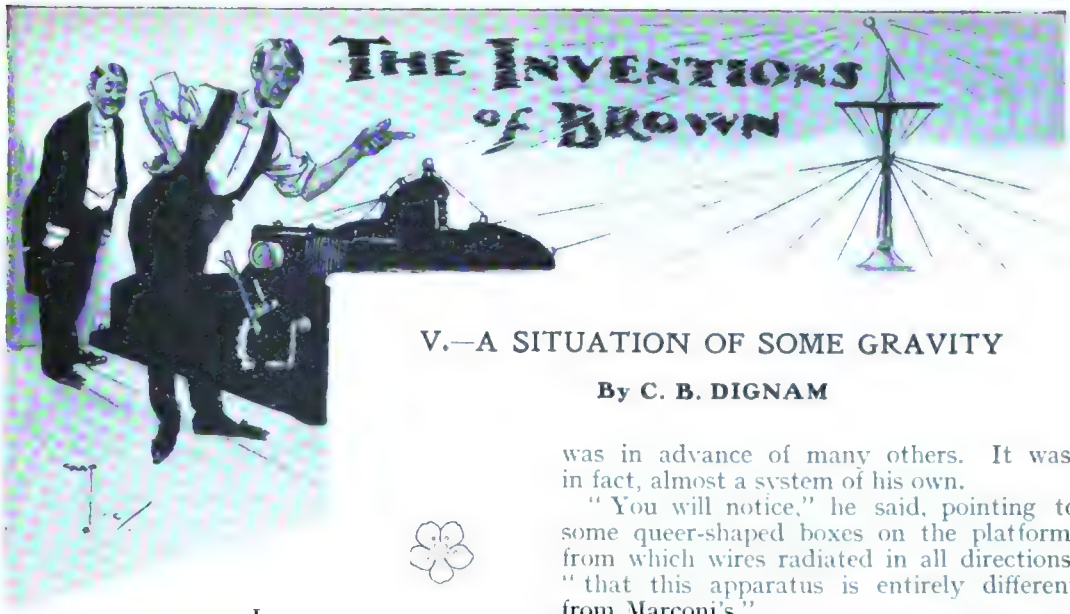

V.—A SITUATION OF SOME GRAVITY

By C. B. DIGNAM

I

DULSTON was quite excited; for was not there to be a concert at the Parish Hall, followed by a cinematograph display and a lecture by Brown on wireless telegraphy?

Such a thing hadn't happened for years, so the little place was quite crowded. The local policeman was very important and lorded it over a group of small boys who were endeavouring to slip into the hall without permission. He touched his hat to Brown and Jones as they entered.

"Going to show us something wonderful, aren't you, sir?" he asked.

"Oh, I don't know," Brown replied. "Just a wireless installation in working order, that's all. We shall transmit messages across the room and try to interest every one. . . . Have you seen Mr. Tuffin to-night?" he added.

The policeman scratched his head.

"Can't say as I have, sir, but I daresays as 'e's inside by now. 'E told me 'e was a-coming."

Jones followed the inventor up the hall and helped to put the instruments in proper tune.

After the first part of the evening had gone off successfully, the vicar made a short speech, stating that Mr. Brown would show them the wonders of wireless telegraphy. Brown then explained the system, and modestly claimed that this particular one was in advance of many others. It was, in fact, almost a system of his own.

"You will notice," he said, pointing to some queer-shaped boxes on the platform, from which wires radiated in all directions, "that this apparatus is entirely different from Marconi's."

Jones smiled at the idea of the audience noticing anything of the sort; indeed, the majority were more interested in the state of the root crops than scientific matters. But there was, at least, one there who drank in every word, and that was our old friend Farmer Tuffin, who was listening with one hand to his ear.

Brown wound up his discourse by sending messages from one end of the room to the other, alarming the ladies by the crackling and the vivid blue sparks emitted by the instruments.

The entertainment was most successful, some of those present declaring, in fact, that they could actually *feel* the messages being sent, while the policeman and Mr. Tuffin, who had assisted in moving the batteries, looked rather grave, and Mr. Tuffin said he felt "all-overish like, and that bad he would go home at once and get to bed."

At breakfast next morning Brown and Jones were discussing the wireless plant, when the maid rushed in with a scared face and informed them that the gardener had gone mad!

"Good gracious!" cried Brown. "I hope it's nothing serious. What makes you say he's mad? Is he raving, or what?"

"No, sir," said Mary breathlessly, "he's quite quiet, but oh, so strange—muttering to himself all the while."

Jones grinned.

"He always was a bit off his rocker, I

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think," he said. "I suppose he thinks he's a rocket—lights matches under himself, jumps into the air and says 'Sss-s-s-s'!"

"Oh! Shut up, man, and come out and see the chap," snapped Brown." There may be something really the matter with him."

They went into the yard and looked about. At one corner, close to the coal-cellar, stood the gardener, apparently trying to see how high he could lift his right leg.

For a few moments Brown stared in silence at the queer sight; then he called to the man.

At the sound of the inventor's voice the gardener turned round and, losing his balance, fell heavily to the ground, where he lay on his back with his leg in a vertical position. Then he struggled to his feet, and for a few seconds was still; then the offending limb began to travel upwards, much to the astonishment of the trio.

"What on earth—" began Brown, when the gardener broke in.

"I can't help it, sir. It *will* do it! I've tried to keep it down, but it won't stay!"

"Nonsense, man. Don't play the fool any longer.

It took Brown and Jones quite a long time to realise that the man really couldn't help it. His leg lifted itself from the ground without effort on his part and seemed to have no weight at all. It was most extraordinary.

They sat him in a chair and watched him. Slowly the leg began to rise, and as slowly the chair tilted backwards till it overbalanced. At last they sent him to bed (if he could stop there), and said they would fetch a doctor to see him.

"Has it struck you," said Jones, "how his leg had no weight—just as if all gravity had been overcome?"

Brown wrinkled up his forehead and thought for a moment.

"I wonder—" he said, and then stopped.

Jones begged him to finish what he was going to say.

"Why, I've an idea that the current may have leaked last night and affected some of the people who came in contact with it. The gardener was one of those who were sitting close to my instrument, and I remember him saying his leg hurt. The current my batteries generate is quite different from any other sort, and is taken through condensers and coils of my own design. Therefore, what I——"

"My boy," exclaimed Jones jumping to his feet, "my massive brain has grasped the idea in a flash. I see your fear. You imagine that anybody who sat within a certain area of the instruments will be suffering like the gardener? To use a delightful expression, I shouldn't wonder! We ourselves probably escaped owing to being close to the machine and standing on chairs. Let us hie ourselves to ye village and spy out the land for a while. Peradventure we shall see antics!"

II

Brown ordered out the dog-cart, and soon they were spinning along the road to Dulston.

"I thought you were expecting a letter from those electrical people about that new machine of yours," said Jones.

"Yes, so I was," Brown nodded. "I don't know why it hasn't turned up. Gently, old girl," he said to the mare, who showed signs of getting a little out of hand. "She's fresh this morning," he added. "Doesn't get enough work to do, I suppose."

At a bend in the road, rather overhung by trees that were swaying in the brisk breeze, the mare suddenly shied at something in the hedge. Before either the inventor or his friend had time to notice what had frightened the animal she was all over the road. A sudden swerve to the left and then, stopped from swinging round any more by the steep bank, she tried to climb it; at least, it seemed so to Jones, who was shot out of the dog-cart like a sack of coals.

He gathered himself up as the mare was about to bolt, and dashed at her head.

Brown got down and patted the frightened animal till she was quiet; then they tied her to a tree and went back to investigate the cause of her alarm.

Jones gripped his friend's arm and pointed. "Ye gods! Look there!"

No wonder they stopped and stared. A strange and humorous sight met their eyes. They beheld the figure of a man clinging desperately to the top rail of the fence, a bag suspended round his neck, and his body and legs almost vertical in the air.

He would make an attempt to get his feet to the ground, almost succeed, and his face would betoken relief; then along would come the wind, and up again his body would go.

Brown followed Jones across the road. "My hat," said the latter, "if it isn't the

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"I'M A-BLOWING AWAY. 'ELP ME QUICK."

postman! My good man, what *are* you trying to do—pull the fence out of the ground? Let me assist you to alight," and he laid his hand on the man's arm.

The postman shrieked in terror.

"Don't touch me, sir. Leave me be. I'll be blowed away if you moves me!"

Brown grasped his legs and pulled them down to their proper position, but had to tread on the man's feet to keep them there.

"That's better, Mr. Brown. I feels a lot safer-like now," the postman said. "I ain't mad, though you might think I wos." ("Light-headed," Jones murmured.) "I wos all right first thing this morning, and had done nearly 'arf my round, when I feels funny like, and sits down at the stile by White's Farm. I 'adn't been there long when I feels myself a-getting light, so I 'ops to my feet and without being able to 'elp it turns what the circus fellers calls a'and-spring! Then comes the wind and blows me along, sometimes a-standing up and sometimes any'ow! I cotched 'old of this 'ere fence to save myself from being blowed away."

The man being fairly firm on his feet for the moment, Brown removed his foot and asked the miserable being if he had any letters for him. No sooner was the question asked, than the man left go of the rail and dived his hands into the bag. Fatal movement!

"'Ow! 'Elp! Murder! Thieves!" he screamed as he sailed away across the road, like a leaf in a high wind. His voice was pathetic in its appeal for assistance.

"I'm a-blowing away. 'Elp me, quick!"

Jones shouted, "Tally ho! Arter 'un, boys," as they climbed the further bank and raced over the meadow in chase.

They caught him a quarter of a mile from the spot he had left so suddenly and, after some thought anchored his feet to a harrow that lay in the field, promising to return with help.

When they reached the dog-cart the mare was snorting with terror, and struggling to free herself. And no wonder! For coming along the road was a weird object.

"If these are the sort of things that are loose on the roads, what will the village look like?" said Brown, stroking the mare. "Here's the policeman walking on his hands!"

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Jones simply shouted with laughter. It was a sight that would have made an artist long for his sketch-book. The fat and heavy guardian of the peace for the district, at nine in the morning, hopping from place to place, and upside down, too!

Jones went to meet him.

"Nice morning," he said pleasantly; "fine weather for the crops."

"Oh, Mr. Jones, I'm upside down, and my feet won't stay on the ground at all," groaned the unhappy man, who was purple in the face owing to his unnatural position.

Jones pretended not to notice anything unusual in the policeman's method of patrolling his beat.

"Upside down, constable!" he returned, gazing at the wildly-waving legs. "How *can* you say so! Why, you are just the same as usual."

"Tell you I ain't," said the other fiercely, making frantic efforts to right himself. "I'm upside down, I am. *I* oughter know!"

"My good fellow, you *are* strange this morning. You may think you are different from other people, but——"

"I'm upside down, I keeps on telling yer! Upside down! Upside down!" he yelled again.

"Come and see Mr. Brown, then, and hear what he says. Step with me—left, right."

Jones hastened on and told Brown the joke, how he was to make the policeman believe that he only *thought* himself topsy-turvy. They watched him hop along, stop, grab at the road with one hand and then struggle with himself for a long time. When he reached them he forgot how he was situated and tried to salute Brown.

"'Ow!" he cried, as his head bumped against the road.

The inventor rose nobly to the occasion, and treating the man as if he were standing before them in a normal manner, asked if he had caught the poachers at Water End yet.

"Mr. Brown, sir," the policeman said tearfully, "I asks yer—am I standing on my feet, like you and Mr. Jones 'ere, or am I a-walking on my 'ands with my nose agin the road?"

There was a short pause, during which Brown wrestled with his features.

"Why, man," he replied in a choking voice, "*what* on earth makes you think that you are walking on your hands?"

"For goodness' sake, sir," the poor fellow demanded anxiously, "tell me, ain't I got my feet in the hair?"

Brown assured him that there was nothing strange in his appearance.

"Phew! I must be goin' mad. I could a-sworn I was upside down; but, of course, if you says I ain't, I ain't, and there's an end on it. But tell me," he went on, resting on one elbow and his chin, and endeavouring to get at his handkerchief with the other hand, "'ow I got my 'and all over dirt like this!"

As he spoke there came a rattle, and five pennies and a bunch of keys fell to the ground.

"Drat them things! If I've picked 'em up once, I've done it a 'undred times."

Eventually, however, it was arranged to take him back to the village in the dog-cart. They had to wrap his feet in a rug and strap him in before he announced himself as feeling safe, and then Brown drove into Dulston.

III

Now, Dulston is usually a very quiet and self-respecting little place—sober and dull, and its inhabitants likewise. But to-day!

Brown and Jones had expected some little excitement, but nothing like what they did find.

The village street looked as if all the people imagined themselves strange and weird animals gifted with a variety of fantastic movements. By the door of the "Frolicsome Farmer" stood, or rather reclined, its erstwhile cheerful landlord.

Jones greeted him in cheery vein: "Good-morrow, friend, I prithee tell me what ails thee?"

The man's deep voice rang with wrath as he answered: "Maybe it's very funny for you, sir, but for me it is far from mirthful. I am, indeed, feeling far from well."

He paused to wedge himself firmly against the door-post, and groaned heavily.

Brown called for the ostler.

"No good, sir, the ostler's off 'is 'ead!"

"Off his feet, you mean," muttered Jones.

"Says his legs are balloons and *will* keep floating in the air," continued the landlord. "The last time I saw him he was strapping horse-collars to his boots." And the landlord sighed in a heartrending manner.

"Look here," cried Jones, "it's no good yapping about other people's troubles. What's the matter with *you?*"

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The gloomy-visaged object at the door removed himself from his post, took a step forward, and then fell backwards.

They helped him up, finding him rather awkward to handle, as all his weight appeared to have shifted to his back.

"Don't trouble, gentlemen; your help

"OH, MR. JONES, MY FEET WON'T STAY ON THE GROUND AT ALL."

is of no avail. I am not long for this world, I fear. Leave me to lean against the wall. I am safer thus."

"Chase me," murmured Jones, "some of us are cheerful to-day, and no mistake!"

"Goodness," cried Brown, "look at the ostler!"

They roared at the sight of a wizened little man shuffling out of the yard, his legs far apart, looking as if he had on enormous snow-shoes, as he laboriously lifted first one horse-collar and then the other.

Their attention was suddenly diverted from this unfortunate object by the sight of the policeman in the dogcart assuming a vertical position, feet uppermost, and then reaching the ground with a run. Staggering along in the manner of a professional acrobat, he collided with the landlord, who grasped the policeman's feet in astonishment.

Brown and Jones led the mare into the yard, and tied the animal up. They left the constable still struggling with the innkeeper, and walked down the street.

"Look here," said Brown, as they gazed at the villagers' quaint antics, "this is getting beyond a joke. Some one will be hurt. What's to be done?"

"What *can* we do!" returned Jones. They were passing the Parish Hall. "Wonder if anything's gone wrong there!" said Brown. Jones said he would see, and opening the door, looked in, only to retire with great promptitude. Closing the door, he held the handle tightly.

"Good gracious, George, what's the matter?" demanded Brown, coming up. "You look as if you had seen a ghost."

"No, old boy, not a ghost, but far worse! I'd no sooner opened the door than a globe and a table, two chairs and a bench, rushed at me. I tell you, I was scared!"

"Oh, nonsense, man; don't talk rot! Open the door and let me go in."

Jones pushed Brown in, closing the door quickly behind him. A moment later he heard Brown calling frantically to be let out. For a few seconds he grinned at the hurried movements and shouts of the man inside; then he opened the door and stepped in.

He gasped for a moment. Indeed, it

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was enough to make any one look twice. Half the furniture in the Hall was blowing about in the draught, like feathers in a windy street. Undoubtedly the current had removed the pull of gravity from the various wooden objects. Opening the door caused a draught and, having no weight, the chairs and tables and things were bouncing about in a manner that was sufficient to shake the strongest nerve.

As Brown moved, the furniture followed him as paper will a train, and Jones saw him perched on the platform with a chair in his hand warding off his inanimate assailants. I know it sounds a bit far fetched, but wouldn't *you* feel rather nervous if on opening your dining-room door the table made a rush at you?

"Brave man!" cried Jones sarcastically from a very safe corner.

"Shut up!" said Brown irritably, cleverly diverting a frisky-looking table with a cloth draped round it like a Spanish brigand's cloak. "Take the beastly things away."

In a few minutes the furniture subsided in various stages of disorder, except the globe, which continued to float round in an uncanny manner.

Every time Brown moved, the furniture showed signs of getting up on its hind legs, as it were, so he had to go very cautiously. At length, however, he and his friend managed to make their escape.

IV

Once in the street again, they came upon more curiosities.

Next door to the Parish Hall was a stable where the local grocer kept a couple of ponies. Possibly the current was capable of leaking through brickwork: anyway, whether it was or not, the ponies had become affected. It was a comical sight to see the grocer's assistant endeavouring to harness one of them to the cart.

He experienced some difficulty, however; partly owing to the fact that one side of his body had no weight, giving him a tendency to lean to one side, and partly because the animal's back legs would *not* stay on the ground. At last the fore-part was firmly strapped in, and the worried boy attempted to drive away on his round.

Walking as it was on its fore-legs, the animal looked like a circus-horse. Every now and then the driver would pull up and, leaning forward, force the back of the pony to the ground, hold it there for a moment, and then gingerly lift his hand off. But it was no good, the pony's back legs would not remain down.

Brown watched the animal's antics for some time in silence; then, looking at his watch, told Jones that time was getting on.

"We'd better look up Tuffin on the way. He was complaining about feeling upset last night," remarked Jones.

Brown took a last look at the street of eccentric people going through their acrobatic performances.

"I never thought," Brown gazed long and thoughtfully at an old gaffer who was swaying about in the wind, his feet being the only part of him coming down under the influence of gravity, "I never thought I should live to see the inhabitants of Dulston looking like a lot of tumbling teddy-bears. I hope it won't last."

They fetched the dog-cart from the inn, and drove to Farmer Tuffin's. Mrs. Tuffin greeted them.

"Oh, I'm so glad you've come, Mr. Brown," she said hurriedly. "The man's been so queer all the morning. I wanted to send for the doctor, but you know what Mr. Tuffin is, he wouldn't hear of it. He keeps groaning something awful, and now he's locked himself in the barn and won't even let me near him."

Brown was all sympathy.

"There, there, Mrs. Tuffin, don't you worry. I daresay it's nothing very serious. We'll run round and see if he'll let *us* in."

They walked round to the big barn and thumped on the doors.

"Go away," said a voice, "and leave me to my fate."

"Let us in, there's a good man. We've come to see you" said Brown.

After some parley, the farmer said he would let them in. They could hear him moving about, and once or twice there came a soft thud and smothered cries.

Jones slowly pushed the creaking doors back, and when their eyes became accustomed to the gloom the form of Mr. Tuffin, lugubrious of countenance, became apparent, grovelling in a heap of corn a few feet from the entrance.

"What's up, farmer?" asked Jones.

"I'm bad, I am, terrible bad. Gone funny all over, I have. If I stands up, I falls down. If I try and walk, I turns over and over before I reach the ground. Queer thing is, it don't hurt me to fall—no weight in me, far as I can make out."

Jones helped him to his feet, and forgetting

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that the farmer weighed nothing to speak of, put the force into his arm that in the ordinary way would have been required, but which in this case sent Mr. Tuffin hurtling skyward. The place echoed with his cries, and there was a look of abject terror on his face as he gently drifted back.

"All right, we've got you," Brown assured him, as he alighted in their arms. "Put him on his feet, Jones."

The farmer stood vertical for a moment. Then he attempted to walk, He lurched forward and turned over once or twice before reaching the floor.

"I'll sit here," he said gloomily, "I'm safer. This is where I feels heavy like" (pressing the lower buttons of his waistcoat), "and nowhere else."

Brown perched himself on the side of a bin.

"Look here, farmer, I want to ask you when you first began to be queer."

Mr. Tuffin scratched his head wearily.

"Felt bad as soon as ever I turned on a little tap thing in one of them tin cases."

"Ah!" from Jones.

"Tuffin—Tuffin," said Brown sadly, "when *will* you learn to leave things alone? When you opened that 'tap thing' you let ether waves—not the ordinary sort of ether waves either—loose in the room. And now you are suffering from the effects. How Jones and I escaped is a mystery. I only hope you will soon lose the unpleasant symptoms you appear to have got. Just sit about in a chair to-day and do nothing."

They helped him indoors and left him to the care of his wife. Then they drove home.

The next day, the ether waves having evaporated, the village was its normal self again.

CYCLIST: "What do you mean by upsetting me like this?"
VILLAGE CONSTABLE: "Well, judging by the speed you was a-going, I thought that either the bike was running away with you or you was running away with the bike!"

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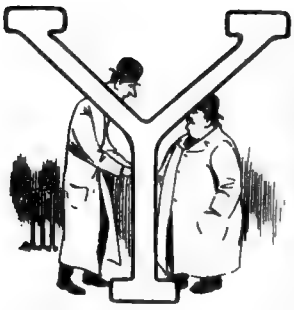
The Yorkshire "Crowd"



YORKSHIREMEN are cricketers to a man. They either play the game or go and see it. It is part of their summer life, and few opportunities of witnessing an important match are ever missed. No doubt the consistent success of the County team during past years has done much to create the widespread enthusiasm to be met with, and the wise policy adopted by the Yorkshire Committee of distributing their home fixtures amongst several centres serves the purpose of maintaining a lively interest in the game throughout the shire.

The Yorkshireman is a good sportsman. He is not bitter in defeat and is not slow to acknowledge merit in an opposing side. His comments are often outspoken and blunt; some of his observations may even be caustic, but they are rarely ill-natured. His enthusiasm is whole-hearted, and one of his favourite sporting phrases runs, "A game is never lost till it's won!" He applauds vigorously, and few who have heard the Yorkshire "roar" are likely to forget the experience.

Finding myself amongst a typical crowd during the progress of a Yorkshire *versus* Essex match at Headingley, I derived considerable amusement from listening to the conversations and noting the actions of my fellow spectators. The weather was delightfully fine and seemed to put every one on good terms with himself. The men with the "pine like wine" and "The team on a post-card" found ready customers and beamed accordingly.

"George Hirst's toffee" penny a packet."

The usual practice at the nets was indulged in, and whilst this lasted the players came in for some good-humoured criticism. "The parson's a rare good batter," said one man with a knowing air, alluding to the Rev. F. H. Gillingham. "So he is," came from another critic, "but I wonder who does 'is sick visitin'!"

Haigh's "cart-wheel."

The remarks during the play were full of personal paragraphs. For instance, Buckenham was laying about him, and seemed especially severe on Hirst, whom he hit hard for four once or twice.

"Never mind, George," shouted a sympathiser, "'ave a suck at yer bon-bons!"—the allusion being, of course, to the particular make of toffee with which George Hirst's name is identified and which is sold on all the Yorkshire County grounds.

The Essex team were eventually all out, but the rules of the game required that they should follow on, and as the first two batsmen were emerging from the pavilion to commence the second innings, a voice was heard to exclaim, "Why, they're changing the batting order; that's Fane and McGahey."

"*That's* not McGahey, it's Perrin; I know 'im by 'is legs," chimed in some one else.

"And I say it's Gillingham," chirped a man with the squeaky voice. The wordy warfare continued until the arrival of the man with the "C'rect scorin' cards," when it was announced that the usual pair—Fane and Douglas—were in!

Naturally the batsmen elected to take no risks, and play in

Peacefully dozing in his seat

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consequence ruled quiet, the only excitement for some time being provided by a stoutish gentleman in the pavilion enclosure, who, presumably overcome by the heat of the sun, was peacefully dozing in his seat. Observing this, an acquaintance approached and dealt him a violent dig in the side with his stick, which aroused the somnolent one to such good purpose that he started up in a confused fashion and shouted out "Play up, Martin!"—which cry of encouragement he evidently intended for the benefit of Lord Hawke, whose Christian name it is. The incident, as may be imagined, created not a little amusement amongst the people in the vicinity, the absurdity of the ejaculation being considerably heightened by the fact that the genial Yorkshire captain was not even on the field!

Following this, a hearty laugh was raised at the expense of another onlooker, who distinguished himself in a way he little wished for. Douglas, with a fine drive, scored a boundary, the ball rolling in the direction of the onlooker in question, who, in his anxiety to be the first to reach it, sprang forward, but caught his foot as he was clearing the wooden rail and fell full length on the cycle track! Nothing daunted, he quickly scrambled to his feet again, and made a wild rush for the ball, which he secured and aimed at the approaching fieldsman. To his chagrin, however, it struck the back of the sight-board, and our ambitious friend retired crestfallen to his seat amidst the derisive applause of the delighted crowd.

F. J. Baron.

SCHOFIELD HAIGH: AN APPRECIATION

Besides the Australians' visit, there is another special attraction on the Yorkshire card for the present season. I refer to the richly deserved benefit of Schofield Haigh, of Yorkshire and England, which begins on August 2, at Bradford.

What a model for the schoolboy bowler he has been, and indeed, still is! To see him at one end and the "Superb George" at the other, with the temperature at 90° in the shade, pegging away at an opposing batsman who has become set, is a stimulating sight not to be forgotten in a hurry. Every ball is sent down with the same unflinching energy and daring determination that have made the name of Yorkshire a household word in the vast world of cricket.

He is, perhaps, one of the least noticeable of Test Match players, but though small, he is tough, and a second glance at him impresses one with the bull-dog determination of his face. Modest and taciturn, he rarely makes half a dozen remarks during a match. Imperturbable, he occasionally relaxes into a grunt when hit for four, or a slight smile upon taking a good catch.

As a batsman he is rather overshadowed by the many giants that the Yorkshire team possesses. Nevertheless, as a painstaking, "slow but sure" No. 8, on his day he is a model for the young batsman who is inclined to be over-anxious to hit out at every ball.

Don't forget his benefit!

S. Ashcroft.

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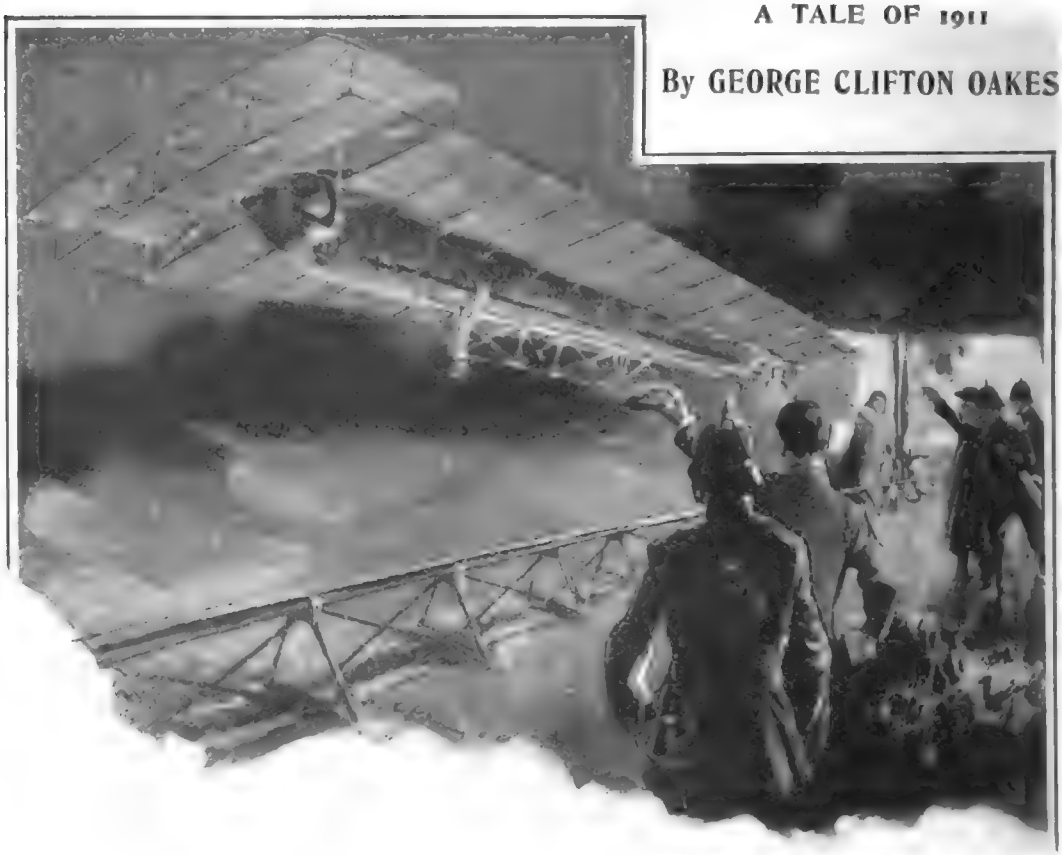
THE SILVER FLYER

A TALE OF 1911

By GEORGE CLIFTON OAKES



I

"YES, Tim, my new aeroplane is a great success. I have only tried it once, but I am confident of its powers."

The speaker, George Lorrington, was a well-built man of twenty-five, blue-eyed, with a ruddy complexion, fair curly hair, and a trim moustache. His hands told a tale of the hard mechanical work which had fallen to his lot during the last five years, in building and experimenting with aeroplanes.

"Good man to you," returned Tim Arbuthnot to Lorrington's announcement. "You deserve some luck if any one does."

When George's uncle had died only a year or two before, George had been working as an aerial engineer. Wilbur Wright's aeroplanes fascinated him, and he had bought one of the first type. She went very well, George found, but the canvas planes twisted about in strong winds, and one day she swooped to the ground and he had had a narrow shave as he had been explaining to Tim.

"I rebuilt the machine in my workshops here," he said, "and replaced the canvas by sheet steel. Of course, this made it very heavy, so I fitted an auxiliary engine, which increased the speed and hence lifted the additional weight. I had lots of fun with it then and learnt no end of tips, till I thought myself capable of designing an aeroplane off my own bat. It has turned out a real beauty, as you will see presently. I shan't describe it, as I want to give you a surprise."

Tim looked thoughtful.

"I say, hasn't all this cost a lot of money?"

"Of course it has; I've spent all my uncle's upon it, and have barely a thousand pounds left."

"Great Scott!" ejaculated Tim. "What are you going to do?"

George laughed, and instead of replying

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asked another question: "Ever heard of Isaac Schwartz?"

"What! the American multi-millionaire?"

"The very identical! Well, he has offered a prize of a million dollars to the first person who crosses the Atlantic on an aeroplane. Three unhappy chaps have tried and failed. Wright is the only fellow who stands the ghost of a chance, barring myself."

Tim sprang to his feet and put his hand on his friend's shoulder. He was very fond of George.

"You mustn't think of it. Don't be a fool, man; it is certain death."

George laughed grimly. "My dear Tim," he said, "it is all settled. I shall make my attempt in a few weeks' time. I sent my mechanic over to France yesterday, so that he could find out when Wright will make a shot on his new aeroplane. . . . Has your dinner settled down yet? Right, then come and see my 'Silver Flyer.'"

He led the way to a large shed, whose doors opened on to a straight and level stretch of land, about a quarter of a mile in length, down the middle of which a mono-rail was laid. Lorrington unlocked the doors.

"Now for your surprise," he said. "Get inside the shed before I switch on the light. . . . What do you think of that?" He pressed down the knob as he spoke, revealing a sight which completely dazzled Arbuthnot.

Before them stood the "Silver Flyer." A more suitable name could not have been imagined, since the framework, planes and tank were of burnished steel, brilliantly reflecting every ray of light.

"This machine," said George reverently, "flies at an average speed of a hundred miles an hour. You wonder at the high polish? If everything were rough and unprotected, it would require just double the power to drive it. As it is, the engine is rated at one hundred horse-power, though it develops much more on the brake. I suppose you'll ask where it is? Where I sit! And no end of other questions. Let me explain. This,"—he went on with the enthusiasm of the inventor—"this arrangement, which looks like a small submarine, is the body of the machine. It is four feet in diameter, and nearly thirty feet long, and contains the engine, petrol-tank and us—when we get inside—in fact, everything."

He opened a man-hole towards the front of the pointed cylindrical tank, wriggled through, and bade Tim follow.

There was only just enough room for the two in the front compartment.

"I sit here and drive," George explained, "while my mechanic can either sit beside me or in the stern compartment, which is next to the engine. We shall have to crawl under the petrol compartment to get there."

A few seconds later they emerged into the stern cabin. George opened a trap-door, displaying a twelve-cylinder, air-cooled engine of the latest design. A row of four cylinders ran along the top of the crank-case, while two rows of four cylinders each surmounted the crank-case at sixty degrees on either side of this vertical row. Owing to this neat design, three connecting rods were attached to each throw of the crank, thus forming a compact and light engine without sacrificing strength and reliability. The high speed of the aeroplane made a good enough draught of air to ensure efficient cooling of the cylinders.

Tim stared with admiration; the novelty of the whole machine astounded him. Suddenly he became aware of a slight buzzing noise, and he questioned George as to its cause.

"That," the latter replied, "is the gyroscope humming. Don't be astonished and think me mad for carrying so much weight. For although it weighs four hundred pounds, it keeps the machine steady and eliminates all danger of turning turtle."

"But how can you afford to waste power in driving it?"

"As regards power wasted, that's nothing," replied George. "The fly-wheels, driven by an electric motor, run in a vacuum, and even if the driving power were cut off, they would continue running for twenty-four hours with enough speed to steady the machine. So any one can understand that there is not much waste of power. One of Edison's long-promised storage batteries supplies the current for this electric motor and for ignition purposes. Hark! There's the telephone bell ringing, so we had better get out."

He ran to the receiver and shouted a cheerful "Hullo!"; but he became suddenly serious and the colour went out of his face.

Half a minute passed before George, with much pertubation, related his ill news. Wright had started on his aeroplane for America. George's mechanic had heard the news on his arrival in London, and in his hurry to reach a public call-office, had been knocked down by a motor 'bus and rendered unconscious for several hours, but worst of all he could not get across to Ireland till the following night and even then might not be fit to travel.

Tim listened in silence. He knew what a blow

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this must be to his friend. Suddenly a bright idea struck him.

"How many hours' start has Wright?" he demanded.

"About ten, I should think," answered Lorrington sullenly.

"Only ten? Then why are you downhearted?"

"What do you mean?"

"Simply this," said Tim, hardly able to suppress his excitement, "that you could give him another ten hours' start and then beat him. Your machine goes a hundred miles an hour and his only sixty. The distance is roughly three thousand miles."

"By Jove! I never thought of that," exclaimed George. "But even then my mechanic cannot possibly arrive in time," he added regretfully.

"You drive yourself, though?"

"Of course, but not for thirty hours at a stretch; besides, I have been sitting up working for the last two nights."

In the silence that followed, Tim thought rapidly.

"George," he said suddenly, "let me be your mechanic."

Lorrington grasped his friend's hand.

"You really mean it?"

Tim looked solemn. "Of course I do," was all he said, and the other knew that his mind was made up.

The clock struck ten. George started as if some new idea had come to him.

"We must have witnesses of our start, and in a few hours every man in Ireland will be asleep. The most important persons in Killorgan are the Mayor, the priest, and Sir Brian. I must ask them."

A few minutes later they were bumping along over ten miles of bad Irish road in a forty horse-power car.

The first stop was at the post office, where Lorrington wrote three long telegrams—one to a London newspaper, another to Isaac Schwartz, telling him to expect him at 5 A.M. on August 11, 1911, and the third to a leading American paper.

"Please send these immediately," he said to the postmaster. The man could not hide his astonishment as he read the messages.

"I cannot despatch this one till 8 A.M. tomorrow, sir," he said; "but these other two can be wired through to America immediately, under the new Act."

"Can't you telephone the message to the *Telegraph*?"

"I am sorry, Mr. Lorrington, but regulations prevent me from using the government telephone for such purposes."

"Blow your regulations! Get it through before the paper goes to press," and George pressed something into the man's hand.

"I will do my best, sir," he said, which assurance was good enough for George, who generally knew his man.

The car started before Tim was in his seat, and the next moment he was shot forward on to the dash-board as Lorrington suddenly applied the brakes.

"By Jove! this is lucky," he cried in high spirits; "here is Father Patrick."

He vaulted over the side-levers as he spoke and soon explained matters to the priest, who was only too pleased to oblige, but implored George not to take unnecessary risks.

Without waiting to listen, George gently pushed Father Patrick into the car, and drove to the Mayor's house.

"Is Mr. Mitchell in?" he asked the maid.

"Yes, sir, but he is ill in bed."

Lorrington could not hide his disappointment, and after mumbling that he hoped his worship would soon be better, he leapt into the car once more, and in a few minutes arrived at Sir Brian's.

"Sir Brian is away," the butler replied to George's question.

He turned to Tim.

"Who the dickens can I get? We must have more than the padre when a million dollars are at stake," he said.

"Why not ask the police?" suggested Arbuthnot.

"Good idea! I never thought of them."

Back sped the car to the town, to be brought to a standstill outside the police-station. The inspector, who knew Lorrington well, listened attentively while matters were explained and promptly offered the services of half the force.

A tall thin man standing near overheard the conversation. He touched George on the arm and asked him if he might see the start.

"I am a London newspaper man," he went on," and——"

George cut him short. "Jump in; you are the very chap I want."

Six burly constables crowded into the car, bringing the number of occupants up to ten, though the body was only designed for six. Then home with a rush, and while the police were provided with refreshments, George fitted Tim up with a suitable costume for the journey.

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"You don't want a coat or a collar," he was saying, "or anything that will make you feel uncomfortable or cumbersome. Here's a sweater, and shove on these rubber shoes. You'd dent the steel casing with those hefty boots of yours."

Tim clothed, George announced to the witnesses that his aeroplane was about to start.

The old priest lost courage at this point and entreated Lorrington not to go.

"God never intended man to fly," he said, "or he would have given him wings."

"Well, what do you say about cars?" interposed George.

"Ah! cars are described in the Revelation as horseless carriages spitting out fumes of sulphur," said Father Patrick triumphantly, "but there is no mention of lifeless birds."

But the priest saw that nothing he could say would hinder the will of two such casuists, so he contented himself with blessing them and their enterprise. They grasped the old man's hand and thanked him, after which the whole company went out to the machine shed.

The spectators—constables, reporter and all—uttered a cry of delight when they saw the "Silver Flyer."

Lorrington, after satisfying himself that the petrol and oil tanks were full, slapped his friend on the shoulder.

"Ready, Tim?" he asked. "Right, then; get inside and lie just there, if you don't mind. I'm sorry to have to stow you away like this, but you will be able to see our friends through these two glass panels."

"Not so quick," said Arbuthnot. "How are you going to start your engine?"

"By the switch. That is how I have started it every time so far. Now make room for me to stand, please."

George squeezed through the man-hole as he spoke, till only his head and shoulders remained outside. A smile of entire confidence lit up his face as he stood regarding the spectators.

"Gentlemen," he said, addressing them, "I wish to thank you all for coming here to-night, and trust that you will all be ready to appear as witnesses if I should call upon you. I am playing for one of the highest stakes possible, namely, a reward of one million dollars. Within ten days I hope to be back again, when we will celebrate this journey. Rest assured," he continued, seeing doubtful glances, "I know this machine will work like a clock. So good-bye, gentlemen."

His hand moved towards the switch as he spoke, but a woman's voice arrested his arm. His old housekeeper stumbled forward.

"I thought you would want something to eat on the journey, sir," she said, presenting a basket of provisions. George took them gratefully, for he had entirely overlooked this trifling matter, and switched on.

The engine answered instantly, giving a few sharp explosions, which ended in a roar as the machine glided along the single rail.

Faster and faster it went, George shut the manhole, and almost at the same moment the aeroplane rose in the air. A few seconds later the rocky cliff was passed, and high up above the blue sea waves the "Silver Flyer" sped onwards in the bright moonlight towards America's far-off shores.

II

George gave a sigh of relief.

"I'm always glad when I get clear off the ground," he said; "the starting and landing of these machines are their only drawbacks. What do you think of the flying sensation?"

"At present I feel as if I were lying on the most comfortable bed ever made; but what is the idea of having the interior padded with air-cushions?"

"Oh—you'll want them when we strike *terra firma* again," George laughed. "There is always a slight bump when we first touch the ground, but with air-cushions it is hardly noticeable."

"Why can't we hear the engine now? When it first started the exhaust sounded like a Maxim gun."

"It's making just as much noise, but now that the man-hole is closed, and the engine-room door shut, we are in an air-tight compartment, except for two small ventilating holes, though the engine is getting a good current of air. One of the chief reasons for arranging things in this way, is to enable the machine to float should we have a breakdown. How would you like to take your first lesson in driving? As you have driven cars for many years, you oughtn't to find it difficult."

In a few minutes he showed Tim how to manipulate the wheels and levers. So long as the engine was kept at a constant speed, the height and level of the aeroplane could be adjusted by three wheels, which actuated the planes. Another wheel worked the rudder, and on the whole this was the most difficult to manipulate correctly. To allow for the relative altering of the compass needle, the driver had to calculate the distance done by

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the machine from the time and speed, but there was no sure way of reckoning the speed. It is true there was a speed indicator, worked by the resistance of the air, but it was impossible to tell the velocity or direction of the wind. A very rough idea of the whereabouts of the aeroplane was given by a magnetic dip-needle, though George trusted to his everlasting luck to steer him straight to Deccaville, where Schwartz lived.

For hours the aeroplane flew steadily, with the speedometer registering a hundred miles per hour and the barometer indicating a height of two thousand feet.

George had not moved a lever for over half an hour.

"I am dead tired," he said, turning to Tim. "Do you think you could drive now? If in any doubt or difficulty, just wake me. I am going to have a sleep."

He crawled down the passage to the other compartment and was soon sound asleep.

Arbuthnot felt perfectly at ease, sitting in the driver's seat. Every few minutes he switched on a small electric lamp and noted that the spirit-level, speedometer, and compass remained correct.

He thought of his friends in England, and his eyes closed momentarily. Time passed and he started dreaming. No wonder he felt tired. Like George, he had not slept for two nights past.

Quickly the night wore on.

Lorrington awoke; he felt queer, and suffocating. The aeroplane had heeled over on one side and the engine was misfiring badly. He roused himself quickly and called Tim. Getting no answer, he dived down the passage and pushed past the insensible form of his companion. In a few seconds he readjusted the planes, but the machine did not right itself. The gyroscope, which had prevented it from swerving, now retarded the straightening movement.

The suffocating sensation with which he awoke came back to him, but in a second he knew the cause—the barometer showed that they were at a height of 20,000 feet!

With a quick movement he half closed the throttle and fell unconscious beside his friend.

Half an hour later Tim came to himself again.

It was broad daylight, and George lay huddled up beside him. What had happened?

He hurriedly glanced through the window. Not one hundred feet below him the Atlantic billows rolled, and the "Silver Flyer" was dropping down, down, down!

With a startled cry he turned every wheel and pulled every lever which could possibly make the machine rise, but to his horror they still descended. Suddenly a jarring shock caused the machine to quiver all over; a wave bigger than the rest had dashed against a blade of one of the propellers. The shock brought George to his senses. He took in the situation at a glance; the horrors of being washed about helpless in mid-ocean passed through his mind.

Even as he crouched there, helpless and doubled up for want of room, the aeroplane rose again; at first slowly, but gradually quicker and quicker.

George inwardly thanked Providence for having saved the propeller, and became calmer.

The misfiring of the engine, caused by getting too rarefied air, had stopped, and everything was running like clockwork.

"Hullo," said Tim, "your nose has been bleeding. There is blood all down your sweater!"

"Well, I never! same to you," said Lorrington laughing. "They say that one's nose always bleeds at great heights. How did you come to fall asleep?"

"It must have been the rarefied air."

"Never mind," said George, "it is all over now. We have attained a record height for aeroplanes, and that's something! I am thoroughly rested and can drive myself for the rest of the way. Aren't you longing for a smoke? Have a cigarette."

"Thanks, but surely you can't light matches here next to the petrol-tank?" queried Tim. "Supposing there is a leak?"

Lorrington smiled. "I don't use a match," he said. "I get a light from one of the exhaust-pipes." He crawled to the engine and a little later was back with a lighted cigarette.

"I have never known an air-cooled engine to keep so cool," he said. "I had difficulty in finding a pipe hot enough to get a light from."

Hours passed as the two young aeronauts chatted and smoked.

"I wonder if there are any ships in sight," said George as he leaned forward and looked through one of the glass panels. Even as he did so he gave a cry of delight. "Look," he shouted excitedly, pointing to a White Star Liner about a mile ahead, "we're fairly on the right track."

Every second brought them nearer the vessel. Those on board were staring awe-struck at the machine. None of them had ever seen such a sight before, since the "Silver Flyer" was the first successful aeroplane

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A WAVE BIGGER THAN THE REST HAD DASHED AGAINST A BLADE OF ONE OF THE PROPELLERS.

made of steel. One of the passengers afterwards described the machine as a "flying submarine."

All cheered lustily when they saw a tiny Union Jack thrust through the man-hole, but the aeronauts could not hear them, though the

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latter could tell by the open mouths and waving arms that all on board wished them God-speed.

"There is practically no wind," announced Lorrington cheerfully.

"How do you know that?"

"It is very simple," he explained. "I noticed by the flag the liner was flying that if there was any wind it must be a head wind, and on the presumption that the liner is doing twenty-five knots, I reckoned the breeze could not be very great."

George paused and took out his watch. "It is now 3 P.M. We started at a quarter to eleven last night and have been going for fifteen and a quarter hours at a speed of a hundred miles an hour, so we have halved the distance to America."

He glanced at the petrol gauge.

"My word!" he exclaimed. "We have used more than half the petrol, and only an easterly wind can save us!"

He remained in deep thought for a few moments. What miscalculation had he made in working out petrol capacity, he wondered. Suddenly he remembered there was no miscalculation, that the further the machine went the lighter it became, and consequently less petrol would be consumed by the engine per mile.

He gave a sigh of satisfaction and turned to Tim. "There's no need for alarm after all," he said smiling. "I had forgotten we weigh nearly a quarter of a ton less than when we started, as the engine has already consumed that amount of petrol and oil, so that less petrol will be required per mile the further we go."

On and on went the "Silver Flyer," glittering in all its glory in the sunlight. A better form of locomotion will never be invented than that by aeroplanes; no road shocks, no obstacles, a freedom to rise as high as the atmosphere will permit, and to travel at a speed governed only by the laws of mechanics.

To what extent these laws governed speed Lorrington could never calculate. He firmly believed that an aeroplane would travel at a speed of 250 miles an hour, driven by 1912 petrol-motors, and that it would not be many years before an even greater velocity would be acquired by the aid of some new power. He himself was content with the speed of his own aeroplane, but his ambition was to create a record that would not be broken for many generations.

Even as he lay back on the pneumatic cushions, apparently peacefully smoking, his mind was busy picturing the next machine he would build, if the journey ended safely. Occasionally he glanced at the various indicators and touched a lever or two. But for these actions Tim would have thought him asleep.

Suddenly the latter looked at his watch and uttered an exclamation of surprise.

"What's up?" queried George.

"It is ten o'clock and the sun has only just set!"

George laughed. "Your watch must be nearly three hours fast for this part of the world. Ever since we started," he explained, "your watch has been, practically speaking, gaining four minutes for every degree we have gone west. By the way, I told Schwartz in my telegram to expect us at 5 A.M. to-morrow, but I forgot to mention that it was reckoning by English time. It strikes me we shall arrive soon after 1 A.M. by American time, when everybody is asleep, so that the chances are nobody will see us descend."

"Do you think Schwartz will refuse to hand over his prize if there are no witnesses?"

"No, I don't think so. He is extremely generous and very interested in aeroplanes. . . . What do you say to some supper, now? I'm simply dying with hunger."

"So am I," seconded Arbuthnot.

They did not take long to eat their fill of sandwiches, and once more lay back on the cushions, while the aeroplane, with all the regularity of up-to-date machinery, moved onwards in the gathering darkness.

Tim kept an eye on the vasty sea, looking out for ships. Time sped on, the moon came up, and he was almost nodding off to sleep when a bright speck of light attracted his attention.

It grew brighter and brighter, and other lights shone near it. No ship could be such a size, he thought, so the lights must be those of a town! In half an hour they would be over land, if only the purring engine continued to go with its splendid regularity.

He did not tell George till some twenty minutes later. The latter was almost wild with delight.

"It is Halifax," he cried. "I know every sea-port on the east coast of America and Canada. If we steer south-west by west we shall be at Deccaville in less than three-quarters of an hour."

"Have we enough petrol?" asked Tim, anxiously examining the petrol-gauge.

"Probably," was the driver's casual reply.

The remainder of the journey across the Bay of Fundy was anything but pleasing to

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THERE WAS A MIGHTY SPLASH WHEN THEY REACHED THE WATER AND SHOT ALONG THE SURFACE LIKE A HYDROPLANE.

Tim, closely watching the petrol-gauge and the angry waters below them.

However, he had no cause for alarm.

The police in Halifax had seen the aeroplane, and guessing it was that of the English competitor who was mentioned in the papers as trying for the Schwartz prize, they quickly telephoned the news through to all the towns in the direction the aeroplane flew.

Thousands of pairs of eyes were now on the outlook.

George had calculated the time to a few minutes, and was soon circling over the small town of Deccaville. He had previously been in America for the purpose of learning to recognise the various towns at a glance, and also to examine the best landing-places.

The town park, which had seemed the most favourable spot two years ago, was now covered with young trees, the most open place being a small lake.

He had made up his mind to descend to

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the lake, when the petrol gave out, and the engine started to misfire badly.

Down came the aeroplane, the engine having stopped completely, but the impetus still carried the machine at an enormous velocity.

There was a mighty splash when they reached the water and shot along the surface like a hydroplane, till finally the "Silver Flyer" stuck fast in the mud at the far end of the lake.

Lorrington, in spite of his cool and confident bearing, had felt more than a little nervous towards the end of the journey.

He could hardly believe it was over at last. He breathed a word of thanks to Providence before he turned to his companion.

"I feel as emotional as a Frenchman," he said, "and am ready to embrace you at this satisfactory ending."

"Please don't," Tim laughed; "you haven't had a wash or shave for two days! But hurry up and open the man-hole, and let's get out."

A few moments later the two blood-stained and cramped aeronauts were greeted by the loud applause of an ever-increasing crowd.

The cheering people seized the two heroes and overwhelmed them with congratulations. Those who were furthest away fought to get near the centre of attraction, where the victors were being carried shoulder high towards Isaac Schwartz's residence.

NORTH WALES HOLIDAY CENTRES

BANGOR, which may be reached under six hours from London by either the London and North Western Railway or the Great Western Railway, is a very good centre from which to visit a number of the most interesting watering-places in North Wales, as it is on the main line, is served by branch lines from Carnarvon, Llanberis and Bethesda, and is within coaching distance of Ogwen Lake, Capel Curig, Bettws-y-Coed and Beddegelert, while charming walks and drives abound in its immediate neighbourhood. Indeed, the walk from Bangor, *via* the pass of Nante-y-Ffrancon, to Llyn Ogwen is one of the most beautiful in North Wales, and Llyn Idwal, about a mile distant from the Ogwen Lake, is a popular subject for pen, brush and camera.

Carnarvon possesses the finest castle in Wales, and also the grandest ruins in Great Britain, which visitors may view on payment of a small fee. Llanberis, from which point the ascent of Snowdon is most frequently commenced, as this way affords the easiest, albeit not the shortest, route, is only nine miles distant, while the famous Menai Suspension Bridge, which may be crossed by pedestrians on payment of one penny, is within two miles.

Llandudno, about 220 miles from London on the London and North Western Railway, and also within easy reach of Liverpool and Manchester, is another delightful centre for tourists visiting this locality. Within walking distance is Conway, noted for its bridge and charming old castle. There is a steamboat service between Llandudno and Carnarvon, and the district is a happy hunting-ground for entomologists, as it abounds in butterflies.

A few miles along the coast from Llandudno is Colwyn Bay, a town that by reason of its many attractions has rapidly become popular. Its situation on the edge of one of the finest bays in North Wales presents a panorama of extensive marine and mountain views that has few equals. Llandrillo Church, which dates from the thirteenth century, is some two miles distant.

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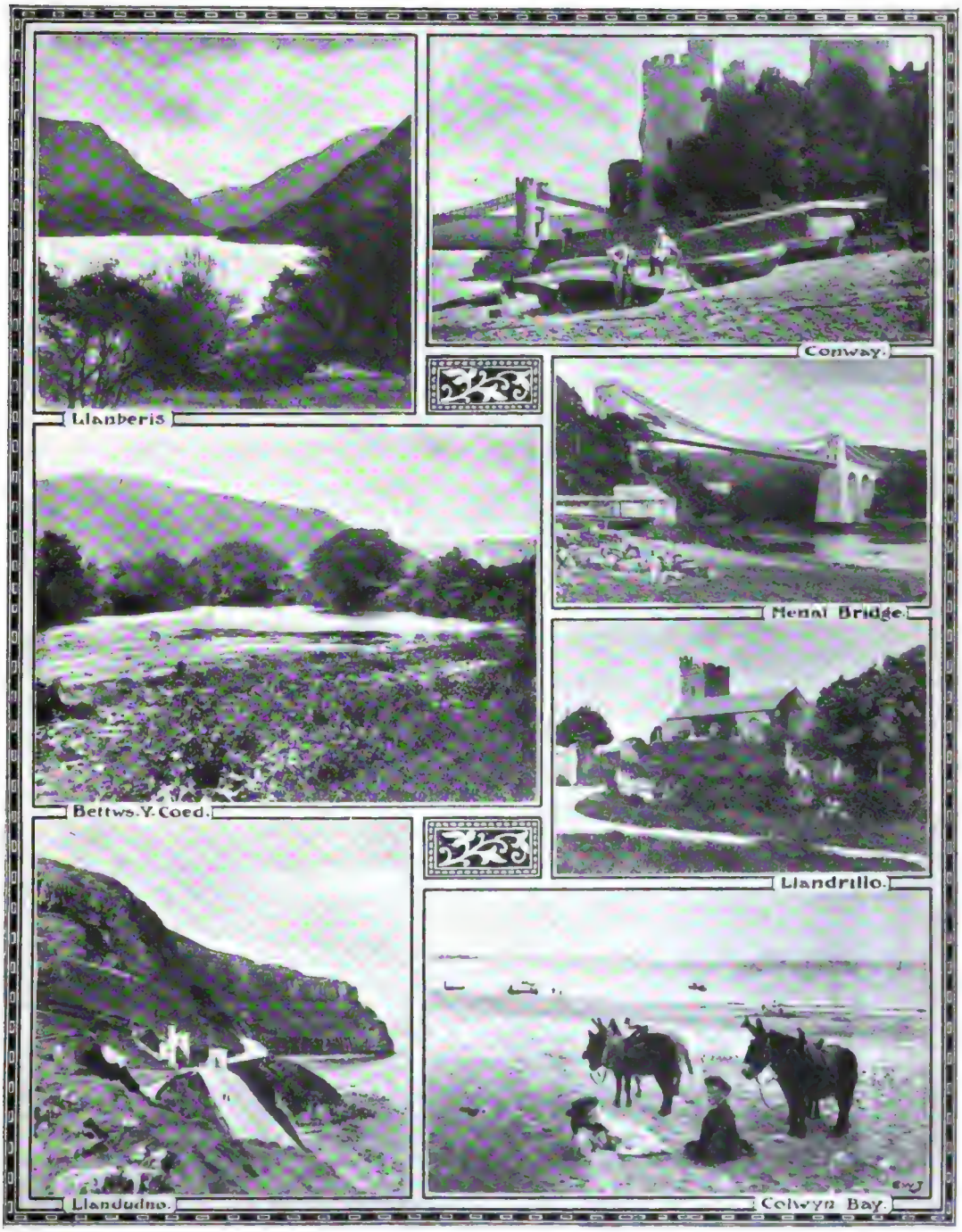

SOME BEAUTIFUL NORTH WALES WATERING-PLACES.
Photos. by Ernest W. Jackson.

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LITERARY MEN OF THE MONTH

TENNYSON

SOME ACCOUNT OF HIS BOYHOOD AT SOMERSBY. By A. B. COOPER

IT is just a hundred years ago this month since Alfred Tennyson's voice was first heard in the world.

He was a "son of the manse," as they say in Scotland, for his father, Dr. Tennyson—remembered until years comparatively recent by old Lincolnshire rustics as "T'owd doctor"—was the Vicar of Somersby, a village lying half-way between Horncastle and Spilsby, "in a land of quiet villages, large fields, grey hillsides and noble tall-towered churches."

LORD TENNYSON IN 1859.
From the painting by G. F. Watts in the possession of Lady Henry Somerset.
Photo. Rischgitz Collection.

Tennyson owed his magnificent constitution, his big frame and his swarthy complexion to his father, as also his shyness of manner and occasional brusqueness of speech. Dr. Tennyson was a man of somewhat morbid disposition, "daily racked by bitter fancies and tossed about by strong troubles." His moods seem to have constituted the chief family trouble, and it cannot be doubted that his fits of melancholy and his occasional bitterness and scornfulness of speech, even to his own children, had a strong and perhaps unfortunate effect upon the poet's sensitive nature. Had not the budding bard had a kingdom within his mind, a world created by his own fancy, a soul, even in his early years, which could rise "above this sphere of earthliness," the father's influence might have been disastrous. As it was, it probably acted as a counterpoise to the exquisite and tender gentleness of his mother—if, indeed, any counterpoise were needed.

Charles Tennyson Turner, Alfred's brother, who collaborated with him, when they were lads together, in the writing of their first slim volume, tells how beautifully proud their mother was of "the nest of singing birds" she was rearing. She seems to have had a mother's wondering intuition of the future greatness of her sons, to have "hidden all these things in her heart." He tells how he and Alfred, walking beside her invalid chair, drawn by a great mastiff, used to read their verses aloud to her, her

> Mild deep eyes upraised, that knew
> The beauty and repose of faith,
> And the clear spirit shining thro'.

What a picture! The Somersby lanes, the sunset glorified by the low mists of the level lands, the dog carriage, the benignant mother-smile shining through proud wet eyes, and the poet raptures of her big-browed, splendid boys! To recall such a scene is to be glad with the mother and proudly happy with the boys. What wonder that Charles exclaims: "Oh, all that there is of good and kind in any of us came from her tender heart."

Impressions upon the sensitive film of the heart and brain of youth are ineffaceable. Tennyson's ideal of womanhood was fixed for life at the high standard his mother's example set. Her portrait is drawn for all time in "The Princess":

> One
> Not learned, save in gracious household ways,
> Not perfect, nay but full of tender wants,
> No Angel, but a dearer being all dipt
> In Angel instincts, breathing Paradise.
> Interpreter between high God and men,
> Who look'd all native to her place, and yet
> On tip toe seem'd to touch upon a sphere
> Too gross to tread, and all male minds perforce
> Swayed to her from their orbits as they moved
> And girdled her with music. Happy he
> With such a mother! faith in womankind
> Beats with his blood, and trust in all things high
> Comes easy to him, and tho' he trip and fall
> He shall not blind his soul with clay.

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The sea—a low-lying sandy shore with sand-dunes as a background—was within a few miles of Somersby. On the afternoon of the publication of "Poems by Two Brothers" the two lads hired a carriage, and, driving over to Mablethorpe, where Tennyson lived for a time in his early manhood, they "shared their triumph with the wind and waves."

This early association with the sea-shore had a lasting effect upon the poet, and it is the Lincolnshire coast he almost invariably describes when using a sea-image, although he is recorded as having said in later life: "I hear that there are larger waves at Bude than at any other place. I must go thither and be alone with God."

But it was the sandy shingly shore which coloured his poetry, the shore he knew and loved in boyhood. Tennyson disliked the localisation of his poems and strongly denied that "Locksley Hall" was in any sense autobiographical. It may not be in its story, but it certainly is in its setting.

The poet's love for astronomical metaphors, and his abiding sense of "vastness" may also be attributed to his early life in a county of broad horizons and ample heavens. Even in his very early years, he found solace from a supersensitive mind, the miseries of school-life—the bullyings of big boys and unsympathetic masters—by "shouting his verses to the skies." He revelled in thoughts of infinite space, in worlds innumerable, in the majesty and mystery and order of the universe. When his elder brother Fred was shy about going into company, Alfred said to him, "Think about Herschell's great star patches and you'll soon get over that."

Throughout his works are to be found similes and images and metaphors drawn straight from the vivid memory of his earliest surroundings. His mind received their impress with a photographic vividness, and his genius transmuted them into the fine gold of poetry.

> All crisped sounds of wave and leaf and wind
>
> . . . . . .
>
> Storm, sunset glows, and glories of the moon

wove themselves into his being and furnished the poetic chambers of his mind.

But he had an eye for other things than these. The farmer, the miller, the fish-hawker, the grandmother, the old spinster, the cobbler, their joys and sorrows, their humours and oddities made their impression, clear outlined as a cameo, upon the boy's mind. Where, other than in the neighbourhood of "The Vicarage," had he seen Enoch Arden?

THE RECTORY AND LAWN AT SOMERSBY.

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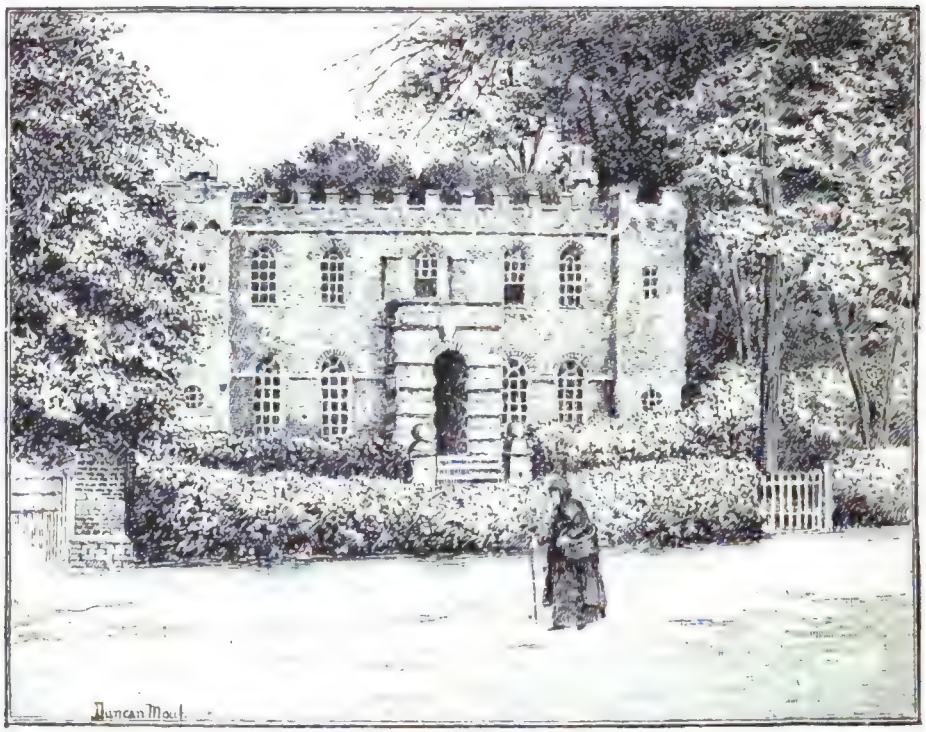

BAUMBER'S FARM, ADJOINING THE RECTORY GARDEN, AND, ACCORDING TO POPULAR RUMOUR, THE ORIGINAL "MOATED GRANGE."

Enoch's white horse, and Enoch's ocean-spoil
In ocean-smelling osier, and his face,
Rough redden'd with a thousand winter gales,
Not only to the market-cross were known,
But in the leafy lanes behind the down,
Far as the portal-warding lion-whelp,
And peacock-yew tree of the lonely Hall,
Whose Friday fare was Enoch's ministering.

"The Brook" has often been quoted as evidence, not only of Tennyson's minute observation, but of the influence of early environment, but here is a passage from "The Princess" which I do not remember to have seen quoted in this connection, but which indubitably belongs to the years when the boy-poet wandered with his brothers along the brook-side. The passage occurs in "Geraint and Enid," written in middle life, but the image is drawn straight and whole from the storehouse of memory :

They vanish'd panic-stricken, like a shoal
Of darting fish, that on a summer morn
Adown the crystal dykes at Camelot
Come slipping o'er their shadows on the sand,
But if a man who stands upon the brink
But lift a shining hand against the sun,
There is not left the twinkle of a fin
Betwixt the cressy islets white in flower.

Alfred Tennyson's first love—as it is the first love with most boys—was for "deeds of derring-do." He was a great imitator of Scott, and wrote hundreds of lines in his metres before he was fourteen. The brothers used to act almost all their reading, and as this consisted largely in records of "big fights," there were generally stirring scenes in the vicarage garden, in the field over the hedge, and in the orchard. They used to divide the large family into hostile camps, and whilst one party defended the fortress, the other attacked it.

This love of the heroic was a life-long trait in Tennyson's character. He was the laureate of the Army and Navy—aye, and of the Empire—before Kipling was born, as witness "The Charge of the Light Brigade," "The Revenge," and "Lucknow." Does not this stir your blood ?

Ship after ship, the whole night long, their high-built galleons came ;
Ship after ship, the whole night long, with her battle-thunder and flame ;
Ship after ship, the whole night long, drew back with her dead and her slain,

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For some were sunk and many were shattered, and
so could fight us no more;
God of Battles, was ever a battle like this in the
world before?

This element in his character reveals itself in his poems very early, for "The Idylls of the King," although their composition was spread over forty years, were commenced almost in boyhood. Read the "Morte d'Arthur" as soon as you have finished this article, and then gasp with amazement when you learn that it is the production of a youth who had but lately passed his twentieth year. He had told his younger brothers and sisters the story so often that every detail of it was stamped upon his memory, and he saw it as plainly as if he had been an actual participator in it. He makes the reader see it, too. No wonder Cecilia and Horatio, and the rest, listened open-mouthed to his yarns, if they were at all like his description, say, of the way Sir Bedivere flung Arthur's sword, Excalibur:

The great brand
Made lightnings in the splendour of the moon,
And, flashing round and round, and whirl'd in an
arch,
Shot like a streamer of the northern morn,
Seen where the moving isles of winter shock
By night, with noises of the northern sea.
So flashed and fell the brand Excalibur.

The formation of a close and congenial friendship is one of the best things that can happen to a boy, just as an unsuitable or vicious one is the worst. But it is not many "chums," however "decent" they may be, who, dying before they have had a chance to immortalise themselves, find a more brilliant immortality in the work of their comrade. That is what happened to Arthur Hallam. He was the son of a very clever man whose statue stands in the north transept of St. Paul's Cathedral; he was also a "lad o' parts" admittedly, and of character undoubtedly, but there is nothing in the few writings he has left behind him to account for the impression he made upon his associates. Never mind! Love is the great alchemist. It can make copper into gold and geese into swans. Certain it is that the loss of his dear friend made a lasting impression upon Tennyson and, after finding expression in one of the great lyrics of the language;

And the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill,
But O for the touch of a vanished hand
And the sound of a voice that is still,

it finally resulted in Tennyson's masterpiece "In Memoriam," a poem which is only to be compared in English with Milton's "Lycidas" and Shelley's "Adonais."

Has any reader of THE CAPTAIN made up his mind, as Tennyson did, to be a poet? If so, let him remember Tennyson's dictum. It was said "by them of old time" "*Poeta nascitur, non fit,*" but Tennyson declared this was only half the truth, for "*Poeta nascitur, et fit.*" And certainly he left no stone unturned, the turning of which would shape him for his great vocation. By the time he was twelve he had read Shakespeare—whom he declared to be "much over-rated," a foolish criticism he lived to repent—Burke, Goldsmith, Rabelais, Addison, Swift, Defoe, Cervantes, Bunyan and the naturalist Buffon. There's a list for you!

He revelled in Buffon, for, as all poets ought to be, he was a born naturalist. He could call almost any bird or beast by imitating their cries, and he knew every flower and tree and herb of the field and hedgerow. He was always very short-sighted, but like many short-sighted men he had microscopic vision at close range.

There is a lovely story told of him in this respect. He was out walking with a friend in his old age, and he seemed to stumble and fall upon the grass. Knowing him to be sensitive about being helped, his companion at first took no notice and passed on. But, as the poet did not rise, he turned back and found him with his eyes close over a tiny flower. "Man!" said Tennyson, looking up, "what an imagination God has!"

And the years have rolled round and brought his centenary. Personally, I have hardly realised yet that he is dead. Perhaps it is because his work is so vital. Though he be dead, he yet speaks. The boy or girl who makes a companion of Tennyson will be ennobled by such a love all through life. It will be a lifelong possession. For, be it remembered, Tennyson was not one of the teachers who fail to learn their own lessons. His life was in accordance with that beautiful vow of fealty which the Knights of the Round Table were called upon to swear:

To reverence the King as if he were
Their conscience, and their conscience as their King.
To ride abroad redressing human wrongs;
To speak no slander, no, nor listen to it,
To honour his own word as if his God's.

That was Tennyson from first to last, and that is why we honour the man as well as love his poetry.

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A DEVONSHIRE VILLAGE

DOWN in the valley, as if hiding timidly from the eyes of the world, lies the little village with its clean white walls and thatched roofs sparkling softly with the cool morning dew. Beyond the yew trees, beyond the square church tower, capped with red and overgrown with ivy, the woods, heavy with sleep, shine in a peaceful radiance of sunlight. The cattle are browsing in the near pasture; so still is the air that you may hear them wrenching the grass from its roots and munching contentedly. Higher on the hill, a flock of sheep, a dull grey on the green, move with tinkling bells to a neighbouring stream, and outlined clearly against the pale blue of the sky is seen the bowed figure of the shepherd with his dog barking joyously and chasing imaginary enemies. The crow of the farmyard cock breaks upon the stillness, and nature and mankind wake to another day. There is a rattle of milk-cans as the early milkman starts for the nearest town, five miles away over the green barrier of the hills. There is a noise of barking dogs and the contented grunts of the pigs as they think of the meal they are soon to have. A noise of quacking ducks arises, and a solemn procession strut across the road to take their morning bath in the pond opposite, leaving webbed footmarks in the white dust of the road. Now come the cows, one by one, filing from the milking-sheds to the sloping pastures. One by one they pass under the green elm-trees overshadowing the narrow lane and lounge easily into the wide valley whose green curves seem softly to invite the morning sun.

Thin wreaths of smoke rise from the cottage chimneys, and a pleasant bustle is heard as breakfast is prepared for the incoming labourers. Presently they emerge, pipe in mouth, to gossip with their neighbours. These stolid, round-shouldered, powerful men, dressed in earth-soiled homespuns and heavy boots, are on their feet and working continuously—slowly, it is true, but still working—from four in the morning to nine at night all their lives. Look at them, these simple rustic figures, as they trudge away each to his task: so he has trudged through dust or mire, sun or rain, for twenty, thirty, forty years to perform precisely the same task in precisely the same way. Think what kind of life this is—one of never-ending labour relieved by no incidents to divide one day from another!

Monotonous it is, but ineffably tranquil. The vast sedative of the open air, the continual toil, lull the brain into the placid quiescence of the animal. Your labourer has no ambition and remarkably little anxiety; he desires nothing new because he has forgotten all hope of change. This hard open-air life has made his muscles like iron, and he often attains great age. There he goes, the village patriarch, with a basket on his arm and a stout holly stick to support his tardy footsteps, to the poultry-yard. At his approach the noise becomes deafening. Hens and cockerels fly about him, and crested cocks feign a lofty indifference but succeed very badly, and giving it up are worse than all the rest put together. The whole crowd fight and peck and claw as if a meal were an extraordinary rarity instead of a twice-a-day occurrence. The farmer, on his stalwart mare, starting on his morning round, stops for a word or two with the old man, to discuss the weather and the crops. Both talk in the nasal drawl peculiar to that part of the country. The farmer was up with his men at four o'clock, and he is going away to see about buying a horse he has heard of and will not be back before night. . . .

By this time the sun is sinking in the heavens, and the hills are a misty blue in the distance; by mid-afternoon they are wholly lost in the shade and all is quiet. Visitors from the neighbouring village collect in groups, with their children at their feet. The round of farm labours is nearly at an end. The cows are trailing home, lowing as they come, and behind them can be heard the "kloop-kloop" of the horses returning to the pastures. The chickens are sedately going to roost by twos and threes; the ducks waddle back in single file across the road, and the milk-cart with empty cans rattles cheerily along the deserted road with its high overhanging hedges. Far off can be heard the men singing quaint, never-ending village songs, with their sleepy rhythm, as they tramp home to supper, and above all sounds the sweet, soulful song of a late thrush trilling a message of peace and hope to the world.

In the fading twilight the village boys can be seen playing cricket, and the "click" of the bat falls pleasantly on the still air. The sheep have left the hillside, and the cows, long, black, shapeless forms in the darkness, lie beneath the trees. Rooks circle over the darkling woods above the church, and the noise of their homely voices carries with it some indefinable suggestion of tranquillity. Shadows creep upon fields and tree. Darkness and a profound quietude descend upon the sleeping hamlet.

P. H. A.

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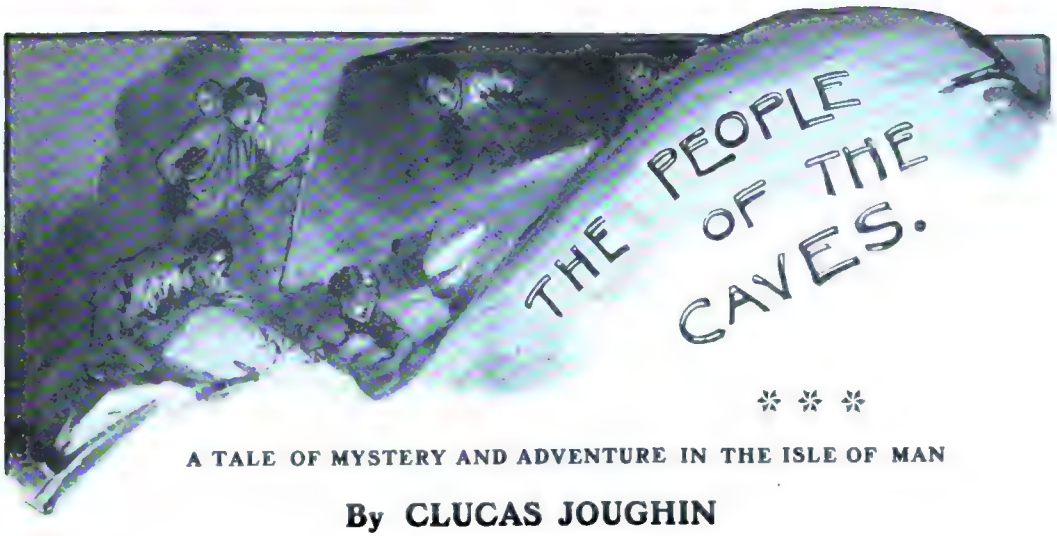

* * *

A TALE OF MYSTERY AND ADVENTURE IN THE ISLE OF MAN

By CLUCAS JOUGHIN

To a party of Manx boys, accompanied by an English friend, who are out for a holiday cruise round the coast of the Isle of Man, some old fishermen relate tales of the "Little People," or pigmies, supposed to be still existent in the caves of the island. The boys go in search of these "fairies" and find them to be actual human beings. After a series of adventures, during which they imbibe a wholesome respect for the strength and cunning of the diminutive cave-dwellers, the boys accidentally gain admission to one of the Little People's chief strongholds. By the friendly aid of Tom the Dipper, an eccentric character who is on intimate terms with the pigmies, the exploring party is permitted to accompany the pigmies to a great midnight meeting where a dance in honour of the new moon is to be performed. As the strange procession is on its way to the meeting-place, two men armed with guns are encountered.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE DANCE TO THE NEW MOON.

THERE is no such thing in the traditions of the island as a story of any one discharging firearms at one, or more, of the Little People. Our inquiries have led us back to periods when a human life was valued at three pounds sterling, and when people acted upon the assumption that if a man might be hanged for stealing a sheep, the money value of a sheep was a more sacred thing than the life of a man. But, cheap as human life was held to be, there lived not a man so reckless as to take the risks which were supposed to attend any kind of violence to the so-called fairies. The mysteries which surrounded their appearances and disappearances; their natural, and yet unnatural, ways of living; their friendly spirit to those who did them reverence, and their vindictive hostility to those who wantonly interfered with their liberty of action, as well as the sacred tradition, which had come down in regard to them, caused all but a very few persons to consider that, if not absolutely supernatural, they were on the dividing line between the supernatural and the natural worlds. The almost unanimous verdict was what it had been for centuries, viz., that they were people, but not "right" people.

Hence, the skipper's brother, and his companion Quine, if they really had any drunken or sober temptation to discharge their guns at the troop they saw, apparently thought better of it; or, what is more probable, their superstitious dread of the little fellows got the mastery over their effrontery.

For the space of a minute they stood and watched the ground whereon they had seen, perhaps for the first time in their lives, a party of the Little People. But, though only two minutes at the most had elapsed from the moment the light in the basket had been extinguished, we now all found ourselves completely surrounded by a rapid succession of whistling calls, which answered each other from every direction, save from the spot where we still supposed the little fellows to be lying low.

Then the two men were seized with panic, and bolted away along the mountain road as if they felt themselves to be hotly pursued by a legion of evil spirits.

A few minutes afterwards, we were making a bee-line for a table-land on the mountain where some gorse fires were burning.

"Those fires have been but lately lighted," said the skipper; "they are not the remainders of gorse fires lighted during the evening."

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"Them fires," said Tom the Dipper, "is the fires of the Glen Rushen ones, who are expectin' crowds from all parts."

When we got near the burning bushes we saw that most of them were blazing in all the vigour of newly-lighted gorse. Yet the place seemed as if deserted by those who had evidently just been on the ground.

The flames leaped and coiled upwards; the smoke ascended with the hot air, and then drifted away to leeward on the mountain breeze. In the fierce red light that glowed with the heat of many furnaces, every trifling thing on the land was plainly visible, but there was neither sight nor sign of the neolithic people. Even those we had followed, so friendly and so far, had quite disappeared.

"What's become of Cudda and Budda and all the rest?" we asked Old Tom.

"Behind the smook wi' the Glen Rushen ones," Tom answered; "but be sated here, an' say northin'; they'll all come up in due coorse."

The ascending smoke grew thinner as the spears and younger twigs of the gorse were consumed; and we then began to see objects on the leeward side of the circle of light.

On the lee side of the circle, on the line where the light was divided from the darkness, quite a hundred and fifty pigmy faces were eagerly scrutinising us. It was a curious and weird scene, for we had seated ourselves on the ling, and were now looking across over the tops of the clearing fires at the impish-looking faces of small bodies that were, with few exceptions, screened from our view. Their normally well-arched eyebrows were raised higher than ever; their eyes wider opened; and their peaked ears more erect. A score or more of red-coated women occupied a central position in the group, and a few of the younger fellows wore their high, cone-shaped hats.

"Not that they heven seen the like o' ye before, hundhreds of times and thousands of times," said Tom the Dipper; "but the Glen Rushen ones will be wantin' to know what you fellers are doin' here with me. They are the most suspicious an' cunnin' craythurs that anybody ever heard of, or even read of in a book."

Notwithstanding the presence of Tom the Dipper, whose forty years of solitary life on a mountain near had enabled him to gain the confidence of these cave-dwellers—who only appeared above ground by night, notwithstanding Tom's well-known friendly disposition to them, they seemed undecided whether to retreat into the darkness or await the issue of events. Had they scattered themselves into small parties of retreating figures it would have been impossible so see them or, if seen by some favourable circumstance, quite impossible to keep them within sight. We knew this, even by the observations we had made as we came over the mountains from Eairey Cushlahan, and *they* probably knew it by hundreds of years of experience. No doubt, therefore, they felt themselves perfectly secure, but looked upon us as intruders on ground sacred to their moon-dance.

"Keep quate," said Old Tom, "an' say northin'; there'll be lots more comin' yet."

The words were scarcely spoken before we heard a chorus of shrill whistlings from the outer darkness, in another direction. It was the now familiar neolithic whistle, rapidly repeated by many mouths.

"That's some more o' them," said Tom; "lie low, bouys!"

A hundred more pigmies emerged into the ring of light, coming in from the north side. Three women in red coats carried lights in baskets suspended over their right arms. They were coming along at a good pace, in their peculiar style of a running walk.

The two companies now faced each other and clapped their hands, twice, to the accompaniment of the words, "*Chu, chu!*" Then they assembled into one group.

Some of the men and women ran about and lighted more fires. The rest of the united families, or tribes, or whatever they were, hurriedly formed themselves into circles of fifteen and began to dance in circles around the burning bushes, and as they did so they clapped their hands and kept repeating their "*Chu, chu!*" *

Small parties arrived into the circle of light from different directions, each group led by a woman in red carrying a light in a basket. Fresh fires were lighted, and new circles formed, until we counted twenty-five circles, wherein every one of these perplexing creatures all clapped their hands and kept uttering the same words.

"Have you any idea what '*Chu, chu!*' means, Tom?" asked Friday.

"Happy, happy!" said the voice of some one behind us.

We started, and twisted ourselves round, as if a gun had been exploded over our heads! A

* The late Mr. John Callister, baker and grocer, Peel—an absolutely trustworthy witness—examined by the present writer on oath in the year 1891, testified that he and another watched a similar scene to that described in the text, and on the same ground, in the year 1853. The total number of dancing people, he said, would be about three hundred.—C. J.

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IT WAS A CURIOUS AND WEIRD SCENE . . . GAZING ACROSS AT THE IMPISH-LOOKING FACES.

pleasant-looking man of about thirty-five years stood smiling at our alarmed looks.

"Bless me, Phillie," said Tom, "but thou gave me a fright!"

"How are ye, Tom?" said the strange visitor.

"Middlin', middlin', Phillie; how's theeself? I was jus' wondherin' if thou'd be here to-night, when thou frightened the wits nearly out o' me."

"It would'n' be very hard to do that, Tom," said the other, smiling good-naturedly.

"There's a pair of us, Phillie, bouy; there's a pair of us!"

"I don't write poethry, though, Tom, even if I do sing fairy tunes for the people," said Phillie, laughing.

"Aw, the poethry is middlin' good, Phillie, an' brings in lots o' coppers."

"Coppers is useful, Tom, an' if there

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wasn' no rhymes there'd be no singin'. But who are these fellers? Did ye persuade them to come on the mountain to see the fairies dance?"

"Peel bouys all," Tom answered.

"Peel bouys all," we echoed, "an' Peel bouys for ever!"

"Put ye hand in that, Phillie," said the skipper, holding out his paw, "we are proud to meet ye! We heard about ye from ye aunt's grandmother's cousin, the misthress on the Nyarbyl shore."

"Gogh a' daa!" cried Phillie; "an' that'll be where ye met Tom! But no matter now; let's watch the little fallers. I am mortal glad there's some ones here to bear out the truth of my stories. Many a time hev I offered to take the Baldwin parson out on the mountain an' let him see for himself that what I say about them is the truth; but he's too stubborn in his doctrines. He admits that there *were* such people, but says that they are all dead an' gone hundhreds of years ago — as if hundhreds of years counted for much in the ages of the world, or the ages of these fairies aythur!"

THE REST BEGAN TO DANCE IN CIRCLES ROUND THE BURNING BUSHES.

Directly the new moon stood over the crest of Greeba mountain, a few miles in the distance, the three hundred pigmies faced it and formed into a crescent. The women who carried baskets raised them up, the whole of the people put up their hands and gave a final "*Chu*," and the dancing was at an end.

"Now," said Phillie, "you'll see some o' their games, an' if ye navver saw them before, as I don't suppose ye hev, there's a few surprises in store for ye. I've spent nights an' nights among the Baldwin fairies ever since I was a bouy at school; an' the more I study them the more I am puzzled to know exactly what they are. I hev read nearly all the fairy stories printed in the English langwadge, except the silly nonsense written by people who navver saw a fairy, an' describe them as hop-o'-my-thumbs, an' dancers under mushrooms, an' *boghnit* like that! I've crept down into their caves—their underground dwellin's—an' talked with them, an' watched them eatin' an' drinkin', an' nussin' their babies; an' I hev read the Bible, an' many other books, to study out the question of what they are, an' where they came from, an' what's the possible object of the Almighty in presarvin'. them alive; an' the more I read, an' the more I discuss the matter with the parsons, the more puzzled I get. When I meet people who hev seen them, an' heard them talk, an' examined their bare feet, an' hev been as close to their little dogs that they could hev touched them, only they were afraid to molest them, I find them as much puzzled as I am. But I'll tell ye this, I am the only man in this oislan that has learned their songs, an' I often sing them, an' whistle them. But never mind all that,

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bouys; see them, see them now! They are countin' out for a game of Tig!"

The scene had changed to one of seeming confusion. All the pigmies were running helter-skelter, and collecting into chattering groups of fifteen to a group. If a sixteenth arrived, he, or she, was "*Chu'd*" off.

Each fifteen formed into line, and one in one of the lines nearest us sprang forward and began a counting out rhyme, which we boys no sooner heard than we gave vent to suppressed expressions of surprise.

"Jerusalem!" said Friday, "they have our counting out rhyme: one that has been handed down to us by our forebears from time immemorial!"

"The other way about," said Phillie the Desert, "our forefathers and foremothers most likely got it from the Little People."

"Silence!" said the Skipper, "Listen to that woman in front of us!"

A woman in red was counting out for the odd one, and was very rapidly, but clearly, repeating the words:

"Haynee, faynee, fee gan a' fag;
Hoyla, doyla, ada y'n ag;
Hackerra bak, hokkera hok,
Ham, bam, *bash!*"

"Have you any idea what the words mean, Phillie?" I asked.

"Hoyla and Doyla," replied Phillie, "were the first people that ever lived—the people of the first creation, as mentioned in the twenty-sixth varse of the first book of Genesis—long before the Lord made Adam an' Eve—as mentioned in the sacond chapter—thousan's of years after. I am only givin' my own commentary, but if ye look at it careful ye'll see that Adam an' Eve was a new creation, an' that it was only into *them* that the Lord breathed the breath o' divine life. It doesn't say that He breathed the breath o' divine life into the people of the twenty-sixth varse of the first chapter of the Book. But I'll give ye my intarpretation of the two accounts of the creation of mankind some other time. See how they are all runnin' with the speed of hares on the mountain!"

Johnnie Wesley looked at Phillie with a puzzled expression on his face. "Phillie," he said, "if what you say could be demonstrated it would settle a world-wide controversy."

"I take the pulpit myself sometimes," replied Phillie, "but I've so many strange notions at me, an' stay out on the mountains all night with the fairies so much, that they won't put me on the plan. The travellin' prachers are rather agin me, too: they say I'm not orthodox. But navver mind; look at the lil fallers playin' leap-frog!"

While Phillie had been talking—saying a great many things which I cannot now remember—the games of Tig had been stopped by a single whistle: an imitation of the call of the oyster-catcher.

Then began a game of leap-frog, but not as we play it, for in jumping over each other's backs they put their hands far apart and kept their feet together.

"In all the picthurs I hev seen," said Phillie, "an' I think I hev seen all that's worth seein'—for I hev gone as far as Liverpool to get books on fairies—the picthurs of them playin' leap-frog show them jumpin' over with their feet apart. Now, I navver yet saw a fairy jump that way, an' I've watched them scores an' scores of times. I went so far as to make inquiries in Liverpool for the artists who made the picthurs, to tell them of their mistake, but I was told they all lived in London, an' that was beyond my puss."*

"A much more difficult performance," said Friday, "but a more graceful one: the way they take the leap I mean, not the journey to London."

"Most of the genuine fairy stories come from Germany," Johnnie said; "and perhaps the little people in the German mountains adopt the other method."

"That may be so, that may be so, bouy, said Tom the Dipper.

The flames of the burning bushes had given place to the red embers of the burnt branches, and these began to fall to pieces and die out. A faint glimmer of dawn became visible in the eastern sky. The little people formed up into a crescent, every one apparently gazing at the dim streak of light which gave warning of the approaching dawn. Then they sang their "Song of the New Moon"—as Phillie called it—and the fiddlers, of whom there were several, played an accompaniment that sounded like the rippling music of a rapidly running brook.

* Philip Caine, whose sobriquet of "Phillie the Desert" was given him in accordance with the custom of calling people by the titles of their land, devoted much of the leisure time of a long life to a close study of the Fairies. He sang their songs, was said to know something of their language, and often seriously averred that he was on familiar terms with the little people who made their nocturnal appearances on the mountains which surround the glen where he resided. His frequent offers to conduct any seriously interested scientist to where he might, by reasonable perseverance, succeed in getting ample opportunity for observations of those people, were, unfortunately, never transmitted to any anthropologist enthusiastic enough to accept a proposal that referred to so much that was incomprehensible. In the year 1899, a member of the Psychical Research Society, an amateur archæologist, acting on information he had received, some years before, from a former chaplain for Baldwin parish, arrived in the hamlet of Baldwin West to accept Mr. Caine's challenge. He found, much to his regret, that the man from whom he had hoped to learn so much had but recently died.

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"Now," said Phillie, "they're off; so let's be movin', bouys!"

CHAPTER XVII.

THE PIGMIES' PRISONER.

ON a slope of the mountain, half a mile away from the scene of the moon festival, we stood by the side of what the keenest hunter in the island would have passed as a very old rabbit-hole, into which dogs had once been burrowing. We were silently watching the pigmies as they crept into this burrow, *feet foremost*.

Phillie and Tom sat on the side of the mountain, smoking their short clay pipes. To them, it appeared to us, the secret dwelling-place of the Glen Rushen Fairies, into which the whole pigmy population of the island were now speedily entering, was well known, and the scene we were now witnessing a long familiar one.

When nearly the whole of the three hundred Little People had disappeared from the side of the mountain, the skipper asked Phillie and Tom whether they had ever been down.

"Hundhreds of times!" said Tom.

"Not quite, Tom, bouy; say scores, and tell the truth," Phillie added.

"Are you going down to-night, or this morning, whichever it is?"

THEN BEGAN A GAME OF LEAP-FROG.

"That's what we hev been talking about between our two selves," Phillie replied. "There's a mystery down there; and I was wonderin' whether it would be wise to let ye know anything about it."

"These bouys," said Tom, "are young men of good scholin' an' common sense. Put faith in their good bringin' up an' their common sense, Phillie, man!"

"Thou art not such a fool as some people think thee, Tom."

"Nor thou aythur, Phillie, bouy."

"Well, never mind," said Phillie, joining in the laugh we had against him, "put ye considerin' cap on, and tell me this: Do you think that these young fellers could help us in what we hev so often been schamin' together to accomplish?"

"That's the very thing that was in my head, Phillie."

"I thought there was never anything much in thee head but pomes, Tom."

"An' the people say there's northin' in thine but fairies, Phillie, bouy."

"What is it all about?" asked Friday, laughing.

"We'll see, we'll see," was Phillie's only answer, as he took off his coat and waistcoat, and began to go, also feet foremost, into the burrow, dragging his clothes in after him.

"Foller on," said Tom, knocking the ashes out of his pipe, "I'll come las'."

The skipper and Friday followed Phillie's lead, and Johnnie went in next, asking no questions about the reason for going in feet first. Presently we all found ourselves descending an abrupt decline, and had enough to do to keep from slipping down on each other's heads.

It was difficult on account of the darkness and novelty of the situation, to estimate the distance we dropped from the horizontal line of entrance; but we had probably slipped down some twelve or fourteen feet when we found ourselves in a large but empty chamber, lighted with rushlights, and sparkling with hundreds of bright red caps that were suspended from skewers stuck in the walls.

When I say that the chamber was empty, I mean only that we did not see any of the neolithic people there. Some heaps of small bones, a collection of flints, soft stones that had certainly been used as sharpening stones, skins of rabbits and hares hung up to dry, arrows with flint arrowheads, and bows that were made of wood that was either deeply stained or dark with age—all these signs of human habitation were visible.

There was no need to ask where the pigmies had gone. The chamber was an excavation out of a clay formation. In length it was about thirty-five feet, in breadth about twenty feet, and it was so high that Friday, who was five-foot seven, stood upright in it, and the rest of us had to bend our heads but a trifle as we passed around. At intervals of four feet there were burrows leading, as Phillie informed us, into small chambers that were only about

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four feet high, with the exception of one that was the same height as the large, central chamber in which we now stood.

Troops of pigmies now began to file in from the inner chambers. The central hall became crowded, and yet not one of the strange creatures took the slightest notice of us. It was as if we had not been there.

A sound of music—a low, wailing sound, came from the end of the hall opposite to where we stood in a group in one corner. The floor was almost covered with flitting and skipping little men and women.

"You'll be wondherin' at the sweet music you'll hear them bring from them fiddles with only two strings to them," said Phillie, "but you must not forget that Cudda, and many more of the old ones hev been fiddlers for more than a thousand years; and I'm thinkin' the fiddles themselves are owlder than that. When ye get a chance, hev a squint at them. The wood is dark with age and polished like wax."

"I am told," remarked Johnnie, by way of comment, "that it is only those people who devote their lives to it that play the violin really well, but——"

"Ay man, ay man, that's it exactly, and these people hev been arrit for maybe twelve or fourteen hundred years, and they can very near make the fiddle spake—in their own langwadge."

I was about to make some remark, *à propos*, when I became conscious that something was rising up between me and the wall at my back. I turned quickly round, and there, to my almost overwhelming astonishment, I saw a tall girl—nearly as tall as myself. She had evidently come out from the inner chamber, by the low tunnel doorway just behind me. Behind her stood two very old-looking pigmy women.

The girl was clad in a hare-skin coat, which was so long that it almost reached to her bare feet. Her face and neck were pale and thin, and from her bare head there fell a luxuriant growth of brown hair. She seemed even more bewildered at seeing us than we were at seeing her. The others of our own party had turned suddenly about on seeing me start forward, and we boys instinctively raised our caps and remained bareheaded.

Tom the Dipper, who, with Phillie, was seated on the floor with his back to the side wall, said "*Gogh a' daa!* They hev lerr her come out at las'! We hev heard her voice many an' many a time—the voice of a daughter of Adam's race — but navver could we persuade Cudda to lerr us find out the mysthery of it!"

The soul of the pigmy chief—the soul as distinct from the immortal spirit indwelling in the descendants of Adam and Eve—was now so enwrapt in his own enchanting music, and there was such a concourse of the excited people intervening, that Cudda did not see the girl.

The two old neolithic creatures that stood by her side were talking rapidly to Phillie: appealing to him, as we soon learned, to get the girl away to her own kind.

I offered her my hand, but she shrank back, and then looked at her own hand, and again at mine. It was plain to us that she discovered we had hands similar to hers, and different from those of the pigmies.

We besieged Phillie with questions about the girl: "Who was she?"—"How did she come to be here?"—"Had she been stolen when an infant?"—and many other queries, all jumbled up together, and all of us speaking at once.

Phillie took it calmly, not even rising from his seat on the floor. "Ask Tom," he said.

"Well, bouys, Phillie an' me hev been puttin' our heads together many a time over this mysthery of the voice of the human chiayl within the chambers of this subterunderground dwellin'-place of the fairies; an' what I say is this, that the girl is the lost chiayl of Bill Killey, of Arrasey."

"Did Bill lose a child?" we all asked together.

"He did; but maybe ye navver hard of it? You would all be in ye cradles at the time. Bill's lil one, when she was about three years, wandered over the mountain one summer everin', and she was navver seen again, alive or dead; an' now that I see this girl I'm seein' a mortal likeness to Bill in her. What do thou say, Phillie?"

"I wonder if she remembers anything of her own language," I said, looking at her.

"What is your name?" Friday asked.

The girl stood mute, gazing at us with her eyes wide open. Then she pressed her hands against the sides of her head, and gazed into space, as if trying to bring up into clear recollection some dim vision referring to a nearly forgotten past.

"Ask her again," Johnnie said: "it is as likely a thing for her to remember as anything you could say to her."

"Ask her in Manx," I said; "I have heard that people forget a language that is alien to them, but that they never quite forget that which is native to the blood."

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"*Crin ninim thort?*" Friday asked.

The girl's face became lit up as by a sudden ray of light, and she clapped her hands and cried out "Annie! Annie!"

"Jerusalem!" said Friday, "that's a beginning, anyway!"

"Annie what?" I asked.

Again the hands went to the head, and the eyes became fixed on space.

I TURNED QUICKLY ROUND, AND SAW A TALL GIRL.

"Annie Killey?" I asked.

"Annie Killey! Annie Killey!" she almost screamed.

"Tom," said the skipper, "this girl has got to be rescued."

"How?" Phillie asked.

For answer the skipper asked Johnnie the correct time by his watch.

It was 6.20 A.M.

"When will all these little imps be gone away to their sleeping-places?" Ned again asked Phillie.

"Very soon," was the reply.

"Then tell the two old women to take her back to their cell and bring her out to us when they think they may do so without risk of discovery."

Phillie gave the instructions to the two women—speaking partly in the Pigmy and partly in the Manx languages. The women addressed the girl, and signed to the low passage from which they had emerged; but the girl refused to enter, and looked appealingly towards us.

"*Now* what's to be done?" I asked.

"Spake to the women again in that mixed spache of yours, Phillie," said old Tom, "an' tell them to make her understan' we won't lave here without takin' her with us!"

Phillie, who had never moved from his place during the whole of the excitement, said something to the women, who, in turn, spoke and gesticulated with great rapidity of utterance and action to the girl. Then they all three crept, feet foremost, into the low tunnel leading to the inner spaces.

"Ha!" said Friday, when they had disappeared, "the reason why this outer hall is so high is plain to me now! I have been wondering why it is so. The ceiling would be cut away as the growth of the stolen child required more height. I wonder if they left a changeling in her place."

"That reminds me of a gruesome story," I said.

"Stow it, Peter!" the skipper shouted. "Let's get out of this subterranean den of mysteries before we hear anything more gruesome than what we see!"

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE ESCAPE OF THE "CHIAYL."

IN such events as these I am recording, the mind of the adventurer may be unable to fully realise its fearsome surroundings. The faculty of judgment is held in abeyance. Looking back on the events of this story after we had returned to the everyday life of work and play, we often marvelled greatly at the coolness we

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displayed amidst scenes which seemed to be rapidly carrying us along the borderland of two worlds.

That the mysterious people, commonly spoken of by our forebears as "The Little Fellows," were true descendants of the pre-Adamite people, we were gradually coming to understand. Johnnie Wesley's recitals of the college lectures, and Phillie the Desert's original interpretation of the two creations of mankind mentioned in the book of Genesis, were not more convincing than the visible evidence of the active bodies of the neolithics with whom we were so curiously brought into contact.

We discussed our plans for the rescue of the stolen child, but we discussed them as cautiously as if we had been in a cave occupied by brigands. Indeed, no brigands, or tribe of savages, could have so stunned our critical faculty by their wild appearance, or have watched us with such relentless vigilance. From every low entrance to the inner chambers there gleamed a pair of flashing and curved little eyes.

The rushlights had been going out, one by one, when the two old women again made their appearance. They took no notice of us, but squatted on the floor and talked, by signs only, to the faces in the low tunnels.

At last there remained but one burning rush-light. Then the girl who had lost recollection of everything of her own language, save her own name of Annie Killey, came creeping into the hall from her cell.

Phillie now took upon himself the leadership of the rescue. He spoke to the two women, by sign-talk only, took the girl by the hand, and stepped softly along the earthen floor to the steep and narrow stairway.

Without once pausing to look behind her the girl went up the steep ascent at a speed that left us far behind; and when we all stood once more in the light of day, on the mountain side, she appeared to be perfectly bewildered.

"Shouldn't wonder," said Friday, "if she hasn't seen the sunshine for sixteen years!"

"You may be sartin sure of it!" said Tom the Dipper.

"If this is really the lost child of Bill Arrasy," the skipper said, as we all stood and gazed at her in the full light of the noonday, "she has only been a matter of two miles from her own home all the time. Yonder is the head of Arrasy Glen, and there is Bill's house. I can see the windows flashing in the sunlight."

"We'll not see many more things flashing in the sunlight," said Phillie the Desert, "if we don't get away from here as fast as our legs can carry us. From that rabbit-hole of an entrance to the cave below, a score of piaysoned arrars could make dead men of us; and as for buryin'—well, we'd soon be buried."

"Ay, ay," added Tom, "them arrars navver miss. The han's that shoot them hev been shootin' them for a thousan' years, may be, may be, though I'm doubtin' it myself."

"I suppose," said Johnnie, as we all moved off, "they could afford to grin at the shooting of Robin Hood and his merry men?"

Phillie answered for Tom. "I hev seen them," he said, "shoot many a hare runnin' hard, pursood by their own dogs, but never saw them miss one; and ye hev to recollect that it was moonlight, and not daylight."

The head of Glen Rushen, where it debouches on to the higher land on Barrule mountain, lies about a mile from the place known as the Round Table. From the latter elevation we looked across to Arrasy Hill, on the slope of Slieu Whellyan—the Puppy Mountain. As the crow flies it is under three miles from the Round Table to Arrasy, but it is a rugged path, and has some tedious climbing. We had come up here to strike the road and avoid the curragh land that lay below.

"How is this chiayl to be inthroduced to her own people?" Tom the Dipper asked as we turned along the mountain road.

"Thou know Bill and the wife," Phillie answered, "so thou must go first and break the news gentle; and mind nobody gets to know a word about it but their two selves."

"As to keepin' me mouth shut when there's northin' to go in it, lave me alone for that, Phillie bouy."

"Very well then, Tom, very well," said Phillie, "go thou ahead to Arrasy, then, and me and the bouys will keep this side of Glen Rushen until we see some sign from thee."

It was a curious sight to see the girl's neolithic habit of constantly glancing behind her as she tripped her way over the mountains. Her style of walk also seemed like that of her pigmy associates: she went along on her toes, and we had to be constantly calling to her to keep her from getting too far ahead of us. Her pale face and flowing hair, the mute appeal of her large blue eyes, the delight which the sunshine gave her, and the attempts she made to converse with Phillie in a mixture of Neolithic and Manx words—some of which had very similar meanings—all these things appealed to our sympathies very strongly.

At last we stood on a high peak overlooking the two glens—one falling into the other. We saw Bill Arrasy's house in the distance, on the

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slope of the opposite mountain, and we saw Tom the Dipper toiling along the mountain track that led to it. But we saw something more than that. At the doorway of Bill's cottage there stood a tall man in the uniform of a naval officer, and by his side a little man that looked very like the revenue officer of our former acquaintance. They were taking stock of us through field-glasses.

"Ha!" said Friday, "they have run Bill down. He has a secret cellar under the kitchen, with a passage leading from it to an old mining tunnel down in the glen!"

"M-n-yaas!" said the skipper, "but they haven't run down the cellar yet, for I see the bluejackets hunting around the outbuildings as if they smelt a rat there."

Fortunately, we had formed up around the girl to keep her from scampering away beyond our control, and to screen her from the observation of any wanderer we might come upon. If she was seen, and it became known that she was a child that had been "took at the fairies," her life afterwards would hardly be worth living.

This was Phillie's line of argument, and we felt the truth of it. We must keep the girl's secret and hand her over to her parents, whatever it would cost us.

"*Now* what's to be done?" I asked, as I saw Bill Arrasy's house buzzing with men from the revenue cutter.

"Simple as pie!" said Friday.

"I think I know what Friday's plan is," said the skipper, "but let us wait and see if old Tom the Dipper will get nabbed by those bluejackets; he's walking along the track that will lead him into their arms."

"Yes," said Phillie, smiling, "but Tom has seen them already."

'Ay, ay," we cried out, laughing heartily, for we saw that Tom had pulled a bundle of his *pomes* from his pocket.

"Tom's verse may be very bad rhyme, and poor rhythm and all that," said the skipper, "but it would take a middlin' wise man to act the fool better."

"What's your scheme that's as simple as pie?" Phillie asked Friday.

"The cave," answered Friday.

"Of course, of course," answered the skipper, "the cave at the foot of Eairey Cushlahan is known only to ourselves and the two Couthas! We'll hide the girl there until those warriors of England have gone either without their tea or with it; but I think they'll go without it, though I know quite well there are at least a score of bales in the cellar beneath the earthen floor of Bill's kitchen."

CHAPTER XIX.

IN THE SMUGGLERS' CAVE.

WE reached the pigmies' cave, at the foot of Eairey Cushlahan mountain, somewhere about two hours after noon, or it may have been an hour or two later, for we had to make several detours to avoid inhabited places on the direct route, and I am writing after a lapse of many years.

As we could not go down from the hole in the mountain without our climbing rope and crowbars, we had to wait for the tide to allow us to get in by the seaward entrance. This we found to be closed by shingle. The skipper, however, had put a cross on the rock just above the tunnel—lingering behind, when previously leaving it, for the purpose. We had no difficulty, therefore, in finding the place to dig.

We crept through: the skipper first, then Johnnie, Friday and myself, with Phillie coming last to see that the girl did not escape us, for she had shewn great reluctance to enter, and jabbered to Phillie pitifully about it, as if she dreaded the possibility of more cave-life after experiencing the joys of beholding the world by day.

One by one we reached the inner cave. One by one we stood up in the light of a blazing fire of gorse sticks, and saw six men seated around it on bales of tea. Foremost among the men was the powerful figure of Mr. Dal Moughtin. The other men were Big Jonas, Dick Fall, Bill Forty, and the two Couthas.

The Couthas laughed outright when they saw our looks of surprise on beholding the scene; but the other men seemed as much astonished as we were. The Couthas, of course, were aware we had discovered the cave before, but the other men knew nothing of this.

But how can I describe the bewilderment of the smugglers when they saw stand up before them the tall, slim figure of the girl, barefooted, bareheaded, and clad in a coat which they could see at a glance was made of hares' skins, stitched and fastened by sinews!

The girl stared wildly around, and her lips quivered as if in an attempt to express in words something of the terror and surprise of her new situation. She had run from a cave of the pigmies to find herself in one of giants!

"Who on earth have you here?" shouted Mr. Moughtin.

"Hush, hush, not so loud," said Phillie the Desert. "It may be that ye hev heard of the like before, ay, often and often from the people of owl times, but even *I* hev never come on the like before."

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"Where did you find her?" the two Couthas asked. "Is it a chiayl that was took at the fairies?"

"If this gentleman is Mr. Dal Moughtin," said Phillie, evading the question, "I am glad to make his acquaintance, and we'll talk the matter over after you hev given us some mate to ate, for it's a long time since we had a proper meal."

As there was an abundance of provisions it did not take long to prepare us a meal, and we all ate heartily—the girl included, though she refused the tea.

"Now," said Phillie, when he saw the men settled down with their pipes, "put your hands cross and swear." This was the form of oath used in the island in the early days of Christianity, and is still to be observed among the children. "Swear that you will never tell to any one else what I am going to tell ye."

The men all crossed their hands and swore.

"Then," said Phillie, "the girl is a chiayl that was took at the fairies. Tom the Dipper says it's Bill Killey's lil one that was lost sixteen years ago."

The men sprang to their feet. The story of the disappearance of Bill's child was fresh in their minds, and they all shouted so many things at once that I cannot now remember what any one of them said. But this much I do know: that Mr. Moughtin cautioned the men and us boys, that if we told any living soul who the girl was, we would, practically, be the means of killing her, for the people in the island would make life impossible for her afterwards and the story would follow her to any part of the world, for the Manx, like the Jews, are scattered over the face of the earth.

So we also crossed our hands and swore to keep the secret as long as the girl lived.

How long we talked over the best method of procedure in the art of giving back the lost child to her parents, and to society, I do not know; but, in the midst of a lively talk, hours after our refreshment, we were startled by a whole chorus of shrill whistles that seemed to come from the high dome above.

Every man sprang to his feet, save Phillie and the two Couthas. We boys knew well what the whistles were, and where they came from, but the smugglers thought of nothing but revenue officers and their tea.

From the ledge of rock which ran round one portion of the dome of the cave there came again and again the shrill whistling of the pigmies.

The girl looked terror-stricken, and she huddled close to Phillie. *She* knew the whistling.

"What on earth is it?" called out Dal Moughtin.

"The lil fellers," answered the two Couthas.

"The Fairies," said Tom the Dipper, who came into the cave at that moment.

Dal Moughtin looked greatly relieved. "I thought it was that gang of thieves from the revenue cutter," he said; "if it's only the Little Fellows we are all right."

Then there came one loud, wailing call from the hidden recess at the top of the inner cavern.

"That's an alarum to their dogs," said Phillie the Desert to Old Tom. "Hev they got any here?"

Before he had spoken the words there bounded out from one of the dark crannies behind us the same pack of little dogs we had seen so severely whipped on our former visit.

They scurried away for the inner cavern with the speed, and a great deal of the action, of hares, which they greatly resembled in colour and size.

"Chase them! Chase them!" roared Dal Moughtin; "five pounds—ten pounds—twenty pounds to the man or boy who catches one! I've been trying for years to get one of those dogs! Away there, you boys, away!"

We all gave chase, that is, Dal Moughtin, Big Jonas, Dick Fall, Bill Forty, and us boys; Phillie the Desert, Old Tom, and the two Couthas kept their seats.

We might as well have chased swallows. The very colour of the dogs was in their favour. We lost sight of them long before we reached the far end of the inner cavern. Nevertheless we rushed ahead, hoping to capture one by feeling before they all got up the rocks to the ledge above; but we only bumped against each other and tumbled.

When we got down from the darkness of the inner cavern we found ourselves confronted by a line of armed men! There, drawn up between us and the hundred bales of tea, were the little revenue officer and Lieutenant Hardy, swords and pistols in hand, and behind them six bluejackets with drawn cutlasses, every man of them evidently specially selected to meet the giants they would now have to do with, for they looked big, strong fellows, who had seen active service and lots of it.

Phillie the Desert, Tom the Dipper, and the two Couthas were bound by cords taken from the bales of tea at their feet. The girl had disappeared.

(*To be concluded*)

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THE CYCLING CORNER

Conducted by ARCHIBALD WILLIAMS

DISPLAY OF HEDGEROW FIGHTING AT THE ROYAL NAVAL AND MILITARY TOURNAMENT, BY THE CYCLISTS OF THE TWENTY-FIFTH LONDON REGIMENT: LIFTING MAGAZINE OVER HEDGE.

Photo. Gale & Polden.

CYCLING AND THE TERRITORIALS

THIS year's Naval and Military Tournament was notable for a display of military cycling which must have gone a long way towards removing any doubts from spectators' minds as to the capacity of the cycle as a means of locomotion in war under fairly exacting conditions. The photographs which appear in these pages will give a better idea than mere words of some of the feats which the 25th County of London Battalion gave in the Olympian arena. Granted that the performers were highly trained exponents, and had perfected themselves by long practice, the manner in which they towed a machine-gun, dismounted it, and carried off the barrel and the essential mechanism, served to show what can be done by cyclists who take the trouble to qualify themselves. One of the most telling episodes was the picking up of a "wounded" man by a comrade who propped him up on the handlebars, and made his machine serve as an impromptu ambulance. A variation was to place the wounded on an improvised stretcher resting on three cycles, which were pedalled off briskly by their trio of stretcher-bearers. I hope that the organisers of future tournaments will give us further chances of seeing cyclist corps at work.

Cyclists in Camp.

Soon after these words have appeared, hundreds of Territorial cyclists will be undergoing their annual period of training. Mounted on sturdy machines—the light-weight is not advised for the rough-and-tumble of military duties—they will scour wide areas of country, patrolling, seeking to discover the whereabouts of the enemy's outpost, or, by swift movements, to deliver unexpected attacks on his flanks. The Territorial cyclist is essentially a scout; one who is encouraged to use every opportunity of making himself familiar with the area in which he would be employed in war time, and to cultivate the trick of finding his way about by day and night alike, with or without the assistance of a map. Moving silently and swiftly, he can cover much greater distances than cavalry, with less fatigue. At the day's end there is no horse to be groomed and fed—a wearisome job to a tired man—but only the cleaning and inspection of his machine, which, if the last be of good make and in good condition, is a light task. We may notice here that the official book on "Cyclist Training" lays it down that after a march tyres should invariably be washed or wiped to remove grit,

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which if left might cause punctures. This rule might well be observed by cyclists generally.

In the unfortunate event of war with a foreign power capable of raiding this country, upon our cyclist battalions would fall the duty of watching undefended harbours and stretches of coast, in conjunction with the coastguards at naval war-signal stations. Theirs, too, is the task of transmitting rapidly information as to landings and the enemy's strength; and, so far as in them lies, of preventing him from coming ashore, or, if a landing be effected, of checking his advance while the home forces are concentrating on the point threatened.

For complete efficiency, the cyclist soldier must have a good acquaintance with the physical characteristics of the portions of the coast along which he will operate, be "well up in" seaside roads, tracks and paths, and be able to recognise various types of vessels, and to read naval signals.

While in camp the cyclist has to work very hard, and traverse distances which need good physique and muscular toughness. Whereas the infantry man does his ten to fifteen miles in the day's manœuvring, the cyclist may have to cover eighty or more, and to come up smiling at the end, even if a unit of the machine-gun squad. He is at least exempt from the weight of rifle on shoulder and a heavy kit strapped about him—his machine carries the load, and he has merely to propel it. More than once, while tramping back to camp after a field-day, I have envied the swiftly-moving cyclist his mobility, and felt fain to exchange the flinty road for the springy saddle.

Despite the hard work, the Territorial cyclist enjoys himself thoroughly in camp. His duties are varied and give sufficient scope for the display of resource and nerve to be stimulating: and after a fortnight of this strenuous life he feels fit for an attempt on the end-to-end record—if the much pedalling has not made him a bit saddle-sore.

The May Competition.

You are five miles from 'anywhere.' Your cycle is fitted with the usual free-wheel. It and you have a spill and a pedal snaps off. Is it possible to render the cycle temporarily rideable? If so, how?

I have had the pleasure of acting as judge on the fifty-five entries for this Competition.

Some of the dodges for rendering a one-pedal free-wheel cycle rideable *pro tem.* were decidedly ingenious. One competitor suggests tying a piece of rope to the unused pedal, passing it over the handlebars, and attaching it to the pedalless foot, which would be able to lift the pedal between strokes. Another votes for a string attached to the idle crank, and given a half-turn round the near chainstay, on its way to the rider's hand. Then there is the proposition that the remaining pedal should be *bound securely* to the foot. And so on.

Of course, the large majority of competitors go for what seems a very obvious way out of the difficulty, viz., to make a loop on the pedal with string, bootlaces, or tie (two even suggest braces!), so as to enable the pedal to be raised from the lower "dead centre."

A formidable rival to the loop is the wooden peg inserted in the crank-pin hole after the stump of the pin has been removed. The removal is not an easy matter, however, in many cases, even if one has the proper spanner or screw-driver for the job. I smiled over the recommendation to "knock the stump out with a stone"! Even with a three-and-sixpenny machine such a task might prove somewhat difficult!

HEDGEROW FIGHTING: DEFENDING A POSITION.
Photo, Gale & Polden

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What struck me as rather peculiar was that only four competitors had taken the trouble to seek a solution of the difficulty by actual experiment. As a result the suggestions of many competitors were strangely unpractical. More than one person advocated the substitution of a loop of string for the missing pedal; being unaware of the fact that the loop would increase the reach for the leg concerned by several inches, to say nothing of the tourniquet effect of a loop given an extra twist by every revolution of the cranks.

Personally, I should be sorry to attach my foot to a pedal or crank with string. There is no fun about being hobbled. One of the prize-winners went on sounder lines in tying a heavy stone to the pedalless crank, so as to more than counterbalance the weight of the pedal, and bring the last up when the pressure of the foot is taken off.

My Own Solution.

But, all said and done, why worry about pegs and weights and strings and loops and all the rest of the bag of tricks? Provided that the crank, or even part of it, remains, the loss of a pedal is not really a very serious thing when only a few miles have to be traversed. Just to make sure of this I removed my right pedal and went for a spin. I found it quite easy to push the right crank round half a revolution, pressing first on the end, and, as the crank passed beyond the horizontal, stroking it down with the side of the foot. On the high gear I could make quite fifteen miles an hour without any trouble, lifting my right foot after it had done its work and returning it to the top position ready for the crank when it should come up again. This method is decidedly preferable to the pumping action with one foot, as it gives both legs something to do, and is therefore much less tiring. And of course it affords the simplest way out of the difficulty, since the only time wasted is that spent in picking up the disrupted pedal and putting it in one's pocket. One competitor championed this method, and, as it is very practical, he secured a prize.

Carrier Straps.

These should be of the very best quality. Cheap brown-papery things are an abomination which imperil articles carried. Good straps will last practically for ever; bad ones give way sooner or later, and may rob you of some possession worth many pairs. The stout specimens supplied by saddlers are generally too stubborn to be handy. What one needs is a thin but exceedingly tough strap. Such can be purchased for ninepence or a shilling each, and they are well worth it. Don't be afraid of having the straps too long..

Home-made Handlebar-Grips.

If your grips break away from the handlebars, substitutes may be made in the following simple manner with the aid of a tube of Seccotine and a few feet of strip felt an inch or so wide. Having cleaned a handlebar end, smear the adhesive over a length of five inches or so. Then take the strip of felt and wind it spirally round the metal to the end, and, after giving it a half-turn, back to the starting-point. Make the ends of the grip fast with several turns of fine copper wire, and be careful to tuck the points of the wire under the felt. This type of grip will prove especially satisfactory when the air is cold, felt being a bad conductor of heat. Ordinary horn or celluloid robs the hands of their warmth much more speedily.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

R. W. R.—(1) Yes! you will do well to purchase the eight-guinea machine named. (2) I have given many general hints, in various issues of The Captain, on the care of a bicycle. I cannot go over the same ground here, as lack of space forbids; but to put the matter into a nutshell, I would recommend you to keep your bearings and chain well adjusted and oiled; to avoid slack tyres; to attend promptly to any details that may require attention; to examine the machine minutely now and then to make sure that everything is as it should be. (3) It's a bit rough on a Cycling Editor to be turned on to graphology. So far as I can judge by your writing I consider you to be a person of orderly habits; unambitious, though self-confident and persevering. If you take up a hobby I believe that you go into it pretty thoroughly. You have an equable temperament, and don't suffer much from the "blues." How's that?

Camper.—Far better not to waterproof your tent. A waterproofing process weakens the fabric, and leaves you with greater weight to carry and more bulk to stow. The general experience of campers is that a properly shaped tent will defy rain unless accompanied by a high wind. Even under the worst conditions the addition of a light fly-sheet will keep the interior of the tent as dry as a bone. Thanks for your kind remarks. I wish you a pleasant summer holiday.

"Puzzled."—I'm afraid that the only thing you can do is to send your wheel to a good local repairer, or, better still, to the makers. A job of this kind requires proper apparatus. If you tried to carry it through yourself the last state of the wheel would probably be worse than the first.

A. Barnscott.—Your tyre has been ruined, I gather from your letter, by being ridden too slack. The excessive flexion of the sides causes the fabric to be worn away by constant pinching between rim and road. Nothing ruins a tyre more quickly than to be ridden half-inflated.

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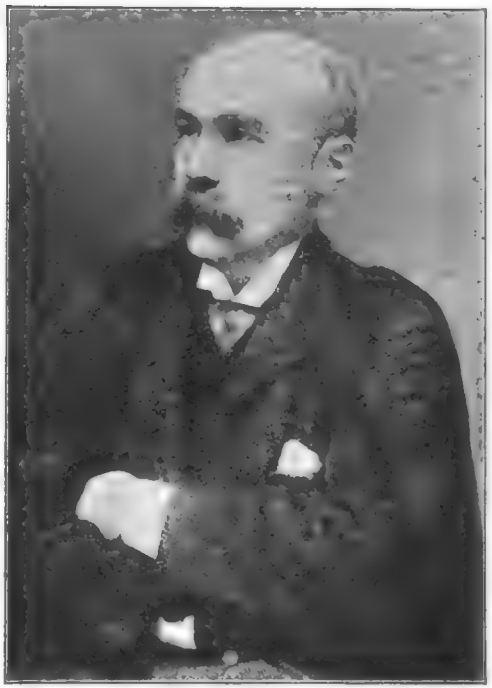
A NOTABLE SCHOOLMASTER

ON May 19 occurred the death of Mr. A. G. Munro, B.A., for twenty-two years a master at the City of London School. Mr. Munro was born in 1855, and educated at Eccleshall College, Yorks, of which school his father was then headmaster. Proceeding to Queens' College, Cambridge, he graduated B.A. in 1880, and joined the staff of the City of London School in 1882, retaining this position until the last. An Old Citizen who knew him well writes as follows: "A lifetime spent in teaching at a public school is a record noble enough; and to Archibald Grant Munro, whom death overtook in the midst of his work, there is ample testimony in the hearts of hundreds of boys, old and young, that here was a man whose work will not be forgotten. Mr. Munro, ever since I remember, took the Modern First; and as the boys who were in his class were for the most part being trained for commerce rather than for the professions, the part of his work which saw to their intellectual advancement did not out-balance the care with which he sought to train them in the things that make the character of a man. All the more difficult, then, was the task he performed in moulding these boys, at their most critical age, into men worthy of their school and of their country. Of this, at least, there is no doubt—that there has never been a master at ours or any school who stood higher in the regard of those who came under him than Mr. Munro.

"He was not the man to inspire dread, and to keep discipline by fear and a stern exterior. The boys were not afraid of him,



THE LATE MR. A. G. MUNRO, B.A.

not even the idle ones; for they knew that he valued their love too much to risk exchanging it for the respect they accorded to severer and more distant men. The value of his work is not to be measured in scholarships and in successes at the University, but if all who knew him and who mourn his loss were to add up the sum of what each of them individually owes to him, then it will be found that the life work of Mr. Munro was not unworthy.

"Out of school—at house concerts, at the swimming baths, at the meetings of the Modern Side Saturday Club, which he founded and conducted—he was everybody's chum. He would know, not his own class only, but nearly every boy in a school of seven hundred. The Old Boys who came back for an hour to see their school again found him always the same. And they always sought him among the first, because he had understood them best."

MR. MUNRO WITH HIS MODERN SIDE SATURDAY CLUB IN RICHMOND PARK.

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SOHNA-KÙTA: A Central Indian Jackal

By Captain G. A. HOPE

I

"WHOA! Whoa! Tally-ho!"

The wild hullooing came faintly on the evening breeze to Sohna-Kùta's ears, but it was not so much the noise which filled him with uneasiness as another warning which the wind had also brought him. He could hear very little as yet and could see nothing, but his nostrils told him that men, horses—and dogs—were not far off, probably only behind the nearest swell of the rolling, stubble-clad fields.

He was plains-bred, and in addition to the instinctive desire of all wild things to avoid man, that strange mixed scent awakened certain specific and very unpleasant memories. However, a jackal is seldom satisfied with hearing and smelling, but likes to see as well, and though Koli, his mate, was already away, he stood like a statue, looking for the cause of the strange outcry.

In a moment or two he saw it, a single horseman galloping hard down the slope towards him, waving his arms and yelling wildly. His curiosity was satisfied and in a few strides he was beside Koli, who was running away, not because she was particularly alarmed, but because it was right and proper when man was approaching. She knew nothing about bobbery packs, being hill-bred, and having but lately come to live in the great earth in the steep bank of a dry river-bed which Sohna-Kùta shared with a family of porcupines.

There are jackals and jackals, from little grey scavengers smaller than a fox-terrier up to big ones which are to all intents small wolves, and live rather by hunting hares and young antelope and by robbing hen-roosts than in the orthodox manner. Sohna-Kùta and Koli belonged to this last class, as it were the Rajput caste among jackals, and they looked down upon the seeker-out of refuse as the warrior caste looks down upon the sweeper. They were handsome animals and by no means small, being about the size of half-grown collies and not unlike them, with sharp muzzles and thick, furry coats, golden brown on the head, limbs and sides, and black at the tag and along the back with a chevron-shaped, light-coloured saddle just behind the withers. They moved with the low, easy, sweeping stride of a hunter, quite unlike the slinking gait of their poor relations, and could fight and were not averse to doing so when the occasion demanded it.

The bobbery pack topped the rise soon afterwards, but the jackals had had too long a start and the master did not lay the pack on, devoting his energy to telling the irresponsible individual who had galloped ahead exactly what kind of a sport-spoiling idiot he was. However, the danger was only postponed for

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the jackals. They had decided to go home and stay there till after nightfall, when men and dogs would be safely out of the way ; but when they reached the broad river-bed after a long detour, they met the hated taint again, and found the whole pack, six greyhounds and six fox-terriers, between them and their earth. Unluckily for them, the man had gone straight to the river after his disappointment, to draw the somalo covert in it half a mile above their home.

They were seen at once, and Koli sprang up the bank again and went away promptly, but Sohna-Kùta did not move, although the greyhounds were racing hard towards him. He could not analyse his feelings, but he knew that with a short start in a long course the best jackal stands no chance with a greyhound ; further, that there was not a point to make for within a couple of miles, and consequently that one of them, possibly both, would be run down and killed. However, whatever happened, Koli must not be killed. There was just one chance of preventing that with absolute certainty, perhaps, of saving his own life too, and only one. It was a desperate one, but that did not matter. Sohna-Kùta took it.

To the man's astonishment, he suddenly saw the jackal which had waited, charge straight at his pursuers. The greyhounds closed in instinctively to meet him and began to bare their teeth, but just as he seemed about to fall into them, the big jackal swerved and raced round the flank of the bunched little pack.

It was touch and go. The baffled greyhounds swung round just too late, only one of them, the youngest in the pack, as it happened, succeeding in reaching the daring jackal before he got behind them. This would have been enough had the dog had the strength and experience to tackle his quarry fairly, but he wasted his snap on Sohna-Kùta's thick ruff, and did no more than graze his shoulder. The jackal was thrown out of his stride, but recovered himself like a cat, and marking the puppy's cheek as the dog tried to follow up his attack, he raced on towards the fox-terriers which were in full cry fifty or sixty yards behind their big comrades.

He made no attempt to elude them. They were six to one, fear was unknown to them, and they would have had an ordinary jackal on the ground in an instant ; but Sohna-Kùta was no ordinary jackal, and knew it. A lean, speedy dog first sprang alone at his throat, but his teeth met on the air and he fell aside with a red furrow on his white neck. Right and left and back again the jackal struck like lightning as the infuriated terriers closed on him ; a twist and a snap got rid of one small warrior which had made good his hold, and then the white hunters were behind him and the way to his earth was clear. He could hear the gravel flying under the paws of the straining greyhounds, now close on him again, and their sobbing breath above the clatter, but there was his home, very near now. One last good spurt—he was there !

Not quite. Fox-terriers do not easily own defeat, and two of them followed him into the earth. One of them was soon disposed of. In its eagerness, it missed a sharp turn and, going on blindly, tried conclusions with a porcupine with disastrous results and speedily retreated to daylight. But the other made no mistake, and following the line, a yard or two further down came upon the lord of the underground fastness waiting to welcome him.

Twenty minutes later an exhausted fox-terrier crawled out of the earth with ears, neck and shoulders cut to ribbons, and rolled down the bank into the river-bed, while in the warm dark cavern below, between painfu gasps for breath, a big dog jackal lay licking a sorely mangled fore-leg. Strength and swiftness had availed him little in the cramped space against the indomitable courage of his small adversary, and when the dog had at last fallen, exhausted by loss of blood, the jackal, lamed and three-parts strangled, had been too weak to finish him off.

The touch of a warm tongue on his muzzle half an hour afterwards roused Sohna-Kùta from the stupor into which he had fallen. It was Koli, who had escaped unhurt and unhunted, thanks to his stratagem, and as he raised his head she gave a slight whimper and moved away a little as if to go out. He understood perfectly ; they had not yet dined and there was nothing in the larder, and he rose stiffly on three legs, but had to lie down again at once. A jackal can stand a terrific mauling and recovers quickly, but he had only had time to get stiff as yet. There could be no hunting for him that night, and realising the fact, Koli at last went out alone.

Others of her tribe were welcoming the night as she reached the open air, and she joined in the chorus for a minute or two. Then, turning away from the river, she began to work up wind across the fields. A grey striped cat looking for mice spat and swore at her as she passed, and a little, disreputable relative of her own almost ran into her on his way to civilisation and tucked in his scraggy tail and scuttled out

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of her way with a startled yelp. But she paid no attention to either, going on steadily at an easy lope with her nose to the ground, raising it every now and then on the chance of catching some stray, wind-borne message higher up.

She found the information she was seeking three fields from home, and checking her career at once, she crouched down on the Indian corn stubble to consider it. Then almost on her belly, she crept forward, making big casts to the right and left till she was sure of its exact direction, then going straight on till she came in view of a small assemblage of dark forms, just visible in the star gleam to her keen, cat-like eyes.

It was a herd of antelope. She had hoped for a hare, but this was unlooked-for good luck. The full-grown members of the herd were beyond her powers, but a herd includes young fawns at all times of year; and as she crouched down, she drew back her lips mechanically in anticipation of the good meal so near to her. She was in no hurry. The breeze had freshened slightly, which was in her favour, and she had time to make certain of her prey, some fawn small enough for her to pull down alone.

A PARALYSING SNAP BROUGHT THE HAPLESS YOUNGSTER DOWN.

She soon distinguished one, a long-legged shadow standing apart from a much larger one, and though she did not know she was doing so, she began to calculate the chances of a rush; a single spring was obviously impossible, and she decided that it was too far to be risked. So inch by inch, as silently as an owl flies, she crept nearer and nearer, till one of the does moved suddenly and she knew that she was detected. The chance was still doubtful, but it had to be taken, and even as the doe started Koli attacked.

For a moment the herd hung in doubt, as is the way of antelopes, who suffer from curiosity and always want to be quite sure of things before acting, and that moment meant the death of a month-old fawn. Silent and swift, the furry death shot into the herd, and as the frightened beasts bounded away, a paralysing snap brought the hapless youngster down.

II

For one more night Koli hunted for her lord, and on the third he came out again, apparently little the worse for his battle. A hare supplied a first course, and a little later on they came upon a calf which had fallen into a deep gully and had been left to die with a broken back.

A hyena was watching it, trying to make up its mind to venture on finishing it off, but a two-fold snarl, inaudible to human ears, though very clear to his, and a vision of white sharp teeth, sent the big coward away. Then a terrified cry, strangled when hardly begun, announced that the calf's sufferings were over and that the big jackals had found their dinner. Two or three undersized grey mottled scavengers came down from the village refuse-heaps near by, attracted by the enticing message, but they did not dare join in till the Royalties of their race had finished, by which time there was not very much left for them.

Sohna-Kùta and Koli did not go back to their old earth again. They had decided that it was time to leave it when it had been invaded by things who brought the hated taint of civilisation with them, and while the little scavengers were scuffling joyfully over the remains of the calf, the two big jackals were making for the lower slopes of the hills, four miles away, in search of a new home.

They found one towards morning, a big earth, once occupied by their own kind, but now tenanted by a colony of grey foxes, which are sufficiently un-foxlike to rob vegetable gardens instead of hen-roosts. The eviction was swift and thorough, and within two minutes half a dozen bewildered little grey foxes were licking new wounds in the light of dawn and

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trying to understand what had happened to them, while Sohna-Kùta and Koli were making themselves at home underground.

Life was very pleasant for some time after that. The country was too stony and broken up by nullahs for the bobbery pack, and hares, gazelle, pea-fowl and jungle fowl were plentiful.

It is true that there was Bor-bacha, the panther, to be considered, especially when Koli's litter appeared a few weeks later, for panthers lack discrimination in diet and have no objection to a fat jackal cub or even to one of more mature growth. Still, that had its compensations. When luck was bad at hunting, it was always possible to visit Bor-bacha's kill before he came back to it himself after nightfall.

The cubs grew up and went off, and spring returned finding Sohna-Kùta and Koli again alone. By this time, long immunity from unusual risks had made them forget the pack of slayers, and they took to going to civilisation occasionally for a change of diet in the shape of fowls and ducks. At first they did not leave their own country till nightfall, but by degrees they grew bolder and frequently started while the sun was still high, and hunted or romped on the way till it was dark enough to begin operations.

They were amusing themselves thus, close to cantonments one very quiet evening, when a sudden casual puff of wind brought them the old, ill-omened warning. Worse still, with it and unpleasantly close came the shrill music of the terriers and the thunder of horses' hoofs, and as they turned for the hills, three miles away, the whole pack came into view not a hundred yards from them.

They ran together for a short distance, but before long a very speedy greyhound, the same youngster which had once so nearly worked Sohna-Kùta's undoing, distanced the others and closed with them. To draw him off his mate, the dog jackal hung back a little and then turned off with the greyhound hard at his heels. For a quarter of a mile they raced along not five yards apart, till, glancing back, Sohna-Kùta saw that the dog was alone.

The tables were turned in a moment. Before he knew what had happened, the astonished greyhound was on his side with an ugly gash in his neck, and as soon as he could recover himself he turned tail and fled, completely demoralised. However, the jackal did not hunt him far. The puff which had conveyed the first warning had livened into a gentle breeze, and before he had taken many strides it brought Koli's message to him. But mingled with it was the hated taint, and at the same moment he heard a confused tumultuous uproar which was not that of a pack in full cry.

The meaning of the mixed message and of the noise was cruelly plain. The main pack had followed Koli; she had been run down and was fighting for her life. Sohna-Kùta had used his limbs to good purpose many a time to get away from hounds, but never had he run as he did then to get to them.

No one saw him arrive at the scene of the tragedy. The men on horseback were too intent on the scuffle below them to notice him, and the dogs had neither eyes, ears nor noses for anything except the big jackal which they were worrying. However, it would have made no difference to Sohna Kùta if he had been seen. All he cared for was that Koli was being savagely done to death, and like a dark, furry ghost he slipped past the legs of the horses

HE DROVE HIS FANGS INTO THE NEAREST DOG'S NECK.

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and, entering the welter in grim silence, made for a terrier which had his mate by the neck and sent him flying to gasp out his life with a slit throat.

The astonished dogs drew back for a second, and he could have escaped had he wished to do so. But Koli was too dazed to get on to her legs at once, so he stayed by her, and a moment later the dogs closed in again, mad with the blood-lust of the pack.

Without a snarl or whimper the two big jackals fought their last fight, together, as they had lived and hunted and played, but the odds were too great, and they were quickly swept off their legs by weight of numbers. Nevertheless, they exacted heavy price for their lives, and pinned down under the mass of dogs though they were, they used their long white canines with terrible effect. One terrier, the one Sohna-Kùta had first attacked, was killed; one greyhound and another terrier were so crippled that they had to be carried home, and every one of the six couple was badly wounded.

The worry was the longest the master had ever known, and he was heartily sick of it before it was over, but at last the slashes began to lack speed and strength, and then Koli suddenly stopped struggling and lay limp in her assailant's teeth.

Sohna-Kùta lasted longer, and finally, feeling the end near, he stopped striking and drove his fangs into the nearest dog's neck and held on as if he had been a sturdy civilised dog and not a despised jackal.

Koli was dead, he knew, but one of her murderers should have something special and all to himself to remember her by, he determined.

And thus Sohna-Kùta died, silent and game to the last.

A COASTING TRIP

AS I got rather off the beaten track in the way of holidays last summer, I thought a few words on the matter might interest Captainites.

I was introduced to the captain of a small coasting vessel—a brigantine—who, hearing that I was doubtful as to how to spend my holidays, suggested that I should take a trip with him. I jumped at the idea, and a week saw me at sea, outward bound from London to Newcastle.

My quarters were "aft" with the captain, who had a bonny little state-room six feet square, as did the mate. I slept in a bunk in the "aft" cabin, out of which these state-rooms opened, and in which we had our meals. I've never enjoyed myself so much before. Of course, the food was a bit rough, but it was clean and wholesome; and here I might add that it is surprising what an appetite the sea gives one.

While the weather was fine we took our meals in spells, the captain, cook, and myself going first, and then relieving the mate and crew; but in bad weather we had them when and how we could.

At the end of each watch we gave a few turns at the pumps, just to see that the vessel was not making water. But perhaps the best fun of all was "taking the wheel." One had to be so careful, watching the wind, and easing or luffing, as the case might be, so as to keep the wind as far "aft" as possible, while not letting her "gibe." As it happened, I had done some sailing before, or I don't suppose the captain would have let me have the wheel.

Well, the run up took four days, owing to head winds and calms, and then we were in the Tyne. I can't go into all we did, but we saw nearly everything in Newcastle and Shields. Unfortunately, I only had three weeks' leave, and after we had been there about twelve days I had to make tracks southwards, on my bicycle.

In conclusion, I think I might add—for the information of any one who might care to try this kind of holiday—that these trading vessels *may not carry passengers*, and that, in fact, the captains, to do them justice, think more of you if you take them about on shore, and wind up with a tactful present, than if you try to bargain with them as to how much it will cost.

SYDNEY E. CROOK.

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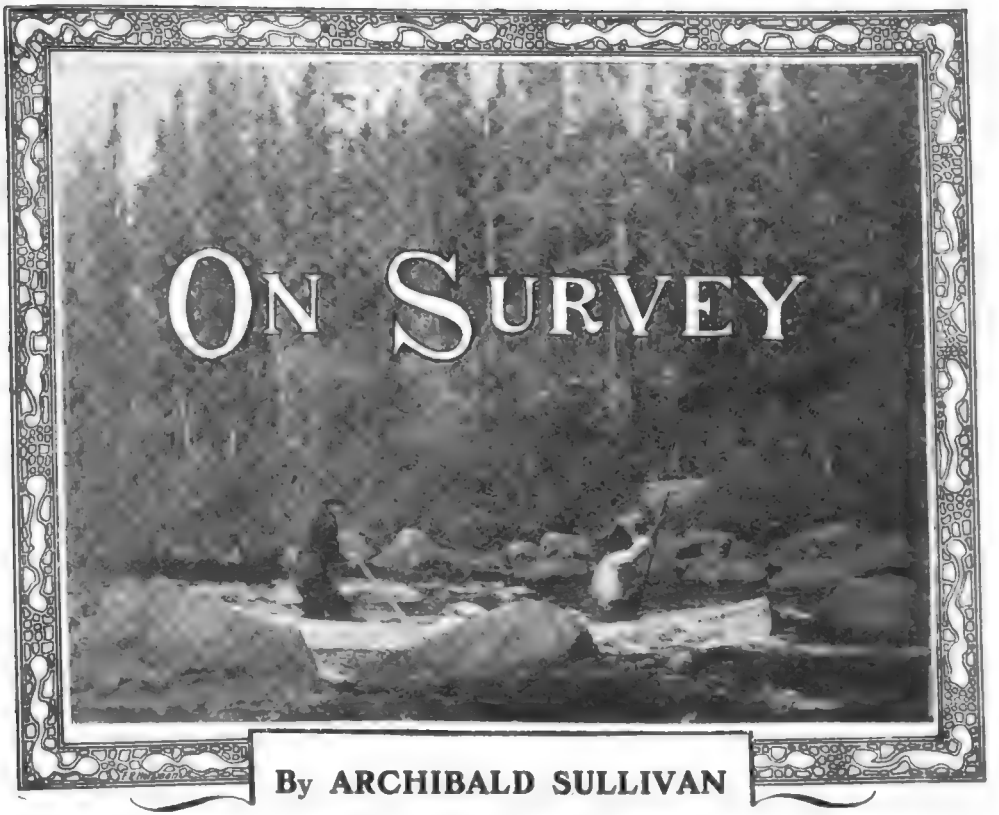

ON SURVEY

By ARCHIBALD SULLIVAN

BEING AN ACCOUNT OF THE DAILY ROUND OF THE MEN EMPLOYED IN "CHAINING" THE CANADIAN BACKWOODS

IT was the middle of August and we were in the bush. The statement sounds simple enough on paper, but the heat, black flies and mosquitoes had robbed the bush of its simplicity and witched it into something complex and annoying. Bush life has such varied aspects. When you go on a luxurious shooting trip, with every possible convenience and comfort, it presents but few trials and tribulations. Things seem to arrange themselves quite naturally with the orderly precision of town life; your meals appear at regular stated times and your tent is pitched without the least trouble or worry to yourself. You sleep as long as you feel inclined, and early morning has no cold and misty miseries to face.

We were roughing it, and absolutely looked the part. When you are out on a surveying trip with Indians and French habitants in the far backwoods of Canada near Hudson's Bay, you've got no time to think of apppearances. Surveying, to the ordinary mortal, gives the idea of dragging a clean little steel tape around a street or block of buildings and making neat little chalk marks at stated points. That's just what surveying does amount to in the city. Cecil, Oswald, Davy and myself had joined the service of the Canadian Government in the capacity of chainmen with some hazy notion of the kind in our heads. We had been away from civilisation two months, and the notion had vanished in the face of such stern realities as flies, heat, and hard work.

We were all four seated on the same log, tugging silently at our pipes. For miles about us was nothing but scorched and blackened timber —some trees standing, others lying in strange angles and designs at our feet: all black, leafless and dead. It looked like some strange and appalling judgment suddenly fallen on part of the forest.

Nobody knows exactly how bush fires start. Sometimes an Indian leaves his camp-fire blazing carelessly, sometimes two dry branches, rubbing together in the breeze, ignite a fragment of birch bark and cover everything in a scorching mantle of flame. It rises and spreads for countless miles, sending birds

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and animals rushing on in front of it; over the hills and down the valleys, descending in great tongues of scarlet and leaving nothing but charred blackness behind. Then it stops as suddenly as it began, often in one straight line like an advancing army, and you emerge from a desert of cinders and burnt pine trees into a green chaos of slim maple and tangled ferns.

We had been chaining through this sort of thing all day, and chaining through even the grandest country is not a very inspiring thing. What chaining townships in the region of Hudson's Bay means is simply this. You begin from some mile post that a former surveying party may have planted years and years ago. Your transit man gives the line, and your clearing party goes ahead, cutting a straight roadway about ten feet wide through the very heart of the forest. The trees are "blazed" on either side with a broad, sweeping stroke of an axe, and then the chainman's work begins. Having dragged the chain back to the mile post, the man in front draws it taut and puts in a tally, or small peg, and goes ahead. The end man stops at the tally, the chain is drawn taut again, the tally is collected, and so it goes on. So many chains go to the mile, and then a four-sided, pointed topped post must be planted, marked with divers figures and letters of great importance.

OUR TEMPORARY CAMP IN THE HEART OF THE FOREST.

Davy and myself had come suddenly upon Oswald and Cecil in the day's work, and of course stopped to exchange tobacco and curse the country and everything to do with it. They had finished one of their lines, and were sauntering slowly through the blackened bush, with the complacency of those whose toil is over for the day.

Oswald was the first to break the silence.

He was short and fat, and inclined to fret at everything; in fact, he was endowed with nearly all the undesirable attributes for bush life that can be imagined.

"We've got to move camp again to-morrow," he sighed, wiping his streaming forehead.

"And suppose we have, Grouchy?" demanded Cecil.

"Well," proceeded Oswald, in a grieved voice, "it means the tent's got to come down, all the flour and pork have got to be moved up from Peterson's line, the canoes portaged over the rapids, and——"

"We've got to get on," I growled, standing up and counting the tallies.

But it was not long before we all came to a stop. The sound of rapids came clear and cool towards us. I looked at Cecil and he passed the look on to the others.

"We've got to cross them," I said desperately.

Water was one of our greatest trials. The woods were honeycombed with streams and miniature rivers, from ten to fifty feet wide, that we had to cross. There was of course only one method, and that was to chop a tree on the bank and let it fall in mid stream to act as a kind of bridge. It's a difficult thing to walk across a submerged and trembling

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pine with the water flowing over your ankles and the branches catching your shoe-packs at every step. Your axe becomes an impossible thing to manage, the chain you are dragging gets entangled and pulls you over backwards, the tree beneath you becomes rotten all of a sudden, and you are dumped into ten feet of water, struggling among the branches with the chain around your legs and the axe pressing against your neck.

We thought of all these things when we heard the rapids. It's not exactly pleasant to begin at six o'clock on a chill autumn morning by falling into icy water, nor to tramp all day in sodden clinging clothes. Still, the day was getting on, and camp wasn't more

CANOEING.

than three miles off. Even if we did fall in now it was better than beginning the day with a ducking.

So Cecil seized his axe, and was soon hitting huge, flying chips from a pine tree on the bank.

The rest of us sat down and waited patiently.

Cecil's animated figure could only be seen through a storm of white wood particles, and it hurt one's eyes to watch the sun glistening on his eye.

At last the tree fell in one grand rip of sound across the water.

"Quite neat, old man," said Davy, patronisingly.

Cecil wiped his forehead.

"Here goes," he grinned.

We watched him with interest. The first part of the journey was easy enough. The tree for about fifteen feet was clear of all branches; then the trouble began. As he advanced we could see the water running higher and higher above his ankles as his weight pressed on the tapering length of the tree. Suddenly his arms shot up and he vanished among the branches, the water up to his shoulders. He stood up and waved encouragingly; then waded, dripping and miserable, to the shore.

Over my shoulder the steel chain glistened and shone. If I had had to bend down and measure with the water roaring half over me and all round me, a fate like Cecil's would have been mine.

When the tree began to waver under my feet I made one frantic rush for the shore. Something almost supernatural landed me there absolutely dry above my knees. Cecil, who was wringing the water out of his trousers, gave one disgusted grunt as he surveyed me. When I looked at the tree Oswald was standing in the middle of it, quivering and pitiful.

"It must be terrible to be made like that," Cecil said musingly, pointing to him.

Of course he fell in. He stood and trembled for so long that he lost his nerve and crashed heavily down among the branches. Davy practised my rush when he came to the last few feet, and landed almost dry.

It was an hour later. Our camp fire was figured with a swaying line of drying clothes and steaming socks. Oswald was sitting complacently eating baked beans with a wooden spoon, and breathing hard between mouthfuls; the rest of us had finished supper and were smoking contentedly. Up above us the sky was a brilliant tangle of stars that seemed to be resting on the very pine-tops, and four or

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five owls were hooting drearily at our backs. The other tents and fires shone about us in a sort of magic circle.

"Nothing seems to matter now," said Oswald, smiling.

"You couldn't expect to work all night as well. We've got to get in a rest somewhere."

GIVING THE LINE.

Your "transit" man gives the line, and your clearing-party goes ahead, cutting a straight roadway about ten feet.

Davy's voice was one deep purr of content.

"But what's it going to be like when we get back again to civilisation?" questioned Cecil, looking up with a flushed face as he relighted his pipe with a blazing branch. "Imagine," he went on, "sleeping in a bed, washing, shaving, eating off china plates——"

"We did it before we came out here, and we can do it again," I said philosophically.

Then we were all silent again. You do an awful lot of thinking in the bush. The constant open air quickens your brain into working with lightning rapidity. You arrive at conclusions instantaneously.

Joe Gagly, our "Boss," loomed large out of the shadows and stepped into the circle of firelight.

"Evening, Boys."

I shoved Oswald off the log quickly, and the Boss sat down in the vacant space and grinned at us. He never had much to say. He told you what you were to do and how to do it. Nothing more or less. Sometimes he came over and yarned to us in the flickering fire light, but usually there was chill unapproachable reticence about him that neither gave confidences nor asked for them. There was nothing he didn't know, nowhere he had not been, and not a single animal that in some part of his varied existence he had not caught, trapped or killed.

"I've got a job for you four to-morrow," he said abruptly.

We four grinned joyfully. As a rule we were sent out two by two and never met all day. The jaunts we had had together were marvels of joyous adventure.

"You know we are shifting camp to-morrow."

Something gave one fat heavy sigh. It might have been the breeze, but I am inclined to think it was Oswald.

"I want you to pack up your stuff and take the two cedar canoes down to Dry Bone Lake. Chain from the iron mile post up to the Indian portage above the rapids, and on your way back bring up a load of flour and pork. You understand?"

He finished as abruptly as he began and looked at me.

I grunted, "Yes."

"How much time do you give us?"

It was, of course, Oswald who asked the question.

"You ought to be in camp again by Saturday night, or if you like to spend your Sunday down there you can be back here first thing on Monday."

He vanished into the darkness.

"I've told Antoine about your grub," he called back. "Good-night."

"It's a long way," sighed Oswald.

"We'll help Baby over the great, big, horrid logs," jeered Davy.

Despite Oswald's remark, which was perfectly true, we were all rather glad. It *was* a long way, but we were all going over it together. That counted for much.

"We'll start at four-thirty to-morrow morning," I said, trying to imitate the Boss's colourless voice.

The other three groaned in unison.

"Make it five," pleaded Oswald.

"Six at any rate," yawned Cecil.

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"I simply won't get up," said Davy.

"We start at four-thirty," I repeated sternly, and trudged away to get our supplies from the cook.

Dry Bone Lake is about the loneliest place in all the wide world. It is nothing more than a patch of dead blue water dropped in the very middle of a dull dead forest of burnt timber. The new growth of bush and tree is as yet small and scanty, while the blackened and branchless pines point above it like accusing fingers.

Our journey down had been varied. Oswald and Cecil went in one of the canoes, and Davy and I had the other. We were loaded with nothing else but our tent blankets and grub, and so paddling was not a heavy job. We shot rapids and jumped miniature waterfalls with all the grace of professionals.

After every one of these feats, when the canoes came again into smooth foamless water, Oswald would turn and call: "But think of that place on our way back."

Running rapids and jumping falls is simple enough going down the river, but the return trip is always guaranteed to try the best of tempers to the utmost. As soon as it becomes impossible to paddle against the rapids any longer you have to carry your canoe and its contents overland till you come to clear water. This is what Oswald meant and anticipated.

All the way down, our luck had held good; only once the canoe Davy and I were in sprang a leak just before we raced gaily down some rapids, and we had to pull it ashore and make sundry repairs with hot tar.

We camped at last directly on the sandy shore of Dry Bone Lake. It was too ghostly and desolate among the trees. Oswald at once instituted himself as cook and roasted countless loaves of uneatable bread among the ashes of our first fire. We bathed on the average three times a day, and for a wonder black flies and mosquitoes seemed to have utterly vanished.

Having rushed the chaining through, stacked our flour and pork in the canoes ready for the return trip, we suddenly realised that we had half of Saturday and all Sunday to spend as we liked. Oswald celebrated the discovery by wasting half our supply of flour on something he designated as buns. Then we sat down in a circle.

"Let's fish," suggested Cecil.

"No lines or hooks," said Davy shortly, looking out at the water.

"Go hunting," I ventured.

I happened to know that Oswald had a revolver of about the period of 1812 hidden among his blankets.

"With my revolver?" asked Oswald with interest.

"Certainly," the rest of us said.

"Who's to fire the thing?" I demanded scornfully.

"I think we'd all better fire it at once," said Oswald, dubiously, as he got up to get it.

He came out of the tent holding it far from him as though it were something dead and disagreeable.

"I've never shot with it myself," he faltered nervously.

OUR CANOE SPRANG A LEAK AND WE HAD TO PULL ASHORE.

"You will probably be shot by it before this giddy jaunt is over," said Cecil, seizing it from him and banging it on a rock to knock out the empty shells.

"I think it would be nice to hunt bears."

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Oswald's voice sounded as if he were suggesting a motor ride or a trip to a church bazaar.

"Delightful," I assented cheerfully. "But where do we find them?"

Oswald waved his hand across miles of burnt timber.

"Somewhere out there," he said vaguely, "and we could skin it with this," he went on, abstracting from his pocket a battered old knife that boasted one broken blade and a corkscrew.

so tame you can knock them off the trees with a stick?" I demanded scornfully.

"It's all sport," he responded promptly.

"Your version of it, Fatty," grunted Cecil, who was by degrees being walked into a state of wakefulness.

And so we trudged on. The area of burnt timber had been left far behind, and we were tramping down an old survey line at right angles to our camp on the lake. The maple trees were faintly ribbed with scarlet, and great

AS SOON AS IT BECOMES IMPOSSIBLE TO PADDLE AGAINST THE RAPIDS, YOU HAVE TO CARRY YOUR CANOE AND ITS CONTENTS OVERLAND.

Davy screamed with laughter, and, taking the bean pot off the fire, we sat down to dinner.

It was late before we started. Beans always made Cecil sleepy, and he snored steadily in the shade of a sandstone boulder for an hour. When we woke him he was peevish, and grumbled continually for the first mile of our explorations. Oswald's ardour for bears had gradually cooled. At first he suggested we should hunt moose, and from that he had gradually come down a scale of animals that grew smaller and smaller, finally ending with partridges.

"What's the use of shooting birds that are

red masses of shumac glowed and shone like dull red lamps among the heavy shadows of the pines.

"I'm tired of hunting," said Oswald at last, placidly sitting down on a fallen cedar and regarding us with a bland smile.

"So am I—of hunting nothing," agreed Davy, dropping beside him.

"We've walked five bally miles and what have we seen?" demanded Cecil, turning on me.

"Seven partridge—one hawk—three foxes, half a dozen——" I began.

"Everything but bears," said Oswald. His tone was almost one of relief.

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"It's five o'clock, and I'm going back."

Cecil got up and stretched himself, yawning horribly.

Oswald rose with alacrity. We turned and went down the line again in silence. The bush is always strangely still at sunset. It seems to be the hour when all the day animals retire, and the night animals are afraid to come out. It leaves the woods motionless and speechless. The sun marches between the pine stems like an army dipped in blood, and gradually from nowhere long shades and shadows rest along the moss and between the pine roots. This was all happening as we tramped back down the old survey line. It always seemed to me that there should be some noise or commotion about it. Everything is done so silently before your eyes that it is absolutely uncanny.

"There's not much for supper to-night," sighed Oswald, breaking the peace of it all.

"That's not our fault," growled Cecil and Davy together.

Oswald sighed again.

"What I should like to eat to-night if I were only in civilisation would be——"

"Oswald," I said sternly, "if you even so much as mention decent food when we've only got bad bread and beans for supper, I'll smash your face."

Silence came again upon us. I could see the dull water of Dry Bone Lake between the trees about half a mile ahead. Our tent showed white and ghostly on the shore. We came at last to within five hundred yards of it. Then we stopped.

"There's some one there," whispered Oswald, catching at my arm and pointing.

He was right. A black figure, with its back to us, was bending over our bean bag.

"Some message from the Boss, I suppose," said Davy, moving on again.

Cecil was a little in advance and suddenly turned and raced back to us

"My word," he shouted, "it's a bear!"

"A real bear!" gasped Oswald, standing petrified.

"Where's the gun?" demanded Davy in the voice of a forest outlaw.

Oswald held the 1812 relic out to him with a trembling hand.

"I'm going to shoot it," announced Davy, taking one step forward.

"We'll all shoot it," stuttered Cecil.

"That might make it cross," suggested Oswald, wiping his forehead.

At this juncture the bear looked up from the ruins of the bean bag and stood up on its haunches. We could see it distinctly, and the sunset was shining on its wet muzzle.

"It's got a kind face," whispered Oswald, looking behind him for an available tree to climb.

"It's got all our grub," I said, desperately moving a few steps back.

"Oswald's bread is sure to kill it," grinned Davy.

"It would suffer less if we used the revolver," said Cecil.

The bear had vanished into the tent. We saw the canvas flutter and billow, then came the sharp report of the broken tent pole. There was a maddened whirl of tent and bear going round and round in a circle.

"If we only had a rope, we could strangle it now," said Cecil.

A sudden rip of canvas and a huge paw emerged and waved madly in the air as though for assistance.

"It wants to come to terms," said Oswald, shoving me forward.

The chaos of tent and bear surged towards us. Cecil let off the 1812 relic with a bang that woke the echoes. Then we turned and fled. Oswald fell over everything and into everything. He got tangled in the ferns and trapped by every root and rotten log. Every time he fell he did so with a shrill scream, while we other three roared with laughter till the tears mixed with the perspiration on our cheeks. We stopped at last, breathless and convulsed, not having turned round once. Oswald fell full length among the ferns and lay heaving.

"I'm going back—I'm still afraid, but I'm more hungry than anything," I said, at last, getting up.

And so we went back. Every now and then we stopped to listen. Everything was silent, except the night breeze that wandered discontentedly through the pine tops.

"Oswald's bread has killed it," said Cecil in a melancholy voice.

Camp was, of course, a ruin. The tent lay in ribbons on the shore. The pork had absolutely vanished; the flour was scattered like a snowstorm everywhere. Oswald's concise and uneatable loaves had departed. All this we saw in the dusk. Then we looked at each other.

"There's enough left for two meals," said Davy, thoughtfully scooping up the flour and beans into his hat. "To-morrow I think we'll go home."

And as we started building a fire it seemed to us a mistake to go out after bear—especially when the bear is watching you go!

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THE LAST PLACE

BY

EDMUND SAVAGE.

THE big clock in the centre tower of Hallingham College clanged the hour of eleven as two boys strolled across the cricket-ground arm-in-arm. It was the last Saturday of the summer term, and the great match of the year—the School *v.* Old Boys—was to be played that day. As the two boys made their way to the pavilion they conversed in the short jerky manner, peculiar to the British schoolboy when he is suffering from that empty feeling inside commonly known as the "needle." They had good reason to feel nervous, for in this match both were playing for their colours, and there was only one place in the eleven to be filled. Both had done fairly well during the season, but neither had ever shown quite his real form, and now they were rivals for the last place. Therefore each knew that one must be taken and the other left.

They presented a strange contrast, these two, as they paused, side by side, to examine the wicket. Dick Nelson was a tall, big-boned, loose-knit boy, with a cheery face, that betokened an easy-going, good-natured disposition. Above the average in intelligence, without being offensively clever, he had sufficient wits to gather from his school life as much enjoyment and as little trouble as was consistent with a distinct preference for athletic performances to the heights of scholarship. He and his companion, "Archie"—so called for no other reason than that his name was MacLaren and that he played cricket—had been bosom friends since the day when they had entered the school-house together as twelve-year-olds. Small and slight of frame, but neatly put together, Archie was a queer little bundle of springs, active as a monkey, and brimming over with keenness. It had been a matter for some surprise that he had not got his colours on the previous Saturday, for he had played a valuable innings of thirty, but they had not been given to him. Now, as he stood by the pitch, his highly-strung nature revealed itself by a curious little habit of raising himself on his toes and dropping on to his heels. He was feeling the "needle" far worse than Nelson, but kept his thoughts occupied as far as possible by chattering about anything that came into his head.

"Wicket looks plumb all right, Dickie," he said, as they walked the length of it; "hard as a road and no spots. Hope we get first knock. What's their side, d'you know?"

"Well, they've got some stuff against us, I believe," said Nelson. "Purvis, Carteret, the two Lichfields, and old Toby Tristam are supposed to be coming."

"Gee whiz! Why, that's three Blues besides Carteret, who's as good as any of 'em, and that old beast Toby with his dirty little lobs. Come on, let's go and have a whack about. They'll be here soon."

As they resumed their way towards the little red-bricked pavilion nestling in the corner of the ground, they were silent. There are times when even the tongues of boys will not wag, and between these two the sense of comradeship was too genuine to allow them to speak of what lay nearest the heart of each. Both wished devoutly that each of them could have won his colours that day, but there was the stern fact always

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before them that triumph for one must mean bitter disappointment for the other; for on the following Monday they would both leave their schooldays behind them for ever and pass into the exalted ranks of Old Boys; and to an Old Boy his school colours are a precious asset.

It was not long before the brake carrying the Old Hallinghamians arrived. As they jumped down one after the other, they became the centre of admiration of a large crowd of small boys, who gazed in silent awe at the mighty heroes, each with his school record of prowess behind him, and some still adding laurels to their fame in other and wider fields. Many was the whispered comment that reached their ears as they pulled out their bags and gathered in a knot at the pavilion steps.

There was old Toby Tristam, a round, red-faced, little man, a major in his Majesty's army, with a reputation as a lob-bowler which was not confined to England. Those two tall, clean-shaven youths, as like each other as a pair of duck's eggs, were the famous twin Lichfields who had both played for Cambridge at Lord's that year. There, too, was Carteret, last year's school captain, whose seventy-three not out against the M.C.C. on a drying wicket had given the school a victory which would live for ever in the memory of those who saw it; and little Purvis, the Oxford wicket-keep, who was popularly supposed to maintain his form during the winter by making his young brothers throw stones at him at a range of ten yards. In the eyes of the small boys and, indeed, of not a few of the older ones, these were the greatest of great men who had gained all that the world could offer, but to their credit be it said that they had no such opinion of themselves or each other.

As soon as they had got into their flannels, Ganton, the school captain, came out of the pavilion to toss with Major Tristam for innings.

"Heads," cried the Major, as the coin spun in the air. "Oh! you young brute, you've done me. Well, I suppose you're going to put us in," he added with a chortle.

"No thanks, I think not," laughed Ganton; "we'll take a knock while we can."

The Old Boys tumbled out quickly, and punctually at 11.30 the great game started. Ganton himself went in first, taking with him Freddie Pearson, a slow painstaking bat, who might at any time make his fifty. Nelson and MacLaren were to go in first and second wicket respectively, in order that they might have a fair chance of distinguishing themselves. The bowling was entrusted to one of the Lichfields and Robson, who bowled fast medium left-hand with an occasional nasty swerve.

Now Lichfield, who was essentially a bat, had never even bowled for his college at Cambridge, and it was only on his own assurance that he bowled "awful hot googlies" that Toby Tristam put him on first—"just to let the young 'uns settle down, old chap," as he put it. But Lichfield started with a big moral advantage which the wily old Major knew was worth a good deal. For round his waist he wore a light blue scarf, and that in itself is enough to strike terror into the vitals of the average schoolboy. Ganton, who had been some years in the team (and had played Lichfield's bowling before), was not unduly perturbed by this emblem of glory, but Pearson, who had only got his colours on the previous Saturday, looked far from happy when he saw what he had to face.

"Look here, you needn't get in a funk because Lichfield is bowling," said Ganton, as they walked to the wickets. "He makes a lot of fuss about placing his field, but he can't bowl for nuts, and if you just play yourself in, he'll give you some awful tosh."

"All right," said Pearson, feeling only half convinced; "how shall we go?"

"I'll stay this end and take him on first. Back up hard, as we want every run we can get."

"Play!" called the umpire, and Lichfield, sidling up to the stumps, gracefully delivered a slow full-pitch, which Ganton thumped to the leg boundary amid shrieks of delighted applause from the pavilion, and a volley of good-natured chaff at Lichfield's expense from the fielding side. The next two balls were of reasonable length with a little work on them, and Ganton, taking no risks, played them both carefully back to the bowler. The fourth, however, was a nice half-volley, and he drove it hard along the ground past extra-cover for another four. The next he placed neatly on the leg side for three, and thus Pearson had to take the last ball of the over. It was quite well up and looked tempting. Forgetful of all his resolutions to play his own steady game, he jumped out, swung at it, played right inside it, and was smartly stumped by Purvis. One wicket for eleven.

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Nelson came in looking cheery and comfortable as usual, but feeling probably more unhappy than he had ever felt in his life.

The first ball of the next over was played by Ganton slowly in the direction of third-man, and Nelson called him for an easy run. Getting down to the other end, he took guard, and immediately all his nervousness left him. He played the next three balls hard and clean in the middle of the bat, two to mid-off, and one to the bowler, and then got well on top of a short one and banged it past point to the boundary. In the next over he hit two fours and a three off Lichfield, and by the time he had to face Robson again was beginning to enjoy himself. Meanwhile Ganton was playing a sound game, and these two carried the score to fifty-five before Ganton was caught in the slips. The score board then read 55-2-26.

All this time Archie had been sitting on a seat under a tree, watching the game intently and fighting against an insane desire to get up and run about madly, or climb a tree, or, in fact, do anything but sit still. Every now and then he did get up and stroll a few yards, but he always came back again to the seat, for strolling was intolerable. Though he was naturally anxious for the school to get a good start, yet he longed to see a wicket fall and put an end to his suspense. He begar to wonder whether it would be Ganton or Nelson who would get out, and found it difficult to make up his mind which he honestly hoped would happen. If Nelson got out soon there was a chance of his getting those colours; but then, what about poor old Dickie? If only Ganton would get out, and he and Dick could do something big together. Ah! yes, that would be ripping. And for a moment or two he forgot all about the question of colours in dreaming of a long partnership between himself and his best pal. Then he cursed himself for being such a selfish little brute. Why should he want Ganton to get out just so that he might go in himself? Was he so far gone that he couldn't remember he was playing for the school, and not for his beastly self?

Such were the musings of a young mind somewhat overwrought by nothing more culpable than a great longing to distinguish himself. Just as he reached this state of self-condemnation, Ganton's wicket fell, and, with a gulp in his throat, Archie ran to the pavilion to get rid of his blazer. In a sort of dream he found his bat and realised that he was walking to the wicket putting on a glove. What a silly, clumsy-looking thing a batting-glove was, and why did his pads feel so heavy and big? As he reached the crease Purvis, from behind the wicket, said something encouraging to which he tried to reply But he found his tongue had stuck firmly to the roof of an absolutely dry mouth, and he could not utter a word. He managed, however, to raise a sickly grin, though he felt his upper lip click as it slid over his teeth.

As he looked up after taking guard he saw Nelson beaming at him from the other end, and that pulled him together a bit. He grinned back and set his teeth hard. Then he became conscious that Robson was starting on the first of his long, swinging strides, and leaping towards him. The ball, well up and spinning, pitched outside his leg stump. Instinctively he reached forward, playing over his left leg, and glided it neatly behind the wicket.

"Come on!" shouted Nelson, delighted at the opportunity of breaking Archie's duck; but the next moment he saw that short-leg had darted across to the ball and gathered it smartly with his right hand. "No! Go back," he yelled, pulling himself up, but as he turned he slipped and fell halfway up the pitch.

Archie took in the situation at a glance. He saw that short-leg, realising what had happened, was going to throw in at Nelson's end as hard as he could. Therefore he himself could easily get back. In these moments the brain acts like lightning. It was almost certain that one of them had got to go . . . and Dickie was nicely set.

He rushed down the pitch and dived past Nelson. As he did so the ball whizzed past him and flicked off one of the bails.

"How's that?" roared Robson as Archie flung himself over the crease, and though he could not see, Archie knew that old Beadon, the school "pro," was stretching his hand skywards.

"Hard luck, young feller!" he heard Robson say as he picked himself up, and with downcast head set out on that long, trying journey back to the pavilion which every cricketer knows so well. A heavy hand gripped his shoulder tight.

"Archie, Archie, old thing," gasped Nelson, "I'm so beastly, beastly sorry. Why didn't you get back instead of coming on? Oh! what a fool I was!"

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"Shut up, you old ass! It wasn't your fault," said Archie thickly, "I—I lost my head, you know."

Nelson looked at the small, hanging head, and knew that Archie was lying.

"No, you didn't, you little brick! You did it on purpose, and I can never forgive myself."

"Look here," said Archie, stopping dead and twisting his face into a smile, "I'll never forgive you if you let this upset you and spoil your game. It was just a bit of bad luck, and no more your fault than mine. There's Draper all ready to come in, so ta-ta. Keep it going, old chap," and with another forced grin and a nod Archie made for the pavilion.

Nelson groaned and swung his bat in the air as he walked slowly back to the wicket wishing the earth would swallow him up. He stabbed viciously at the next ball and only just escaped being caught in the slips. For the next twenty minutes or so he was very unsteady, and more than once lashed out wildly at good length balls. But a merciful Providence was watching over him that day, and nothing actually went to hand, though more than one mis-hit went sailing over third-man's head or dropped just short of the field.

Profiting by his luck, Nelson at length settled down to his real form and by lunch-time had made 77. At a quarter past three, with a spanking off-drive, he completed the first century of his life, and knew what it was to hear the applause ripple round the ground and swell into a roar of approval. Wickets had been falling fast meanwhile, and there were only two more to fall by the time he had achieved this feat. He eventually got himself out in attempting to make a half-volley out of a good ball, and retired to the pavilion amid storms of cheering for 112.

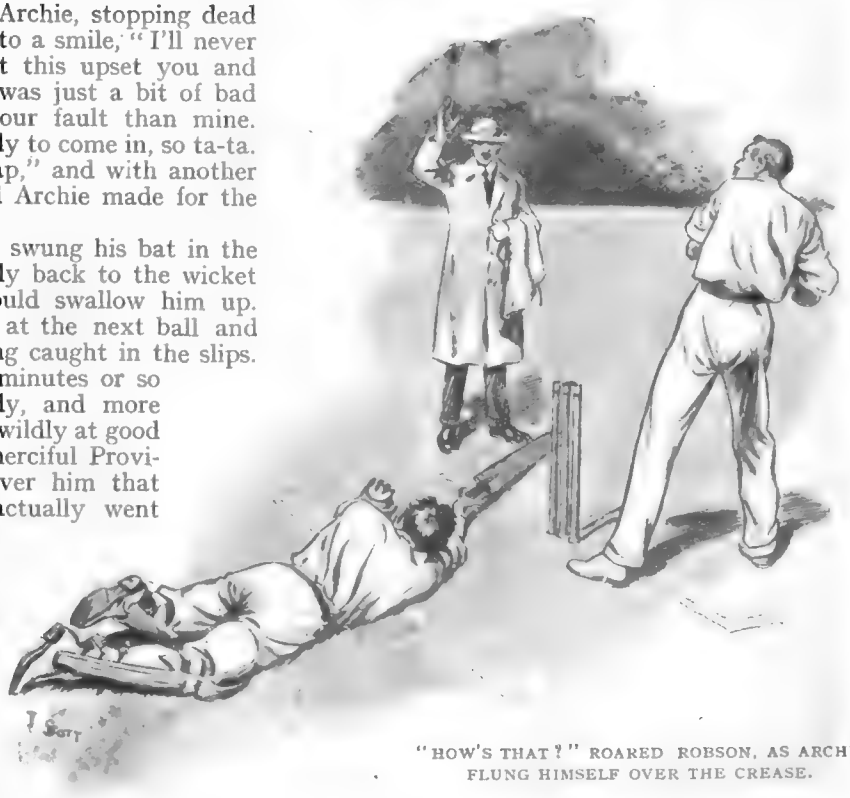
The school innings, which amounted to 265, came to an end a few minutes later.

As he ran the gauntlet of the junior fry eager to claim the distinction of having smacked him on the back, the first to claw hold of his hand and shake it vigorously was Archie.

"Well done, old boy," he said, "I'm so jolly glad."

Something like a lump came into Nelson's throat as he squeezed Archie's arm hard, for he found words difficult at that moment. Later, as they were going out to field, Nelson was able to express himself.

"Archie, you little beast," he said. "I'm miserable about you—you ought to be shot,



"HOW'S THAT?" ROARED ROBSON, AS ARCHIE FLUNG HIMSELF OVER THE CREASE.

and you know it. But, look here, Ganton knows exactly what you did, and so do all the Old Boys."

"Oh! shut up," broke in Archie.

The Old Boys started with every intention of getting the runs within the three hours left for play. The twin Lichfields, who went in first, began laying about them in no uncertain fashion, and put on sixty odd runs in the first half-hour before one of them was run out in attempting to steal a short one. Each man as he came in "had a dip," and by six o'clock the match was in a very interesting position, for with two wickets to fall only twenty runs were required to win.

Archie, who had almost forgotten his own troubles at the prospect of a win for the School, had been doing some good work in the long-field, and had saved many a

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boundary by hard sprinting and accurate throwing-in. Ganton was sending down his fast, bumpy balls from one end, and Pearson was bowling his deceptive slows from the other. Archie was fielding wide and deep long-on to the latter and watching every ball keenly. Major Tristam, who was batting for the Old Boys, punished a short one from Pearson by pulling it hard over to the square-leg boundary, and the next one came spinning along in Archie's direction. They had run one before he could reach it, and as he gathered it he could see out of the corner of his eye that they were starting on another. He picked it up, going at full pace, and threw it in hard and low to Pearson. It came beautifully to hand and Pearson whipped off the bails.

"How's that?" yelled the school team in unison.

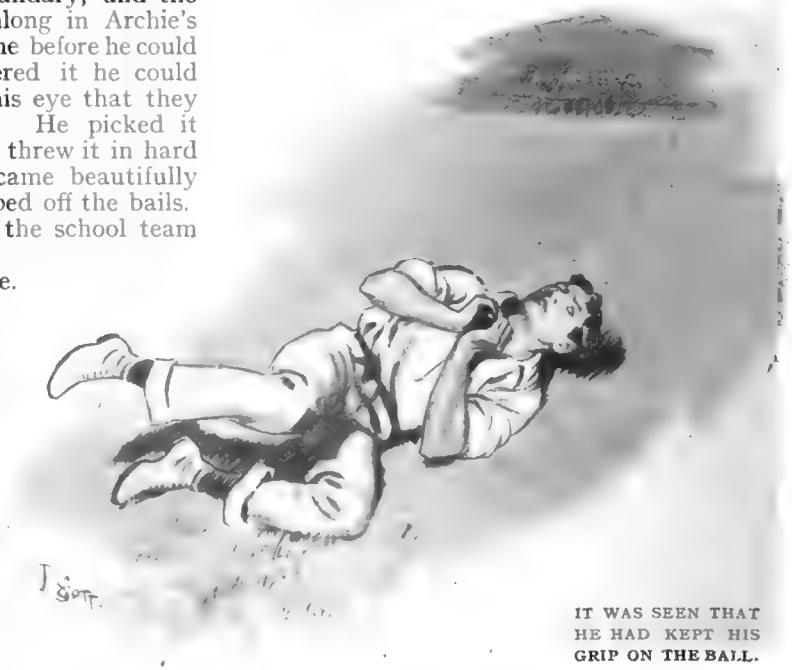
"Out!" said the umpire.

Nine wickets down and fifteen runs to make. Purvis came in and took his stand at the wicket amid the strained silence of the spectators. Pearson made up his mind to try his fast ball on him. But, alas! it was too well up and Purvis smote it over extra-cover's head to the boundary. Eleven runs to win.

Purvis was not a great bat, but he had no nerves and gloried in a situation of this sort. He jumped right out to the next ball and made a full pitch of it. Away it went to the boundary, and only seven runs were wanted.

Pearson looked puzzled. He had two more balls to bowl, and at this rate the match would be lost by the end of his over. He tried to bowl a good length one just outside the off-stump, but Purvis was ready for him and, jumping out again, hit it hard past mid-off. It just got to the boundary before Draper could reach it, and a groan went round the ground as the telegraph-board registered 262. Ganton whispered something to Pearson, who nodded and looked round to see that his field were in their places. The silence was now so intense that the twitter of a swallow which dashed across the pitch could be heard all over the field.

Pearson started on his run; Purvis crouched. As Pearson's arm came over he prepared to jump out, but Pearson had something up his sleeve this time. Without altering his action he held the ball much tighter than usual, with the result that it came slower than Purvis thought. The latter dashed at it, but failed to get to the pitch of it. Swinging with all his might he slogged it high up in the air with a cross bat The next moment Archie realised that



IT WAS SEEN THAT HE HAD KEPT HIS GRIP ON THE BALL.

it was coming to him. It was well to his right and going away. Could he get to it?

He ran as hard as he could, keeping his eye fixed on the ball, which was looming larger and larger as it came down. A last despairing leap, an outstretched right hand, and—oh, joy!—he felt the ball stick there. A tremendous shout burst on his ears only to die suddenly away as he tripped and fell, rolling over on his back; but the next moment the shouts were redoubled as it was seen that he had kept his grip on the ball and was hugging it as if he would never leave go.

The match was over, and the School had won by three runs.

As they got to the pavilion Ganton caught Nelson by the arm.

"You can get your colours, old chap," Archie heard him say.

A great cloud of misery seemed to drop suddenly on Archie's head and envelop him.

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In the joy of that glorious catch he had completely forgotten all about colours. Now he remembered, and the bitter reality smote him hard. But there was something to be done and he must do it at once. Running up to Nelson he seized his hand.

"Congratulations, Dickie," he said; "good man." He could say no more.

"Archie, you can get your colours," said Ganton's voice, just behind him.

"Me? Colours? why, you said Nelson —I heard—what d'you mean?" stammered Archie.

"What do I mean?" said Ganton with a broad smile, "I mean you are to get your colours, and so is Nelson. Why, I meant to give twelve colours ever since last Saturday, but I wasn't going to tell you so till after the game to-day, or you might have put on too much side."

"Er—thanks awfully," said Archie, turning a brilliant red.

MR. VAILE AND TWO CRITICS

THAT cricket is not all that it might be is quite true, but Mr. Vaile lays the blame on the wrong persons. Instead of the Management Committee being to blame, it is the players, for many of our leading professionals (some were once Australians) play the stone-wall game right through a match. Also Mr. Vaile may notice that in the present tour the Australian players are greatly responsible for making cricket slow, for the wearying "tea intervals and general tediousness."

Why quibble about the distinction between Jessop and Hayward? To a sensible person there appears to be nothing in it. Although Mr. Jessop writes for papers, and is the paid secretary of a club, he is not a professional, for the definition of a professional is "a man who earns money by playing the game of cricket," not by managing the club's business.

There is certainly no need to make any fuss about amateurs and professionals using different doors, for that is the case on very few grounds at the present time.

It is just as well that the English Selection Committee is entirely composed of Amateurs, for if amateurs and pros. were on a level, we should probably have a few incidents like that which occurred in Australia on the Selection of the present Australian team.

It is unfortunate that Mr. Vaile should contrast the English and Australian methods of managing cricket when we remember the trouble between the Board of Control and players in Australia and then turn to the perfect harmony reigning in England.

The suggestion that there should be twelve balls to an over is useless. Mr. Brearley could bowl twelve balls, but could the majority of fast bowlers do so? From all accounts bowling, and especially fast bowling, is quite the hardest part of the game, and certainly should not be made harder.

Cricket never has been a public entertainment like football, but if some players would liven up their style of playing, it would certainly excite more enthusiasm than it now does.

C. F. HUGHES.

MR. VAILE'S Test Match article is remarkable, if only for one thing, and that is its straightforwardness. His terse and amusing epithets regarding a certain section of the amateur element in cricket were especially pleasing to the present writer.

It is scarcely elevating for a paid player to write criticisms of the play of his fellow-professionals; for a "front-door" man to do so is debasing.

The article may sometimes create ill-feeling, *does* foster mock modesty, and certainly does not tend to improve the quality of the critic's own play.

Mr. Vaile suggests that professionals should be on the Selection Committee, and an excellent idea it is, too, though the golf team comparison is scarcely analogous. Braid, Taylor and Vardon spell golf, and even newspaper reporters would be pretty unanimous in selecting the ten best golfers, but two cricket teams could be chosen capable of licking the present Australian combination.

Mr. Vaile's Selection Committee is a capital one, but on mine I would have no man who has a chance of playing for his country.

My reason for this is that while one may be too conscientious to allow himself to be chosen, another might not be conscientious enough to keep himself off, even for a better man. There have been cases illustrating both points.

Spectators, says the old saw, see most of the game, and who sees more of the game than the umpires? Besides, most of them are old pros. and all are keen judges of cricket. Anyhow, I would have them on my Committee, which would be: Lord Hawke, Dr. W. G. Grace, Mr. Leveson-Gower, and Two Umpires, say, Moss and Dench, or Carlin and West.

As to Mr. Vaile's suggestions *re* the livening up of cricket, I think the tea interval should be abolished, likewise boundaries, but the twelve balls over likes me not. It would be the death of that beautiful thing the "maiden," unless Quaife or Vine was batting, and then the poor chap at the other end would be risking pneumonia during such a season as 1909.

Cricket is slow, naturally so, Mr. Vaile, but it could be made infinitely brighter without any drastic upsetting of rules. The true remedy is this—more enterprising batting.

JOHN Y. MORRIS.

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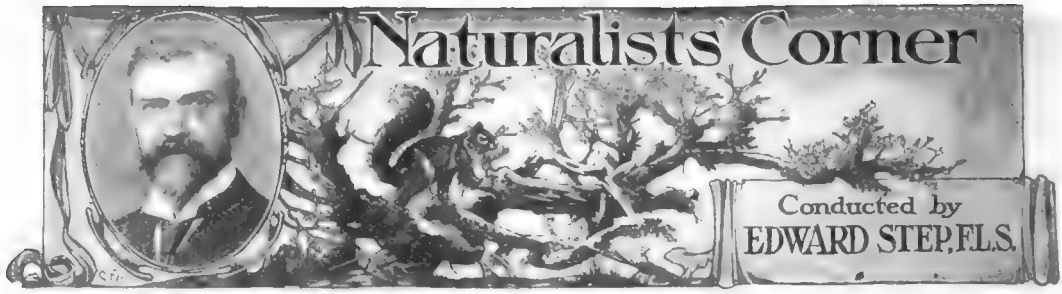

Preserving Leaves.—"Leaves" (Todmorden) intends making a collection of leaves, and would like to know the best and cheapest way of preserving them on sheets of paper. Nothing could be much simpler. He should fold and cut up several old newspapers to a convenient size, and carefully spread out his leaves upon them, taking care that none of the lobes or edges get folded or curled up in the process. Then several thicknesses of paper should be laid upon each filled sheet, and the process repeated again. The newspaper is for the purpose of absorbing the moisture from the leaves, and it should be changed every two or three days until the leaves are quite dry and stiff. Until this stage is arrived at, the pile of leaves and paper should be kept under pressure, which may be provided by means of a few bricks. It is essential, however, that this pressure should be equally distributed; and with this object in view a couple of pieces of board the same size as the drying sheets should be placed, one under, and one above the pile, and strawboards should be placed at intervals in the pile. When thoroughly dry, the leaves may be mounted on sheets of cartridge-paper, either by neat strips of gummed paper across the leaf-stalks, or by stitching them. The natural history dealers advertising in our pages sell special presses for the purpose of drying botanical specimens; also absorbent paper for the more perfect drying of them.

Preserving Leaves.—S. B. Culver (Palmer's Green) asks what is the proper way to mount leaves, how to prevent their turning brown, and if there is any book specially made for keeping them in? The "proper way" to mount leaves is a matter of individual taste. The plan usually adopted by botanists for mounting their specimens after pressing and drying them is to attach them by glue, or threads, or gummed straps to sheets of cartridge paper of uniform size. The plan of mounting them in albums is not a good one, because it does not allow of re-arranging them for classifying purposes as the collection grows. The preservation of the natural tints of the leaves is a matter of frequently changing the drying papers. See reply to "Leaves" (Todmorden) above.

Taxidermy.—"Ordinary Tommy" (Roorkee, India) has been a reader of THE CAPTAIN for nine years, during which time he has not missed a single issue. He thinks it would be difficult to find a more loyal "Captainite" than himself. At the present moment he wishes to know of a book on curing and stuffing birds' skins, which must be of low price, to suit a "Tommy's" purse. I fear there is nothing that meets this latter requirement. There used to be one at a shilling called "The British Bird-Preserver," but it has been out of print for years. The only book I know is Montagu Browne's "Practical Taxidermy" (L. Upcott Gill. *7s. 6d.*) which gives instructions for the preservation of all kinds of natural history specimens. "Ordinary Tommy" might be able to get a second-hand copy cheaply somewhere.

Bees and Poultry.—C. A. H. Woolley (Stoke-on-Trent) wishes to keep bees and poultry as a hobby, and would like to know the titles of books on these subjects. Webster's "Book of Bee-Keeping" (L. Upcott Gill, *1s.*) is an admirable little work, and will tell him all he wants to know. A more advanced book issued by the same publishers is Cheshire's "Practical Management of Bees," price *8s. 6d.* The same firm issue several cheap works on poultry. Perhaps the best for C.A.H.W. to begin with would be Mackenzie's "Popular Poultry-Keeping," price *1s.*

Trees.—M. H. Williams (Flint) has my "Wayside and Woodland Trees"—of which she says "as a guide it is splendid, but not advanced enough for my present purpose." I am afraid there is nothing more advanced at the price she names (*6s.*). There are the five volumes (*20s.*) by Professor Marshall Ward, published by the Cambridge University Press; and the handsome volume, "Trees and their Life Histories," by Percy Groom (Cassell, *25s.*). There are no others that are likely to be useful to her.

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Vivarium.—Stuart M. Fraser (Kilmarnock) asks "What is a vivarium; and how do you make one?" A dictionary definition of a vivarium would be a place for keeping living things. An aquarium is a vivarium devoted to aquatic creatures. As usually understood, a vivarium is an aquarium without water, if such a contradictory statement is permissible. Let us call it a fern-case without ferns. It is mostly used for keeping small reptiles, &c. As to the making—that scarcely comes within my province, and in any case I could not venture upon working instructions. It has usually four glass sides, but the bottom and the corner posts are either wood or zinc, and therefore the working directions would depend upon the material chosen.

Insect Eggs.—Alex. Wilson (Dumfries) wishes for the name of a firm that supplies the eggs of butterflies and moths. Mr. L. W. Newman, Salisbury Road, Bexley, Kent, keeps what is known as a butterfly farm, and can supply the more important species of butterflies and moths in either the egg, caterpillar or chrysalis stage, according to season. He will send a price list on application.

Name of Plant.—"Magister" (Wandsworth) sends a sprig of a tree to be named. It reached me in a very shrivelled condition, it being impossible to keep such specimens fresh in cardboard boxes. By soaking it, however, I got it to show some semblance of natural form. I make it out to be the Ash-leaved Maple or Box-Elder (*Acer negundo*), with young leaves and incipient fruits. It is one of the maple family that has been cultivated in this country for more than two hundred years, but its natural habitat is North America.

Bird Query.—Sydney P. Pope (Exmouth) and H. Saville (Cheltenham) write suggesting that the bird seen by Miss Rickman (*see* May CAPTAIN) was the green woodpecker. This was a possibility that had occurred to me, suggested by the gardener's statement that the galley-bird nests in holes of trees, but I discarded it on account of the red-brown crest, not thinking it possible that a lady would describe the scarlet patch on this bird's head as red-brown. But then, as I remarked, I should equally have expected her to notice the jay's little bits of bright blue. It must be confessed that these attempts to identify a species from another person's description derived from a casual glimpse, are always unsatisfactory. Perhaps Miss Rickman will sure whether it has broken blue bars on its wings or a crimson patch on its head. [Since writing the foregoing I have come across a reference to the green woodpecker under the local name of "gally." This, I think, disposes keep a look-out for that bird again, and make of the question in favour of the view taken by Messrs. Pope and Savile.]

Botanical Locality.—"Student" (Manchester) is contemplating a holiday in the south, and asks if I can recommend the North Downs for botanising purposes. Undoubtedly. If he stays in the neighbourhood of Reigate, Dorking or Guildford, or any of the villages between, he will have splendid opportunities. The plants characteristic of the chalk formations and of dry soils generally are abundantly represented, and he will find great expanses of open country to range over.

Piebald Blackbird.—E. E. H. (Addlestone) saw in the garden at the beginning of June a piebald blackbird. Its head was almost entirely white, as also was the neck, but the rest of its body, including the wings, was black. He would like to know "if this is just a freak of nature, or a cross-bred bird?" Blackbirds are occasionally seen that are entirely white, as is the case with many other animals that are normally dark-coloured; it is, therefore, not extraordinary to meet with examples that are partly black and partly white. If we assume that they are hybrids, or "cross-bred," what bird would my correspondent suggest as the white parent?

Toy Terrier.—F. G. H. Brown (Coventry) has a toy Yorkshire terrier, four months old, and wants advice how to bring it up. He says, "Every one seems to know how it should be brought up, but, unfortunately, no two opinions are the same." Exactly: and I fear that mine would be of no value to him, for I am only a naturalist and have absolutely no experience of these artificial productions, which are, like ladies' millinery, matters of changing fashion. I believe it is the correct thing to have an experienced maid to attend to them, silk-lined and padded baskets for their beds, tailor-made lounge-suits, walking-suits and dress-suits, special baths, *cosmetiques* and perfumes, bracelets, the services of a professional hairdresser, and so forth. Even this is only what I have learned from hearsay. I should certainly not like to venture any advice respecting such valuable curiosities. Why not keep a dog?

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LORD SKYSAIL RETURNS TO EARTH FOR COWES WEEK AFTER A HOLIDAY IN MARS.

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COMPETITIONS FOR AUGUST

Last day for sending in, August 18. (Foreign and Colonial Readers, September 18.)

NOTICE.—At the top of the first page the following particulars must be clearly written, thus:

Competition No. ——, Class ——, Name —— Address ——, Age ——.

Competitors may enclose their attempts for the various competitions IN ONE COVERING ENVELOPE, but each attempt must be put in a separate envelope inside the covering one, plainly marked with the number of the competition and class.

Letters to the Editor should not be sent with competitions.

We trust to your honour to send in unaided work.

Pages should be connected with paper-fasteners, not pins.

Write only on one side of the paper.

COUPONS.—In order to ensure that those who compete for our prizes are actual purchasers of the magazine, we require all competitors to affix to their competitions the coupons which will be found on an advertisement page. A coupon is provided for each competition. Please use paste, gum, or paper-fasteners for attaching these coupons to the paper.

The coupons may be used by the same competitor for other competitions than those for which they are numbered.

HONOURABLE MENTIONS.—Any competitor who has been honourably mentioned twelve times may apply for a Certificate of Merit.

Address covering envelope: "Competitions for August," THE CAPTAIN, Southampton Street, Strand, London, W.C.

All competitions should reach us by August 18.

The results will be published in the October number.

AGE RULE: A Competitor may enter for (say) an age limit 21 competition, so long as he has not actually turned 22. The same rule applies to the other age limits.

In every case the final decision lies with the Editor, who cannot enter into correspondence with unsuccessful competitors.

No. 1.—***"Incomplete Faces."***—Fill in the missing parts of the "Incomplete Faces" you will find on an advertisement page. Note that the sketches represent well-known public men, and are not intended to be comic. Prizes: Three Boxes of Water-Colours manufactured by George Rowney and Co. (See Prizes page.)

Class I. . .	Age limit: Twenty-five.
Class II. . .	Age limit: Eighteen.
Class III. . .	Age limit: Fourteen.

No. 2.—***"Heraldic Competition."***—Draw and colour the coat-of-arms of your family, school, town or county. The size of the drawing should not be greater than three inches square. Prizes: Three Miniature Rifles manufactured by the Birmingham Small Arms Co., Ltd. (See Prizes page.)

Class I. . .	Age limit: Twenty-five.
Class II. . .	Age llmit: Eighteen.
Class III. . .	Age limit: Fourteen.

No. 3.—***"Naturalists' Competition."***—Send an essay, not exceeding 400 words, on the natural history of your neighbourhood. Your essay may be of a general kind, or deal with the animal or vegetable kingdom as preferred. Prizes: Two Hand Cameras by Benetfink, Ltd.

Class I. . .	Age limit: Twenty-five.
Class II. . .	Age limit: Eighteen.

No. 4.—***"Photographic Competition."***—Send a photograph taken on your holidays, in town, at the seaside, or in the country. Photographs must be original, *i.e.*, not copied from the work of others. Neatness in mounting will be taken into consideration. Prizes: Goods to the value of 7*s.* 6*d.* from the catalogue of F. H. Ayres, Ltd.

Class I. . .	Age limit: Twenty-five.
Class II. . .	Age limit: Eighteen.
Class III. . .	Age limit: Fourteen.

No. 5.—***"Pictorial Competition."***—A prize of Ten Shillings will be awarded for the best comic black-and-white sketch submitted, and Five Shillings will be paid for every other sketch we use. Competitors should bear in mind that the sketches sent in for this competition will be used in our autumn numbers, so that they should be as seasonable as possible. The "*jokes*" *must not be copied from other papers.* We should also be pleased to consider sketches suitable for our covers—in red and blue or red and black. Only original work must be submitted.

No age limit.

No. 6.—***"School Notes."***—A prize of Five Shillings will be awarded for the best paragraph (not exceeding 200 words) dealing with school life. Each paragraph should bear a *nom-de-plume* for publication. Half a Crown will be paid for those we print. Photographs dealing with school life will be paid for at the same rate.

No age limit.

FOREIGN AND COLONIAL READERS are invited to compete in all competitions. In their case the time limit is extended to September 18, Australian readers being allowed one month longer. By "Foreign and Colonial" we refer to readers living outside Europe. There will be no age limit. One prize of 5*s.* will be awarded to the sender of the best entry in each competition. Envelopes should be marked: "Foreign and Colonial August Competitions."

NOTE.—*We are postponing the setting of special competitions for Club members until the commencement of the new volume in October.*

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SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, LONDON.

How to get the Best Test Match Team.—Apparent in the many sensible essays which have reached us dealing with Mr. Vaile's article, is a certain hesitancy as to whether it would be advisable to have professionals on the Selection Committee. Taking everything into consideration, it seems best, as one competitor says, to "leave well alone." Mr. Vaile was rather irrelevant in his article, and naturally his critics are the same, and branch off to discuss the various matters he does. As regards the front-door and back-door as distinguishing between amateur and professional players, it is pointed out that if the professionals themselves were consulted, they would prefer to have their own department of the pavilion, where, as one very young competitor remarks, they can have their little joke together. On the other hand, it is pointed out that at a number of county grounds all the players issue from the same door.

I propose, however, to let competitors speak for themselves. They range in age from fourteen to forty-two. (And here I may remark that it is not necessary for competitors in the No Age Limit class to mention their ages.) Many shrewd observations are made on the present situation in cricket, and I have tried to pick out the best of these.

Before proceeding to give these extracts, however, I should like to say a word or two myself about the Test Matches which have been played up to the time we go to press. The first match we won with ease. I believe that the weather was largely against the Colonials, and that they were not showing their true form any more than they showed it against Surrey and Hampshire, the former of whom beat them, while the latter very nearly did. I believe the Colonials are improving as the weather improves, and as the conditions approach more nearly to those which they enjoy on their own side of the world. The team does not possess any great individual players—except, perhaps, Trumper, who has not yet done himself justice. On the other hand, it is a wonderfully well-balanced team, and it is the well-balanced team which wins matches, as is so evident in football. They are a smart all-round lot, and if fifteen Test matches were played instead of five they would always give England a hard game. Misled by the form the Australians had previously displayed, for the second Test the Selection Committee were not sufficiently careful about the bowling, with the result that although England batted badly, Australia made a great many more runs than she ought to have done. In the third Test England bowled well—very well—and I should myself put in the same bowlers for the fourth and fifth matches. A left-handed batsman ought to be in the team, and Woolley wou'd be a happy selection, especially as he is a useful change bowler and a sound field. He would be a better choice than Rhodes, perhaps.

With regard to Brearley, it is possible that, strong man as he is, he may have been a bit overbowled by his county. This is mere conjecture on my part, but the possibility is there. If Brearley is played in the fourth and fifth Test matches, I should say it would

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be a good thing to drop him out of the Lancashire team for the three days preceding each Test. As to this third Test, I don't think there is any reason to upbraid the Selection Committee for not putting up the best men. You never know what is going to happen at cricket, and the same team may win the fourth and fifth Tests. If Blythe and Jessop had been able to play in all five Tests, the Australians would have found it difficult to win a single match in the rubber, the one being so superb a bowler, and the other possessing such exceptional ability to make runs under adverse conditions. Mr. Maclaren is played for his captaincy, and so far, except for two useful little scores, has proved the weak spot in the batting. It seems to me that a man who is not, perhaps, Maclaren's equal as a captain, but who is a better all-round player, would have been a wiser selection. With the greatest possible respect for Maclaren as a captain and as a cricketer, I think that the best man to lead the English team would be Mr. A. O. Jones, for here we have a good captain, a man who knows his Australia, a fine bat, a capable change bowler, and one of the best fields in the country. The present Selection Committee have done as well as any Selection Committee could do. Their choice of Barnes for the third Test was an exceedingly wise one, and this bowler ought to be kept in the team, as, in addition to being one of the best bowlers in the country, he has the Test match temperament.

Let us now see what Mr. Vaile's critics have to say. Elsewhere I am quoting a couple of the essays in full.

"The author says the Australians are all on the same footing. Quite so. But surely he forgets that they all share the profits, and according to our idea, they are all professionals. It is really an act of courtesy to them, as our guests, that they are accorded the privileges of amateurs. . . . I think it a great pity that Mr. Vaile should have seen fit to draw comparisons. No one denies that the professionals are a fine body of men, gentlemen in every sense of the word, so why should he tend to make discord on a situation that is in all ways satisfactory? One plays for pleasure, the other for his living. Do master and man hobnob together? If Mr. Vaile has an office boy, does he dine with him, because the boy happens to have written in the same book as Mr. Vaile? I think not. So leave well alone!"—R. JOHNS.

"We think if the opinion of the majority of pros. was obtained, it would be found that they preferred to have separate quarters, even though it meant a different entrance to the field of play."—FREDERIC J. BROAD.

"In his outspoken article Mr. Vaile writes as a man who evidently loves the game; he knows its possibilities and recognises the retarding influence which of late years has crept into the conduct of its affairs; he notes the lethargy of county cricket which, if unchecked, will eventually kill all interest in the game, and by drawing attention to these things, not in a carping spirit of unfair criticism, but rather with an honest desire to eradicate the evils, he has done well—he has played the game."—J. ADAMS.

"An amateur selection committee is chosen to select the Test Match team for the fact that those forming it have for many years acted as captains, not only of counties, but generally from their earliest cricketing days at public schools. Consequently it has been a necessity, as well as a duty, to keep their eye on the minutest details of the game. To, indeed, 'get under the skin,' which Mr. Vaile himself seems to have missed. Most amateurs have a far deeper love of the game than professionals have, as with the latter it is chiefly a case of 'look after No. 1.' I say it, however, with all respect, and seeing that the game is their living, none can blame them. With a professional it is a case of 'How can *I* get that batsman out, or make fifty runs and thereby earn talent money?' rather than 'How can *my side* do it?' Consequently an amateur captain has a far better insight into those little things which go to show who is the best man, than has the pro. It is absurd to liken cricket to golf: in the latter game none of the amateurs are in the same class as the leading professionals, whereas at cricket the two are quite evenly matched."—HARRY C. BAKER.

"Are all draws 'deadly?' Has Mr. Vaile never seen a match that has been made a draw through good bowling and fielding, where eleven men, after fighting keenly to keep the runs down succeed, or where the tail end, after trying hard to keep their wickets up, also succeed? I presume not. And, mind you, in cricket, for every deadly draw there are three draws that are fights up to the last ball. What more can the heart of an Englishman desire?"—A. HOLMES.

"Mr. Vaile says that all the players should come out of the same gate. Presumably he means that amateurs and professionals should mix together, talk together, and, in fact, live together. Now, it is doubtful whether it would be wise to change this, a long-standing custom. Would the paid men like to be always living with men so superior to them? Surely they would prefer to pass their jokes between themselves, than to talk above their own heads with lords and knights."—J. E. SWALE.

"There are some teams and individuals who are killing the game by their dull play. Though, of course, every player cannot be a G. L. Jessop or a K. G. Macleod, it would be possible for most of our slowest players to show more enterprise. There should certainly be no tea interval. Are Englishmen degenerating so that they cannot play five or six hours' cricket without requiring a rest?"—ARTHUR RUSSELL.

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"I think Mr. Vaile is a little hard on the amateur who writes for the papers. A man is not necessarily a professional cricketer because he writes about cricket for the newspapers."—E. G. HOGAN.

"Why not copy the Rugby method and have veterans on the committee? Lord Hawke, W. G. Grace, and Leveson-Gower. The last-named is not exactly a veteran, but he is on the present committee and he does not play for England. Take that selection. They would have no petty prejudices, and all are thoroughly capable; for what they do not know about cricket is not worth knowing. . . . In conclusion, the author waxes enthusiastic over the way the English professionals play the game. It would be a very great pity if they did not play well. Then it would be obtaining money under false pretences, and very soon they would have to look out for other billets. It is their work; and they are paid for it."—W. ROBERTSON.

"A strange thing happened at Lord's on Tuesday, June 15. England had to field after lunch, and MacLaren and Jones (the two amateurs), instead of 'swanking forth from the front entrance,' walked round to the professional quarters, and the whole team took the field together. Perhaps this is a step towards the union of the two divisions."—ALBERT E. HORTON.

"Mr. Vaile's first point is that 'County Cricket is too dismally dull and uninteresting.' Here I venture to disagree with him. Your real cricket spectator will not find the slowest cricket boring. Hayward's uphill innings, and C. B. Fry's faultless footwork thrill him with æsthetic joy. . . . I don't understand why Mr. Vaile wants *six* men to select the team. The self-made merchant who wrote, 'If you want a thing done, don't appoint a large committee,' was right. Three men can do the work as well as six, if you can get the right three."—H. G. NICOLSON.

"Even as matters stand, we haven't much cause for grumbling about the way our men play in the Tests. I firmly believe that every man plays for his country, not for self-glory. . . . I should have liked his article better had he stated his view without introducing comparatively trivial matters, and steered clear of rather cheap sneers at amateurs, who, after all, are the backbone of cricket."—W. H. GILLMAN.

"He attaches too much importance to professionalism (which to my mind is a bane to all sports) and forgets the many thousands of amateurs of the younger school who are daily fighting to a finish splendid battles on the field. I ask you to look for a moment on some of our public school and University records (of which I will give no details). Can any one suggest for a moment that they are not keeping up the standard of our national game in a fine fashion? Are *they* not above high average seeking and like offences? Do they fight in a clean spirit, and find their enjoyment in the pure love of the game? I think so. And the same may be said of many other teams in the country."—H. C. FOWLER.

I must confess I put my pen through several passages in Mr. Vaile's article which I considered unreasonable. In one place he suggested that we might do worse than have a professional as captain, but few would agree with him there. He argued that an international team of golfers would not mind being captained by Braid or Taylor, but I am at variance with him on this point also. Golfers would not dream of being captained by a professional, and rightly. And when an amateur plays for a professional football team the position of captain is always conceded to him, I believe. Mr. Vaile doesn't quite grasp the difference between a man who is paid to play a game and the man who plays for sheer love of it. His article, indeed, is rather socialistic in tone, and as there is a lot of this socialism in the air, and absurd talk about the levelling of the classes, it is well to remember what that wise old Doctor Johnson said on the subject: "So far is it from being true that men are naturally equal that no two people can be half an hour together but one shall acquire an evident superiority over the other." He insisted on respect for rank, and one class of society being respectful to another.

The education of boys is one of the most important functions that can fall to the lot of man, and yet it is one of the most poorly rewarded. Knighthoods and decorations are bestowed on politicians, soldiers, authors, actors even, but the schoolmaster, labouring in his patient way, is left out in the cold. If in Orders, and the Head of a famous school, clerical preferment may fall to him. Many of our great bishops have been great schoolmasters, raised to the episcopal bench on account of their scholarship and powers of organisation. But the plain Esquire, when he doffs the headmaster's gown, is heard of no more. The renowned Walker, who raised that fine building of St. Paul's in Hammersmith—what of him? No knighthood fell to him—no honour of any kind, so far as I know. And there have been countless other cases of brave and devoted schoolmasters who, being mere laymen, have passed from useful spheres of work to obscurity. Doubtless many schoolmasters will say that they desire no royal recognition, that they couldn't afford to keep up a "handle" to their name, even if it were given them, and that the only reward they prize is the affection and regard of their old pupils.

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Very proper and nice sentiments. But such an honour as I am speaking of is an honour bestowed not so much on the individual as on *his profession*. It exalts that profession, it makes that profession loom worthier in the eyes of the people. If honours were bestowed on schoolmasters, more men would take up the scholastic profession seriously, instead of using it, as so many young public school and 'Varsity men do, as a stopgap.

These reflections have been caused by a recent visit I paid to St. John's School, Leatherhead, where the Headmaster, the Rev. A. F. Rutty, M.A., was celebrating his last Speech Day, for he is to retire at the end of July, after twenty-six years' stout-hearted work, during which the numbers of the school have more than doubled, and its premises grown to almost treble their original size. The boys of St. John's have done wonders in such examinations as the Cambridge Local, and won shoals of scholarships at the Universities. One boy, brother of the present head of the school — Wilkinson — missed the Senior Wranglership some years ago by one place only. For the third year in succession J. E. S. Green has won an Oxford distinction — the Abbot Scholarship fell to him in 1907, the Gladstone Memorial in 1908, and this year the Allan University Scholarship for Historical Research. St. John's Boys have shone in athletics also, as will be granted when I mention such names as T. N. Perkins, Cambridge Double Blue; A. L. Corbett, H. G. Howell-Jones, and L. Parminter (Blues and Corinthians); L. T. Driffield, the Northamptonshire bowler; G. L. Colbourne, who won the 'Varsity high-jump three years running, his best effort being 5 ft. 11½ in.; W. E. O. Williams, who used to play in the Welsh International pack; S. E. Osborne, D. C. Cowan, F. R. Farmer, E. D. Shaw, C. W. Crawley (the tennis-player), and I know not what others. The red-brick school on the top of Leatherhead hill has turned out a lot of good men, and the majority of them have been the sons of clergymen, for St. John's was founded—as long ago as 1861—for the education of the sons of clergymen who couldn't exactly afford to send their lads to Eton and Harrow. Since Mr. Rutty's advent in 1883, the sons of laymen have been admitted to the school, and it is surprising that more laymen have not taken advantage of the splendid education to be had at Leatherhead at—to be sordidly commercial for a moment—a most moderate figure.

THE REV. A. F. RUTTY, M.A.
Twenty-six years Headmaster of St. John's School, Leatherhead.

Glancing back over his quarter-century of work at Leatherhead, Mr. Rutty, in his farewell speech, dwelt with pardonable pride on the creditable show made by the boys who had passed through his hands. Something like a thousand scholars had come and gone in his time, and it was his most cherished memory that nearly all those boys had been prepared by him for confirmation. More than a hundred of them had become priests of the church. Something like 150 names—not a bad proportion—were on those walls, representing the winning of some distinction of which the school was proud. The success of the school in the Cambridge Local examinations had been remarkable. Only three boys sent in last Christmas had failed, while eleven or twelve had taken first classes. Six thousand candidates had competed, and a St. John's boy was third in religious knowledge. St. John's was not supposed to be a specially scientific school—they had only an old kitchen turned into a laboratory at a cost of £150, yet in spite of that a St. John's candidate was first in all England as far as science went. St. John's boys were scattered the wide world over, and the majority of them were reflecting great credit on the old school.

A fine record and a pleasing retrospect for a retiring headmaster!

The Archbishop of Canterbury gave away the prizes in his gracious and

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ST. JOHN'S SCHOOL, LEATHERHEAD, FROM THE DRIVE.
Photo. F. Frith and Co.

graceful way, and afterwards made a sound, fatherly speech, which was by no means wanting in the quality of humour. The archbishop is a fine, upstanding man, and I was glad to see him looking fresh and fit, and apparently good for any amount of work. He reminded his boy-audience that "the opportunities of to-day are greater than those of any other age in the history of the country," and dwelt upon the fact that, however earnest and hardworking the masters of a school may be, the success of the school really depends upon the character of the boys in that school.

A touch of comedy was lent to the proceedings by the recurrence in the prize list of the name of "Jones Nonus." The Headmaster read out the names of the winners of prizes for Classics, the list ending with "First Form — Jones Nonus." Nine Joneses! The visitors smiled. Sons all, probably, of Welsh vicars. Up through the crowded hall walked the line of proud boys, the procession ending with the small bullet-head of Jones Nonus. Then came the prizes for French, and again the list concluded with "First Form — Jones Nonus," and again Jones Nonus strutted bravely at the end of the procession. Next to be awarded were the Divinity prizes, and once more rang out the name of Jones Nonus, who was by now quite the hero of the day. Jones Nonus was, indeed, becoming quite an old personal friend of the Archbishop's, and the Primate, in his subsequent speech, touched on the picturesque possibility that, sixty or seventy years hence, Jones Nonus, white-haired and venerable, might be standing in the place he himself then occupied!

"But," said the Headmaster to me later on, "Jones Nonus is not the last of the Joneses. We have a Jones *decimus* in the school!"

Leatherhead is going to win a big place in the world scholastic. The builders of it have looked ahead, and there is room in it for far more boys than it now has to hold—rather over 250. The dining-hall is majestic in its proportions, and is, indeed, said to be one of the biggest halls of its kind

ONE SIDE OF THE QUADRANGLE AT ST. JOHN'S SCHOOL, LEATHERHEAD.
Photo. F. Frith and Co.

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in the kingdom. The playing-fields occupy a wide stretch of land, so wide that no single part of the cricket field has to be utilised for football. There are over two hundred yards of quadrangles; there is a laboratory, a gymnasium, a fives-court containing four courts, a tennis-ground, and, to judge by the condition of the turf, a groundman who knows his business.

The school's first headmaster was the Rev. E. C. Hawkins, M.A., father of the well-known novelist, Mr. Anthony Hope Hawkins, who was himself educated at Leatherhead until he proceeded to Marlborough with a scholarship, going thence to Balliol, to leave Oxford a Double First. Mr. Hawkins was a classical man, and loved nothing better than to expound to the Sixth Form on the world's dead languages; it was therefore appropriate that his successor should hail from Cambridge, and that his speciality should be mathematics. Mr. Rutty has kept himself young by his love of outdoor exercises. In the early days of his headmastership he was a capable fives player and cyclist, and is now a prominent figure in Surrey croquet circles. His elder son, Mr. A. W. F. Rutty, well-known in the cricket world as captain of Surrey II. Eleven, is headmaster of the Manor Park House Preparatory School, Sutton. Mr. Rutty retires leaving behind him a host of regrets. Old Boys of the school he treated invariably with the greatest kindness, keeping in touch with as many of them as possible, and going regularly to the annual dinner of the Old Johnians in London, as well as to the annual dinner of Cambridge Old Johnians. His familiar figure will be missed at the Headmasters' Conference which is held in London every December, while the town of Leatherhead itself will lose a striking personality.

He is succeeded in the headmastership of St. John's by the Rev. E. A. Downes, of Wellington College.

Our New Philatelic Editor.—Our stamp-collecting readers will be interested to hear that we have obtained as our new Philatelic Editor, Mr. M. P. Castle, Honorary Vice-President of the Royal Philatelic Society, the President of which, as many of you know, is the Prince of Wales. It is no exaggeration to say that Mr. Castle is one of the best-known stamp-collectors in the world. He is the editor of the *Philatelic Journal*, and so, besides being an enthusiastic collector, is a thoroughly practical writer on his subject. Next month we are publishing an interview with our new stamp Editor, in which a good deal will be said about his various collections. Mr. Castle will commence writing for us in October. It is gratifying to know that such a distinguished stamp-collector has declared himself only too willing to help Captainites in their philatelic difficulties, willing not only to advise them in our columns, but also to a reasonable extent through the post. I will, however, ask our readers to refrain from writing to him until his first article has appeared.

"W. G." Napping.—When I was reviewing "W. G.'s Little Book" last month, I noticed that in discussing long throwing Dr. Grace spoke of Mr. T. S. Fishwick in the past tense, as if the latter were a sort of back number. I looked at the cricket in my paper, and found that Mr. Fishwick was playing for Warwickshire against Lancashire at Liverpool, and so, just out of curiosity, I sent him a wire, as follows:

Fishwick, County Ground, Liverpool.—Can you still throw over 100 *yards?* — *Editor, "Captain."*

I went on quietly with my work, and without any loss of time this reply came hurtling back from the city of big ships:

Editor "Captain." — *Of course not, and never could.* — *Fishwick*

I think this will amuse Dr. Grace, who had evidently in the course of cricket conversation been misinformed about Mr. Fishwick's abilities betwixt boundary and bowler.

To Help Young Authors.—Mr. George W. Ivey is a bold young man to start out writing a book to guide other authors, but he has certainly put down a good deal in his "Hints that Help" which many people who send us MSS. might study with advantage. A good deal of it has been said before, but authors go blundering on in the same old way, and so it seems impossible to have too many books written telling them of their mistakes. Mr. Ivey says that one of the principal things to be borne in mind by the aspiring author is that he must send the right sort of tale or article to the right sort of magazine or paper. That is indeed so.

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The young lady who sent us a love tale the other day ought to read Mr. Ivey's book.

Mr. Ivey is also right when he says that contributions should always be clean and nice. A soiled, worn-looking manuscript is practically rejected before it is read.

Here are some useful hints :

A study of Euclid and algebra will discipline your mind to method, which is useful in short story writing.

Local colour and expert knowledge are valuable assets.

Good material for both stories and plots is always lying around you asking to be used. The difficulty is, firstly, to recognise it, and secondly, to adapt it to your needs.

Begin on a subject you are at home with ; it is impossible to write convincingly on matters you only half understand.

Do not rely entirely on punctuation ; good arrangement of words is a more artistic way of gaining effect.

Do not pepper your pages with ! ! ! ! ? ? ? * * * — — —. They are artificial aids to effect and are never effective.

A writer must be as skilful in the use of words as is the mechanic with his tools.

Do not let all your ideas and motives appear on the top.

Many a good tale is spoilt by a weak title.

Do not criticise or discuss your own characters ; the reader likes to do that.

It would not be fair to quote any more, but anybody who wants to see what else Mr. Ivey has to say should forward a shilling to the Literary Typewriting Bureau, 46 Earlham Grove, Forest Gate, Essex. He will only get a small book in return, but there is plenty of good advice in it.

——

Our Book Corner.—We have received copies of the following :

Lady Rosalie's Daughter. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. (Nelson's Sevenpenny Library.) *A Book About the Garden.* By Dean Hole. (Nelson's Shilling Library.) *Scotch and Irish Terriers.* By J. Maxtee (L. Upcott Gill, 1s. net.) *Racing Reminiscences.* By "The Club Member." (George Newnes, Ltd., 1s. net.) *Shameless Wayne.* By Halliwell Sutcliffe. (George Newnes, Ltd., 6*d*.) *The Mystery of Cloomber.* By Sir A. Conan Doyle. (George Newnes, Ltd., 6*d*.)

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

"Amicus Animalium."—I have endeavoured to present the case for and against vivisection as fairly as possible, and I do not see how I can do any more in the matter. A doctor to whom I mentioned the subject said vivisection was never likely to be stopped on the Continent, and the London medical schools must keep level with their foreign rivals. If vivisection was put a stop to in London, there would be an exodus of a large number of doctors and students to the Continent, which would be a bad thing for our hospitals. The only thing to stop vivisection would be a universal agreement among civilised people as to its discontinuance. Certainly a live rabbit ought not to have been inoculated with poison at your school during an ordinary chemistry class. I cannot conceive such a thing being done. As for the cuttings you enclose, I can only say that there are human fiends in every class of society, and no doubt there are such fiends among vivisectors.

Chances in Canada.—"I notice that you advise an inquirer not to try going out 'on spec' to the Colonies, as you have received letters 'advising would-be emigrants to stay at home.' I would like to say, speaking for Canada, that this is not the case. I have been in this country just over two years, and have never found that any one who was willing to work and to rough it was not able to obtain work. Of course farming is the chief business here, and it means real hard work, but the conditions are extremely healthy. In the winter, it is true that work is not so plentiful, but if a person hires to a farmer and proves satisfactory, if the 'boss' is at all a decent sort of fellow, he will, for the sake of getting a good man for the next summer, keep him all the winter, looking after the stock or, as we call it, doing the 'chores' and cutting wood for the year's supply of fuel. I can assure you that though it is hard work, to any one who is willing and ready to learn there is no healthier occupation than this constantly working in the open air. Beside farming there is always work of some description which a person, though unskilled, can obtain, but any one first coming to this country I would advise to take to farming for at least a year or two until he obtains some knowledge of the manners and customs of the country and also gets used to the handling of horses, which is an absolute necessity here."—Guy R. Keating.

Frederick W. Perks writes strongly on the subject of boy and girl friendships. He notices that in the June Captain H. S. R. shies at the idea of a fellow of seventeen having a best girl, and proceeds : "Certainly I consider that when a fellow is in his eighteenth year it surely cannot do him any harm to take part in those mild flirtations which broaden the mind of a fellow and cannot possibly do him any ill. Then again, a young fellow at this stage of his career has of necessity a host of comparatively petty troubles, probably connected with exams., and who is more likely to ease his mind than a sympathetic girl ? For every girl has a store of sympathy, and however much a fellow can feel for a chum's misfortune he cannot, so readily as a girl, quietly advise his chum, nor has he, as a rule, as great an influence as a girl chum."

"Middlesex."—(1) A man has to reside in a county two years before he is qualified to represent that county at cricket. When he is actually playing for that county there is no necessity for him to live in it. (2) Amateurs do not make a profit out of playing for their counties. One well-known amateur once told me that so far from making a profit, his committee were so close in the matter of expenses that he occasionally found himself out of pocket. (3) Certainly a captain is not paid for being captain. (4) In the Temple, where bar

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students and barristers live, and in many Oxford and Cambridge colleges, each set of chambers is provided with two doors made of oak, one being called the "inner oak" and the other the "outer oak." "Sporting the oak" means that you shut the outer oak, as that shows you don't want to be disturbed.

Knock-knees.—Seeing my reply to G. R. on this subject in the July number, a correspondent writes as follows:

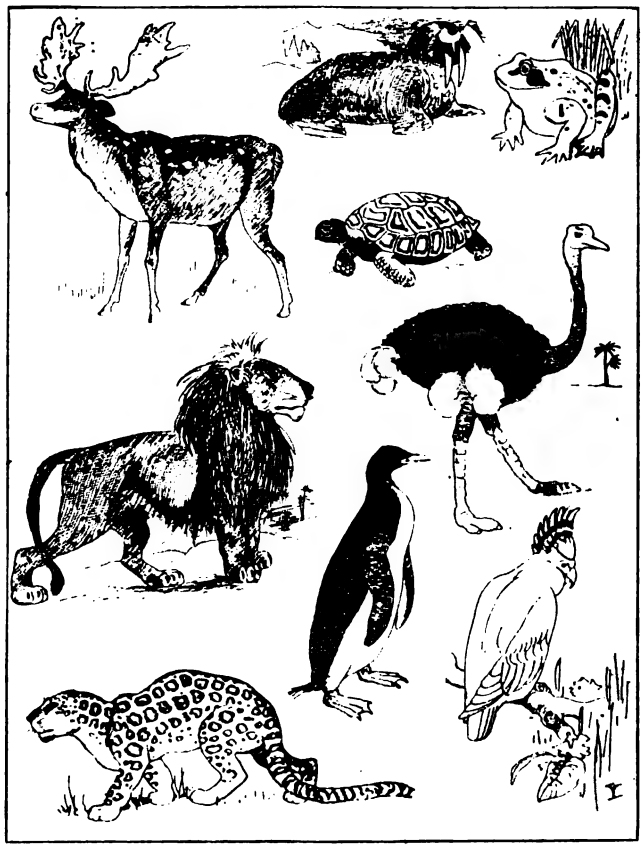
"It may be too late in G. R.'s case, but knock knees are not always incurable, though difficult to cure. My boy, when seven years old, suffered from them and often fell down, and by our doctor's advice we consulted a specialist. He advised sea-bathing, and lying down and resting the limbs; also to pour hot salt water—Brill's—over the knees, with massage and rubbing by a properly trained person. Remedial exercises and gymnastics—Ling system—also did good, as they loosened the joints. To lie down and get another person to press the palms of his hands against the inside of the knees does good. But it is hardly wise to experiment; much better see a doctor. He should drink milk, as that strengthens the bones."

"Bill."—I don't see how you can make the acquaintance of the boy over the way until he evinces some desire on his part to speak to you. You would find yourself in a very uncomfortable position if you tried to make his acquaintance and were snubbed. On the other hand, if you want to strike up, to begin with, a nodding acquaintance with him, it would be perfectly easy for you to ask him the time one day. If he wishes to know you, you may depend upon it he will take this opportunity to do so. It is a most undesirable thing to force oneself on to strangers. Real friendships, when one comes to think of it, are often made by accident. Perhaps in your case this accident will come along. When it does, I hope it will not be a serious one!

S. Q. S.—I do not discuss politics in these pages. As you, although a schoolgirl, study politics, play croquet, football, cricket, tennis, golf; ride, drive, shoot, fish, "snapshot," and take caterpillars into class, you are evidently a very all-round girl, and will doubtless get into the Women's Parliament which I hope to see established in the near future. I do not say that women ought to be the final legislators for women, but I think women might have an assembly in Westminster to pass measures which would be sent to Parliament proper for sanction. P.S.—I cannot congratulate you on your drawing, for your sketch of myself as an old salt is one of the worst I have ever seen in my life.

"Cadet."—The phrase "pigeon-chest" is a bit of a misnomer, as it has always seemed to me that pigeons have very fine chests. The term is ordinarily applied to people with narrow chests, but the real pigeon-chest is distinguished by a bone which projects, like the bone in a pigeon's chest, and is caused by being carried badly in infancy. You need not worry about your narrow chest, but of course, you should live as healthy a life as possible; you are not suffering from any complaint now, but in the event of your developing any chest disorder you would fare worse than a man with plenty of room under his upper ribs.

"Zipatheo" (Buenos Aires).—There are many things in the world which Horatio had not dreamed of in his philosophy. I have never ventured to say that there is nothing in astrology and palmistry and like sciences, but I have already said that I do not think it is wise or right to dabble in these things. Owing to the credulity of human nature, a lot of rascals pretend that they are masters of such sciences, and humbug ignorant people. What I say to you and to all others is to have nothing to do with anybody who advertises that he (or she) is able to tell your fortune by your hand or head, the day of your birth, or anything else.



"INCOMPLETE ANIMALS COMPETITION." THE ARTIST'S FINISHED SKETCH.

F. J. A.—Wodehouse serials don't lie about in odd lockers, and I am sorry to say that I have nothing of the "Gold Bat" style in hand just now. Of course it would have been nobler of Mike to have stuck to his frowsy lodgings and not to have lived "on" Psmith, but for the purposes of the tale, you see, he had to be with Psmith. And I believe he crops up again with Psmith in Mr. Wodehouse's new tale, in which Psmith reappears as a reporter on a New York newspaper. Mr. Wodehouse has been in New York all the summer, getting local colour.

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"Schola Hergensis" informs me that G. F. Earle, at the Harrow School sports, 1908, threw the cricket ball a distance of 109 yards, so that has to be added to the big throws which I printed last month for Dr. W. G. Grace's benefit.

"Josie."—A letter from Mr. R. Psmith awaits you at this office. Please send your address.

Letters, &c., have also to be acknowledged from: S. Sinner, W. M. Allkins, W. E. Cookson (New Zealand), "An Athletic Girl," "Eastbournian," L. Wooldridge, "Walls alliensis," "Liverpudlian," "Tail Light," Sybil Hastings, A. A. Barge, V. Clements. THE OLD FAG.

(*A number of answers are held over.*)

Results of June Competitions

No. I.—"England Test Team."

CLASS I. (No age limit.)

WINNER OF B.S.A. MINIATURE RIFLE: Frederic J. Broad, 14A Sedgmere Avenue, East Finchley, N.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: J. Adams, 549 Green Lanes, Hornsey, N.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Alfred Evans, W. W. Young, E. A. Clarke.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty-five.)

WINNER OF PRIZE AS ABOVE: H. C. Fowler, 10 Vernon Square, Ryde, Isle of Wight.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: John Y. Morris, Kelmscott, Worsley, nr. Manchester; C. F. Hughes, 4 Church Square, Basingstoke.

HONOURABLE MENTION: W. H. Gillman, R. Johns, A. Holmes, Harry C. Baker, Alex. D. Robertson, S. Tiquet.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Eighteen.)

WINNER OF PRIZE AS ABOVE: H. G. Nicholson, "Cairdhuna," Onslow Gardens, Muswell Hill, N.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: David Jones, 36 Breeze Hill, Walton, Liverpool; J. E. Swale, The City Schools, Brixton, S.W.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Arthur Russell, E. G. Hogan, W. Robertson, Albert E. Horton, T. G. Ely, A. Elmslie Campbell, Herbert Walton, Frank B. Palmer.

No. II.—"Incomplete Animals" Competition.

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-five.)

WINNER OF ALBERT WARD'S "CAPTAIN" CRICKET BAT: William Ringham, 173 Wells Road, Bristol.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: S. Woolger, 7 Coventry Street, Brighton.

HONOURABLE MENTION: C. Rayson, J. Davies, Nellie Alleyne, A. G. Holman, R. M. Thomas, Violet Rickell, H. F. Newcomb.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Eighteen.)

WINNER OF PRIZE AS ABOVE: Peter Gannon, 154 Haydock Street, Earlestown, Lancs.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: Alice B. Taylor, The Red House, Northfield, Worcs.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Charles L. Bradbury, Wilfrid G. Browning, Bernard W. Handley, Dorothy E. Langdon, A. L. Sharpe, W. H. Shepherd, Amye McSwiny.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Fourteen.)

WINNER OF PRIZE AS ABOVE: Alfred B. Valentine, 67 Desswood Place, Aberdeen.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: J. K. Bostock, Sunnyside, Newport Road, Stafford.

HONOURABLE MENTION: John Dakers, Lilian Dalbiac, Winifred Bastain.

No. III.—"Test Match Eleven."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Eighteen.)

WINNER OF HAND CAMERA BY F. DARTON AND CO.: H. Gray, Abbeylands, Sherborne, Dorset.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: A. E. H. Mullins, Lower Hardwick, Chepstow, Monmouth; Walter Ashley, 3 Yateley Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham.

HONOURABLE MENTION: G. A. Hanson, Glyn J. Morgan, Peter Gannon, R. Ivor Scorer, K. Sawtell, W. E. Woodburn-Bambeyer, Reginald J. Drury, R. R. Rutherford, J. G. Vautier, A. Theodore K. Sykes, H. A. Clayton, F. J. Summerhayes.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Fourteen.)

WINNER OF PRIZE AS ABOVE: P. E. Clement, 49 Pendle Road, Streatham, S.W.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: J. Hickman, 18A Northampton Square, Clerkenwell, W.C.

HONOURABLE MENTION: A. J. J. Latta, T. C. Walker, James Wolferstan, H. B. Vernon.

No. VI.—"Photographic Competition."

CLASS I. (No age limit.)

WINNER OF GOODS FROM CATALOGUE OF SPORTS AND GAMES ASSOCIATION: W. Sheldon, 3 Maude Terrace, Armley, Leeds.

HONOURABLE MENTION: George Wright, A. Lenton Pentelow, A. D. Thornton, George Long, L. W. Bradbury, Miss Penrice.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF PRIZE AS ABOVE: J. Harold D. McDermid, Greenbank, Eston S.O., Yorks.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: D. M. Griffin, c/o G. R. Cripps, Esq., Ashley, Prenton Hill, Birkenhead.

HONOURABLE MENTION: F. W. Matthews, R. Boal, Jnr., F. M. Wookey, M. D. Haviland, Robert B. Lindsay, Arthur Ryrie, Joseph A. McAdam, J. C. Bryden, C. Cullis.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF PRIZE AS ABOVE: Harry Muir, 36 Garturk Street, Crosshill, Glasgow.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: Christopher James, Southfield, Shear Bank Road, Blackburn, Lancs.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Alice R. Ewart, W. B. Hervey, E. A. Ward, A. Moxom, Arthur Anson, Frank Lofthouse, Jnr., Harold G. Clews, F. L. Merriman.

No. V.—"Pictorial Competition."

WINNER OF TEN SHILLINGS: L. J. Wakefield, 14 Oakdale Road, Waterloo, Liverpool.

HONOURABLE MENTION: J. Reuben Carter, C. Mackay, H. W. White, Evelyn Byrde, Bert Needham, G. H. Griggs, Bernard W. Handley.

No. VI.—"Public School Notes."

WINNER OF FIVE SHILLINGS: "Vincit qui Patitur."

HONOURABLE MENTION: "The Scribe," "Greenite," "Guilfordian," "Emanuellian," "Discipulus," "Minoru," "Juvenis," "Mancunian," "Cryptian," "Technite," "Reit," "Williamsonian," "B. G. S," "England for Ever."

Foreign and Colonial Readers (April).

WINNERS OF 5s.: (I.) Donald Louw, "Stratheldene," Main Road, Three Anchor Bay, Cape Town, Cape Colony; (II.) S. R. Robertson, 321 Calle Garibaldi, Quilmes, Buenos Aires, Argentina; (III.) William G. Shiels, 38 Lisson Grove, Hawthorn, Melbourne, Victoria, Australia; (IV.) G. Callender, The Lodge, Grove Avenue, Claremont, nr. Cape Town, Cape Colony; (V.) S. K. Morley, Y.M.C.A., Cape Town, Cape Colony.

HONOURABLE MENTION: (I.) John Vanier (Canada), O. V. Fessenden (Canada), F. Howard-Hebberd (India), H. K. Kitson (U.S.A.), W. Jose (South Australia), R. C. Green (Tasmania), C. G. Mareé (Cape Colony), W. H. Goodbrand (Natal); (II.) E. Crichlow (Trinidad), Gottlieb Bell (St. Lucia), Frank O. Clindening (South Australia), Leslie H. Burket (Canada); (III.) E. J. Bradley (Canada), A. S. Brian (Cape Colony), J. L. Matheson (Canada), Nelson Isaac (New Zealand); (IV.) G. L. Parsons (Argentina), John McIntyre (Natal), Frank A. Gunn (Cape Colony), John F. Guenther (Canada), George F. Pykett (Penang), R. D. Molyneux (Australia), J. Malkinson (Canada), James Bolland (West Australia), U. C. Dás (India); (V.) Melville S. Lang (U.S.A.), John Allison (Cape Colony), H. Wyatt-Johnson (Canada), H. P. Hudson (Durban), Kenneth C. Joly (Syria), W. R. Lee (Jamaica), R. A. Ewens (New South Wales), E. M. Litchfield (New Zealand), G. Scott Bushe (Demerara).

Winners of Consolation Prizes are requested to inform the Editor which they would prefer—a volume of one of our magazines, or one of the following books: "Green at Greyhouse," "The Gold Bat," "J. O. Jones," "Tales of Greyhouse," "The White Feather," "Jim Mortimer," "The Lost Column" (Charles Gilson), "The Rebel Cadets" (Charles Gleig).

Comments on the June Competitions

No. I.—See "Editorial."

No. II.—This competition was not as easy as it appeared to be, and many competitors' "complete" animals were more like "freaks." The artist's finished sketch is reproduced on page 479.

No. III.—The team selected by competitors, placed in order of votes, is: Hirst, Lilley, Hayward, G. L. Jessop, C. B. Fry, Hobbs, A. O. Jones, Tyldesley, W. Brearley, A. C. Maclaren (captain), and Blythe. Mr. Jones was also a popular nominee for the captaincy.

No. IV.—While competitors show greater care than formerly in mounting their photographs, many still omit to write their names, &c., on their work!

The attention of all readers is called to advertisement p. ii where they will find full particulars of a novel and liberal scheme of Accident Insurance specially devised for their benefit.

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OUR COLOURED PLATE

Next month our frontispiece will consist of a magnificent coloured plate, measuring 12 *in. by* 7½ *in., by R. Caton Woodville, entitled*

"HOW BOBS WON THE V.C."

The incident depicted is one familiar to students of Lord Roberts's career, being, in fact, the second of two deeds for which the great soldier was awarded the Victoria Cross. It was during the Indian Mutiny — on January 2, 1858, *to be exact—on the occasion of Sir Colin Campbell's march from Cawnpore to Fatehgarh. Towards the end of the day our troops came upon a batch of stragglers from a body of rebels whom they had defeated earlier in the day. During the encounter that followed, Lieutenant Roberts, at the imminent risk of his own life, saved that of a loyal native dragoon, and no sooner had he done this than he saw a couple of Sepoys making off with a British standard. That standard must be saved at all costs! Putting spurs to his horse, young Roberts was soon up with the rebels. Seizing the pole of the standard, he tore it from the grasp of the Sepoy who bore it, simultaneously running the rebel through with his sword. Meanwhile, the second Sepoy had brought his musket close to Roberts's body. He drew the trigger, but the cap missed fire, and ere he could raise the firearm again, the gallant lieutenant had felled him to the earth.*

I should like to point out that October is the FIRST NUMBER OF A NEW VOLUME, *and will contain, among other attractive features, the opening chapters of a* NEW "PSMITH" SERIAL BY P. G. WODEHOUSE. *This will therefore be a favourable time for intending subscribers to start taking in the magazine, and for old readers to introduce it to their friends.*

The price will be as usual — Sixpence — and the publishing day September 22.

THE OLD FAG.

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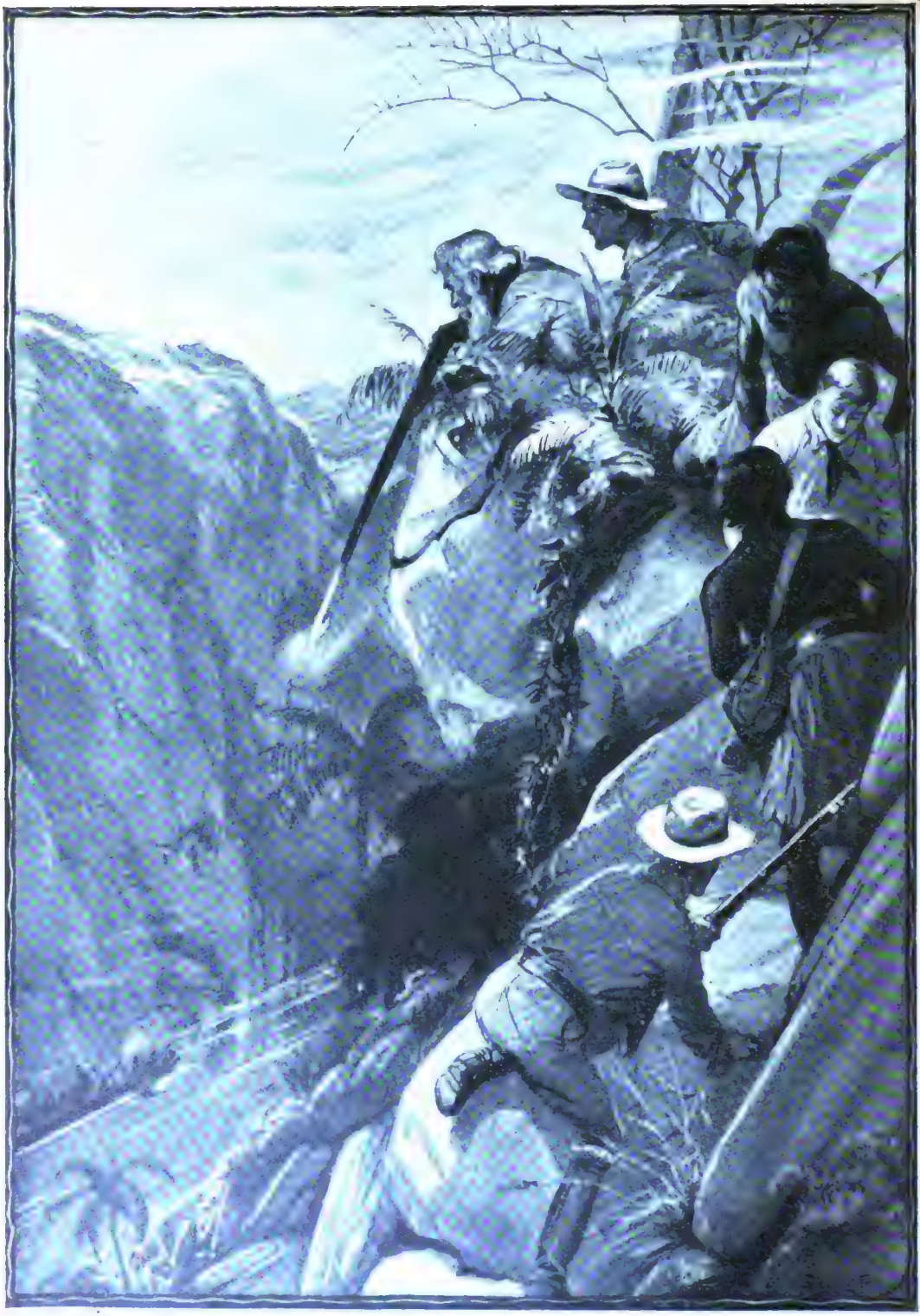

SEVERAL MORE SHOTS WERE FIRED BY THE TIME THE OTHERS ARRIVED WITH THEIR HEAVY BURDEN.

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HOLDING THE BUTTRESS

A STORY OF THE HAU-HAU RISING IN NEW ZEALAND

By G. E. WHALLEY

I

WITH a simultaneous exclamation of alarm Bert and Dick leapt to their feet.

"What's wrong, Gregg?" asked Dick anxiously of an old man who, rifle at trail, came rushing across the clearing towards the long, low homestead by the door of which the two brothers stood waiting.

"Matter enough," replied the old fellow hurriedly, as he ran up. "The Maoris are fighting again, and two of their large war canoes, crowded with savages, are comin' down the river."

For a moment the boys' faces paled.

"It's a good job dad took mother and the girls to town last week," said Dick quietly; "they're safe, at all events."

"Yes," replied Gregg, "an', it yer take my advice, you'll be off, too. You'd have no chance if the Maoris caught you here."

"How long will it be before they get here?" asked Bert anxiously.

"They'll be here under the 'our, easy," answered Gregg. "When I saw them, I had no time to get to my canoe; so I took a short cut across the ridge and through the bush to warn you. They have to go round several big bends and get their canoes over a rapid before they reach here. But you've no time to lose."

At this moment Geoff, a third and younger brother, accompanied by three friendly Maoris, emerged from the bush at the other side of the clearing. They had been out shooting. The boy carried three green parrots and a brace of bush pigeons. The natives were also loaded with game.

They were alarmed on learning Gregg's startling news. The three boys at once set about preparing their canoe for flight. The natives consulted together for a short time, and then the eldest approached Gregg.

"Who are in the canoe, white man?" he asked, pointing with his spear up the river.

"The Hau-haus," Gregg replied.

After further consultation with the others the native took his rifle and bag of ammunition, and hurrying across the clearing plunged into the dark shades of the bush covering the hill sides and disappeared.

"My brother gone tell my people Hau-hau come. We fight Hau-hau, and not let them go down our river." It was Rangi who spoke. He was a tall, well-built fellow with dark, handsome features. His father was a rangitara, or Maori of high rank, and such had been his ancestors for many generations.

"Maia and I will help you take canoe down the river," he added.

Maia was short and thick-set. His features were more distinctly native than his brother's, and he was deeply tattooed. But he, too, had the same proud, fearless bearing. They belonged to a friendly Wanganui tribe.

They now helped with the canoe which was immediately launched, and, each seizing a paddle, Rangi went to the bows while Maia took his place in the stern to steer. Gregg and the boys, also taking paddles, arranged themselves between the two natives, and pushing out into mid-stream set off rapidly down the river.

The scenery through which they passed was magnificent. Great hills and cliffs rose on either side. In some places the precipices were vertical, festooned with fern and creeper, and reflected on the glassy surface of the long placid reaches below. In other places the cliffs, overhanging, shrouded the lower depths in silent gloom. Occasionally, on rounding a spur, they would startle a flock of brown teal ducks, which, with loud startled cries and splashing, rose from the water and flew away down the valley, disappearing round one of the sharp rocky spurs. A pukeki, or swamp hen, her dark indigo plumage and long red legs and clumsy beak reflected in the mirror-like surface of the water, wandered about in the shallows near the banks, in search of food. On a rock in mid stream sat a large shag, devouring the remains of a small eel, part of which was still grasped in its sharp, strong claws.

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Although it was midsummer the waters were icy cold, for the surrounding cliffs and hills shaded the lower valleys from the sun's rays.

Along the still, mirror-like reaches, over rushing foamy shallows, through the deep, silent gorges of almost eternal gloom, the fugitives urged their long light canoe, taking little heed of the marvellous beauty which each turn of the river opened out to their view.

They had proceeded about half-way down one of these long narrow reaches, the steep sides of which were so reflected in the water's glassy surface that the canoe seemed to be poised in space between two mighty cliffs, when Rangi ceased paddling and held up his hand, warning the others to stop. The paddles were lifted and the canoe glided silently on its way.

At first no sound could be heard, but at last a chant, wild and weird, but of measured rhythm, came floating down towards them.

A slight pallor crept into the boys' faces. They knew that the ominous sounds and measured tune gave time to those who paddled. The war canoes from which they were flying must be gaining on them.

With renewed energy the fugitives again plunged their paddles into the water, sending their frail bark down the current at a terrific speed.

"We must keep ahead of them till dark," said Rangi, plying his paddle vigorously.

"We can't reach your people's town," remarked Gregg.

"Not till to-morrow night," replied Rangi, "if we follow river. We must slip up some side creek and make our way through bush. Hurry, we must be quick. If Hau-hau see us, they paddle quicker."

Urged on by their vigorous strokes, the frail craft seemed to skim along the surface of the water; and, although the perspiration streamed down their faces, and their arms ached with their strenuous efforts, the fugitives dared not for a moment relax their exertions. On they sped through the dark, gloomy depths of the narrow gorges. Occasionally, from up the river, came the voices of the singers in the pursuing canoes; sometimes sounding nearer, then more remote, and at times dying away altogether, drowned by the rushing of the rapids or the roar of some mighty cataract, where a tributary stream came thundering down the steep, rocky cliffs.

Then they swept round another great curve in the windings of the vast canyon, and entered a long narrow ravine at the base of which lay a vast reach of placid waters. The splendour of the scene could scarcely be excelled. Colossal walls of rock, towering up on either side and crowned with bush; gigantic pines and totaras, great twisted ratas, brilliant with clusters of crimson flowers, shut out the burning rays of the afternoon sun. Stony reefs gleamed here and there beneath the massive growth of plant life, fighting for existence upon their steep sides. Festoons of creeping plants, gay with colour, hung from the ragged edges high in the air above. Mosses and lichens of many varieties clung tenaciously to the rocky projections and crevices; while, at times, jutting out into the stream were great buttresses of craggy rocks on whose rugged tops and sides clustered myriads of ferns and vines. Here and there, where the banks were less precipitous, a little dell of tree-ferns and ti-palms, or cabbage trees, would be disclosed.

The fugitives were nearing the lower end of this long reach when suddenly Rangi, who for some time had been casting anxious glances over his shoulder, pointed up the river with his paddle.

"See," he exclaimed excitedly. "Kaka, kaka (canoe, canoe)."

On looking back, the others saw a large canoe, crowded with painted savages, two or three miles up the river, and even as they watched, another great craft, similarly loaded, came sweeping round a spur and followed its companion.

Maia gave his paddle an outward sweep and sent the canoe in under the cliffs, hoping that their dark shadows would conceal them from the view of the approaching vessels. But he was too late. A terrible, blood-curdling yell came echoing and reverberating from cliff to cliff as it floated down the ravine towards them.

"They see us! They see us! Look how the chiefs are urging the others on," exclaimed Bert.

Old Gregg tightened his lips and examined the cap on the nipple of his rifle.

"I've been in a few tight fixes in my time and got through when I least expected," he observed grimly. "We're in a corner now; p'r'aps we'll win through somehow. Let's try, anyhow. In with yer paddles. It's for life."

Simultaneously the paddles flashed into the water, over which the canoe was sent skimming at a tremendous rate, the fugitives straining every nerve to keep well ahead of their pursuers. A few moments later they passed round a bend and lost sight of the pursuing canoes.

"We want darkness now," grunted Gregg. "We might give 'em the slip then."

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"IN WITH YER PADDLES. IT'S FOR LIFE."

"It we reach Mangaweka rapids we win. They take much time to get their canoes past," remarked Rangi.

"How is that?" asked Dick.

"River very low. Their kaka very big, heavy. They must carry their canoe over. Our canoe small; shoot rapid easy."

Speedily they forced their canoe along, not venturing for a moment to relax their efforts, for well they knew that the relentless foe was on their trail, and might at any moment come shooting into view in hot pursuit. Time after time, as they swept round some jagged point in the windings of the river, they glanced back over the reaches they had just passed, but never once caught sight of their savage pursuers.

"We seem to be keeping well ahead, at all events," observed Bert, labouring away at his paddle.

"So we are," replied Gregg cheerfully; "an' if we can hold on till dark, we'll do 'em yet."

At last they reached a short deep gorge the end of which seemed shut in by huge perpen-

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dicular cliffs that churned the river into foam as it dashed against them. Rangi gave a shout of joy.

"The rapids! the rapids!" he exclaimed. "We pass them, we safe."

As they dashed along he spoke hurriedly to Gregg, who, after listening intently, nodded.

"Right you are," exclaimed the old fellow when Rangi finished speaking. "Good." Then, turning to the young Redwards, he continued. "Boys, when we get to the end yonder, there's a sharp turn. The river dashes right into the clift, an' then takes a course to the left. The rapids is there. On the inside of the bend there's a landin', and Rangi thinks we'd better land and make our way on foot to the lower end of the rapids, while him an' Maia takes the canoe over. The plan's good. It'll make the craft lighter an' there'll be less fear of her bumping agen the stones. We can carry the rifles an' ammunition over, too. It aren't far."

The boys readily agreed to the proposal, and as they neared the rapids laid in their paddles and seized their rifles and cartridge pouches preparatory to landing.

Rangi and Maia brought the canoe close to the bank, and Gregg and the boys instantly leapt ashore. Then the natives, with a few powerful strokes, sent the canoe dancing across the waters into the current, which soon carried it round the bend of the stream and out of sight.

The bank on which they landed had been formed partly by a great landslip from the cliffs above and partly from the alluvial deposit carried down by the river when in flood. Except for the boulder-strewn banks at the water's edge, the little plain was covered with high fern and under-scrub, while several great pines had found root and, sheltered by the great cliffs, grown tall and straight towards the blue strip of sky overhead.

Down the rocky ravine Gregg and the boys hurried as quickly as they could, hoping to find Rangi and Maia waiting for them at the foot of the rapids; but when they reached the end of the strip of land, to their horror and consternation they saw the natives in the water, struggling towards the bank, which they soon reached, gasping and spluttering for breath, while the canoe, bottom upwards, was rushing along in the current several chains away.

"My paddle break," Maia exclaimed, as soon as he had sufficiently recovered his breath.

Such, indeed, was the case. The blade of his paddle had snapped clean off just as he gave a vigorous stroke to prevent the canoe from striking a boulder; and before he had had time to seize another paddle the canoe fell away, struck sideways on a submerged snag, and capsized, throwing them both headlong into the water.

"See," cried Rangi hurriedly, "we cannot stay here."

A distant shout was heard.

Gregg looked round hurriedly. There seemed no way of escape, and for a moment he gazed blankly at the boys. Then he glanced again at the sides of the dismal chasm.

"What shall we do?" asked Geoff.

"Fight, I reckon," the old fellow replied grimly. His lips were pressed together firmly, and he held his rifle with a tighter grip. "I see nothin' else for it just now. Somethin' may happen. We may win through. We've got our rifles and revolvers, an' I guess we'll have to use 'em pretty soon."

He handed Rangi his rifle and ammunition, while Dick gave Maia his, and then rammed a cartridge into his own gun.

Geoff shuddered. "I've never killed a man yet," he said nervously.

For a moment the hard look left old Gregg's face, and his voice softened as, placing his hand on Geoff's shoulder and pressing it kindly, he said: "There's many as could wish to say that, lad. I don't hold with them as makes light of shootin' a fellow creature, even if he is a savage. But there's times when yer've got to shoot, an' the time's come now for you. Yer mother'll like to see yer agen, I expect."

At mention of his mother, Geoff caught his breath. He looked up at his brothers. Their faces were set and determined. Gregg patted him on the shoulder. "You'll fight, lad," he said quietly, "never fear."

Rangi, who had been looking round carefully, turned to them and exclaimed hurriedly, "Follow, quick!"

Plunging into the water to hide their tracks he waded along the edge of the river till he reached the side of the chasm. Here, followed by the others, he emerged from the water and, following up the little plain, kept close to the foot of the cliff. The ground sloped rapidly upwards where it neared the steep side of the gorge, and as it was well covered with shrubs, the fugitives were amply screened from the view of any one passing down by the water's edge. Maia, who came last, carefully restored any twisted branch or fern-leaf to its original position.

They had scarcely concealed themselves

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when the regular beat of paddles and loud shouts of the savages warned them that their pursuers were close at hand, and, on peering through their screen of leaves, they saw the two canoes dash up to the place where they had landed but a few minutes before.

The boys could not forbear a shudder when they saw the horde of fierce-looking tattooed savages come crowding out of the canoes. They were mostly armed with spears, tomahawks and clubs, but a few of them carried muskets, obtained from traders, or taken from the victims of a former battle.

Two of the Hau-haus ran down the track till they came to the place where Rangi and Maia had struggled from the water. They looked at the wet stones, and then glanced round carefully and up the enormous bluff precipices, but seeing no sign of the fugitives, they returned to their companions. After a consultation between two or three of the tohungas and rangitaras, they seemed to come to the conclusion that their prey had escaped down the river. Gathering round their canoes, they half lifted, half dragged them out of the water and commenced the work of transporting them across the boulder-strewn shore to the more navigable waters at the foot of the rapids.

From their place of concealment, the fugitives anxiously watched the proceedings of their enemies. The work was carried on under the guidance of two of the rangitaras, powerful strong-built warriors of magnificent physique. They might have been handsome but for the hideous tattooing with which their faces were covered. Each wore a cloak of kiwi feathers, the making of which must have taken a couple of years at least. The priests were also gorgeously dressed; but the rest of the savages wore only a kind of kilt reaching from the waist nearly half-way to their knees. Most of them had huia feathers fixed in their hair.

The perspiration streamed down their glistening bodies as they tugged and strained to move the great canoes along, while the tohungas and rangitaras walked up and down, helping and encouraging them in their work.

The canoes were heavy, but being made of solid logs thinned down to the required size and shape, they demanded very skilful handling. The bodies of the vessels were painted red, the bows and stern-pieces black. These carved bows and stern-pieces were wonderful works of art, especially considering the tools used. On either side the bows were fixed spirals of beautiful workmanship, from between which protruded a great carved head, dreadfully hideous and contorted. The stern-pieces consisted of a delicate tracery of open carving, the outcome of years of patient toil. Long thin horns, like those of an antelope, decorated with feathers and dyed flax fibre, were fixed in the bows.

The work of transit was at last accomplished, and urged on by the wild cries of their fanatical tohungas, the savages leapt to their places and, kneeling along the decks, were soon churning the water to foam with their paddles. Like arrows, the canoes darted from the bank and soon disappeared round a curve of the river.

The boys gave a sigh of relief as they saw them pass out of sight.

"We aren't done with 'em yet," remarked Gregg. "They'll soon find the broken canoe an' come back to see where we're hidin'."

Rangi and Maia confirmed Gregg's fears, and they looked round for a way of escape. The prospect was very discouraging. It would be useless attempting to cross the river. Even were that possible, the cliffs opposite were perpendicular and in some places overhanging. Up and down the river the canyon seemed unbroken.

Towering all around them rose cliff after cliff, crowned with vast areas of virgin bush whose shades had scarcely yet heard the ring of woodman's axe or crack of hunter's rifle. Already the darker shades were gathering in the gloomy ravine; but the shadows crept early into those awful recesses. Should darkness come soon, that would aid them; but the fugitives knew that, long ere sunset, their broken canoe must be discovered and the savages return.

One ray of hope, however, presented itself, but that was very slight. The cliff at the foot of which they stood was not so precipitous as those opposite, and it was covered with vegetation that would assist them in their awful climb of four or five hundred feet. It was a desperate venture, but they were in a desperate fix.

II

"We must try it, lads," said Gregg, as they gazed up the steep face. "It's our only chance, and we must be quick, too."

"We'll be a target for the Maoris when they come back," exclaimed Dick.

"Better be shot there than caught here," replied Gregg.

"The Hau-hau perhaps shoot no good," said Rangi quietly.

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"He's right," was Gregg's cheerful answer, 'I daresay they haven't 'ad much practice shootin'; an' I'll bet their muskets aren't up to much, either."

"Dark soon, too," observed Maia, seizing the shrubs and swinging himself up the steep ascent.

"Yes, it's our only 'ope. Don't let's waste time," old Gregg exclaimed, slinging his rifle and climbing up after Maia. "Come on, lads, make the best of it. We must try to get out of this."

The young Redwards followed, while Rangi brought up the rear.

Slowly, painfully, inch by inch, foot by foot, the fugitives fought their way up the steep acclivity. Scratched, bleeding, and panting for breath, they struggled on. Every rocky projection, every vine and creeping plant, every fern, or shrub, or root that came within their reach, was brought into requisition. Cheered on by Gregg, they continued their arduous climb, till, after strenuous efforts, a height of a hundred feet had been gained; then, weary and exhausted, they paused to regain their breath.

They had not been resting very long when a few water-fowl, with screams of alarm, came fluttering up the ravine.

"See," exclaimed Maia, pointing, "the Hau-hau come and frighten pukeko."

Even as he spoke, the long war-canoe came slowly round the curve below. The savages, as they approached, made a thorough inspection of the river banks. No cranny or niche escaped their watchful eyes.

For a moment the fugitives stood irresolute. Even the face of the dauntless Gregg betrayed his emotion. It was impossible to escape detection. Those savage, restless eyes, peering along the cliffs, must soon find the object of their search. A tohunga who stood amidships, wrapped in a bright-coloured blanket, was the first to see the climbers. With a loud yell of triumph he waved his mere, or carved war club, wildly over his head. The savages looked up and the chorus of shouts and yells that filled the ravine drove the blood back from the blanched cheeks of the little party on the cliff sides.

"Up with yer!" shouted Gregg, "we're not caught yet. The higher we climb the less likely we are to be hit."

With tenfold exertions the fugitives continued their upward struggle; but they were exhausted and nervous, and the ascent becoming steeper, their progress was very slow. In spite of the cheery encouragement of the buoyant Gregg, the yells of their pursuers were very disconcerting to the inexperienced boys. The shouting below was soon followed by the report of a musket, and a ball, whistling past the fugitives, struck the face of the cliff overhead, sending up a little cloud of dust.

"Keep on, boys; don't look down," shouted Gregg, clambering and panting after the young Redwards, who were keeping close to Maia. The old fellow knew that the dizzy height they had now attained might cause the brain of an inexperienced climber to reel.

The yelling continued, and several more shots rang out. The bullets whistled past, dangerously near, sending up little spurts of dust and cutting off two or three fern fronds that went fluttering down into the abyss below.

Again the fugitives paused a moment for breath. On looking down, Gregg saw that the Maoris had placed their canoe as close as possible to the opposite cliff, and, while some kept on paddling to keep it from drifting down with the current, those who possessed muskets were busy loading and firing up at him and his companions.

As he watched, he saw two of them taking aim. Two spurts of flame darted out almost simultaneously. One bullet struck the face of the cliff a few feet below him, the other whistled past him and struck something soft. There was a sharp cry of pain.

"Bert's hit," he heard Dick cry, and, looking up, he saw that Geoff and Dick, one on either side, were supporting their brother against the cliff, to which they each now held with one hand only.

The air was rent with an awful yell of exultation. The savages had seen the result of their shot, and their shouts of triumph thundered up the narrow defile.

Gregg hurriedly clambered up to the boys.

"Where are you hit, lad?" he asked.

"He's fainted," gasped Dick.

Gregg looked at the wounded lad anxiously. He saw that the back of his coat was torn and stained with blood. His arms hung limp by his sides, and his head had fallen forward on his breast.

"Boys," he said sadly, "he's gone."

He looked at them for a moment strangely, his face full of anguish.

"You can't drag him with you," he said huskily.

"No! No!" exclaimed the boys together, "he may be only badly wounded. He may come round."

Gregg shook his head.

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"Fancy telling them at home that we had to leave Bert because he was wounded."

"Yer can't climb, then. I'm afraid you're throwin' yer lives away fer no good."

"He can't be dead. He's only wounded," cried Geoff.

"If I thought that I wouldn't have said what I did, lads, but——"

Loud yells from below drowned the rest of Gregg's remark. The continuous reports of muskets and the humming of bullets, spattering against the rocks all round, warned the fugitives that they could not for long retain such an exposed position. Gregg searched about for some safer place of refuge.

"Look," he shouted, "a few yards to the left yonder, there's a wide ledge of rock. Let us make for it. Give me Bert's rifle."

Taking the rifle from the boy's shoulder and slinging it by his own, he spoke a few words in Maori to Rangi; then, turning to Geoff, he cried: "Let Rangi take your place, lad; he's stronger than you are. You follow me, quickly. The Maoris and Dick can look after Bert."

So saying, he swung himself along towards the rocky ledge, Geoff following close behind.

On reaching the ledge, Gregg threw himself down flat and placing Bert's rifle by his side, seized his own and peered over the edge of the rock.

"Throw yerself down beside me, an' do as I do," he said hurriedly. "We must try to stop their shootin', or spoil their aim at all events. Besides, it'll draw some of the firin' off the others."

Resting his elbow on the edge of the rock, he took a quick, steady aim and fired. One of the Maoris, just levelling a musket, lurched forward and fell into the stream.

"That's one of their best shots gone, any way. He's the fellow as hit Bert," said Gregg, picking up the other rifle.

He again fired, and one of the rangitaras fell badly wounded to the deck.

A fierce yell of rage came floating up from below, and the firing was wilder than before.

While Gregg reloaded, Geoff fired; but he was nervous, and missed.

"Try again, lad," said Gregg coolly; "don't show yerself any more'n yer can help."

The old fellow, having reloaded, once more took aim. His first shot only splintered the side of the canoe, but the second brought down another savage who was just preparing to fire.

Geoff, pale as death, not from craven fear, but with horror of what he was about, again fired, and a loud yell, following the report of his rifle, told him his shot had been effective.

Several more shots were fired by the time the others arrived with their heavy burden. Rangi was bleeding from a slight wound in the arm where a bullet had grazed it; otherwise they had escaped unhurt.

Gently they laid their apparently lifeless burden down. Gregg examined Bert carefully, and found a severe wound behind the right shoulder. He shook his head apprehensively.

"I'm afraid it's all over with him, lads," he said sadly.

Then, taking his knife from its sheath, he held the bright, cold blade to Bert's parted lips, and then looked at it earnestly.

"He aren't dead after all," he observed, "but he's hit bad."

A sigh of hope and relief came from the boys when they heard Gregg's words. The two natives were watching to see that their enemies did not follow them up the rocky steep.

The fusilade from below was still kept up, and the bullets, humming past, struck the face of the cliffs above, sending splinters of rock and showers of dust down on to the fugitives crouching below, who, so long as they kept back from the edge of the narrow shelf, were perfectly sheltered.

The ledge on which they found themselves was really the top of a great buttress of solid rock, jutting out from the precipitous side of the ravine where the river took a sharp turn to the right.

The position was almost unassailable, and if the defenders had sufficient ammunition it was only with great loss of life that the Maoris could hope to take it by assault; especially in daylight, for only a few at a time could approach, and these could be picked off at will by the besieged. The savages, realising this, made no attempt to scale the rocks, but let their canoes drift a few chains down the river, and from that position kept up a continuous fire.

The fugitives crouched down out of sight, but refrained from firing in return.

"We must save our powder and shot," remarked Gregg. "Don't bother firin' at 'em; it's only waste. Let 'em use up theirs. We can give 'em ours later on if they seem anxious to get it, an' come close enough."

He took a flask from his pocket and tried to force a few drops of spirit between Bert's clenched teeth. They had bandaged up his shoulder and stopped the flow of blood. It was slow work, but after a time the stricken boy recovered consciousness and, when he

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realised their position, tried to hide his pain, though, in spite of himself, a low moan would occasionally burst from his lips. His companions had gathered a heap of leaves and small branches for him to lie on. Still, the pain was great, and his throat and mouth were parched with a burning thirst which could not be relieved, for they had only two canteens among them, and they were empty.

The time dragged wearily on, the sun sank lower and lower towards the west. The two brothers sat by the wounded lad, doing what they could to alleviate his sufferings.

The Maoris, at last, tiring of their futile efforts to dislodge the fugitives, paddled up stream again and re-landed on the little flood plain at the foot of the cliff. Rangi and his companion crawled to the edge of the buttress, and, peering through the screen of fern leaves, noticed that their enemies had made the canoes fast to a couple of saplings growing close to the water's edge, and that, while some were gathering wood for fires, others, spear in hand, were wading in the shallows of the river, spearing fish.

Thin columns of smoke soon began to rise up into the still air of the silent chasm, and the fumes of cooking flesh added to the torments of the hungry little garrison. They had neither bite nor sup, and the few drops of brandy in Gregg's flask were carefully husbanded for the wounded boy.

"I don't see how we're going to get out of this," said Dick, gazing up at the almost inaccessible cliffs around them and down at the river below.

"We couldn't get Bert up, anyway," replied Gregg.

"Perhaps you and the others could creep up when dusk came," suggested Dick in a husky, hesitating voice

"Wot!" Gregg almost shouted in pained, astonished tones. "Do you think I'll do that?"

"No," answered Dick, covering his face with his hands; "but it doesn't seem fair to——"

"That's enough," snapped the old fellow, turning his back on Dick to hide his emotion.

He took a short clay pipe from his vest pocket, lit it, and began to smoke.

"I'm English, I am," he went on, between the puffs, "an' Englishmen hasn't got the name fer leavin' their mates in the lurch. They aren't diploomatic enough."

He smoked on for a few moments in silence, and then continued: "No, lads. We're in a fix. But we'll win out together, or——" puff, puff, puff. "Well, whatever comes, God's above. We must remember that; an' look 'ere, Dick, if I'd a-knowed as Bert was only wounded I wouldn't ha' said what I did. I felt certain as he was did for, he looked so dead like. But we should always 'ope. Never give up 'ope. The Maoris can go if they like."

Rangi drew himself up proudly, his eyes flashing indignation.

"Where pakeha stay, the Maori stay. The pakeha will not teach the Maori to be brave; the Maori knows how to die."

"Here, old chap," exclaimed Gregg, holding out a hand, which Rangi grasped, "the Maoris is good fellows, I'm blowed if they aren't."

"Good man, the pakeha, too," replied Rangi.

Two or three shots from below, and the hiss of bullets close to, reminded them that they were needlessly exposing themselves to danger. They crouched down again hastily.

"Blow me, if I know how we'd 'ave got out, anyway," observed Gregg, looking up. "The cliff above overhangs us. Only flies could crawl up it. It looks pretty straight up and down everywhere else, too, when you gets near the top."

An hour of weary waiting dragged painfully by. The daylight slowly faded into night. But the beauty of the transformation baffles description. It may be seen or felt, but not adequately described. The ever-changing shades of the pale azure sky, fretted here and there with slowly drifting, fleecy clouds, crimson and gold; the fitful hues of green and gold, as trembling bars of sunlight touched the brilliant foliage of the mighty bush; the distant wooded ridges, standing out, lace-like, against the amber space beyond, and the purple shadows and the steep, winding cliffs, fold on fold, as far as eye could reach—all this, reflected in the silent, unruffled reaches of the river below, and bathed in the rich warm glow of sunset, when the colours melt and blend and fade away to darkness, who can describe it? Then from out the winding gullies, milky, rose-tinted mists stole up to shroud the distant peaks and ridges. One by one, the stars and crescent moon appeared, gemming the dark, velvety sky, and growing brighter and more brilliant as the light of day passed on to the west.

But the coming of night brought no relief to the fugitives, cramped up on the narrow ledge. They could, indeed, alter their position without fear of being hit by an enemy's bullet, but at the same time they must be more vigilant to guard against surprise.

On looking down they could see the glare

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THE SAVAGE FALLS BACK BENEATH A SWEEPING, CRASHING STROKE FROM GREGG'S RIFLE-BUTT.

of the camp fires lighting up the dark abyss, casting strange, weird shadows among the trees, and glistening on the muscular bodies of the painted savages, who looked like bronze figures as they moved about among the shadows. It was a sight to make the blood creep. They seemed to be gathering into the firelight. Then, suddenly, as by wild impulse, led by their tohungas, they burst forth into loud, turbulent singing. For a moment the boys were awed. Was it dirge, or song of battle? The watchers stood spell-bound, listening mutely, thrilled by the singularly mournful and, at times, touching intonations and cadences of the sad, yet wild, refrain. The savages grouped below showed clear and distinct against the ruddy glow of the fires, their breasts heaving, their eyes upturned towards the pale clustering stars, glittering in the vast dome above the frowning cliffs. Their voices echoed and re-echoed from bluff to bluff, as the melody floated along the deep, gloomy

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gorge, sank, rose, and fell again on the trembling moonlit air.

At last the wild chant ceased and the echoes melted gradually away. A dark and awesome silence followed. Dreadful to those who crouched there awaiting death. Then the sounds of nature again broke out: the harsh cry of the weka, the more-pork's mournful note, and the rush of the rapids below. A wild duck, startled, darted with loud cry and outstretched neck across the zone of firelight. The wind rustled through the forest's myriad leaves and awoke the hard, dry rattle of the ti-palm.

As the song ended, Rangi shouted out in defiance. There was a loud yell, the report of a rifle, and a bullet flattened itself out against the rock close by.

The night wore on. Clouds of mosquitoes and sand-flies rose up, tormenting, humming, stinging. At last the crescent moon slipped down behind the edge of the western cliffs, and the darkness of the canyon settled down still deeper.

It was Geoff's turn to watch. The others were asleep, or dozing fitfully, exhausted with the day's fatigue. The boy sat there, his rifle resting across his knees. In spite of the peril, he found it hard to keep awake; and, at last, after several vain efforts to rouse himself, his head fell forward on his breast and he sank into a light doze.

Then, suddenly, he started, chilled by a sense of danger. He listened, trembling, but could neither see nor hear anything to cause alarm.

"Bah! it's nothing," he whispered to himself.

But what was that? Some pebbles rolling down the cliff perhaps, loosened by the straining root of some swaying bush? But there wasn't much wind. What could it be? There it was again. He crawled to the edge of the rock and listened. Nothing but the heavy breathing of his companions reached his ears. With a feeling of relief he was just about to draw back again, when he stopped, dead still, listening intently. There it was again.

Scratch! Scratch! Scratch!

Then the rattle of pebbles and loosened sand, and the bending of branches. He felt a chilliness creeping through his venis. What could it be? Then he heard the cry of a weka, about fifty yards below on the right, and the cry was answered by another bird to the left of the buttress.

"I might have known it was only a wood-hen," he murmured to himself.

Yet he could not shake off the sense of approaching danger, and was about to crawl over and wake Gregg, when he started and almost cried out, for he felt a strong hand laid heavily on his arm.

But it was only Rangi, who unobserved had crept up close behind him

He beckoned Geoff to keep quiet.

"Hush! Listen!" he whispered, leaning out and peering intently down the cliff. After a moment's silence he leaned back.

"Wake others. Make no noise. Hau-hau come," he whispered excitedly.

Gregg was on the alert the moment Geoff touched his arm, and soon all were waiting, loaded rifles in hand. Gregg and Rangi lay near the outer edge, listening.

"Do you hear it?" whispered the native, pointing down the cliff.

The sounds were very faint, barely audible: scratch, scratch, rustle; then again the rattle of soil and pebbles, then a pause and silence.

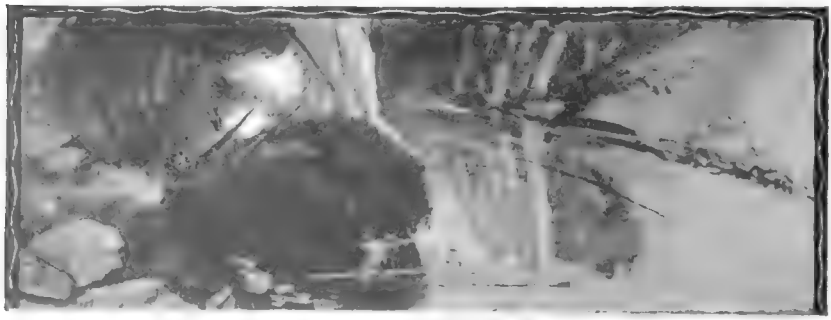
After an interval, the low hoot of an owl was heard on the left, while to the right it was repeated twice. Signals between the chiefs.

"The rangitaras talk to each other," whispered Rangi, significantly.

They were to be attacked from both sides simultaneously. As Geoff looked down, he saw something glitter among the fern. It was the reflection of a star on a spear-head.

Still the ominous sounds continued, coming ever nearer and nearer.

Scratch, rustle, sh-s-s-s-s-sush, as the small stones and loosened *debris* rattled down the



AFTER A VOLLEY FROM BELOW—

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precipitous sides of the chasm. At intervals signals were given; the cry of some native bird, or the chirp of insect.

The suspense of the fugitives was terrible. At last they could bear it no longer.

"We mustn't let 'em get too close," whispered Gregg.

Rangi and he each took a large boulder from a heap that had been gathered ready for such an emergency. For a moment they held them poised above their heads, and then hurled them with all their strength at the part of the cliff whence the strange sound proceeded.

There was a crash, a loud cry of pain, and the rush of a falling body.

Instantly, on both sides, loud yells and screams arose, curdling the blood of the boys, who for an instant stood awed by the nearness of the unseen terror.

With fearful yells and howls the savages came crowding like cats up the cliffs towards the rocky ledge, which the defenders prepared to hold at all costs.

"Keep cool, lads," shouted Gregg; "don't fire till yer get a good sight of what yer shootin' at. Don't throw away a shot. We mustn't let 'em get a footin' on the ledge."

The din was terrific. The whoops and shouts of the savages, the reports of the rifles, the humming of bullets, the flashes and spurts of fire, and the curling clouds of thin, grey smoke, smelling of sulphur, made a veritable inferno.

The Maoris, with reckless bravery, pressed on towards their goal. Though unable to return the defenders' fire, they leapt on up the cliffs, undaunted by the fact that many of their comrades, struck by the fugitives' bullets, went crashing down the precipitous rocks.

On they came, closer, closer, closer.

Gregg and his party load and fire as rapidly as they can, but in those days of cartridge, ram-rod, bullet and cap, the loading was slow work, and as the foe closes in around them the little band have not time to re-load.

The hideously painted, tattooed faces, twisted and contorted to strike terror, the rolling eyeballs and gaping mouths, are now visible to the horrified defenders.

"Use yer revolvers, and then club yer rifles," shouted Gregg. "Don't let 'em get a footin', an' we're safe."

The revolvers are emptied and the rifles clubbed. The din grows louder and louder. The fiendish yelling and the crash of club and tomahawk against rifle-butt and barrel resound across the chasm. One powerful savage leaps forward, and lands fairly on the ledge. With

—HE SAW RANGI PRESS HIS HAND TO HIS SIDE.

a triumphant yell he raises his stone tomahawk up on high and makes a fearful lunge at Dick's head; but Gregg turns the blow aside, and as Dick sinks down from a blow on the shoulder, the savage falls back beneath a sweeping, crashing stroke from Gregg's rifle-butt and disappears over the edge of the cliff.

Then, as by magic impulse, the crash of arms and shouts of combat cease. A strange rushing, hissing sound is heard. A weird, lurid glare creeps into the dreadful gorge, and reveals the fearful drama that is being enacted round the projecting reef. The Maoris, with terrified faces, painted, hideous, horrible, stand transfixed, tomahawk and mere raised, and spear poised for slaughter. The few

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defenders, stand back to back, sheltering the wounded boys. With terrific rapidity the light grows brighter, more lurid, more weird. The stars pale and fade, and high up in the great dome of heaven there rushes past a magnificent meteor, all ablaze and brilliant, green and gold and pale blue. With the noise of a rushing wind it dashes on.

Spell-bound, defenders and assailants gaze up at the wonderful sight. Then it is gone, and leaves to the dazzled eyes of the watchers an impenetrable blackness greater than the darkness of night.

There is a loud frightened shout from one of the tohungas, then a rushing sound, the falling of stones and the cracking of twigs.

The defenders stand expectant. But the sounds grow less distinct and more remote; and when the blackness shrouding their dazed eyes has passed away, no enemies are to be seen.

"Thank God!" exclaimed old Gregg fervently, with a sigh of relief, "we are saved for a time, at all events. Them fellers are sooperstitious, an' they've taken the shootin' star for a bad omen." And, ever hopeful, the old fellow added, "Let *us* take it for a good."

III.

Relieved and thankful, the fugitives flung themselves down to rest. They waited, wondering when help would come.

So the night wore away and the dawn came. A pale, white light seemed to fuse with the darker blue; from east to west the stars, one by one, faded slowly out. The white light melted, and golden-tinted bars stole trembling across the sky. There was a stirring among the leaves of the forest trees and the festooned creepers lining the sides of the rocky abyss. The colours of the forest, the yellow kowhaia, the pale, creamy, nodding plumes of toi-toi, the crimson rata, and the various tints of green and gold contrasted grandly with the grey rocky cliffs and the deep blue of the sky.

Then the voice of bird-life became audible, and from far down the valley came a sound like the tolling of a distant bell.

"Mako, mako," exclaimed Rangi, as the simple, varied notes came floating towards them.

"The bell-bird," remarked Gregg laconically.

High up, hanging between earth and sky, ominous, evil, a pair of hawks, scenting blood, sailed round and round with horrid, croaking cries.

Gradually the sun mounted higher and higher, bathing the wilderness with his warm, cheerful glow; but down in the gully the chilly air and pale, waving mists seemed to linger as though loth to depart.

The fugitives glanced down at the river, but no signs of life were stirring. The canoes lay moored to the trees, as on the previous evening. A thin column of smoke rose slowly from the powdered embers of a dying fire, but no other sign of the enemy was observable.

"They must be asleep," remarked Dick.

"They may be, but I expect some are watchin'," replied Gregg.

Poor Bert was at times delirious and cried for water. The others, too, were exhausted and faint from fasting and thirst.

Rangi looked down at Bert pitifully, and then keenly scrutinised the cliffs to right and left.

"See," he exclaimed at last, pointing to the rocks about thirty yards away, "water."

The others, looking in the direction indicated, noticed a small spring bubbling from an aperture in the side of the cliff and glistening among the ferns as it trickled down to join the river below.

"I get some," Rangi said, reaching for the canteen lying on the floor of the ledge.

"Isn't it too risky?" asked Geoff, yet looking sorrowfully at his brother.

"I can climb, easy. Hau-hau not hit me," replied the generous fellow, as he picked up the vessel.

"They may be watchin'," said old Gregg. "Let's wait a bit an' see if help comes. It'll p'r'aps come soon."

"I'm not afraid," laughed Rangi proudly, and hanging the canteen from his shoulder, he commenced making his way along towards the spring.

"Bang, bang," went a couple of muskets before he had gone a dozen yards, and the bullets, cutting through the foliage about six feet above his head, sent two or three fern leaves fluttering down the cliff.

"Come back, Rangi, come back!" shouted Gregg, seizing his rifle.

The plucky fellow turned, laughing disdainfully, and with a shout of derision to the savages below, continued his arduous climb.

"We must help him, then," added the old man, crawling to the edge of the ridge.

Geoff and Maia also seized their rifles and followed.

"They're hidin' behind the scrub. Watch for the puff of smoke an' fire just below it," said Gregg, putting his rifle to his shoulder.

Two or three spurts of smoke darted from a clump of bushes below, and before the reports

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reached the fugitives their three rifles had spoken in reply.

One painted savage leapt from behind a bush and fell prone to the earth.

The rocky gorge again re-echoed with shots from both sides and savage yells from below.

Climbing along the rocky projections, and holding on by vine and creeper, Rangi soon reached the spring and filled the canteen. He took a long, deep draught himself, and then, refilling the vessel, started coolly to retrace his steps, heedless of the bullets whistling about him.

As Dick crouched there by his brother, he heard the reports of muskets from the valley below, and the sharper ring of his companions' rifles answering. He could see Rangi, too, as the plucky fellow climbed on, undaunted. Once, a cry of alarm burst from his lips as, after a volley from below, he saw Rangi give a start and press his hand to his side. But the native only paused for a moment, and then, with quick, though convulsed, movements, continued his struggle. Another half-minute, and with a cry of joy he leapt on to the ledge and held out the brimming canteen to Dick.

With a shout of delight, the others ceased firing and drew back into safety. Their rejoicing, however, was changed to anguish when they saw Rangi reel and with a groan of agony sink to the ground, where he lay gasping, bleeding from a fearful wound in his side.

With a loud cry of bitter grief, Maia knelt down beside his brother, while Gregg tried, in vain, to staunch the flow of blood. Beads of perspiration gathered on the dying youth's forehead. Yet even in his agony he looked up smiling at his companions.

He held out his hand, in turn, to Gregg and Geoff and Dick. Then he spoke in his native tongue to Maia, who was bending over him. They took each other's hands and looked into each other's eyes; Maia's full of sorrowful anguish, Rangi's of tenderness.

Maia bent lower. Their noses met, and low pitiful cries were exchanged. They were bidding each other farewell.

Dick, wounded and weak, was weeping openly. Geoff felt a clutching at his throat and his eyes were dimmed with tears. Old Gregg turned away to hide his emotion, and sat blinking at the opposite cliffs, till a sad wail from Maia told them that the noble Rangi had paid the hero's debt.

It was late that afternoon when relief came. Sad and weary, suffering pangs of hunger and thirst, but ever watchful, the fugitives sat with their dead and wounded.

Suddenly Maia grasped Gregg's arm, and pointing down the river, exclaimed excitedly: "Listen!"

Up the chasm floated the sound of voices, singing rhythmically and accompanied by the regular beat of many paddles. Soon round the bend below swept half a dozen war canoes, painted vermillion and black, and crowded with warriors. There were several Europeans with the expedition.

"My people, my people!" cried Maia joyfully.

"Thank God," said Gregg. "They're just in time. We've only five shots left."

The Hau-haus were making herculean efforts to drag their canoes to the upper reaches. When they had lifted them out of the water they divided into two bands, and while one continued the work of transporting the canoes to the top of the rapids, the other band lined up on the shore to prevent the Wanganui tribes from landing.

Terrific yells rose from the approaching natives when they caught sight of the Hau-haus, and then began a race to be the first to reach the foe. With bodies bent and paddles flashing, the Wanganuis urged on their canoes, leaving trails of foam in their wake.

The Hau-haus had placed one canoe in the upper waters, but before they had time to take the other, their enemies dashed up to the landing.

With loud, ferocious yells they rushed on to mutual combat. The Hau-haus fought stubbornly, but their foes were four to one, and at last the weight of numbers began to tell. Slowly, but steadily, they had to fall back. They were driven into the patch of bush, and the watchers on the cliffs could tell by the shouts and noise of battle that they were being pressed further and further up the ravine.

It was soon over. The one canoe already carried across held easily all the savages who were able to reach it and, followed by a few parting shots, sped away up the river and disappeared round a rocky mountain spur.

Among the whites accompanying the relief expedition was Mr. Redward, and on finding his three boys alive, his feelings of joy and gratitude were unbounded.

Dick's wound soon healed, but it was some time before the doctor pronounced Bert out of danger. Yet skill and careful nursing at last won the day, and he was slowly restored to health and strength.

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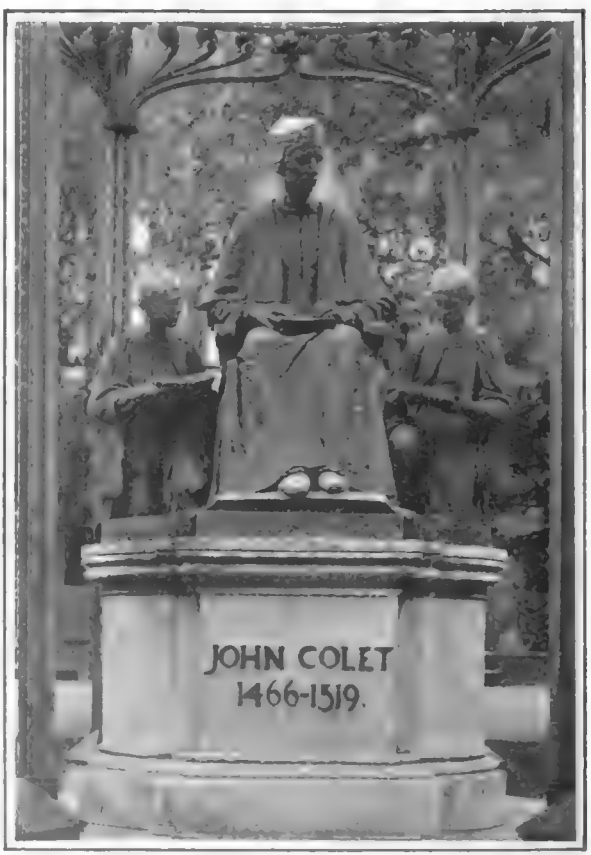
A GENERAL VIEW OF THE SCHOOL FROM THE PLAYGROUND.

FOUR hundred years ago, John Colet, Dean of St. Paul's, "desyring nothing more thanne Educacion and bringing upp chyldren in good Maners and litterature . . . bylded a Scole in the Estende of paulis church for cliij to be taught fre in the same." He entrusted the management of his school to one of the great city companies instead of placing it under the protection of the Church, because his experience led him to believe that least corruption was to be found "in married citizens of good repute." His choice fell upon the Mercers' Company, and under their direction the school has thriven to such good purpose that to-day it takes its place among the foremost of the great public schools of England. It was Colet's ideal that the education afforded to his scholars should be built upon a basis of instruction in "goode auctours" Latin and Greek, and though the demands of modern tendencies towards instruction in the sciences have been adequately met, the founder's wishes in this respect have been faithfully adhered to. St. Paul's has made its name as a great fountain of classical education, and its record at the universities, which during the last thirty years has stood second to none, is ample evidence of the deservedness of its reputation.



THE HANDSOME STATUE OF JOHN COLET, DEAN OF ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL, WHO FOUNDED THE SCHOOL IN 1509.

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Under the statutes the headmaster was empowered to admit pupils "as they be offerid fro tyme to tyme but first se that theye canne the cathecyzon and also that he can rede and wryte competently ellis let hym not be admittid in no wyse." But boys who present themselves for admission to-day will find that the standard of knowledge required has been considerably raised, for they will be expected to show something more than a rudimentary knowledge of Latin and Greek in addition to being able to "rede and wryte." Among the dispensations made by Dean Colet with regard to the deportment of the "chyldren," he willed that "they vse no kokfighting nor ryding aboute of victory nor disputing at sent Bartilmws which is but folishe babeling and losse of tyme." Thus, the pious founder had evidently set his face against bullying, hero-worship, and "side" in any form. In its earliest days the school was conducted by a "Maister" and a "Sur-Maister," while the spiritual needs of the scholars were attended to by a chaplain. If the High Master fell ill, then the burden of managing the entire school descended on the shoulders of the Sur-Master; but with what eagerness must the boys have scanned the face of the Sur-Master for signs of indisposition when the "Maister" was safely tucked up in bed, for under the Dean's provisions, "Yf both maistres be syk at onys thenne let the scole sease for that wille."

The original building was burnt to the ground in the Fire of London, but four years later another was erected, which, however, was pulled down in 1823 as it was found to be unsafe. From then till 1884 the school remained under the shadow of St. Paul's Cathedral, but in 1884 the new building at Hammersmith, with accommodation for some six hundred boys, was opened.

St. Paul's has had many great High Masters. William Lily, the first High Master, Thomas Gale, John Sleath, and Herbert Kynaston, whose reign lasted for thirty-nine years, all wrote their names large in the history of the school; but the greatest of them all was Frederick Walker. Appointed

THE REV. A. E. HILLARD, D.D., HIGH MASTER OF ST. PAUL'S SCHOOL.

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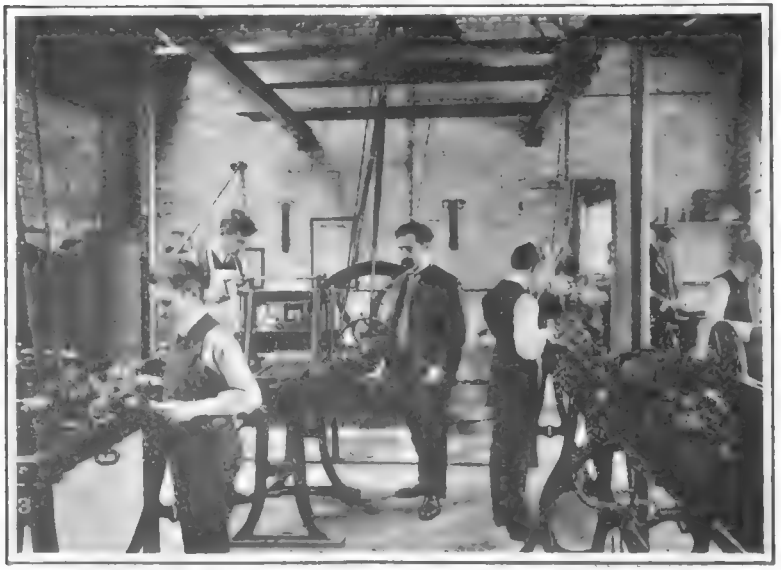
THE ART ROOM.

in 1877, he entered upon his duties at a time when the Governors were contemplating the advisability of removing the school from the precincts of the city. They conceived the idea of extending its scope and raising its status so that it might rank with the great boarding schools of the day as an institution which offered all the advantages of public school life and yet would retain its peculiar individuality as a day-school. But they realised that such a scheme could not be effected if the school remained in the heart of the city, within the cramped buildings into which the boys were herded with difficulty.



THE ENGINEER'S SHOP.

Accordingly in 1884 the site of the school was removed from St. Paul's Churchyard to Hammersmith. The opening of the splendid red-brick and terra-cotta building, now almost covered with ivy, marks a new era in the history of St. Paul's. A personality such as Mr. Walker's at the helm of

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BOYS WAITING TO HEAR THE RESULT OF THE RECENT SCHOLARSHIP ELECTION.

the school was the one thing needful to make the dream of the Governors a reality. Under his guidance, its numbers rapidly increased and the extraordinary sequence of successes it achieved at the universities soon won for it a reputation as a school which offered a very complete classical education which was within the reach of the bulk of the middle classes. In one year St. Paul's gained thirty-two scholarships at the universities, a record which has never been approached by any other school in the United Kingdom. Nor were its academic successes limited to the universities, for in the Civil Service, the Army and Navy, and the Hospitals, Paulines were constantly distinguishing themselves.

Mr. Walker, to whose genius as a schoolmaster these results were due, possessed a wonderful faculty for discovering "likely" boys at an early age, and by watching them carefully throughout their school careers knew just what they were capable of when the time came for testing their abilities at the universities or elsewhere. Endowed by nature with a commanding presence and a somewhat blunt manner, he was no respecter of persons and was in the habit of saying what he meant in as few words as possible. It is on record that a fond mother who had called on him to dis-

THE GREAT HALL, SHOWING ORGAN.

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THE DINING-HALL.

cuss the question of sending her son to St. Paul's remarked that before making up her mind definitely on the point, she would like to know something of the social status of the boys that her son would have to mix with. Mr. Walker fixed her with his eye and replied with magnificent solemnity, "Madam, provided your son obeys the school rules, and provided his fees are regularly paid, no inquiries will be made as to his antecedents." He was once asked what system he adopted in controlling the management of the school. "Oh, I walk about," was the brief but perfectly adequate answer. But he "walked about" to some purpose, and knew a great deal more about what was going on than he appeared to. Occasionally he would reveal his knowledge of what boys imagined he was quite unaware of in

THE CHEMICAL LABORATORY.

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LORD CURZON OPENING THE NEW SCIENCE BUILDINGS.
Erected to commemorate the fourth centenary of the school's foundation.

somewhat startling fashion, as, for instance, when he was one day "walking" a boy up and down a corridor and discussing his prospects, he suddenly turned to him and said, "I suppose you fool Mr.—— as much as the other boys, don't you?" mentioning the name of a master whose power of discipline was not his strongest point. When he chose he could be very terrible, and could, in the course of a few moments, reduce a boy to a state of quaking pulp by the mere sound of his voice, quite apart from what he might happen to be saying; but beneath his gruff exterior he concealed a kindly heart, as many an old Pauline has good reason to know.

He retired in 1905 after twenty-eight years of whole-hearted devotion to the interests of the school. He has reaped his own reward in the results he has lived to see, and his name will ever be venerated by Old Paulines, hundreds of whom have cause to be grateful to him for launching them on their careers, stocked with a sound education and a vigorous, healthy outlook on life. Dr. Hillard, who succeeded him, is the twenty-fourth High Master.

Among the many famous men produced by St. Paul's, the "great" Duke of Marlborough, John Milton and Samuel Pepys perhaps stand forth most prominently, while in more recent times, Professor Ray Lankester, Sir West Ridgeway, Sir Cecil Clementi Smith and G. K. Chesterton, have added distinction to her name.

It has often been asserted that athletics can never be regarded in the same spirit at a day-school as at a boarding-school, on the assumption that *esprit de corps* can only exist effecively at a school where each boy is living the life of the place apart from the distractions of home influences. St. Paul's provides a standing refutation of this argument, as any one who had knowledge of the high standard of its athletics and the spirit in which they are conducted would be bound to admit. It has shown that a day-school can at least hold its own in competition with any of the boarding-schools.

For the purpose of athletics the whole school is divided into six clubs, one of which is formed by the Houses, consisting of about

LORD CURZON SPEAKING AT THE FOURTH CENTENARY CELEBRATION.

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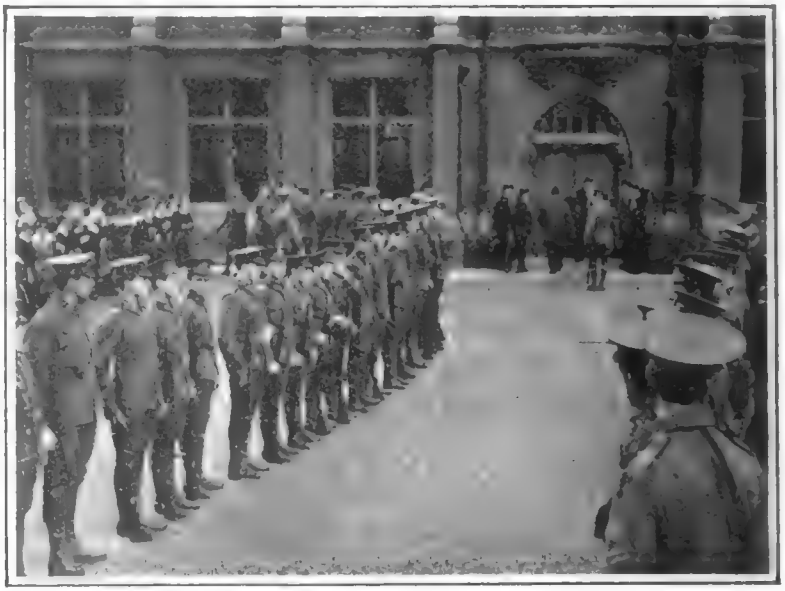
F. WHITTLE (EXHIBITIONER OF BALLIOL COLLEGE, OXFORD), Captain of the School.

a hundred boys each. These clubs are managed by committees of boys with a master as President, and one of the boys as captain. They compete against one another at all forms of athletics, with both senior and junior teams, and the club which at the end of the year has achieved the best record, arrived at by a system of marking, becomes the Champion Club of that year. This scheme in no way clashes with the representative school games, and certainly may be said to produce an atmosphere of healthy rivalry which fosters the right sort of keenness. Under the half-holiday system compulsory games take place every afternoon, each section of the school, which is divided for this purpose according to forms, thus having one half-holiday in the week.

The football and cricket teams turned out by St. Paul's are generally well up to the average of those at other public schools, as is shown by the results of their matches. During the 'nineties the standard of football displayed was exceptionally high, and, though of recent years the XV has not been quite so successful, in view of the axiom of mechanics that "to every action there is an equal and opposite reaction" — a rule which applies very aptly to the ups and downs of athletics —there is no reason why the football teams of the near future should not prove as good as any the school has known. Rowing attracts a considerable number of boys, especially from the Houses, and the school VIII has often performed creditably at the up-river regattas. Races are also rowed annually with Winchester, Cheltenham and Bedford Grammar School. In the public schools' boxing and gymnastic competitions at Aldershot St. Paul's is always prominent and rarely fails to win at least one event, while on several occasions its representatives have nearly swept the board. This year's cricket XI has won most of its matches, and has included the Eton Ramblers and Dulwich College among its victims. It is admirably led by P. J. Buckley, who manages his bowling cleverly and sets a good example in the field. He has another year in the XI, and should thus prove a valuable acquisition to the team of 1910. In P. G. Fender the school has a player of exceptional promise, who should be heard of before long,

"JERRY" DRISCOLL, INSTRUCTOR IN SWIMMING AND BOXING.



MEMBERS OF CADET CORPS FORMING GUARD OF HONOUR TO LORD CURZON.

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if he does not fall into the mistake, made by so many brilliant young cricketers, of attempting too much during his growing days.

Many old Paulines have distinguished themselves in athletics within the last twenty years. Among them may be mentioned R. O. Schwarz, the international half-back and Middlesex and South African cricketer; H. W. Adams and T. Drysdale, who rowed for Oxford and Cambridge respectively, while the latter holds the unique distinction of being the only football blue who has won the Colquhoun Sculls; A. C. Rayner-Wood, C. E. Barry, W. H. Peat, J. G. Fordham, football blues; A. C. Rouse, who played football for the South, and C. H. Walker, who played for the North; E. H. Cholmeley, Rev. F. B. MacNutt, J. Gilman (a Cambridge and Middlesex cricketer), T. H. Just (last year's half-mile champion) and R. P. Franklin, running Blues; R. H. de Montmorency, who played cricket, golf, and racquets for Oxford and last year played golf for England; E. S. and A. R. Littlejohn, who play cricket for Middlesex; while many others have played football for their counties and shone in other branches of athletics. Thus it is obvious that athletics are regarded as an important part of a boy's education at St. Paul's. That their importance is realised by the boys themselves may be gathered from the story of a small boy who in the course of an examination was asked to mention the three greatest old Paulines. After deep cogitation he wrote down, "Marlborough, Milton and ——," giving as his third choice the name of a well-known Old Pauline athlete. It is sad to record that for this answer, which was probably quite serious, he received five hundred lines.

This year St. Paul's is celebrating its four hundredth anniversary, being content to claim no greater age than this in spite of the assertion of a *Times* correspondent that it is nearly a thousand years old. The official recognition of the occasion by the Governors of the school took the form of erecting some new science buildings, which were formally opened by Lord Curzon on Wednesday, July 7. Lord Curzon, in the course of his speech, referred to the present tendency towards pessimism prevalent throughout this country and urged strongly that the rising generation should cultivate a greater belief in its ability to do things. At a lunch which was subsequently given in the Great Hall, excellent speeches were made by the Bishop of Kensington, the High Master, and the Bishop of Manchester. In the evening the High Master held a *soirée* at the school, and a performance of Milton's *Comus* was given under the auspices of the Old Pauline Club. This should have taken place in the school grounds, but owing to the wet weather had to be transferred to the King's Theatre, Hammersmith, at the last moment. It was, however, played before a very full and appreciative house.

In this, the four hundredth year of its existence, St. Paul's School holds an honourable position in the world of education. May it ever present those ideals for which it has so far stood, and continue to flourish for many more hundreds of years as the great classical day-school of England!

HINTS ON RIFLE-SHOOTING

THERE is no doubt that rifle-shooting ought to be much more popular in this country than is actually the case, since, in addition to being a very fine sport, it is one that would have a very direct and practical bearing upon the safety of Britain were she invaded.

As matters now stand, however, the sport of the marksman is looked upon by a large majority of people as a rather monotonous and unexciting form of recreation, in the pursuit of which occur none of those thrilling moments that are so dear to the heart of the football player, the huntsman, and the cricketer.

This popular idea is a mistake, for, as every marksman knows, the compiling of a score on the rifle-range is a most absorbing and exciting task, while for uncertainty it can scarcely be beaten. Over and over again have the best of shots had victory snatched from their grasp at the very end of a competition by an unexpected gust of wind suddenly springing up just as they pulled the trigger and converting what would have been a bull into a "magpie."

A moment's reflection will serve to show how very real is the glorious uncertainty of rifle-shooting, for the simple reason that

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results are considerably affected by weather conditions, and the weather in this country could hardly be more variable than it is. Bearing this in mind, it at once becomes obvious that there is a good deal more in the science of rifle-shooting than at first meets the eye, the most careful wind and weather observations forming a very essential part of the sport.

A beginner will find in the weather his initial difficulty, and just at first may become a trifle disheartened at the varying results that he obtains at the range through this cause. He may, for instance, be able to score bull after bull on Monday, and retire delighted with his success, only to find that on Tuesday he is all over the target and quite unable to touch the centre. Yet to despair under such circumstances would be exceedingly foolish, because the explanation of his uneven form would probably be found in the fact that Monday was a clear, still day, while on Tuesday there was a fluky wind, for which he had not made allowance when taking aim.

Wind judgments may be said to be one of the first accomplishments that a beginner must acquire, and in order to do this he would be well advised to practise in the middle of the day as often as possible, because the wind is generally more variable then than it is in the morning or the evening. From about 8 to 10 A.M., and after 5 P.M., the wind is generally apt to be steady, and the young marksman who practises at such hours will probably be flattered by the results obtained. This may be pleasant, but he will gain better experience from the more adverse conditions.

Of winds, a steady breeze is to be preferred rather than a fluky, uncertain one that comes in unexpected gusts, often just as one fires. The aim taken must, of course, depend very much upon the wind, and it is quite possible that a marksman may have to aim as much as ten feet to the right or left of the bull's-eye. When a range is well marked out by flags, as is the case at Bisley, these will prove of great assistance to the shooter in telling him the strength and direction of the wind, but, on the other hand, when a range boasts only one or two flags, they may turn out to be exceedingly misleading.

The wind-gauge on the rifle itself is divided down to $\frac{1}{150}$th of an inch, which equals one inch per 100 yards. Most men paint a thin white perpendicular line on the back-sight of their rifles, according to the wind's strength, and bring the fore-sight into position with this line when aiming at the target.

It is scarcely necessary to say that a good rifle should be procured by the embryo marksman, and it would also be as well for him to remember that every rifle has its own peculiarities in the important matter of elevation; so that, having once obtained his weapon, he should not be in a hurry to exchange it for another. The question of elevation is one to which beginners should devote a great deal of attention, as it can easily be mastered by the exercise of a little care, and is not like the wind, which none of us can control. One of the best aids to correct elevation is for the tyro to make a point of always recording each shot that he makes as soon as ever the result has been signalled to him. He will then know exactly what mistakes he has been making, and will be able to correct them at any rate as far as elevation is concerned.

The best position for target-shooting is to lie down, not dead straight with the target, but at an angle of about forty-five degrees. Get the rifle right on to the palm of the left hand, and grasp it firmly, placing your left elbow as far under your weapon as possible. Some men are inclined to hang over their shots rather a long time, but it is very doubtful whether this pays, for, if you have once made up your mind, it is just as well to shoot before the possibility of some new idea strikes you and upsets your aim. On the other hand, a man should never throw away his shots, and the marksman who fires impulsively makes just as great a mistake as does the man who purrs over his shot until his aim has become unsteady.

Patience, good judgment, and coolness might be given as three of the leading virtues which the rifle shooter must cultivate, and surely the presence of these three qualities should form a sufficient recommendation for this manly and patriotic pursuit. Other points in its favour are that there is no reason why a man should not take it up at almost any age; that it does not make such extravagant demands on one's time as do many other sports; that the formation of rifle clubs goes to promote good comradeship amongst their members; and that the civilian who takes up this manly pastime can feel that he is fitting himself to take a hand in the defence of his home and country, should the necessity ever arise.

J. P. LOUGHNAN.

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THE TWINS OF TENDRING

A Public School Story

By Captain CHARLES GILSON

Author of "The Lost Column"

THE Twins are Temple Two and Simson ("The Rat"), who wage war against masters, rules, and Rogers ("Kruger"), who keeps the tuck-shop in the school grounds. As a result of one escapade of The Twins, the boys in the common room of French's House belonging to the House XI are debarred from playing in the "final" against the School House. Temple One, head of French's, therefore has to make up a team as best he can from the remnants of French's House. Intermingled with their interest in the final match is a plot hatched by the Twins for the humiliation of Rogers. They have arranged that "Alf," Rogers's assistant, shall lure the old man on to the top of a tool-shed in the playing-fields, where he will be compelled to remain at the Twins' pleasure. All goes well with the exception that Kruger, on reaching the shed, removes the ladder by which Alf ascended, leaving that unfortunate youth in the trap laid for himself. As the Twins are watching the game on the second day of the match, Alf turns up again, and deciding to take him as a hostage to Kruger, they give chase.

CHAPTER XX.

THE MASTER-STROKE.

IT was not the custom of the Twins to take any heed for the future. They knew in their hearts that the Sword of Damocles (or, in other words, the cane that rested upon the bookshelf) was once again suspended above their heads, and another painful interview with the Doctor inevitable. Still, they did not mention the matter.

On Sunday they had had the house match to occupy their minds, but now this source of interest was gone, and their restless activity taking upon itself the guise of vengeance, they raced headlong after Alf.

Alf was beside himself with fear. He would rather, by preference, have been thrown to the lions than dragged by force before the irate and fearful Rogers. He ran as if a pack of wolves were at his heels, past the pavilion, across the junior school football ground, round the water-jump, to the firs and larches by Bates' tool-house, where all this bubble had burst.

There he stumbled, and throwing up his arms, fell heavily forward upon his face.

Temple was almost immediately at his side, and in a few seconds was joined by the Rat. Alf lay perfectly still.

Temple turned him over. The young man's face was a livid green and his eyes were closed. Temple lifted him up, and as he did so, Alf's head swung limply from side to side. The Rat tried to feel his heart, but it did not seem to beat. For the first and last time in this story it is here placed on record that the Twins looked frightened; Temple especially went very pale.

"He has fainted!" exclaimed the Rat.

"Great Scott!" said Temple, and he lay the insensible body back upon the ground.

"What's to be done?" said the Rat.

"Dashed if I know. We had better fetch a master."

"French is on the cricket-ground," suggested the Rat.

"What's the use of French?" stammered Temple. "He'd be no more good than we are."

"Oh, shut up!"

"Well, hang it, man, we must do something. The fellow did the quarter in about fifty seconds, in boots; and I can't make out that he is even breathing now. It *must* be serious."

The truth of the matter was that Alf was in the poorest condition; and many a trained athlete, cursed with a heart not over-strong, has fainted after a race. The Twins were naturally nervous, for they knew not what to do.

"Get a doctor," said Temple. "Will old Starkie be in?"

"Perhaps."

"Then cut off quickly and bring him here. We don't want masters hanging round."

The Rat made off without any more ado to fetch Dr. Starkie, who was the medico in charge of the school.

Temple, left with the insensible Alf, sat down and racked his brains for something that might seem suited to such an occasion.

He could think of nothing. After a while Alf slowly opened his eyes, and groaned.

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"Are you all right?" asked Temple anxiously.

Alf groaned again, louder than before, closed his eyes and did not move.

Temple sat looking at him for what seemed a considerable time, though in reality it could not have been more than a few seconds. But in those few seconds a great thought came to him, "like instinct, unawares."

He flushed and got to his feet, looking quickly around. No one was to be seen in the vicinity of the tool-house. Cheer after cheer came from the direction of the cricket-ground. He turned to Alf.

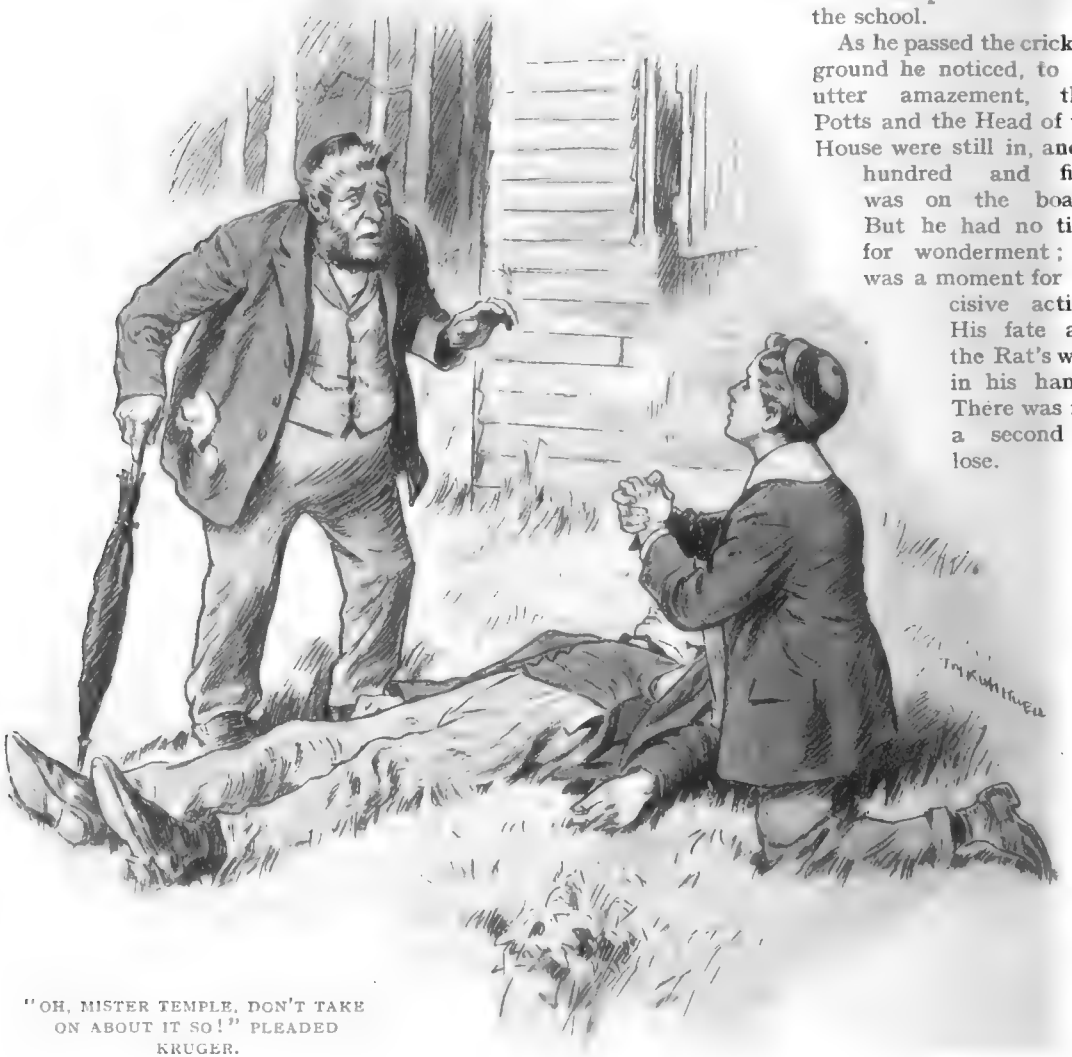
"Can you get up?" he repeated.

Alf opened his eyes.

"No," he moaned. "I've comed all over cold."

"Then lie still where you are while I go for help," and Temple set off at a sharp run towards the school.

As he passed the cricket-ground he noticed, to his utter amazement, that Potts and the Head of the House were still in, and a hundred and fifty was on the board. But he had no time for wonderment; it was a moment for decisive action. His fate and the Rat's were in his hands. There was not a second to lose.



"OH, MISTER TEMPLE, DON'T TAKE ON ABOUT IT SO!" PLEADED KRUGER.

Outside the tuck-shop he slowed down to walk, and strolled in casually with his hands in his trousers pockets.

Rogers was in his appointed place.

"Get out o' here!" he bellowed.

"Have you seen Alf since Saturday?" asked Temple, quickly and very seriously.

"No, I ain't,"

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"Then do you know where he is?"

"No I don't, an' I don't want to neither."

"Have you forgotten where you left him?" Temple's tone was ominous.

"Where?" asked Rogers.

Temple said nothing more, but looked inexpressible things.

"What do you mean?" gasped Rogers, the look on his face turning from one of anger almost to one of alarm.

Temple looked admirably frightened, but he never uttered a word.

"You don't mean to tell me, Mister Temple," the old man faltered, "you don't mean to tell me that that there pore lad has been on the roof of the tool-house since—since Saturday arternoon?"

Temple tried to speak and then choked. Clearly he found it well-nigh impossible to break the fearful news.

"He ain't!" cried Rogers aghast. "Tell me he ain't! Some one's let him down afore now?"

Again Temple choked, and then came out with an "Oh!" Whereupon he ran hastily out of the shop, with his face buried in his hands, truly a tragic sight. But he had not gone fifty yards when he stopped, and looking back saw Kruger come stumping down the tuck-shop steps with his umbrella under his arm. This time, however, the old man stayed to lock the door.

Temple set off again at a run faster than before, singing softly, "The Campbells are coming! Oh, Oh, Oh, Oh."

On reaching the tool-house, he felt relieved of a little anxiety to find the invalid still unable to move. He knelt down at Alf's side, and Kruger, arriving soon afterwards, discovered the good Samaritan rubbing the patient's hands.

"What's wrong with him?" exclaimed the old man. "He ain't broke a leg?"

Temple looked deeply moved. It might almost be said that he swallowed a lump in his throat.

Kruger's face was all distress: his lower lip projected dismally; the corners of his mouth drooped, and his forehead was wrinkled with remorse.

"Oh dear! Oh dear!" he exclaimed. And then: "Did *you* find him here, Mister Temple?"

"Yes," choked Temple; which, throughout the accomplishment of this master-stroke of diplomacy, was the nearest approach that Temple got to a lie.

"He must have jumped down!" were the old man's next words. Then he looked up at the roof of the tool-house. "Small wonder he has hurt hisself," he added. "Oh, Mister Temple, wot a horrible catastrophe!"

Temple only wrung his hands.

"Oh, Mister Temple! Don't take on about it so," pleaded Kruger.

"I can't help it," moaned Temple.

"It's my fault," owned Rogers. "I ought to have let him down."

Alf opened his eyes and, seeing Kruger, uttered a feeble cry of alarm and tried to get up.

But Temple held him down—by force.

"Keep still, man," cried Temple. "You've broken a leg."

Alf looked more alarmed than ever.

"I won't do you no harm, Alf," cut in Kruger. "Let bygones be bygones, me lad. You're justly punished for wot you've done, and so am I. It's all the hand o' Providence."

"It is," said Temple devoutly; and, indeed, he thought it was.

At that moment, the Rat and Dr. Starkie made their appearance. The doctor was carrying a flask of brandy, since from the Rat's account of the mishap he had judged that nothing more was necessary for the case.

He bent down over Alf, and Temple winked at the Rat.

"Well, my good fellow," asked the cheery old doctor, "what's the matter with you?"

"The young man's broke his leg, sir," Kruger advanced.

"Broken his leg!" cried the doctor. "Nonsense! There's nothing broken here. A weak heart, that's all. Overstrain. He's not up to these exertions. Any one can see by the look of him he is not in a good state of health. Why, he looks as if he had not had anything to eat for days."

"He ain't," groaned Kruger. "Pore, unfortunate individual!"

Temple's heart was in his mouth lest the cat should be let out of the bag. Fortunately, the doctor said nothing more, but gave Alf a mouthful of brandy, whereupon the young man almost instantly revived.

"That's done me a power o' good," said Alf.

"Capital!" exclaimed the doctor. "Keep quiet for a day or so and don't starve yourself. You want nourishment and fresh air."

"Heavins!" exclaimed Kruger. "I should athought he'd had enough o' that!"

"Not a bit of it," said Doctor Starkie. "Can't have too much of a good thing. Fresh air gives one a good appetite."

"Come an' take a bit o' something along

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o' me this evening, Alf; and let bygones be bygones, as I've said afore," cried Kruger.

Alf was now upon his feet.

Kruger went to the doctor and whispered confidentially into his ear: "If there's any account to settle along o' this, sir, you might send it to Mister Nathaniel Rogers, Frog's Pond Cottages. And," he faltered, "I'd take it kindly, as a personal favour, sir, if you'd not mention nothing about it to any one."

"Certainly not," laughed the doctor, "certainly not, if you wish it; and as for the account, twopennyworth of brandy and five minutes of my time, that is all it has cost me."

"Thank you kindly, sir," said Kruger, much relieved; "you're a gen'leman." And the doctor departed, highly amused.

In the meantime, other whisperings had been taking place. Temple, in lending his arm to Alf for support, had taken the opportunity to tell that young man in a few, well-chosen, poignant words that, as he valued his life, he was never to own to Rogers that he had not passed that week-end on the tool-house roof. Alf, dull as he was, saw the force of the argument and was resolved to hold his peace.

It therefore alone remained for the Twins to enlist the sympathies of Bates—a thing that as prominent cricketers they knew very well they could do.

So they all forgave each other, then and there; and Rogers, growing anxious about his shop, hastened back, offering his arm to Alf.

No sooner were they both out of sight than Temple went down suddenly upon the ground as if his legs had given way beneath him. A series of inarticulate sounds issued forth from between his parted lips; his face was fearfully contorted, and with both his hands he held his aching sides.

"Oh, Rat, Rat!" he gasped; "oh, my eye! my aunt!"

The Rat shook him.

"When did you think of it?"

"Think of it, you ass! When did I think of it! That's it: bust my collar, shake my head off. I don't want to breathe. Oh, Rat, I'm *so* happy and weak and ill!"

The Rat let go of him, in disgust.

"You're a fool!" said he.

"But you like me really, Rat; you know you do. Come, don't be cross, when I'm so happy .... Listen. I think I am strong enough to tell you a little now."

And Temple told the Rat how it had all come about, and when he had finished the Rat was hysterical too.

CHAPTER XXI.

POTTS "BACKS UP."

THEY went back to the cricket-ground having recovered sufficient strength to walk as far, and found the pavilion shaken by the stamping of feet, while shouting and cheering filled the air. A small junior of French's House danced before them, like a red Indian on the war-path, in a kind of raving joy.

"What's up?" asked the Rat.

"Up?" shouted the junior. "A hundred and seventy's up on the board. Temple has been hitting ones and threes at the end of every over, and young Potts has been in for half an hour and hasn't had a ball."

"Oh, Rat," cried Temple, "who spoke of 'joy that poets feign'?"

"Shakespeare," answered the Rat; "and I'm going to stand on my head." Which, despite the dignity of a first eleven cap, he forthwith proceeded to do.

When the Rat had righted himself he went and sat on the pavilion steps with Temple Two, and watched the game.

It was a glorious game to watch. The Head of the House, it appeared, was nearing his century. He had made the biggest hit ever seen on the school ground. It was the cheering on that occasion that the younger Temple had heard when the brilliant scheme that had won the day had first come to his head. Little Potts was doing nothing but "backing up"; and that much he was doing with all his will. The bowling was quite demoralised, and Hewitt was on again, with his men standing either dangerously near to the batsman or far away in the deep.

Runs came from Temple's bat at every over. His judgment in calling was perfect, he never made a mistake. Potts kept his eyes upon Temple, and whenever he was called the little fellow ran as if his life depended upon getting down the pitch. They were both perspiring and out of breath, but the cheering kept them going.

The silent suspense before the last ball of every over was quite tremendous. Try as the bowlers might, every time Temple scored a single and sometimes even a three.

But it could not last for ever. Hewitt was full of wile. After the fifth ball of a certain over, he called in his men from the deep and stationed them all round Temple, ten yards from the block at the most.

Temple, guessing what was about to happen, ordered Potts to back up faster than ever before.

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And then Hewitt bowled—*a sneak*.

Temple met it forward and shouted to Potts to run. They crossed in the centre of the pitch; the field ran in, fumbled the ball, and both Potts and Temple One got safely home. It was a game of "tip-and-run."

There was a most colossal uproar. Temple was cheered to the echo, even Potts was cheered, and Hewitt, the popular Captain of Cricket, was hissed by half the school, scattered around the field.

But Hewitt did not want favour, he wished to win the game. Openly, before them all, he ordered his other bowler to do the same thing.

Temple, who was now past his century, saw that beyond a doubt the end was near; and being resolved to make the best use of his time, drove the next ball over the bowler's head to the boundary. Whereupon the bowler sent down a long hop, which Temple promptly cut for another four. At the third ball he might have run a single, but he preferred to stay where he was; from the fourth he got two, where there was surely an easy three; and the fifth, a half-volley, sailed over the roof of the pavilion. Sixteen in five balls, one hundred and ninety totalled, and French's leading by thirty-two. Now for the last.

"NO!" CRIED POTTS. "GET BACK!"

A groan went round the ground when Hewitt again drew in his men.

This time he stationed himself almost in the middle of the pitch, where he crouched low, as one does at slip, while the bowler obeyed his orders, and bowled a "sneak" on the middle stump.

Now, every one knows it is not always easy to score off a sneak. Temple ran out to meet it, hit it to cover and started to run.

"No!" cried Potts. "Get back!"

Temple turned and got his bat down only just in the nick of time. Hewitt had fielded the ball left-handed and sent it back to the wicket-keeper. Potts, had he run, could never have reached the other end.

"Bravo, Potts!" said Temple One, and Potts was hugely pleased. But not for more than a second, for now his great ordeal was come, and he himself had to bat. The very fact that the Captain of the School was bowling was more than he felt he could bear.

The first ball was less than an inch off his leg stump, the second was over his bails, the third he most heroically stopped — with his funny bone. He dropped his bat, and Temple himself kindly rubbed the joint, telling him the while that all he had to do was to "hold his bat in the light."

Accordingly, to the next ball Potts did so, and the ball hit the bat. Hewitt looked very annoyed, while Potts thus encouraged resolved to continue holding his bat in the light.

Now Hewitt, as we know, was no great bowler, but he could on occasions make a ball break a bit from the off. This feat he now practised, with the result that the ball broke round Potts' bat—and bowled him.

Thus French's innings ended. They had gone in to bat with a hundred and fifty-eight against them on the first innings. They had made a score of a hundred and ninety, of which

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the Head of the House was responsible for a hundred and twenty-one.

Since there was only a quarter of an hour to "Time," it was decided to continue the game on the following day. Whereat French's juniors said it was a bit of luck for the School House, because the light was bad; and the School House juniors said it was a jolly good thing for French's, because Temple One was tired.

That night the match was discussed in every dormitory in every house in the whole of Tendring School. That Temple had done wonders nobody for a moment disputed. That French's had played an exceedingly plucky, uphill game was equally beyond a doubt. But that the School House could fail to make a total of thirty-three on the morrow was not thought possible, outside French's. French's faith in Temple knew no bounds.

The "lock-up" bell had interrupted about sixteen free fights on the question as to whether Hewitt had played the game in bowling "sneaks" in order to prevent Temple scoring singles. French's juniors declared that Hewitt was no sportsman, and the School House retorted that it was not commonly cricket to keep all the bowling to oneself. Whereupon French's, with some logic, replied that any one could bowl "sneaks," whereas it wanted a fine bat to score singles and threes off every sixth ball. In no case did the argument ever get further than that, in few cases as far. Fisticuffs were resorted to, with no material damage to either side, thanks to the bell.

It was midnight, and the senior dormitory of French's House was sound asleep, all save Temple Two, who was thinking hard. Who can say what thoughts were passing through that ever-restless brain? Let it suffice that Temple was awake, and it was he who first heard upon the leaves without the gentle fall of rain.

He ran to the window and throwing it open wide stretched out his hands. Then, starting with his friend the Rat, he raced round the entire dormitory from bed to bed, flinging all the bedclothes upon the ground.

In a few seconds the place was a pandemonium, and the Head of the House appeared from his cubicle and struck a light.

"What's all this noise?" he demanded. He was in far from a pleasant mood. He had been awakened from slumber, and it was the custom of Temple One, unlike his more imaginative brother, to sleep the sleep of the just. Justice, as we know, was Temple's strongest point.

He lit a candle—against regulations, even for prefects—and held it up. The light fell full on his brother's face.

"What's all this noise?" he repeated.

"What *can* it be!" said Temple Two. "I've never quite heard a noise anything like it before."

"Hold your tongue," said the prefect. "I want to know what you mean by kicking up this row at twelve o'clock at night. It was enough to have awakened French!"

"Let's hope it has," said Temple Two.

"I repeat," roared the Head of the House, "what is all this noise about?"

"Well," said his brother, "to tell you the truth, Dick, I just thought I would wake every one up—to have a look at the rain."

Then and there, all the prefect went out of Temple One.

"Rain!" he repeated. "Rain! Is it raining, Jim?"

"A nice steady, gentle rain," said Temple Two.

"That means we'll have a wet wicket to-morrow," reflected the other. "Hewitt is not his best on a wet wicket, and we might get him out with a bit of luck."

"You always come off on a wet wicket, Temple," ventured the Rat, speaking for the first time.

Temple looked self-conscious in the candlelight.

"I generally do," he modestly owned.

This was a fact. Unlike most fast bowlers, he did not throw himself off his balance when bowling, and in consequence neither slipped nor strained. Of course, if it had been raining for days and the wicket was thoroughly sodden and slow, he lost the advantage of his pace. But the Tendring wicket was loam, and held the water on top, often playing faster after a night's rain than before, with this disadvantage to the batsman: that the balls kept exceedingly low. Temple on such a wicket was almost unplayable, and all the school knew that.

"It's a bit of luck," said Temple Two, "and I couldn't lie awake in bed and listen to it, while you chaps were snoring like pigs."

"Naturally," said Temple One.

The door opened, and Mr. French came in with a lamp.

"Why, what's this?" he exclaimed. "Why are you all out of bed? Temple, what does it mean?"

"It's raining, sir," said Temple, "and we all got up to see."

"What's that?" said the master. "What's

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that? Raining, is it? Rain, eh!" Then he suddenly added: "That means a wet wicket to-morrow, does it not, Temple?"

"Yes, sir," said Temple One.

"We might have a chance on a wet wicket, Temple, eh?"

"Yes, sir," said Temple; "we might."

"Then get back to bed, all of you. Get plenty of sleep, Temple. It all depends upon you. Good-night, boys, good-night."

They all said "Good-night, sir," very politely, and Mr. French went out.

When he was gone they called him a "brick," and obeyed his injunctions without delay.

CHAPTER XXII.

PEACE.

AT half-past four on the afternoon of the following day there was not a boy in the whole of Tendring School that was not upon the cricket-ground to see the end of the match. The turf was dangerously greasy from the rain, but now the sun was out. Bates was putting new spikes into the soles of Temple's boots.

Temple led French's eleven on to the field, and shortly afterwards Hewitt and Clarke came out to bat.

Temple's first over was a maiden, of such a character as to show that he meant business. Of all the bowlers he had tried in the first innings a boy called Codrington had been the most successful, or rather, the least dismal failure, and Codrington now essayed the task of keeping runs down at the other end, but with very indifferent success. Five was scored off his first over, so that the School House with no wickets down wanted only twenty-eight to win.

But things were changed in a trice. The first ball of Temple's second over clean bowled Clarke, and the third sent Logan back for a duck.

Hewitt, running a short run, got down to the bowler's end and called for another short run at the first ball of Codrington's second over. Hewitt evidently meant to outdo Temple in the matter of keeping the bowling to himself.

This he practised for five overs, bringing the score up to nineteen, though he himself was far from being at home.

Codrington, to the surprise of every one, took the third wicket. He was bowling well on the off, and the batsman sent an easy chance to Potts, who was fielding mid-on to Codrington and deep third-man to Temple One. Potts held the catch. Hewitt called and crossed, and was much annoyed to find that it was the last ball of the over and he had thereby lost the bowling.

Two more wickets fell during Temple's next over.

The telegraph board registered 19—5—0. Thirteen more to win.

"An unlucky number," said the Rat, who could not sit still for a second.

"It will be touch and go," said Temple Two.

And indeed it was. The sixth wicket fell at 23, the seventh at 26. Hewitt was still a thorn in French's side, though he had scored only fifteen, of which nearly all had been made off Codrington.

Codrington secured the eighth wicket from a catch in the slips, but the over had cost four runs, and the School House only now wanted two to equal, with two more wickets to fall.

The next over—Temple's—finished the match. The first ball beat the batsman and all but bowled him. The second got up nastily—for the pitch was wearing—and struck the bat high up. Temple, following up his delivery, caught the ball just as it was about to touch the ground. The next man in—a cricketer of no importance—hit blindly at the first ball he received, turned it off his wicket by a fluke, and got one run to fine leg. This was indeed a catastrophe for French's, since it brought Hewitt down to the batting end.

Temple's next ball the cricket captain drove hard, and for a second it looked as if the match was lost. Beyond a doubt the ball would have gone to the boundary on any ground in England, but it was magnificently fielded by Temple One, who sprang to mid-off and stopped it with his left hand.

The cheer which greeted this brilliant piece of fielding was sudden and sharp and ended abruptly, as if those who cheered were short of breath. The School House had cheered the hit, French's had cheered the fielding, and then there followed the silence of breathless suspense.

Temple was plainly straining every nerve. His next ball was one of his fastest. It pitched at good length on the leg stump and broke across to the off. Hewitt knew nothing at all about it. It beat him completely, and missed the off bail by a fraction of an inch.

Upon the last ball of the over the whole match depended. If Hewitt could manage to score a single the match was surely lost. A single run would make the scores equal, and bring Hewitt to the other end to meet Codrington's bowling, against which he could hardly fail to make the winning hit.

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Before Temple began to bowl it was plain that Hewitt meant to get this single run. He shifted his feet restlessly, and moved a little out of his block. His tactics were unseen by Temple One, and in consequence a good length ball came to the batsman almost a half-volley on the off.

Hewitt, seeing the ball to be well off the wicket, hit at it with all his strength. It was a mis-hit, but what of that? Even if it failed to reach the boundary, it was certainly good for two. A loud cheer went up from the School House as the ball flew high over the head of extra-slip. Their caps were flying in the air, when a complete and sudden silence fell upon them all.

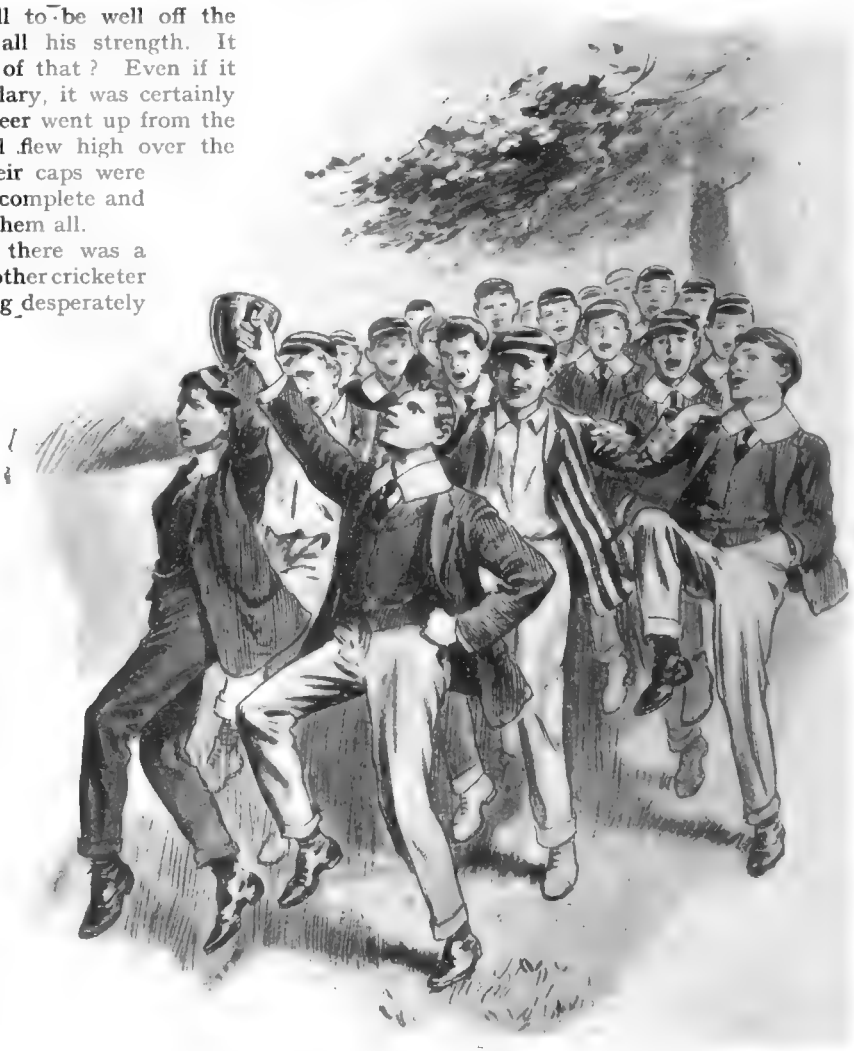
From deep third-man there was a little boy called Potts—another cricketer of no importance—running desperately towards the ball, which struck his outstretched hand and went high and straight into the air. As it fell, Potts stumbled, which caused him to fumble the catch. The whole field and all the onlookers stood as silent and motionless as if they were turned to stone, while Potts fumbled the ball.

Then at last Potts also stood motionless. The match was ended, for the ball was in his hand.

It took them nearly a minute to completely recover from the shock. Then with cat-calls and shrieks of delight, one half of French's team ran for the pavilion, while the other bore down upon little Potts.

But the Twins put a stop to all this. Racing on to the field they called to the team to seize Temple, while they themselves accounted for Potts. There was a short struggle and some confusion, amid a deafening noise. Then the Twins got their way, and nine boys in flannels dashed up the pavilion steps with Temple One, followed by two others in ordinary clothes carrying a very little fellow in flannels, who looked exceedingly scared. It was all tremendous, but that *they* should be carrying Potts into the pavilion, that was the funniest part of it all.

There was no end to the noise. The free fights began again, but nobody stopped them.



THE BOYS, LED BY THE TWINS, CAREERING ROUND THE PLAYING-FIELD.

Hewitt looked as if he had suddenly been left an orphan and was quite alone in the world, whereas Temple One was uncommonly bright in the eye. Mr. French hurried hither and thither, beaming all over his face. As for the Twins, they led the House team—with the exception of the three prefects—off to the

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tuck-shop, resolved to expend the remains of the proceeds of Miss Simson's microscope on so felicitous an occasion. There they paid for ices and ginger-beer, while Paul Kruger, puffing and blowing more than ever and assisted once again by Alf, served behind the counter. Then Temple One came in, accompanied by Cunningham and Thurston, and offered to stand treat all round.

"It's all right, Temple," said the Rat, aping the gorgeous airs of Temple Two, "I'm seeing to that!"

The prefects wondered, but said nothing, and soon afterwards went off together towards the House.

They were followed at a safe distance by the rest of French's, who went into the common-room and once more took down the Cup. Temple knew what they were going to do, but he never stopped it, and Mr. French shut himself up in his study and corrected a mid-term examination paper as if his life depended upon getting it done.

But once or twice this severe and imperturbable house-master rose from his chair and went to his study window, where he looked out from behind the curtain. Each time, he saw the boys of his house, led by the Twins, holding the cricket Cup between them, careering round and round the playing-field, singing "When Johnny comes marching home."

They soon tired of the sport, for the School House boys never stayed to watch it out, and returned to French's, happy and tired.

The Twins, breaking off from the main party, went arm-in-arm to the tuck-shop, to pay Paul Kruger a friendly call.

"We thought you had lost us the Cup," said Temple Two.

"An' how so, Mister Temple?" asked Rogers, wiping his hands on his apron.

"Well, you see," Temple went on, "you reported us, Rogers, and got us all into a row, which was distinctly a rotten thing to do. It was not *entirely* your fault," Temple magnanimously admitted; "but you had a lot to do with it, Rogers, and we didn't like you at all."

"Not at all," said the Rat profoundly. "You were, in fact, unpopular with both my illustrious friend and me."

Kruger looked just a little annoyed.

"So we ragged you," said Temple, "but it has all come right in the end, and we have won the Cup."

Then Paul Kruger summed up thus:

"It's like this here, young gents, it don't do no good interfering wi' others' affairs. Maybe we were both on us a little to blame. You was indignatious wi' me, because I wouldn't trust you; an' I was riled, because you was imperint to me. It has all comed about natural like, and it's what they call six an' a half to one, an' a dozen an' a half to the other. But let bygones be bygones, says I, wi' no respect to persons, an' never forgetting, I hope, that everything in this here mortil world is vanity an' grievous vexation o' spirit."

Which speech clearly serves to prove what to the sagacious reader has been apparent throughout, that Paul Kruger, after all, was a very benevolent and kind-hearted old man.

As for the Twins, if they were ever really bad at heart—and perhaps they lacked humanity as boys—there is no truth in the proverb that "The child is father to the man." For they were highly successful in after-life, and are inseparables still to-day.

THE END.

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All About Our New Stamp Editor

Mr. M. P. Castle at Home

MR. CASTLE IN HIS STUDY.

I AM a very nervous person indeed (writes a CAPTAIN representative), with a very proper sense of my own unimportance, and as I waited in the library of Mr. M. P. Castle's beautiful Brighton home, I was positively frantic with fright. The only part of me which was firmly under control was my left thumb, and that was tightly wedged between my teeth. My position was a real terror to me, for in a few moments I was to be in the presence of greatness, which is a very terrifying thing. I wondered how Mr. Castle, who is one of the greatest—most probably actually the greatest—experts on postage stamps in the whole wide world, would descend on me. I pictured him as a very fierce being, with an eye that penetrated till it hurt, and I myself felt just like a common stamp that had lived for a week or two in water. Would Mr. Castle seize me in an awful grip, hold me up horizontally to the light, magnify me, draw my very heart's secret out of me, and eventually put me away with a sigh as a very poor, damaged specimen? Or would he immediately tear me in two, on the face of me too worthless to consider?

The ordeal was too terrible; flight was the best thing. The garden windows were open. I took . . .

"Good morning," said a quiet voice behind me. "Admiring the garden? I think it is looking at its best just now."

I turned to discover an elderly gentleman of a most genial and reassuring presence, who welcomed me with a smile and an outstretched hand.

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"I was wondering where it led to," I truthfully replied.

"Let me show you." And he led me through leafy paths, across a croquet lawn, by flower beds aflame in the summer sun, through greenhouses and vineries to large vegetable plantations and idly back by pleasant pools embedded amidst rock-gardens and umbrageous trees. I was so lost in delight at it all, that I did not even know my courage had returned to me.

"Nowadays gardening is my principal hobby," said Mr. Castle. "After philately, of course. But then I look upon that more as my life's work than as a hobby," he added.

I wondered, knowing what an immense amount of philatelic work he accomplishes, that he had any spare time to spend on his garden at all.

"Oh, yes," he laughed, "I am kept pretty busy. As you know, I am the Honorary Vice-President of the Royal Philatelic Society—of which the Prince of Wales is President—and in this connection there is much to do. I am also a member of the Expert Committee, which meets once a month to examine and condemn or approve stamps submitted for its judgment. This is no easy work, and hours of scrutiny are sometimes necessary before it can be decided whether specimens are genuine or not. I am also on the Publication Committee of the Royal Philatelic Society, which involves a great amount of work. We are now engaged on the history of the Australian stamps. I edit, too, the *London Philatelist*, the official journal of the Society."

"You started that, did you not?"

"Yes, in 1892. By the way, it was the late Mr. Nankivell's original suggestion that the *London Philatelist* should come into being."

"You have been a member of the Society for many years?"

"Since 1879. Two years later, on the death of M. de Ysasi, I was elected to the Committee. Ten years after that, when Mr. Tapling died, I was honoured with the Vice-Presidency."

It should be here mentioned that in those ten years which Mr. Castle dismissed so swiftly, a tremendous amount of work had been done, in which he bore a very prominent part, being a constant attendant at the meetings and working indefatigably in the compilation of the Society's published books. It was during this time that the Society took its place as a most necessary factor in philatelic progression.

"Having been a member of the Society for twenty-three years and its Vice-President for eleven," went on Mr. Castle, "I resigned the latter post, owing to the great pressure on my time, in June 1902. The Earl of Crawford succeeded me, but by desire of the members I remained the Honorary Vice-President."

"Are you not connected with other philatelic clubs?"

"Oh, yes, many. I am President and Vice-President of so many that it's rather hard to remember them all. I am a member, too, of the Berlin Philatelic Club, one of the most important institutions of its kind in existence."

The Lindenberg Medal, which is awarded for important scientific investigation and the highest literary capability in philatelic matters, was received last year by Mr. Castle. This is one of the greatest honours it is possible to achieve, and in the bare half-dozen times it has been bestowed, Englishmen have been successful

MR. CASTLE'S HOUSE FROM THE GARDEN.

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thrice. Mr. Castle's fellow recipients are Mr. E. D. Bacon and Major E. B. Evans, names to conjure with in the realms of philately.

The special gold medal of the first London Exhibition was awarded to Mr. Castle for his collection shown at that time, but though he still always exhibits, he no longer competes. Instead, he is usually a member of the judging committee, and in the great Exhibition of 1906 he was Chairman of the Judges.

"And now as to your collections, Mr. Castle? You have been a collector all your life?"

"Yes, I have been an ardent devotee of what I think is the most interesting and instructive of hobbies for some fifty years. My earliest collection was made in my schooldays—I went to King's College, London, by the way, having previously been at Church House College, Merton. My second collection was made during my residence in Germany, but this was 'commandeered' in the Austro-Prussian War, while I was completing my education at Frankfort-on-Main in 1866 or 1867. It is a story I hope to tell CAPTAIN readers later on. But I did not really start collecting seriously till 1873, and I went steadily on till 1885. By that time I had made a very fine general collection, which I disposed of, and then exhaustively specialised the stamps of Oceania. In 1890 I had also turned my attention to Europeans, but soon discovered that the combined work of collecting both these and Australians was too heavy, and as—in 1895—Messrs. Stanley Gibbons made me an offer of £10,000 for my Oceania stamps, I accepted this, though I parted with them very reluctantly. I thought it would be best, however, to concentrate my endeavours on the stamps of Europe, and in the following years I spared no efforts to form as complete a collection of these as possible. I had no intention whatever of disposing of them, but in 1900 I received a request from a collector to sell them to him, which I ultimately did, for the sum of £30,000. As I had not contemplated selling them at all, I did not at first accept this tempting offer, but on further consideration I parted with my collection for this colossal amount. It is a figure which is easily a record in the history of stamp sales for a specialised collection, that is, of only one section of stamps."

MR. CASTLE'S STUDY.

"I suppose you did not then abandon stamp-collecting?"

"Indeed, no. In fact, I was very glad to have an inducement to start afresh. The thing to do is usually more alluring than the thing done; there is more joy in running after the fox than seeing it killed. So I began to collect British Colonials, and to-day I think I may say I have a pretty fair lot of these."

"About how many, Mr. Castle?"

"Some forty or fifty books; that is to say, about fifty thousand. They comprise the stamps of Ceylon, the Cape of Good Hope, Mauritius, British Guiana, Trinidad, St. Vincent, Bahamas, New South Wales, New Zealand, West Australia, Victoria, and others. The Mauritius, Cape and Trinidad collections were shown before the Royal Philatelic Society."

"I take it you must have travelled pretty considerably in the pursuit of your hobby?"

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"Yes, I have had to search rather thoroughly all over Europe. Paris and Berlin especially are happy hunting-grounds for the philatelist, though, of course, London is, and has always been, the greatest mart. In 1892 I went all round the world visiting India, Egypt, China, Japan, California, America, Canada, and so on."

Mr. Castle is an artist of no mean order, and round his library and house are scores of pencil drawings of interesting places he has encountered on his travels, and many curios that have come from all quarters of the globe. Here, for instance, is a beautiful sketch of the Niagara Falls,; there some typical Japanese scenery exquisitely drawn.

Mr. Marcellus Purnell Castle is distinguished in other directions. He has been active in Brighton's municipal and political affairs, and is a J.P. of the borough. As an outdoor man he is well known as a once first-rate lawn tennis player, and mainly through his instrumentality the now annual Brighton Lawn Tennis Tournament was started some twenty years ago. He was very keen on cycling, too, and there were few cleverer or more enthusiastic amateur ice-skaters than he.

His son, Captain S. M. Castle, of the Royal Sherwood Foresters, now stationed in India, inherits his father's philatelic inclinations, and his collection of the stamps of the United States (subsequently acquired by Lord Crawford), which received a gold medal at the Manchester Exhibition of 1899, was acknowledged to be one of the very finest in this country.

As I rose to go, Mr. Castle spoke of the articles he is going to contribute each month to THE CAPTAIN. "I hope to give Captainites some good advice," he said, "and I shall be glad to hear from any of them about their collections. Stamp-collecting is a fine training for boys, and it is adaptable to almost any conditions. It is not only a pleasant pastime, but an instructive one, and most of all it impresses on one the importance of developing the power of observation."

To follow in Mr. Castle's footsteps has been the ambition of thousands of collectors. CAPTAIN readers are most fortunate in securing the benefit of the advice of such a master of the art. Not a fellow who is interested in stamp-collecting and who hopes to make his collection a success should miss the articles which Mr. Castle will commence contributing in next month's number.

A. C. MACLAREN'S ADVICE TO YOUNG BATSMEN

PUT yourself absolutely in the hands of your athletic master who has been a blue at Oxford or Cambridge, and whatever he tells you to do, try and accomplish. Let him understand you are grateful for all the trouble he is taking over your welfare as a coming cricketer, for the greater the mutual pleasure the greater the improvement. Keep both your eyes and ears very wide open; never play the fool at practice, and don't be afraid of making all kinds of strokes when you cannot get a bowler. If you happen to have a long looking-glass in your bedroom you can watch yourself bat as much as you like, when you will observe, for instance, if your left elbow is up enough in playing forward, which necessitates a straight bat. Your coach will tell you to play with a straight bat, to watch carefully the bowler's hand, to make no attempt to score off the good length ball, but to spank the half volley and full pitch along the carpet, and to treat the long hop with no less ceremony—that is quite sufficient for your good at your preparatory school, but you will do no harm if you can see some first-class cricket in the holidays, when you will notice many things, and no doubt your master's advice will be required on several points on your return to school. . . . Observe the great C. B. Fry, how he watches the bowler's every wile; how he will get ready for the stroke; but no! he won't have that ball; then the next—again red-light danger! he won't have that; but the next, being a shade farther up, he will be up on his toes and with clenched teeth drive the ball with such force that spectators at the ropes jump away as the leather comes bounding into their midst. Like Shrewsbury, who, when he did drive, got four for his stroke, so also Fry, for it is no case of mis-spent energy, but rather do we see a great batsman who is a husbander of his strength, gifted with much patience, perseverance, and determination, besides being possessed of keen observation; all of which have enabled him to reach the top of the ladder.—From "A. C. Maclaren on Cricket." (A. C. Treherne and Co., 3*d*.)

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LUNGRA: The Story of a Tame Bear Turned Loose

By CAPTAIN G. A. HOPE

"I WAS afraid it must come to that: Ricky must go."

The little bear looked up on hearing the name which was his before he became known as Lungra.,* and growled amicably, pulling at the chain with which he was fastened to a pillar of the verandah. But in a few moments something made him stop pulling, and he gazed at the speaker inquiringly with his head on one side.

Ricky was a Central Indian sloth bear, then about the size of a field spaniel. He had been taken as a week-old cub and had lived in the big bungalow ever since, on the best of terms with every one, especially with the man and woman who were talking close to him, and with their little son, Bobby. He had had a capital game with Bobby that morning, and had just been enjoying it, when the small boy had suddenly stopped playing and begun to cry. Then ayahs and servants had come running out and had taken Bobby in, the native orderly had chained Ricky up, and the father and mother had come out later on and talked in a way which made the little bear feel vaguely uneasy, for their voices sounded unfriendly, a thing he had never noticed before.

He did not know that the child had been rather damaged and very badly frightened by what he had considered the most playful of friendly taps, and that in consequence the mother wanted him shot at once as a savage, dangerous beast. However, the father understood animals and knew that the damage, which was very slight after all, had been due to exuberance of affection, not by any means to bad temper, and so refused point blank to kill Ricky. But he was equally determined that he must go, so it was decided to turn him loose on the hills close by. Accordingly next morning he was shut up in a large box, put on a bullock cart and carried away for hours and hours and jolted till his whole body ached.

The jolting stopped at last and the box was put on the ground, but in spite of his appeals, he was not let out, and presently the cart rattled away again and very soon the sound of it died away and Ricky realised that he was alone. He did not like this at all and so made a vigorous attack on the

* Lungra = lame (Hindustani).

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box, with the result that one side of it suddenly came open and he rolled out of it and down the hill till he stopped under some teak trees below the cart track.

He sat up and looked round, sniffing vigorously for indications of human beings, but there were none and what was worse, none of dinner, though the sun was setting and it was close on dinner-time. However, he was not very distressed. He was quite sure that the bungalow was not far off, he did not know he had travelled fifteen miles in his box, and he set off bravely to find it.

He had gone a long way, and was beginning to feel rather low-spirited, when he suddenly detected human beings near him and, better still, food being prepared. He hurried forward joyfully and in a few minutes he came upon a collection of mud huts, the home of a jungle community, and saw a woman sitting outside the nearest, cooking chupattis. He did not hesitate a moment, but going up to her, he sat up on his haunches and asked, as he had been taught to do, for his share.

What followed mystified him completely. Instead of throwing him a piece as was right and proper, the woman gave a loud squeal of terror, and then fled, leaving him gazing after her in blank astonishment, for the idea of any one being afraid of him was outside his experience altogether. However, she had left her chupattis behind, which was the main thing, and after a moment or two he started to make a meal of them. But he had hardly begun, before he heard a sudden uproar and then saw a dozen half-naked little men running towards him, yelling and waving heavy sticks, and before he had time to realise what was happening, some one hit him over the muzzle, hurting him cruelly, and then blows began to fall on him from every direction at once.

It did not occur to him to hit back. He had never done such a thing in anger in his life, and instead, he ran away and hid himself in the forest and spent a miserable night, hungry and sore and very lonely. He received several visitors, but they only frightened him instead of consoling him, being big hill jackals and wild cats who used very insulting language and looked as if they would gladly have done something more practical and painful.

However, the soreness of his body was nothing beside that of his mind. He had always trusted human beings and had invariably sought their protection when danger threatened him. But they had betrayed him, first by abandoning him without dinner, and then by beating him cruelly when he had found his dinner at last. Small wonder that he was bewildered and miserable, and full of vague resentment on account of the scurvy treatment he had received.

The next few weeks, until he became attuned to the wild, were unalloyed misery. Human society had cast him out, the jungle was not yet a home to him and as a natural consequence, he felt lonely and desolate. He did not know what was the matter, for animals are spared the actual knowledge that they are suffering: but he suffered none the less, and hard times had the same effect on him as on human beings, preparing him for the career he took up later on.

As he grew bigger and stronger and more used to things, some of his first troubles gradually disappeared, especially the chief among them fear of every other creature of the wild. He soon discovered that the jackals and cats were really afraid of him, that even a half-grown bear is too much for Bor-bacha, the spotted murderer, to tackle, and that Bàgh-Wàgh, the tiger, seemed to take no notice of him at all.

He soon learnt to avoid his own kind, however, It was the mating season, though he did not know it, and when he approached two other bears one day, the male took him for a possible rival and sent him down the hill with a very sore head. Dûkàr, the wild boar, was also a person to be avoided, and Ricky was not quite quick enough in getting out of his way one day and so got a ripped shoulder for his pains. But he soon discovered that Dûkàr, unlike most jungle warriors, never attacked unless actually provoked, and so it was easy to escape his terrible tusks by giving him full right of way.

He was always seeing natives, though, in view of his beating, he took care not to let them see him, but not till summer was well advanced did he meet a white man again. Food was scarce and he had had a long ramble to get a full meal that night, and had been glad to lie down to sleep in a deep korah, or ravine, between two high, sharp ridges. But he had not been asleep long before an ominous uproar awoke him, and in a few moments he saw a number of jungle men coming down hill towards him, shouting, waving long sticks and beating the undergrowth as they came.

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One glance was enough for Ricky, and in great dismay he fled, first down hill and then up a spur to get into the next korah, and had just reached the top of the ridge when a gust of wind from the opposite one, brought him a message which pulled him up short.

THE BEAR BORE HIM TO THE GROUND.

He only hesitated a moment. There was a white man over there, a friend, and with joy in his heart he plunged into the undergrowth and went down one side of the korah and up the other as fast as he could, and reached the other ridge about fifty yards below the Englishman, who was sitting looking up hill with a native beside him, both of them holding strange iron sticks. But sticks did not matter with a white man. All his old happy life came back to him and he padded up the ridge as fast as he could, growling out a cheerful welcome as he went.

What then happened is best described in the account given by the young Englishman later on, from which it will be seen how widely the accounts of the same event may differ when told from two points of view.

"By Jove, he was a brute if you like, though barely half-grown! I saw him first on the opposite ridge, too far for a safe shot, and he saw me, too, and came down his side and up mine to get at me, and what was more, worked it to arrive behind me. He came at me for all he was worth, growling no end, but luckily I spotted him just in time and rolled him over with my right barrel. He got up at once and I gave him my left, but it didn't finish him and he bolted down the korah before I could get hold of my second gun. However, he can't have gone far. We'd better track him down."

However, he went further than they had expected, and long before the shikaris lost the trail he was lying by a spring in a dense thicket far away, with his badly wounded shoulder in the cool mud. He had only one wound; the white man had missed him clean with his second barrel, but the first shot had broken his near foreleg close to the shoulder, which was quite bad enough by itself.

But far worse than the throbbing of his wound was a new, burning sensation, which he only half understood. No other living thing had been near him, so no one but the white man could have been responsible for his wound, and though natives had turned

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against him, he had expected fairer treatment from the white race. Yet one of them had met his friendly advances by striking him down in some mysterious way and by inflicting agonising pain on him, and he felt an overwhelming sense of resentment against the whole human race.

II.

Ricky avoided human beings carefully when he got about again, now permanently lame, and any indication of man on the breeze was enough to drive him at once even from the sweetest hoard of wild honey. But in common with his race, his eyesight and hearing were not very keen, and one day, when going down wind, he unexpectedly came upon a woodcutter in a narrow jungle path.

He hesitated for an instant and then all the smouldering resentment kindled in him by human treachery burst into flame. His long intercourse with human beings had stifled his instinctive awe of them, and his only feeling as regards man was a perfectly human fear of being hurt. However, one undersized jungle man obviously could not hurt him, and as he decided this, Ricky rose erect and attacked.

It was even an easier task than he had expected and, remembering his last game with little Bobby, he felt a little scared when it was done and the woodcutter was lying mangled by the roadside. But the nearer memory of trust betrayed asserted itself and he left his victim—for a sloth bear never eats flesh of any kind—with savage exultation in his heart and a new purpose clear in his mind. Man had turned against him when all his feelings towards him had been friendly! it was but right that he should show him that the game he had begun could be played by a bear as well.

The records of the province speak only too plainly of the way he carried out his resolve. At first he was the only murderer, but, as is so often the case, his bad example was copied by other bears in his district before long. However, the jungle folk all agreed that the lame bear, Lungra, as he was now called, had begun the mischief and that he alone killed more human beings than any other half-dozen of his kind. Accordingly, a price was put on his head and as time passed a good many people tried to earn it.

But Lungra was no ordinary bear. His wits had been considerably sharpened by his early experiences, and he at once discovered that if he retreated before the noisy line of natives, which he now so often found in the forest, he was certain to wind a white man with an iron stick sooner or later. He had a wholesome fear of that smell of iron, in view of his first experience of it, and the moment it came to his nostrils he broke back.

Other bears were killed at times, but Lungra was never even seen, except by beaters, and those who saw him seldom lived to tell the tale, for he was not satisfied with turning back through the line, once he heard it near him, but invariably took a hand in matters himself. At last the terror he inspired reached such a pitch that no native could be induced to beat when it was known that he was about, and if a beat was started and some one shouted "Lungra!" the result was an immediate stampede.

His career of crime thus went on unchecked for a considerable time, till at last, being a man-killer and not a man-eater, he grew tired of murdering feeble jungle folk—he had never killed a Sahib—and by degrees he was forgotten till one year he and his mate came down to the plains to raid the gardens of a large village just below the foot hills. The night watchmen saw them, and noticing that one of the robbers was very lame, the whole story of Lungra's crimes was recalled and in due course the news of his re-appearance reached the Sahibs.

Lungra and his mate found the gardens to their liking and came again and again, and at last, growing over bold, instead of going back to the higher hills, one morning they lay down to sleep in a small, bowl-shaped ravine between two of the lowest spurs. They were well hidden in undergrowth and Lungra thought they were safe. However, when the sun was getting high, a suspicious sound aroused him, and as he raised his head and sniffed, he discovered that man, though without the iron stick, was close to him.

His early passion for murder was asleep, but nevertheless he strongly resented having his privacy violated, and he peeped out to see what was afoot. Immediately all his ill-humour flared out. He was surrounded by quite a dozen natives, all armed with heavy bamboos, who were disposed round the edge of the bowl. He had been tracked to his sleeping-place, and these men had been posted to see that he did not get away.

In less than two minutes every single watcher was as high up the nearest tree as

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he could climb, and the two bears were growling angrily round to be ready for the first one who came down. However, the men preferred to stay where they were, and after a time the two bears went a little way up the hill and laid down in another thicket.

The she-bear went to sleep at once and after a time Lungra did so too. But his temper was upset and his slumber of the lightest, and before long he was aroused again by voices, and as he lifted his muzzle he

LUNGRA RAISED HIS HEAD WEARILY AND BARED HIS TEETH.

became conscious that a white man with the terrible iron stick had also come on to the scene, and the ominous smell re-awakened all his half-forgotten resentment in full force.

He stood up quietly in the shade of a mango tree and, unobserved himself, saw a white man and a native, both in khaki and carrying iron sticks, questioning the watchers. Here was his opportunity of completing his revenge. He had received his worst hurt to mind and body from a white man and had never yet killed one. But the odds were certainly heavy, and though he had no conscious perception of what he was doing, he weighed the chances of the fight as he stood leaning against the mango trunk; but after a minute or so, lust for revenge got the better of caution.

As silent as a cat, he slipped over the edge of the spur and passed along in the jungle below, till he came to where his enemy stood, and while the white man was still talking, the terrible lame bear suddenly appeared from the korah, and getting on its hind legs, attacked him without a growl of warning.

There was a terrified cry of "Lungra!" as the watchers stampeded; the Englishman had just time to fire from the hip and then the bear bore him to the ground and made terrible play with his murderous curved claws and big teeth. But Lungra was not now dealing with feeble jungle men. The white man kept his head, badly wounded though he was, and drawing a knife, fought hard and stabbed his assailant again and again. The orderly looked on in consternation for a moment, not daring to fire for fear of hitting his master, but as the bear persisted, he at last knelt down close to him and fixed both barrels into his side. Neither reached his heart, but they knocked him down; and, as he recovered himself, he turned savagely on his new assailant.

The orderly had no time to reload, and it would have gone hard with him had not his master, sore wounded though he was, happened to lay his hand on his fallen rifle.

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One barrel was undischarged, and as the bear was about to close with his man, the white man put a bullet into his stomach which raked him up to the shoulder and knocked him over and down the khud.

A bear is a hard beast to kill, and though Lungra's wounds were mortal, the first three had not affected his powers for the moment. But the last took all the steam out of him, and even as he rolled down he knew that he was done for, and as soon as he could get on to his legs, he set off painfully to find a fastness in which to die.

He knew a good spot, a spring in a dense thicket below an overhanging rock, and with the last vestiges of his strength he dragged himself to it and, lying down in the mud, tried to cool his parched tongue in the almost ice-cold water. He was alone now. His mate had run away, terrified by the firing, and he never saw her again.

He had chosen his retreat well. The kites, wheeling and screaming in the sunlight, had no idea of the prize below them, and the solitary vulture, poised out of sight of man in the brassy sky, could now see no signs of the wounded bear whom he had noticed crossing open ground once or twice. But at last a big hill jackal, who happened to be out, winded him, and Lungra was aroused from his stupor by a rustle, and as he raised his head wearily and bared his teeth, he had a momentary glimpse of a sharp muzzle and of keen, hungry eyes close to him, which vanished at once. Then the fear which he had forgotten in the days of his strength gripped him again. He knew that the once-despised jackal would return, but not alone.

He was longing to rest, but he dared not relax his vigilance now that his retreat was discovered, and presently he heard the jackal return with companions, which did not run as formerly at the sound of the bear's growl. Then a tree above him shook in a way that could not be accounted for by the wind. The vulture had seen the jackals gathering and had come down and perched on the tree to wait for his share as well.

In a minute or two another great carrion bird, which had seen the first descend a mile or two from him, arrived, and then another and another, till the rocks and trees were dotted with vultures and cranes, while more jackals and a hyena or two came up and squatted in the scrub, moving gradually nearer and nearer, as the wounded bear's threats became weaker.

Thus the day wore on and Lungra grew very drowsy and was beginning to disregard the watchers and paid very little attention when a vulture or jackal shifted into a more advantageous position for the final closing in. But suddenly the ominous quietness was broken. There was an excited flapping of wings and pattering of feet as the carrion birds rose into the air and the jackals and hyenas scuttled away, and with a last remnant of energy Lungra raised his head, sniffed, and knew that man had last of all come to his death-bed and had brought the dreaded iron stick with him.

Then a long bamboo reached down into the thicket from the rock above and touched him. The insult roused him completely, and for a moment his strength seemed to return, and rearing up on his hind legs he roared out his last defiance and tried to climb up the khud, his whole being ablaze with a lust for revenge. But the time for revenge was past. The effort exhausted the last shattered remnants of his once terrible strength, and before the Sahib who had tracked him down with his wounded friend's orderly could bring his rifle to bear, Lungra, murderer and proscribed outlaw, once Ricky, the pet and playfellow of a child, fell crashing back into the bushes, dead.

BEWARE OF THE LION!

THE following copy of a telegram, dated April 21, 1908, from the station-master at Tsavo (doubtless remembered by most of your readers as the place where the famous man-eating lions were killed some time ago) on the Uganda railways, to the stationmaster at Nairobi, will, no doubt, be of interest to the readers of THE CAPTAIN:

"100 a. Endorse i.c. 2 Down driver to enter my yard very cautiously. Points locked up. No one can go out. Myself, shedman, porters, all in office. Lion sitting before office door."

A facsimile of this telegram appeared in the *South African Railway Magazine* some months ago, and I was put in mind of it by the incident in "How Sparkes was nearly Canonised," in the May CAPTAIN—of the tiger holding up the station officials at one of the stations in India; but whereas this latter incident is fictitious, though probably founded on fact, the former is an actual experience.

DAN L. PRICE (*Cape Town*).

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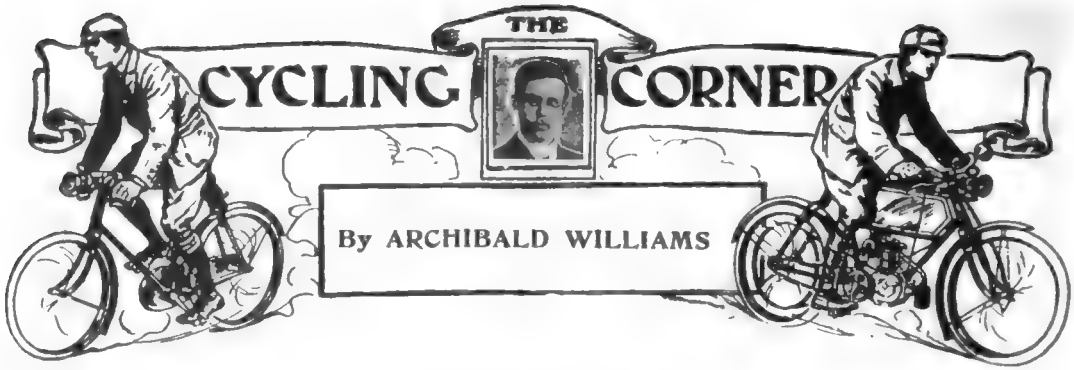

A FEW WORDS ABOUT MAPS

SOME time ago I was trying to find my way by side roads across unexplored country, with the assistance of a map, which, as experience proved, was by no means reliable. It showed clearly enough a road between two points which we will call X and Y. As I progressed the road became narrower and narrower, and—a very bad sign—began to sport strips of quite useful sized grass between the wheel ruts. Finally, it ended abruptly at a gate, beyond which was the merest of footpaths. However, I meant to get to Y, so I lifted my cycle over sundry stiles, passed through a wood or two, and finally struck a good road again at the place expected.

No doubt in the distant past a road had run right through, but had been obliterated by the gradual diversion of traffic to some other route. My map showed a full blown road, nevertheless. An ordnance map, on a larger scale, told a more truthful tale, replacing part of the road by a footpath.

The first map belonged to that class which serves well enough if you stick to the high road, but is apt to land you in difficulties if you show the slightest spark of adventurousness. It pays to get really good maps for rambles in unfrequented parts. The one-inch-to-the-mile Ordnance Survey series are of course the standard of excellence; and worthy of special mention also are the excellent two-miles-to-the-inch reductions made by Bartholomew and Bacon.

Map Reading

The Ordnance maps have a lot of information to give any one who knows how to interpret it. By way of a condensed example I have drawn out the imaginary stretch of road between A and B (Fig. 1). Just study this for a moment and see what you can make of it. Then ride over it with me. Leaving A, we follow a good first-class road flanked by hedges on both sides. At *a* a second-class (*i.e.*, less than 14 ft. wide) road enters on the north. The fact that one of the boundary lines of the road is thicker than the other proclaims that it *is* second-class. Some way down this road, to the right, is a church which has no spire or tower, as a simple cross is used to mark its position. At *b* we encounter a level crossing over a single line railway; and shortly afterwards enter a stretch of unfenced road, as indicated by the broken boundary lines. On the right we pass a by-road (also unfenced), which runs close to a church *x*, with a steeple, and at c^1 throws off an unmetalled track. This track affords an approach to a gravel-pit, situated in a space covered with furze.

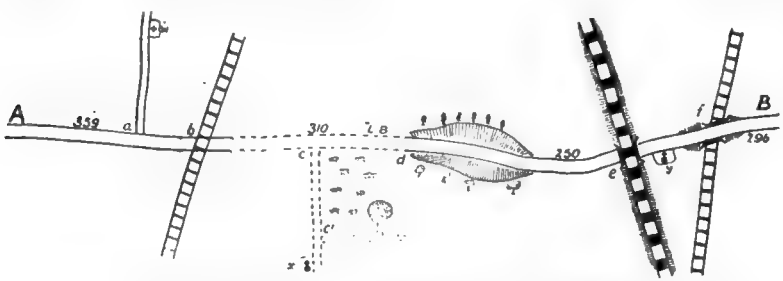

Fig. 1.—A sketch map showing some of the conventional signs used in Ordnance Survey maps.

To return to the high-road. At L.B. we post the letters we promised to post some hours back, and enter a cutting, which is shown by shading lines closed at their outer ends by a boundary line, but

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open towards the road. To the north of the cutting are some fir trees; to the south deciduous trees, such as oaks, elms. At *e* the road dips *under* a *double* track railway (observe the type of shading used to denote an embankment), passes a church *y*, graced by a tower, and crosses a *single* track railway by a bridge with embanked approaches. One more thing our map has to tell us—that from A to *e* is downhill, and that the road rises from *e* to B. We infer this from the figures 359, 310, 250, 296, which represent feet above mean sea level.

So much for the common symbols of the Ordnance Survey. There is another feature of these maps to which I should like to draw your attention, and that is *contour lines*.

Contour Lines

To a person travelling in a balloon thousands of feet above the earth, the surface of any but a very hilly tract would appear flat. This is the case also with a person examining a map of the same tract, unless he be assisted by the aforesaid contour lines. Imagine the top of a hill cut off by a gigantic knife moving parallel to the surface of the sea. The edge of the surface from which the top has been removed is a contour line: all points on that line are the same height above sea-level. Once again let us take an example (Fig. 2).

The stretch of road in question lies between X and Y. From X to C it has a general elevation of about 200 ft. above sea-level, as shown by the figures 209 and 211. But between C and Y it crosses three contour lines marked 300, 400 and 500 respectively, which indicate that a severe hill, rising to above 500 ft., has to be tackled. Nearer X the road passes between two hills, A and B, the former shelving steeply towards the road from an altitude of over 700 ft. On the east and west its slopes are much gent'er, for the contour lines have wider spacing on those sides. Hill B has a smaller altitude, and is evidently easier to climb.

In many maps the contour lines are supplemented or replaced by line shading and colouring. The last is used in Bartholomew's half-inch to the mile maps, and is for the average tourist the most useful. The colouring ranges, according to the altitude of the parts coloured, from dark sepia through light browns and pinks to dark green. The last will be found most often along the courses of rivers. This system makes it very easy to form a rough idea of the ups and downs of new country through which one may be intending to ride.

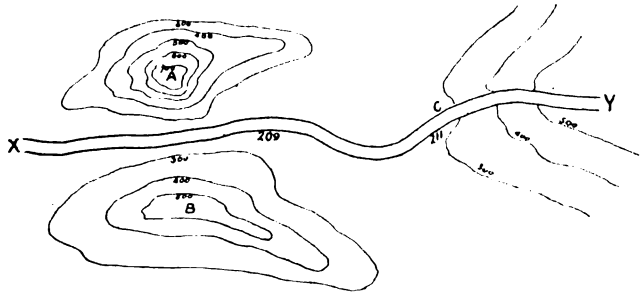

Fig. 2.—Sketch map showing contour lines.

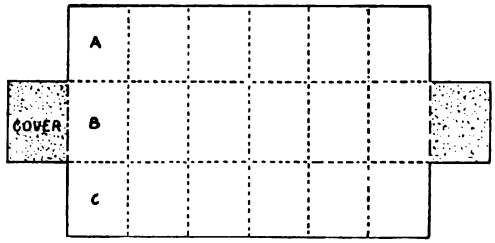

Fig. 3.—Diagram showing best method of attaching the cover to a map.

On Mounting Maps

It goes without saying that a map which is worth having should be mounted on linen. Furthermore, it should *not* have a bookcover shaped case, which renders it necessary to open out the map completely to get a view of any part. Supposing such a cover to be fitted, and attached, as is usually the case, to the top left hand corner, soak it off and cut it in half; and hinge the halves to the outer edges of the end sections of the middle fold, as shown in Fig. 3. If the A and C rows of sections be folded backwards against the back of the B row, two-thirds of the map will be accessible without any unfolding, except for drawing the folds out concertina fashion. The map, moreover, is thus given a kind of book form, opening either back or front, in which the "place" may be kept by means of a clip, so that one may consult it without dismounting.

Record Maps

To those of you who are spending your holidays in a district hitherto unexplored, I would recommend the following as an interesting occupation for the wet days which, at the time of writing, are all too frequent. Get a large sheet of paper and sketch on it all the main roads of the locality, copying them as accurately as possible from an Ordnance one-inch map, if you can command one. To this sketch you should add details provided by your

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rambles a-wheel, marking the positions of interesting churches, picturesque old houses, and other objects by means of conventional signs. Figures might be added to these last for reference to a notebook in which could be entered fuller descriptions of the things in question. Roads, especially by-roads, also should be annotated where they are worthy of remark. In this way you will obtain a record of your wanderings which will be of more permanent value than the fleeting recollections of some "jolly rides." For the sake of example I append (Fig. 4) a sketch of an

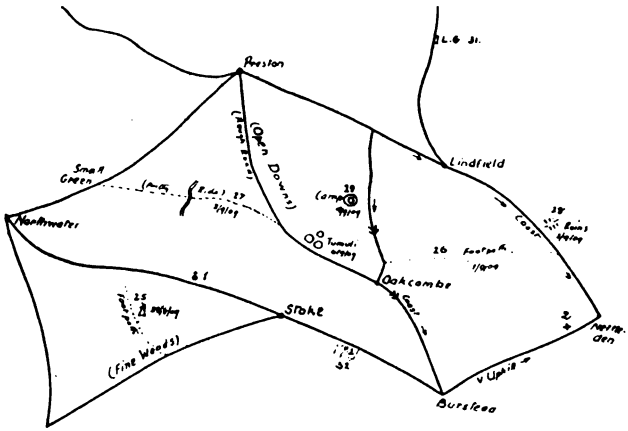


FIG. 4.—A typical holiday sketch map.

imaginary district made during my next (and also imaginary) holidays. You will observe that I have put dates in several places, to serve as guides to the sequence of my explorations. The numbers refer to notebook references, thus :

25. Footpath through side valley. Windmill on high ground. One of the very few still working in this country.

28. Fine ruins of S. Dominic's Abbey. Remains of crypt. Old fishponds still existing.

29. Large British camp, nearly a mile in circumference. Eight hundred and fifty feet above sea. Fine view from top of hill.

31. Quaint entrance to park through lodge spanning the roadway.

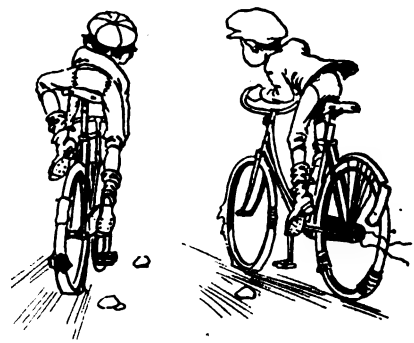
&c. &c. &c.

AGILITY ON THE CYCLE

We are so far the creatures of habit that we remain content with accomplishments which suffice for ordinary purposes. For instance, you mount and dismount by the left pedal, like ninety-nine out of one hundred other cyclists, and never use the right pedal for either operation. Futhermore, if you have to turn in the roadway you wheel instinctively to the right; it would bother you a bit to make a left-about half-circle. Also I take the liberty of doubting whether you would care to dismount with but one hand on the handle-bars. Of course, under ordinary circumstances, it is reasonable to do a thing in the easiest and safest way; all the same, it is worth while to practise the more difficult way, which may come in useful at a pinch, and when mastered gives one a feeling of greater confidence. Mind you, I'm not at all encouraging what the Governor is apt to term "monkey tricks," which are all very well on a music-hall stage, but may cause trouble on the high road. If I see you picking up the pieces of yourself after trying a coast downhill standing in the saddle, I shall disown all responsibility.

"SADDLE COMFORT"

A pamphlet with this title has reached me from Messrs. Middlemore and Lamplugh, the well-known cycle-saddle makers of Coventry. It rightly states that nothing can minimise the enjoyment of a ride more than a saddle which doesn't fit, and that saddle comfort is so personal a matter as to be decided by the individual only. A saddle which may suit you may suit nobody else, and *vice versa*. The firm offers to send for a fortnight's trial any pattern of saddle on payment of a *2s. 6d.* fee, which will form part of the purchase price if the article forwarded is kept. Any reader who is troubled with saddle soreness might take advantage of this offer, which is really better than it looks. I have known people spend half a guinea or more on a saddle on the off-chance of its suiting, and being obliged to scrap it after a short trial. Under the conditions named the most you can lose on one saddle is half a crown.



"Saddle comfort."

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A WESTERN WRESTLING

By PERCY LONGHURST

Illustrated by A. J. GOUGH

"DU'EE think 'ee'll win to-day?"

"Win? For certain sure I will, Jimmy Stone. There be none hereabouts to home've ever given me a back,' and I'll swear there ain't none in Carnwall as'll do it. Iss, sure; I'll win to-day."

"They say th' champion'll be there, Peter."

"Who? Joe Polhill?"

"Iss."

There was a contemptuous snap of the fingers, an impatient laugh.

"Joe Polhill. And what'll he be doin', Jimmie? Du'ee think I be afeard of him? Why, Sandford beat him easy as pie, an' I've beaten Sandford. Polhill!"

"He'm a main girt big lump."

"N' bigger nor me. Ten score an' five pound over I be weighin', stripped in th' barn t'other night; an' Polhill'll strip no bigger than that."

"Well, sure I hope 'ee'll win, Peter, an' make these Carnish chaps laugh th' wrong side o' their mouths."

"Iss, I'll win for certain sure, I tell 'ee."

The appearance of the speaker was sufficient to give some confidence in his ability to make good the uttered boast. Five feet ten inches in height, and of the weight he had named, Peter Shapland, though he was not yet come to years of manhood, looked big enough and strong enough to stand representative of a kingdom. Broad-shouldered, straight-bodied, with tremendous loins and thighs, he was a veritable monument of physical power.

Peter's destination that day was St. Mary Chapel, a tiny village set amid bleak moors and bare hills. Here was to be held that afternoon a great wrestling meeting, open to all, and for which the huge sum of two guineas was offered as prize-money.

In the circumstances it was a somewhat plucky action for Peter Shapland to go over to St. Mary Chapel with only a single companion. For between the men of the Delectable Duchy and all good Devonians there existed a bitter rivalry, a hostility begotten of mutual jealousy amounting almost to hatred. Did a Devon man win in a Cornish ring, then the Cornishmen were not slow to impress the fact upon his memory. Did a Cornishman wander across the boundary and prove satisfactorily that he was a better wrestler than any Devonian who dared to come up against him, then the spectators were not at all unlikely to express their opinion through the medium of a shower of brick-bats or other convenient missiles.

As the pony toiled up the never-ending Gunnislake Hill it was passed by a lithely-built, stout-legged young man in breeches and stockings. The drivers looked at him curiously as he went by.

"Son o' Squire Drake to Milton Abbot," muttered Jim Stone. "Be he to th' rasslin'?"

"Come t' see me win," agreed Shapland modestly.

"Folk do say that young Squire be a girt fine rassler," observed Stone after a short pause. "My brother John saw him rassle when he were a boy to Blundell's, an' he weren't such a girt deal smaller than he'm now. A proper rassler he were then, John do say. And he'm bigger now that he've come back. Where was it, Peter, he were to? Oxford were it, or Cambridge? Would 'ee now, Peter, like to try a back wi' young Squire?"

"Iss, sure."

The answer came out with unexpected suddenness and fierceness. Shapland's blue eyes suddenly sparkled as they did when, in the wrestling ring, he seized an offered advantage, tightened his hand-grips, and made the movement which brought his antagonist over flat on hips and shoulders.

Stone's sly-looking eyes twinkled. He had heard a story, disjointed bits of one; and now his imagination began to weave details which should fill up the chinks and supply the deficiencies.

St. Mary Chapel is more or less in the middle of nowhere, but that forenoon it seemed to be a mighty busy place. The attraction was, of

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course, the wrestling, for Cornishmen were quite as much devoted to the game as the fell-siders and dalesmen of the north. The inn was full, the street was dotted with men, women and children, and a small crowd had gathered around the entrance to the meadow where the wrestling was to take place. From these Peter received a deal of notice.

"Who be her? Where's her from? Be her a rassler? Du'ee look to her's girt back," were some of the comments that reached Shapland's ears, and he felt gratified. He jumped out of the light pony cart, drew himself erect, and threw out his massive chest.

One of the men stepped up to Peter. "Be 'ee a rassler, mister?" he queried.

"Iss, sure."

"Have 'ee come from far?"

"No, Tavistock."

There was a fluttering of tongues. "Foreigner!" "Devonshire man!" were freely uttered, with a growl in the words there was no mistaking.

"Come to rassle?"

"Iss; come to win."

This was bad, but worse followed.

"'Tidden much to do," qualified Peter.

The crowd growled threateningly; a disturbance seemed likely. But nothing happened. A few words from a young man who broke through the crowd quieted rising tempers, and Peter walked off to the ring, scowling darkly. The peacemaker was Squire Drake's son.

The ring was a roughly-roped circular enclosure, sixty feet or thereabouts in diameter, big enough to allow of two or three pairs of wrestlers contending at the same time. By mid-day some two or three thousand spectators had gathered around it, loudly discussing the chances of the several wrestlers who would compete. And many a one looked at Peter doubtfully, in spite of the Cornishman's ineradicable belief that nowhere outside his county *can* anything be produced equal to the native products.

Before long the three sticklers, wrestlers old in years and experience of wrestling law and lore, entered the ring. These were the judges, and the agreement of two of the three was sufficient to decide for or against a man.

"Be there any gentleman as'd like to try a fall?"

The question was repeated round the ring, and in reply a dozen stalwart men, the youngest eighteen, the eldest fifty, chucked their hats inside the ring. Down went the slouch hat of Jim Polwhele, the wrestling butcher of Callington; of Jack Hosken, the champion of Padstow; of Wat Treffry, the local blacksmith; of the great Polhill, and the castors of half a dozen others. And last of all went into the ring the soft felt head-covering of Peter Shapland.

"Be there no more gentlemen agin' to rassle?" demanded the stickler.

Wedged between a burly miner and a sailor, each of whom was uncovered, stood Clifford Drake. He was smiling to himself. Absently he watched the falling of hats upon the close, thick turf. Should he? He knew he could wrestle more than a bit. Why not try a bout? Not for the money—the son of Squire Drake could not need that—but for the sake of good fellowship and good sport; to test his science and skill against that of these crack representatives of the art; for the glorious love of physical contention which is essentially part of the Englishman's character. He saw Peter's hat fall. The stickler was calling for the third time. Yes, he would try his luck. Gentleman, future squire, magistrate. 'Varsity man though he was, he was a Devonian amongst Cornishmen; for the honour of his county he would play with his county's bitter rivals, and might the best man win, and a black velvet hunting-cap spun through the air and pitched amid the other specimens of headgear.

On the other side of the great ring Jimmy Stone turned to his companion with great excitement. "Du'ee see that, Peter?" he gasped. "Maister Drake be gwain to play."

Peter said nothing, but the scowl on his forehead deepened as he strode heavily to where the drawing of pairs was about to take place.

Things are somewhat different to-day from what they were when Peter Shapland set himself to be champion thirty years ago. To-day most of the wrestlers will turn out in well-fitting tights; then a man just stripped to his waist and retained his ordinary breeches and stockings or moleskins. He did not even trouble to remove his boots, unless to put on a pair especially kept for wrestling, as heavy and as hard as thick soles and much baking in a clay oven could make them. To-day men play in their bare feet; formerly these terrible boots were worn for purposes of offence. Kicking was part of the game, and the shins of a capable wrestler were crossed and barred with scars innumerable, souvenirs of his many encounters. Kicking was common throughout the west; and though the Cornishmen never showed any great liking for it, their rivals across the Tamar usually found them willing to oblige.

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Preparations for the wrestling were very quickly made, and the first pair went into the ring, slipping on as they went the short loose jackets of stout canvas which are part of the west country wrestler's equipment. As all holds must be taken by the jacket, the necessity for the garment is obvious; and as the jacket, loosely tied in front, extends only to the hips, it is equally plain that no holds below the waist are possible. Any hold may be broken and retaken as the wrestler finds convenient; the men catch as they can by the jackets. It is a fine style, requiring quickness and agility as well as sheer strength, and the scientific possibilities of it are unlimited.

"Peter Shapland o' Tavistock," sings out the announcer, "an' Joe Roche o' St. Colomb."

The native gets a cheer; the foreigner is scanned by no favourable eyes. A hush settles upon the ring.

Peter is in no good temper. Roche, the smaller one, is cautious. He gathers up the skirt of his jacket tightly, bends forward, and reaches out one hand; Peter grips his jacket-cuff and jerks Roche, who drops on his knees. Peter releases his hold, both shake hands again, and a fresh start is made, all in accordance with the rules.

CRASH! PETER IS DOWN, BUT IT IS NO FALL, FOR HIS THROWER FALLS WITH HIM.

Again Peter makes a bull-like rush, gets hold by both sleeves and fairly lifts the miner off his feet by sheer hand strength. It is a

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great feat, and a cry ripples through the ring.

Roche is dropped on his feet, he clutches at Peter's arm, but the latter gets a right collar-grip, his left hand at the elbow, and half turning his side inwards, literally drags the miner across his hip. Roche's legs are cut from him, there is a powerful wrench, and he is whirled through the air and slammed down flat on the grass with a bang that knocks wind and senses partially out of him.

There is no need for the sticklers to announce a decision; every one can see that a fairer "back" was never made. It is necessary to assist the beaten man out of the ring, and Peter scowls more blackly than ever as he stalks to where Jimmy Stone is guarding his clothes.

"A proper back, Peter," Stone cries delightedly. "Reckon he'm a bit sore!" and Peter laughs.

The remark and the laugh are unpleasant hearing to the folk near by, but they have respect for the young giant and their resentment is low-voiced.

Hosken and Wat Treffry are next paired, and the struggle is long and chockful of science. At length Hosken scores a hitch, that is, throws his man without bringing the required three points on the ground at the same time. During the breathing space tongues wag.

"A good bout."

The man to whom Clifford Drake addressed the remark looked at him suspiciously. "Iss," he answered shortly.

"The blacksmith'll win if Hosken doesn't take care," went on Clifford pleasantly. He also suggested that Shapland might win the final bout.

The Cornishman's face was eloquent of the contempt he had for any such contingency. "Her's Devonshire," he said, almost as if that were a complete answer. "Polhill will beat him!"

But Polhill did not receive the chance. He was one of the fourth couple called out, and his opponent was Clifford Drake. What followed after the pair had exchanged hand-grips was a sight that left every man around the ring speechless, and offered a further example of the fact that the professional athlete is not of necessity the best man at any game.

Whatever advantage in weight the Cornishman had, the Cambridge graduate's length of arm and leg and great science neutralised. Getting a sleeve and collar hold, he kept his arms rigid, and entirely frustrated all his opponent's fierce efforts to draw him closer. For a few moments he stood firm as a rock; then, suddenly reversing his tactics, he forced Polhill back, made a complete turn so that his back was to Polhill, and dragged the arm he held over his right shoulder. With the champion's chest thus resting on his back, slightly leaning forward, he began to move jerkily across the ring, Polhill half-dragged, half-stumbling behind him, held in a grip of iron and powerless to stay his progress or get one foot solidly on the earth.

And then came a shout from all around the ring, for Drake had suddenly stopped, and with a heave and pull wrenched Polhill over his back and fairly shot him head foremost over his shoulder, to fall with head and shoulders first coming to the ground.

"My sakes! Du'ee see that?" gasped Jimmy Stone to his friend. "Why, that be Polhill! An' flung by th' 'Mare.'"

"Iss, an' what of it?" demanded Peter crossly.

"But her's th' best rassler in Cornwall."

"George Sandford beat un, an' I beat Georgie," Peter replied.

Faces were long and glum and tongues angry as Polhill disconsolately gathered himself up and left the ring. One elderly man, whose voice was easily audible thirty yards off, vigorously declaimed his opinion that the conqueror must be a Cornishman: no one else could have so defeated Polhill.

"Iss, sure. I tell 'ee," he protested. "Her bain't no Debbenshire man, her's Carnwall. Don't 'ee tell her bain't, for I won't believe 'ee. Her's Carnwall, her must be." But few heeded him.

By the luck of the draw Shapland and Drake are kept apart when the second round is made up. Both are successful. Peter wins a back by "cross-heaving" Treffry the blacksmith flat on to all four points of his broad back as a penalty for attempting to heave a heavier and stronger man than himself. Wat goes down with a heavy "soss" after less than two minutes' play, and more black looks go the way of the gigantic young Devonian. Drake beats his man easily.

Thus but three are left standing—Drake, Shapland, and Polwhele, the Callington butcher. The luck is with Peter, and Drake steps into the ring to face the last hope of the Cornishmen. And a faint hope he proves. Big and strong as he is, Polwhele is flung a fair back.

"Carnwall! Her *must* be Carnwall!" shouts the elderly man, but his voice is drowned.

Cornish blood is hot; the success of the

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two foreigners has fired it, and as Polwhele leaves the ring the crowd look very ugly indeed. In their jealous rage they are capable of mischief. Threatening shouts are raised and one or two climb into the ring.

II

Clifford Drake has not left the ring. Hands on hips, the wrestling jacket still on his shoulders, he stands erect, breathing a little quickly, and facing a section of the excited crowd. He is in a tight corner and he knows it. These men are quite capable of rushing him down to the Tamar and giving him a ducking, if no worse.

And where is Peter Shapland all this time? Why, outside the four-deep ring of excited men, forgotten, and glowering with disagreeable thoughts. Jimmy Stone is beside him, more than a little afraid, and shooting hesitating glances at the sulky young Hercules. He is waiting to see what Peter is going to do. If the latter means to decamp he will accompany him more than readily, for he knows the Cornishmen.

But Peter Shapland was not thinking of running away; the dangerous attitude of the crowd was not troubling him. His thoughts were of Clifford Drake, and for the first time a doubt as to whether he himself were the very best man in Devonshire entered his mind. And as he dwelt on the thought his anger rose.

"What be 'ee gwain t' do?" Stone asked anxiously, as Peter suddenly made a move.

"I be gwain t' rassle Drake."

It looks as if further wrestling, however, will not take place—several of the crowd are already in the ring, shouting and gesticulating; the voices of the sticklers as they cry for the ring to be cleared are raised in vain. And then a half-witted lad kicks a clod of turf from the ground and hurls it at Drake's head.

It is all that the crowd requires; in another five seconds there had been an overwhelming rush upon the young man and he had suffered badly; but at the psychological moment Peter Shapland forces his way into the ring. Two men are seized from behind and lugged aside; into the breach Peter goes, and his massive shoulders and elbows do the rest. Before the rush comes he is standing near to Clifford Drake.

"See now, you folk," he shouts, and not a man in the field but hears his stentorian voice, "the rasslin' baint finished. He'm a Devonshire man,"—he points to Drake—"I be Devonshire, an' we be gwain t' vight it out atween us. He thinks he'm best man i' Devonshire, I knaws I be th' best. He beat me once, but 'twere a long while ago, an' I be gwain t' beat un to-day. By George! I *will* beat un. An' 'ee'll see th' finest rasslin' 'ee ever saw in your lives, if 'ee'll naught but keep quiet."

A hush falls upon the crowd; their sporting instinct is appealed to, their best feelings are reawakened; and when one of the sticklers, rising to the occasion, yells: "Out o' th' ring, gen'lemen, out o' th' ring, gen'lemen, for th' last bout," the would-be rioters obey.

"I believe you've saved us—me, anyway," Drake says in a low voice as the crowd retire behind the ropes. "You're a plucky fellow, Peter, and I'll not forget it."

"Aw!" growls Shapland, "I be gwain t' lick 'ee, Maister Drake, lick 'ee bad. 'Tis for that I be here now."

"You haven't forgotten two years ago, Peter?"

"'Ee won't forget t'-day, maister, I'll take good care."

"Are you going to kick?"

"If 'ee kick me, I'll kick 'ee."

By way of answer Drake sits down on the grass and removes his boots. A faint cheer greets this proceeding, and a voice is heard to declare the young man "must be Carnwall." Peter watches with glowering eyes and flushing cheeks; he will not forego the advantage.

The pair grip hands, come apart, and play for holds. Drake catches the right collar in his right hand and tries for an elbow hold also. He steps in and is rewarded by a resounding kick on his left shin. He takes no notice, but when Peter kicks again he changes his feet quickly, catches the lifted leg behind the calf with his instep and gives a wrench, and down goes Peter on his side amid a roar of laughter.

Again the hand-grip is exchanged, and Peter makes a rush at his opponent, gets a grip of both sleeves, and tries to lift and swing as he had done with Roche. But Drake is not Roche, and all Peter can do is to stir him. The blood rushes to Peter's face as he makes a still more violent effort, meaning to swing Drake to the left, catching his nearer ankle with his foot as he is brought round, and so to turn him on his back.

It does not fall out thus. Drake's arms are rigid as iron bars, his lower joints loose. He jumps as he is swung, and finds his feet like a cat, coming into the same position as before.

A third time Shapland tries the manœuvre and is foiled. His own great muscles slacken

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DRAKE PUTS ALL THE POWER LEFT IN HIM INTO THE FINAL TOSS THAT HURLS PETER SHAPLAND OVER HIS HEAD.

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after their tremendous effort, and before he knows where he is Drake has pushed his arms aside and is breast to breast with him. One hand seizes Peter's left hip, the other arm is thrown around his waist, and the grip is completed, as the rules allow, by a clasping of the other wrist. Then Drake lifts, and with the under-grip. His purchase is so powerful Peter cannot withstand him. A great gasp of delight breaks from the pulsating crowd, for this close-play, this hugging and heaving, is pure Cornish wrestling and goes straight to their hearts.

Crash! Peter is down, but it is no fall, for his thrower falls with him, and for a second or two both lie on the grass breathless. "You're mighty heavy," pants Drake. "Heavier than last year."

Peter grunts angrily: the remembrance is not pleasing, but before the next bout commences he removes his boots.

The crowd, worked up by the previous passages, watch the play in dead silence. It is plain, however, that the majority are in sympathy with Clifford Drake. This is made manifest when Drake, trying for a heave, is caught in a precisely similar grip, and his opponent, acting with unexpected promptitude, contrives to lift first. Too late, Drake tries to insert the leg-lock which is the stop for the heave. He is lifted clean off his feet by Peter, dragged to the latter's breast so that his head goes down and his shoulders are brought underneath, and then cast to the turf with terrific force. He falls a fair back and there is no need to appeal to the sticklers.

"First fall to you, Peter," he says as he rises; "and thank you."

He has been caught napping, he had not thought Shapland capable of such quickness, and the lesson will serve him well. But Peter does not understand, and goes, scowling, to receive Stone's congratulations.

There is an interval of ten minutes, and when the crowd are not arguing their eyes are fixed on the resting athletes. Excitement is at fever heat when the second bout commences.

Long and fiercely contested as was the first fall, the second is short and bewilderingly dramatic. Drake is the victor. Scarcely have hands parted than he has dashed in, got his right arm round Peter's neck and a grip of the right sleeve with his left hand. His back is thus to his opponent, his right leg is twined and locked around Peter's right limb. There is a twist and a whirl, which is the completion of the chip known as an "outside-lock," and young Shapland is flattened out so thoroughly that all four points instead of the required three are down.

During the brief rest Jim Stone earnestly advises his friend to put on his boots again.

"I won't," Peter replies sullenly. "He'm bare-footed, so'll I be." And he is not to be moved.

"Keep un away an' tire un out," continues the satellite. Whereupon Peter fiercely demands whether Jimmy Stone thinks he knows more about wrestling than himself, and Stone is abashed and says no more.

Shapland's assurance of victory has left him entirely when the third trial is made. But worse than that, he has lost his temper. He is anxious to get to close quarters, to feel his big arms around his adversary once more; and Clifford Drake being nothing loth, there is small time expended in playing for holds.

Once fast in grips—though these are altered frequently as the exigencies of the moment require—there follows in quick succession a bewildering exchange of attack and defence; throws are attempted, defences made and turned into counter-throws, and once it looks as if big Peter were going to bring off his favourable flying-mare. But Drake stops that dangerous throw and, wrenching himself free, gets in front of Peter again.

Peter is puffing; that heave in the first bout has taken it out of him more than he thought, and the heavy fall in the second has not done him any good. For a few moments he stands hesitating. And that is fatal to him.

Drake has a grip of his right sleeve at the wrist: at arm's-length the pair stand, feinting with the other hand. Drake makes a sudden dash forward, lowering his head and drawing Peter's arm over his left shoulder. His neck is in Peter's arm-pit, his feet planted firmly and wide apart. Catching at the jacket he drags it round its wearer, away to the right, so that his own forearm lays athwart Peter's stomach. With arms and shoulders, with back and loins and thighs he begins to heave and strain.

"'Tis th' flying horse!" gasps an onlooker.

"Carnwall! For certain sure her's Carnwall," rings out the voice of old Pollard.

And slowly Clifford Drake straightens himself, the muscles of his thighs standing out like great curved bars of iron as the full weight of the burly young farmer is reared aloft; helpless he lies across Drake's neck and shoulders, supported by the arm beneath, and as his heels are raised his head sinks. Higher the one rises, lower goes the other, while the throats of the onlookers are awaiting the moment to burst into a thundering cheer. Then Drake,

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having nearly reached his full height, puts all the power left in him into the final toss that hurls Peter Shapland fairly over his head to fall behind him.

It is well that Peter neither owns a fragile frame nor falls on his head, also that it is grass where he does fall.

Cornishman or "Demshire," the hero of that mighty throw has done something against which even party feeling and party hatred cannot stand. The roar that breaks from the crowd reaches and startles every one left in the village. The ropes and posts are borne down and trampled over, the sticklers swept aside or absorbed by the rush. A dozen hands seize Drake, and half-protesting, half-laughing, he is lifted shoulder high and carried hither and thither about the field until the excitement abates somewhat.

Drake reaches his feet and a score cry questions to him at once, but he makes his way to where is the humble giant, with disconsolate Stone beside him. Save for the jar and loss of breath Peter is none the worse.

"Shake hands," the squire's son exclaims. "Shake hands, Peter. You're the best man in Devonshire I've ever seen. I——"

"But none s' good as 'ee, Maister Drake," Peter interrupts. "When 'ee flung me two year agone I thought it must be a mistake, an' I be a lot better now than then. 'Ee're best man, maister; I give in to 'ee. But 'ee be Devonshire," adds Peter with a glance around, finding consolation in the fact his superior is a fellow countryman.

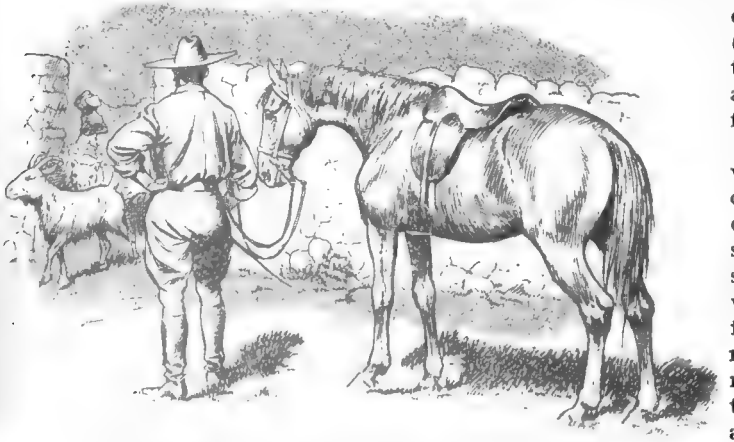
"No, no, her be Carnwall; certain sure of it," and old Mr. Pollard forces his way through the press. "Say you are Carnwall, master?" he begs almost pathetically.

"Well, we'll say half each," answers Drake smilingly. "My mother came from this side of Tamar. She is Cornish."

The hurrahs greeting this announcement beat anything ever yet attempted, and for once a wrestling winner crossed the boundary between the two counties with the cheers and not the execrations of those behind him ringing in his ears.

LIFE ON A SOUTH AFRICAN FARM IN THE LITTLE KARROO

I AWAKE on a summer's morning and turn sleepily to glance at the clock. It is five o'clock, time to get up. The sun has not yet risen, but it has been daylight for about half an hour. The task of getting dressed does not take me long; a soft shirt, a strong pair of trousers, a pair of boots, no coat, and a veldt hat, complete my attire. The air is now delightful, but it will be very hot later on in the day.



I COUNT THE SHEEP AND GOATS OUT OF THE KRAALS

The first thing I do is to count the sheep and goats out of the kraals (enclosures where stock are kept), to see that none have been stolen during the night or taken by jackals. This counting is very difficult and needs much practice to do it properly. The sheep and goats counted, I send them off to their respective grazing grounds, each flock with a Kafir man as shepherd, or, as we call it, a herd.

I then go and attend to the newly born lambs, which have to be carried down to one of the lucerne lands (fields), where they stay with their mothers for a few weeks, after which they are put with a flock of older lambs.

As it is ration day, I wend my way to the store. I find a crowd of Kafir women waiting here, cracking jokes amongst themselves. These are the wives, sisters, or daughters of the men who work on the farm, come to fetch the rations. Each man receives a certain quantity of mealies and meat, which I give to his wife, sister, or daughter, as the case may be. If the men's conduct has been good, they also

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receive tobacco. Any extras, such as coffee or sugar, they can buy from me if they wish. Rations are served out once a week.

I now take a stroll around to see if the boys, as we call the Kafir servants, are at work. On my way back I pass the house where the ostrich egg incubator is kept. I see to the lamp, turn the eggs and examine the temperature.

The incubator attended to, I return to the house and drink my morning coffee. Then, taking a towel, I go and bathe in the river, which runs about a hundred yards from the house. I am barely dressed when I hear the big bell ringing, which tells the boys they can go to breakfast. We have breakfast at half-past seven in the summer and at eight o'clock in the winter.

After breakfast, I have about fifteen minutes to spare before the bell rings again. I stroll over to my headman and give him some orders. When the bell rings, the boys return to work, a thing which they are never in a hurry to do. Some have to plough, and there are various odd jobs for the others. To-day I send a couple of boys on horseback to bring in a troop of ostriches from one of the distant camps. I also examine the stables to see that the horses are being well looked after.

The next item on my programme is the feeding of the ostriches in the breeding camps. There are six camps, each camp being about eight acres in extent. Only the very best birds, as we call the ostriches, are placed in these camps. To feed them, I take a sack of about sixty pounds of mealies and a tin cup. At each camp I measure out a certain quantity of mealies, and make a peculiar noise to call them.

At one of the camps there are more eggs in a nest than one ostrich can manage, so I take two of them away with me to place in the incubator. At the most distant camp, I find that the baboons have been eating the eggs, so I make a vow to set some poison for them as soon as possible. One is obliged to exercise great care in entering the camps, as the birds are very savage. I usually carry a large branch of a tree, which I hold in front of them when they look dangerous.

On arriving back at the house, I find that the ostriches which I sent for have arrived and are now in one of the kraals. Taking three boys, an old stocking, a pair of clippers and some string, I enter the kraal. In the one corner of the kraal is the plucking box,

I CATCH AN OSTRICH BY THE NECK

which resembles parallel bars with the two long sides closed up. Walking amongst the birds, I suddenly shoot out my hand and catch an ostrich by its neck, at the same time placing the stocking over its head. Two boys now take it and thrust it into the plucking box. This method of catching prevents them from kicking one. Those feathers which are ready, are now cut off about an inch from the skin, and tied into neat bundles. The stumps are drawn a few months later.

Before we have finished, the bell rings for dinner (one o'clock). The weather is exceptionally warm to-day, so we do not commence work again until a quarter to three. The temperature is 104 degrees in the shade. At a quarter past three we finish plucking.

I saddle a horse and ride over to one of the out-stations, which I usually visit once a month. I arrive home at five o'clock, and go to the house for some refreshment, which consists of either tea or calabash-milk. While here, the boy arrives from the station with the post. I read my mail, and then proceed to count the stock into the kraals, to find out if any have been lost during the day. I next attend to the incubator.

By this time the sun has set and the boys are returning from work. I return home and change my farm clothes. Tea, which takes the place of an English supper, is at half-past six. After tea, I read and write a few business letters, and at eight o'clock turn in thoroughly tired.

"COLONIAL."

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THE CAMERA THAT FAILED AND SOME HINTS.

THE last week or two everybody has been talking Fleet with a big F, and reading about it, and thinking about it, and, where possible, going to interview it with a camera. To photographers the warships lined along the Thames afforded splendid material, such as does not often present itself. So naturally your P.E. thought it his duty to expend some plates—he wasn't going to take the risks of films in such a case—on his Majesty's Navy.

After cleaning my 5 by 4 Goerz Anschutz, and loading the six double backs with a dozen plates of the freshest Special Rapids, I boarded the *Royal Sovereign* at London Bridge. About 50 per cent. of the other passengers were equipped with cameras of one sort or another, ranging from the "Brownie" to the latest thing out in reflexes. I envied no one of them, as my machine was a hardened old stager that had jibbed only when in need of a drop of oil

The Photographic Editor goes aboard.

The P.E.'s soul is harrowed by the failure of his camera shutter.

on the focal plane roller ends. The lens is A1 and the dark slides work like silk.

A few minutes after we had weighed anchor—or, to be more correct, slipped our moorings—we passed under the Tower Bridge, to which I had decided to give plate No. 1. Standing on a seat so as to clear the heads of my fellow passengers, I loosed off. On withdrawing the slide, I found, to my great disgust, that the shutter had stuck half-way and ruined the plate. Hastily slipping in No. 2 and giving a few extra turns to the tension-screw, I fired another shot. Again the shutter stuck, and before I could get a third plate in position we had passed out of useful range.

My natural impulse was to throw the "blessed thing"—otherwise the camera—into the river and let it float away on its own into what in my schooldays was known as the German Ocean, but now is preferably called the North Sea. To fail me at such a time was the rankest, blackest treachery.

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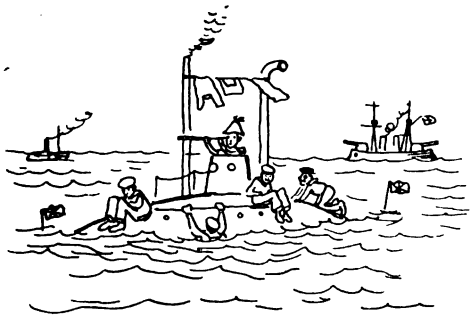


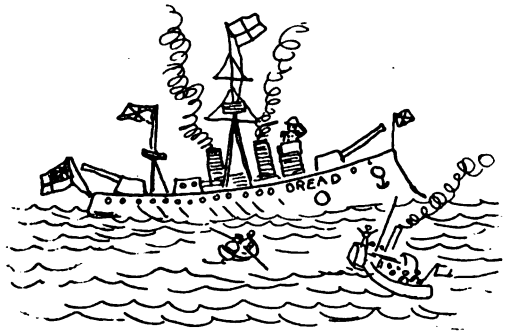
The P.E.'s impression of a submarine.

When I felt a bit better, I proceeded to investigate this mysterious obstreperousness. I set and released the shutter a dozen times. It ran down with a businesslike snap. This encouraged me to try a third time. We passed a man hauling in upon a pair of gigantic sweeps with which he propelled a barge across the stream. Him I selected as victim. Snick! If the wretched shutter didn't jam again! I sympathised deeply with the coster who, when his barrow was upset by an omnibus, remarked after a period of speechless anger, "There ain't no words for it."

Treacherous Rubber

A further search for reasons exposed the cause of the trouble. A couple of years ago I had put a little rubber solution on the middle of the blind to block a number of pinholes. The heat of the sun—and it *was* hot that day—had softened the rubber and made it tacky. Consequently the blind couldn't get up enough speed to carry it past the plate.

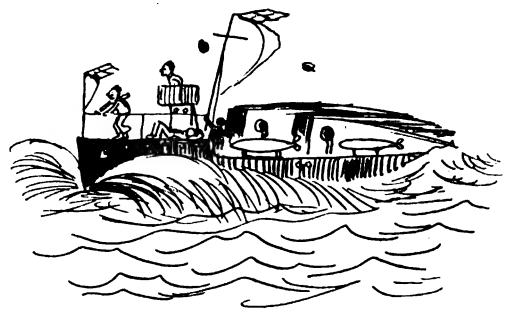
The only remedy was French chalk, but such a thing could not be procured on the boat. So for lack of the hundredth part of a farthing's-worth of the stuff I had to sacrifice all my dreams of a finely illustrated article in the present number, showing *Dreadnoughts* and torpedo-boats, destroyers, and submarines, as seen from the side of an excursion steamer.



H.M.S. Dreadnought. A sketch by the P.E.

Well, well. It only shows that you never can be certain when your luck will be quite out, though it is reasonable in photographic matters to suppose that it will desert you when you are face to face with subjects which you won't have another chance of snapping at for many a long day to come. I need hardly say that the rubber dressing had given absolutely no trouble previous to this painful exhibition, and that ever since then the shutter has worked like the prize boy of the Lower Fourth. To do it justice, I must admit that it hasn't had to stew in a hot sun for a couple of hours on an absolutely unsheltered deck.

What things we saw which fairly cried for the camera! Submarines at close quarters, lying awash, with the crews taking their ease on the very limited deck space; pinnaces flashing past, crammed with holiday-making bluejackets; huge battleships by the dozen.



"Torpedo boat ahoy!" An impression by the P.E.

These things I may not see again. But the sights of the London reaches of the Thames are for the photographer whenever he cares to take advantage of them.

Down the Thames

Dozens of exposures might be made profitably at the shipping and trade between London Bridge and Gravesend. The man with a long-focus lens would score on a bright day, since one cannot, on a boat, approach a subject until the image is of the size desired. In a bad light a short-focus lens is necessary, though exposures on the water, where the air is practically dust-free, may be considerably shorter than inland. In fact, you might note that, when a bright sun shines, it is advisable to stop down to, say, F 11 unless you are working your shutter at very high speed. Over-exposure is a very common trouble in seascapes.

If your boat is at all crowded, hunt about for a place where you may get easy access to the

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side. Such a spot may generally be found on the engine-room deck. Don't rest your camera on the gunwale, as the vibrations caused by the engines are destructive of sharpness. Also, station yourself as nearly as possible amidships, where the pitching of the vessel is least. Keep an eye on the lens, which, if left to itself, may be badly obscured by spots of salt from the spray.

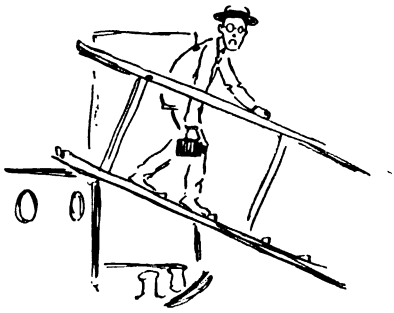
I was somewhat struck during my Southendwards trip by the ignorance of lighting conditions shown by many of the camerists aboard. As we passed along the north side of the battleship line, they potted away merrily, regardless of the fact that the sun was shining on the camera lens. I fear that many disappointments must have resulted. Other photographers, of greater experience, waited till we had rounded the last battleship and were heading westwards with the sun looking over our left shoulders, and shining full on the near side of the vessels.

At the Seaside

On any but the clearest of days the atmosphere over the sea is more or less opaque to the camera, and takes all the strength out of snaps made at distant objects. You no doubt have been surprised to find that objects which *you* could see all right appear fogged over in the negative, as though the camera hadn't been able to make them out properly. If there is the least haze about, confine your attention to things with which you can get to close quarters. The early morning and evening of a sunny day are generally the best times for camera work at the seaside, if you are out after views with a "distance" in them.

Development in Hot Weather

If your dark room is small and stuffy, I recommend you strongly to do your developing by artificial light after dark, when you may without danger leave window or door, or both, open. A close, stuffy atmosphere quickly makes one tired and impatient. Development becomes a bore; less care is taken; and negatives suffer in consequence. Another hint of which you may take note is this: don't leave plates to soak in a vessel of water placed in a hot room. The water gradually acquires the temperature of the air and softens the films, which may be badly frilled by the time you examine them in the morning. Rather remove the vessel to the cellar or even put it out of doors, as the air is often cooler at nights outside a house than in.



The Photographic Editor slinks ashore.

Economy in Water

I seem to recollect having told you once before that a soaked plate (as distinguished from one placed under a running tap) is freed of hypo much more thoroughly if arranged film downwards, with the film some distance from the bottom of the dish. The dissolved hypo is thus enabled to fall free of the plate, instead of being compelled to rest on the surface, as must happen if the film be turned upwards.

Even if your dark-room be fitted with a tap water supply, there is no need to use a large quantity of water to wash plates. The merest trickle will suffice, provided that the water gets a fair chance of reaching the film. It's no good to lay the plate flat on the bottom of a deep dish, where the inflowing water can't get at it. The most effective contrivance is a syphon-washer, which empties the plate-tank quickly as soon as the water reaches a certain level, drawing off the liquid from the bottom. You can buy a tank of this kind for a shilling or eighteenpence.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

M. W. Thomas—Thanks for your letter. I have drawn attention in an earlier issue to the Thornton-Pickard time valve, which I use myself and find very effective.

Captainite—It is dangerous to indulge in superlatives when speaking of cameras or cycles; but you will get good value if you purchase an "Empress" quarter-plate field camera and set from Messrs. Houghtons, Ltd., of 88 High Holborn, London, W.C. The outfit includes a double extension camera, with rising and falling front; double swing back; rectilinear lens; Thornton-Pickard time and instantaneous shutter behind lens; two-fold ash tripod; and a double dark slide. Price 47*s.* 6*d.* Case for camera costs 2*s.* 9*d.* extra.

E. R. 'Atkins—White patches on negatives caused by unequal flooding of the plate at the commencement of development may, indeed, be mitigated by local treatment with a saturated pad of cotton-wool; but the trouble is that it is practically impossible to confine extra development within definite bounds.

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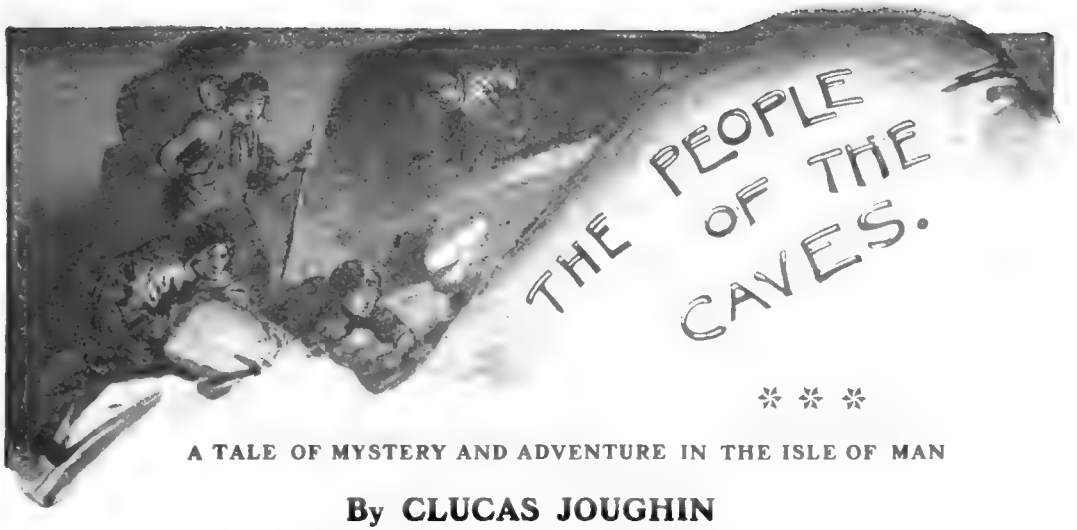

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A TALE OF MYSTERY AND ADVENTURE IN THE ISLE OF MAN

By CLUCAS JOUGHIN

To a party of Manx boys, accompanied by an English friend, who are out for a holiday cruise round the coast of the Isle of Man, some old fishermen relate tales of the "Little People" or pigmies, supposed to be still existent in the caves of the island. The boys go in search of these "fairies" and find them to be actual human beings. By the friendly aid of Tom the Dipper, a wandering poet who is on intimate terms with the pigmies, the exploring party is permitted to accompany the pigmies to a great midnight meeting where a dance in honour of the new moon is to be performed. While watching this strange function, they become acquainted with another eccentric character called Phillie the Desert, who, like Tom, is known to and friendly with the Little People. Guided by Tom and Phillie, the boys gain admittance to the pigmies' chief stronghold, from which they rescue a Manx girl who had been kept a prisoner there by the pigmies since being kidnapped from her home when an infant. They convey the girl to the cave where they had first encountered the "fairies," and find assembled there a band of smugglers for whom certain English revenue officers are searching. All share in a hearty meal, which is interrupted by a party of pigmies, who let loose their dogs on the intruders. The dogs, however, scurry away, and the smugglers are trying to catch them when the revenue officers arrive on the scene. Tom, Phillie, and others are secured, and in the confusion the rescued girl disappears.

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CHAPTER XX.

THE PIGMIES' MAGIC.

AS I had been foremost in chasing the dogs up the narrow cavern, and had even scrambled up the side of it after them, I was the last to come down into the open cave. The smugglers, the men from the revenue cutter, the blazing fire of gorse-bons and driftwood, the recumbent figures of the men who had been surprised and bound, the stack of bales containing the smuggled tea—all these appeared suddenly before me as a tableau, the only moving thing being the smoke, which ascended into the dome of the cave.

Mere chance—the accident of circumstance, or whatever we may call it—had so played into the hands of the revenue men that they were enabled to make their surprise so complete, and the consternation and chagrin of the smugglers so great, that no one spoke a word other than by those fierce looks that precede the deadly conflict.

Dal Moughtin and his trio of mighty men stood scowling at the armed officers and bluejackets. What might have happened if the Little People had not been in the cave—secure in their position on the ledge of rock near the dome—I can only surmise; but what did happen is not likely to pass from my mind, nor from the memory of those who were present.

Any one who has a naturally quick eye, further trained to quickness by shooting snipe over springers, will understand me when I say that at the same moment as I saw the line of revenue-cutter men, confronted by the gigantic figures of Dal, Big Jonas, Bill Forty and Dick Fall, and flanked by the lithe bodies of my own chums, I also saw a large, dark ball rolling down the high rock behind me.

The ball appeared to me to be falling slowly, as if it were composed of some gaseous substance only a trifle heavier than air, or something lighter than air pressed downwards by an invisible hand. With the tail of my left eye, my

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head being very slightly turned, I saw this *thing* touch the ground and instantly disappear.

The next moment I was gasping for breath, and vainly struggling to save myself from falling by clutching the man in front of me.

Then the whole scene became a swaying, tumbling, blue-looking and weird confusion of men, cutlasses, gilt ornaments and uniforms, reeling about and falling to the floor of the cave.

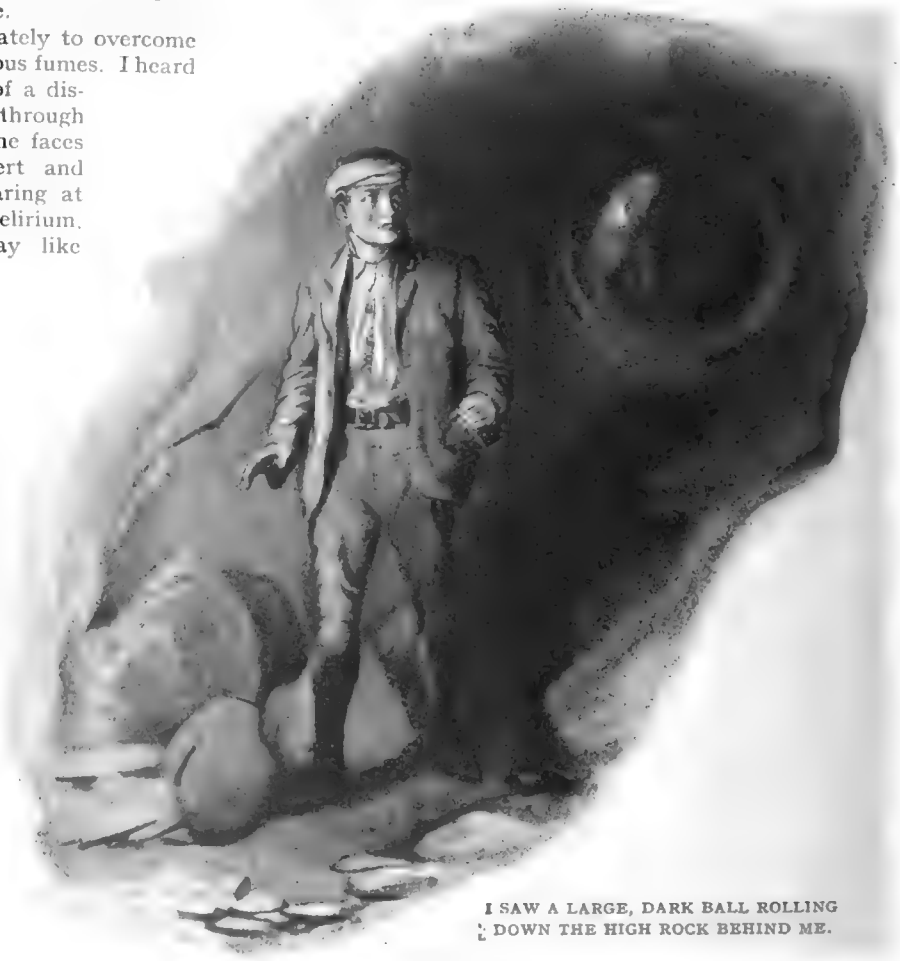
I struggled desperately to overcome the effect of the noxious fumes. I heard a rumbling noise as of a distant water-mill, and through the blue haze saw the faces of Phillie the Desert and Tom the Dipper staring at me as men in a delirium, both munching away like men chewing tobacco, and a dark crimson fluid running down from the corners of their mouths.

The last thing I recollect of the scene was the faces of these two men, pale blue and ghastly wan.

The explanation of the mystery, as told to me afterwards by Tom the Dipper, may be given here.

It appears that both Tom and Phillie — the former simple and eccentric, but shrewd enough where his own interests were affected—had, during their many years of intercourse with the Little People, suffered many times from the exercise of these mysterious arts. Phillie, by his perceptive faculty and his cultivated powers of observation, had discovered their use of pills made from highly vitalising herbs mixed with the blood of bulls. On two occasions, Phillie afterwards informed us, he had seen them chewing away at these pills preparatory to their use of the noxious vapours which caused him the temporary loss of his senses—during which he was either left to himself or conveyed out of the cave to the nearest brook. Hence, he never ventured into one of their cave dwellings without a supply of these pills.

Foreknowing what would take place, Phillie and Tom had slipped some of these bitter and nasty pills into their mouths. Then, when every man, as well as us boys, lay as dead, Phillie rolled over to Tom and unfastened his bonds. Then Tom released Phillie.



I SAW A LARGE, DARK BALL ROLLING DOWN THE HIGH ROCK BEHIND ME.

These items, as I have stated, were rehearsed to us by Phillie and Tom afterwards. What I recollect is now like a dream. I seemed to awaken as from a long sleep. Pains, as of some one thumping away at my head with a big stone, passed through my brain like a knife. I opened my eyes and saw the face of Phillie bent over mine. He was holding out my

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tongue and dropping something down my throat. Suddenly I became fully conscious and sat up. I found myself in a long, narrow boat. Six men were rowing. It was night, but the new moon shone from a clear sky and there was the usual aura of our northern summer nights. The skipper, Friday, and Johnnie were seated in the sternsheets with their hands over the gunwales, bathing their heads with sea-water.

I asked Phillie where we were and how I came to be there.

"Thou are all right now," Phillie answered, "but I had a hard job with thee to get thee brought roun'. Thou were so near the ball when it busted that thou got right in the thick of it."

"What was it, Phillie?"

"Aw, that's more than mortal man can tell, Peter, bouy; but I'm thinkin', orfen, that it was from these lil fallers of the first creation that the magi which stood before Pharaoh, an' tried to bate Moses to his face, got all their magic arts. They know more of the ways of carcumventin' nature with their knowledge an' their magic than people nowadays will believe. I orfen see them poundin' and compoundin'; an'—would ye believe it?—they hev many a time made me see sarpents, when, as everybody knows, there hasn't been such a thing in the islan' since the days of St. Pathrick, who drove them all out!"

On looking along the boat, I found we were in the gig belonging to the revenue cutter. Then I recollected the scene of confusion through which I had passed. The six smugglers—reckoning in the two Couthas as, so-called, smugglers—were pulling the gig through the water so fast that she seemed to be leaping out of it with every stroke. On taking our bearings I saw that we were pulling for the Nyarble shore. Tom the Dipper was at the tiller.

"Where are the men from the revenue cutter?" I asked.

"All right for the present," Phillie answered. "We are going to get your yawl, and Tom Coutha's as well, to shift the tay. You'll see the revenue men before you'll see the tay."

The gig was sent up high and dry on the Nyarble shore by a few strong pulls, and we jumped ashore and got the other two boats afloat. It was about midnight, but there was a light in the cottage, and "the misthress" came down to the water edge and held a conference with the two Couthas and Dal Moughtin.

Two of the six smugglers took oars in each of the three boats, and we all took our places as ordered by Dal Moughtin; that is to say, the skipper and Johnnie kept in the gig, Friday and I took oars in the *Trap*, and Phillie and Tom pulled in the same boat with Big Jonas and Dal Moughtin.

Without losing any time we started back for the cave. As we neared the shingle that lay at the entrance to it I saw the forms of men there, men who seemed to be sleeping, and I guessed who they were.

The gig was pulled up until half of her was out of the water. Then the little revenue officer, the athletic-looking lieutenant and the six bluejackets, all limp and soft, were placed along the bottom of their gig, their heads reclining against the corners of the thwarts and the ribs of the boat.

I observed that they seemed not to breathe, and made some feeling remark to Phillie, but he assured me they would come round all right without the administration of any of his pills.

The side-arms of the officers and men were restored to their scabbards, and we then towed the gig out to sea, sent her adrift on the flood tide, and watched her go slowly off for Turby Point and the extreme north of the island, where the tide runs strong as it meets the cross currents at the Point of Ayr; but long before that, Phillie and Tom assured us, the eyes of the revenue officer would open in wonder and surprise.

When we entered the cave and made up the fire, there were but small traces of the noxious fumes. My brain had been so muddled that up to now I had forgotten all about the girl, Annie Killey. What had become of her? Had she escaped by the seaward exit from the cave, or had she, in her terror, fled back to rejoin her pigmy associates?

Dal Moughtin was the first to make inquiries for the girl. He appeared to be sympathetically affected when he learned that she had vanished on the first appearance of the revenue officers, and made comments on it. "But," he asked sternly, "how did those thieves find out the cave?"

"Easily enough," said the skipper; "they dogged the steps of Tom the Dipper!"

Tom, however, protested that he looked behind him all the way.

"You walked backwards, I suppose?" Dal Moughtin said.

"No, Mr. Moughtin; no, sir; I walked for'ards and looked backwards, first with one eye, an' then with the other, like the lil fallers."

Phillie and the two Couthas laughed, and Dal and Big Jonas said it was no use crying over

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it now; but two things must be done, and done at once: the tea must be moved from here, and the girl must be found, by hook or by crook, and restored to her parents.

"First let us move the tay," said Phillie. "I'll undertake to find the chiayl."

"Where?" we asked.

"In this very cave," Phillie answered, decisively.

"Where?" we again asked.

"Where do you suppose?" Phillie asked—adopting the Manxman's usual custom of evading a question by asking another. "Leave it all to me; I'll find her when the proper time comes to look for her."

We loaded up the two yawls with tea, and in a couple of powerfully rowed trips transferred the hundred bales to horses and creels which the mistress on the Nyarble shore had busied herself in getting down from the farms inland.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE SECRET STREAM.

THE horses which Mrs. Coutha had collected to take away the tea were labouring steadily up the hill. We were on the slope of Dalby Mountain now, on one of the old mountain roads that lead away to the peat-beds. A wide streak of light in the north-eastern sky heralded the coming dawn. It was two o'clock, and our destination was the cottage of "Juan yn jagged keir" (John in the grey coat).

When the news went throughout the island, in the year 1765, that the lordship of Mann was squeezed from the Duke of Atholl and re-vested in the crown, and that custom house officers had arrived to collect revenues and put them in a money-box at Westminster to save them up for the Manx people, Juan's grandfather had laughed a mocking laugh, and set to work to dig a cellar under the long, low cottage. "That money will navver come back, Nannie," he said to his wife, "an' the less that's paid away the batter for the childher that's to come!" So grandfather Juan became one of the pioneer smugglers, and the present Juan kept the business going.

The door of the house was opened, and a light as if from a single candle came from the uncurtained windows, as the first horse of the file came on to the "street," as the paved yard in front is called.

Juan seized a spade and proceeded (apparently) to dig a hole in the floor of the back-kitchen. The skipper held the candle to give him light—a candle home-made from mutton fat by the appearance of it—though the window immediately above him was now revealing the slowly breaking day.

There was very little talk, and the horses with their loads were being drawn up outside the window. Juan put the point of the spade under the large flagstone which he exposed to view, raised up one end a little, and the two Couthas lifted the slab and put it in a corner.

A succession of mason-built steps gave access to the vault below.

Dal Moughtin opened the window, and the men in charge of the horses began to unload and hand in the bags of tea. We all helped to carry them down the stone stairway, Juan having gone first with another candle.

Johnny Wesley did not now refuse his aid. We had convinced him that this was not ordinary smuggling, but a kind of warfare, wherein the weaker country was trying to outwit the stronger.

The arched chamber in which we found ourselves was deeply littered with fresh straw, and the bales of tea were stacked carefully away and covered with it.

It was broad daylight when the work was completed, but still very early. We stood at Juan's door to watch the horses away, and on looking over the sea from our elevated position on the mountain side, we saw, by the help of Tom Coutha's spy-glass, the still recumbent figures of the revenue officers and men of the English exchequer. They were steadily drifting with the tide in the direction of the Point of Ayr.

"The time will soon come," said Phillie the Desert, "when they will wake up, and then they'll find themselves as much out of the hunt as if they had never been in it; and, doubtless, when they find how matters stand with them, they will decide to hush up their failure."

"Now, Phillie," said Dal Moughtin, as he bridled and saddled his horse, "if you are *absolutely certain* that you can find that child again, I'll ride over to Bill Arrassey's and tell him and the wife, and prepare them for your coming."

"I am as absolutely certain as this," Phillie answered, "that the moment she saw the gilt ornaments of the revenue officers appear inside the cave, she darted away back and hid herself in the dog-kennel; and before we left to bring up the yawls, and before any one but Big Jonas had come to his senses, I got Jonas to roll such a lump of a rock against the entrance that a hundred fairies would require a week to move it; for though they can carcumvent any livin' man or animal by their cunnin' and ancient

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wisdom of the ways to overcome nature, and are as active as squirrels—though I hev never seen the animals, but hev read about them—I say that the lil fallers are not by any manes sthrong in the way of a lift."

"That all sounds safe and sure, Phillie; and there are these boys who will be with you to help you, and Tom the Dipper, the goose—I feel angry with him for his stupidity in allowing himself to be tracked to the cave by those rascally revenue men, but we mustn't expect great things from Tom—so heave ahead and bring up the girl, and I'll go and make the way straight for you!"

Saying which Dal Moughtin sprang into the saddle and rode off at a hand gallop.

"Now, bouys," said Phillie, with a great air of authority, "foller me."

"I'm skipper here, Phillie," said Ned.

Phillie laughed, saluted, and took second place, and we formed up in the rear. The two Couthas had gone home when Dal Moughtin began to talk about the stolen child. "The less we know the less we can tell," was old Tom's comment as they strode away.

It was about low water, and it would be some time in the afternoon, when we rowed the *Trap* along for the cave. It was one of those days which only come once in a summer—a day when sea and atmosphere and sky mingle together and produce a new element that infuses itself again into the air and sea and transmutes the whole of visible things into a new heavens and a new earth.

The nearer we got to the cave the less inclined I felt to enter it, and I said so.

"The very thought that was working in my mind," said Johnnie Wesley, who was rowing slowly against me; and he drew in his oar, laid it across the gunwales, and rested on it.

"You want a calm day to go into a cave," Friday remarked, in an undecided way, "but to go voluntarily out of this mixture of the heavens and the earth into a dark, damp cave, and into the innermost recesses of it, too, and have nothing around you but those perplexing and strange little people, seems like despising a blessing and taking up trouble."

The skipper, who was seated across the bows with his bare feet in the tepid water, looked round and gave a grunt.

"What's ye duty?" he asked.

"Ay," added Phillie, "what's ye dooty? That's the way to put it, Ned. If ye dooty leads ye into a dark cave, and a long one maybe, ye'll find more pleasure at the end of it than if ye put ye yawl round and sailed for a beautiful desert island where you would *expect* to find game in abundance an' berries by the bushel."

"What's your own notion of our duty, Phillie?" I asked.

"Yesterday an' to-day, Peter, I was in trouble about some turnips I've got to sow, an' that's one dooty. But to save this chiayl is a bigger one, an' more pressin', an' it's only raison an' common sense to take the most pressin' dooty fuss."

"Phillie is right," said the skipper, and he took his feet aboard and shipped an oar. "Pull ahead, boys!"

So we pulled into the outer cave and prepared torches.

We stood up in the inner cave where, only a few hours before, there might have been a terrible and bloody conflict, but where, instead, revenue men and smugglers alike were melted into heaps of apparently dead men by the magic of an art discovered, probably, in the far-off ages of the world, when the neolithic people had to contend for their existence with monsters too powerful for any but their own kind to do battle with them.

The sudden transition from the light and joy of the world to this darkness and gloom was miserable, and I mentally wished that the outside world had been less beautiful to-day.

Phillie led the way to the dog-kennel, and we took off our coats to remove the boulder which Big Jonas had rolled against the entrance. There was a puddle of water that appeared to have collected around it, but we strove hard and rolled the great stone a few feet, and discovered the rent in the rock whence the dogs had come and gone, and come out again at the time of our unsuccessful attempt to catch one.

The skipper was looking in by the light of a torch, and Phillie was contemplating him with a smile on his broad face, wondering, doubtless, whether Ned was to take precedence all through this strange rescue business.

That the girl was inside we never doubted for a moment, and I believe we were all busy with our own little dramatic scenes as to how she would act, and what she would look like when she came forth. Naturally enough, some of us thought she would come creeping out as soon as the stone was removed, and Ned appeared to be waiting for this as he stood with his face bent towards the entrance and the torch he held throwing a light into the interior. He even went so far as to call the girl, as if he had been calling a dog: "Annie, Annie! Annie Killey, Annie Killey!" But no girl came forward.

Phillie looked puzzled, and he bent his head

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to the low opening and spoke some words in a gibberish which we supposed to be the Neolithic language. Still there was no response.

"Now, what's to be done?" I asked.

"They hev shifted," said Phillie, scratching his head and looking up towards the sleeping-place of the pigmies, "I am sartin sure of that, an' for good, for all their belongin's are shifted too, but they couldn't hev shifted that stone away to get the chiayl."

"Perhaps she's asleep," Johnnie Wesley remarked. "Call aloud and whistle."

"Creep in," said Phillie, addressing me, and not heeding Johnnie's suggestion, "an' see if there's anything uncommon about the place."

I crept in over the rocky floor, worn smooth by countless years of use by dogs' paws, and soon found myself in some strong-smelling hay and dried heather. The light from the torch helped me to see, and there was a reflection of the light ahead, so I crawled on until I came to a small stream which ran down an incline of rock and disappeared under the floor of the kennel about thirty feet from the entrance.

The truth flashed into my mind like a shot. There was evidently a subterranean river with an outlet (or inlet) up on the mountain; and I hastened back with the news of my discovery.

"Then they hev come down by that way," said Phillie, "and taken the girl away with them."

I CAME TO A SMALL STREAM WHICH DISAPPEARED UNDER THE FLOOR.

CHAPTER XXII.

RUN TO EARTH.

WE were seated on the mountain, some time afterwards, discussing our long and fruitless search for the beginning of the subterranean rivulet. The sun was sinking into the Irish Sea and the heavens thereaway were blazing for miles. The red and yellow fields of fire held our eyes, but the dark mystery of the stolen child was occupying our thoughts and kept us talking.

"There's a thing that once puzzled me," Phillie the Desert was repeating for the third time, "a thing that once puzzled me mortal. It was on Slieau Roy, and this subterranean sthrame explains it. I was standin' middlin' near the top o' the mountain, with Robert the shepherd, watchin' a hole in the rocks which Robert showed me. There was a dub o' water inside, and all around it sounded holler when ye stamped on the earth. Robert was for diggin' down to see if there was lead there, but I had my own notions about the place; so I watched it evenin' after evenin', an' night after night. One summer evenin'—an evenin' something like this—I saw one ot the lil fallers come along the mountain, looking this way an' that way, like they always do, an' not seein' me, for I was in the middle of a gorse-bush; he took a run up to the hole an' jumped in so quick that if I heddin been used to them an' their ways I would have thought he hed vanished into air. So I laughed a little to myself and said, 'Ay, ay, I thought as much,

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me man.' But what was my surprise, on goin' down the side o' the mountain half an hour or so afterwards, to meet the very same lil faller comin' up! I knew the faller well enough, an' he knew me, so there was no mistake on the matter. *Now* I see how it would be! The water accumulatin' there from the top o' the mountain—for the tops o' mountains collect a lot o' water at times—would be runnin' down under the ground in a way it hed made for itself by hundreds an' thousands of years of work; and the fairy I saw went down by that way, an' came up over ground, ye may be sure."

"Then," said the skipper, "we must go back into the cave and follow the stream up, if we can. There is, perhaps, a lodging-place somewhere in it, and the girl may be there this moment."

Old Tom laughed, and said, "Thou'd be makin' rags of thee clothes to sell to owl Tom the Dipper when there wasn't no occasion for it, Ned bouy."

"Why no occasion for it?" Friday asked.

"Well, man, it's this way," said Tom, pushing his old hareskin bell-topper back from his forehead, "there's only one place which the lil fallers here hev besides the cave below us, an' that's Glen Rushen, an' seein' they couldn't hev darkness to cover them as far as Glen Rushen since they shifted, I'm for thinkin' they are all hidin' in the subterunderground sthrame *until to-night;* an' ye may be sure and sartin sure that they'll hev the chiayl there with them."

Tom pulled his hat over his forehead again, and looked at Phillie with a look that said as plain as words: "Thou think theeself the only man in the oislan, Phillie, that's well in with the lil fallers, but thou hev a man here that is one too many for thee this time."

Phillie looked rebuked, and we could not forbear smiling at old Tom's comical attitude, but we all thought Tom was about right, and Phillie himself was the first to admit it.

"We must lie by and watch for them coming out," said the skipper.

"We first have to find the place they are to come out of," Friday remarked.

"An' if ye lay by it," Phillie added, "they'd *smell* ye."

"We needn't get too close," the skipper urged.

"They can smell us kind o' people half a mile away," replied Phillie, with a shake of his head and a puzzled look. "I tell ye," he added, shaking his head again, "that they can *feel* ye, even when ye are a long way to leeward, an' quite out o' their sight."

"Rubbish, Phillie!" said Friday with a snap.

"Magnetism," said Johnnie Wesley.

"Animal magnetism ceases at a distance of ten feet," Friday retorted.

Phillie did not take his eyes from the fast sinking sun. He was seated with his elbows on his knees and his chin in his hands. Evidently he was ransacking his experience for a precedent or an illustration.

"I suppose ye keep dogs, Friday?" he asked, without turning his face.

"No, Phillie; I leave that to Peter, and when I want a brace of setters I borrow from him."

"Does that thing he's callin' 'animal magnetism' cease at ten feet, Peter?" Phillie asked, his eye still on the dissolving views along the horizon.

"No," I replied, "nor at a hundred and ten."

"I tell ye again, bouys," Phillie said, "I hev been lyin' more than a hundred yards away on the lee side of a small entrance to what I knew was a dwellin' place of the lil fallers, an' when they would come out, hours afterwards, hey would c me runnin' straight up to the bush where I was completely covered and grin at me through the gorse, as much as to say, 'Phillie, Phillie, thou needn't hi e theeself, man; we know thou are there!' I can't make it out, but it's a solemn fact."

The skipper looked nonplussed; and even Friday had a reverence for Phillie's veracity, and his unique experiences with these mysterious people.

"Then what's to be done?" I asked. "The girl must be rescued."

"Divide the smell," said Old Tom, "an' put ourselves here an' there along the track to Glen Rushen."

Phillie gave Tom a keen, cunning look that he wore at times—the pupils of his eyes half hid away under the outer corners of his eyelids. "The people that say thou are a cute rag-gatherer are not far out, Tom bouy."

"An' the people that say thou are half a fairy theeself, Phillie, are not far out aythur, for thee eyes look mortal like owl Cudda's at times."

Which was true enough.

"That's a good suggestion of Tom's," the skipper said. "Let's hide ourselves one here and one there along the lee-side of the track to Glen Rushen."

"They won't all come out at once," Phillie said. "One of them will come out an' take a slew round to see how the land lies, so we must get a good distance away, not on the track,

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but here an' there all about here, so that when one o' them comes out to see if the coast is clear we can watch to see where he goes down again."

We decided to anchor the yawl away from the land, and the skipper and I went down to the mouth of the cave to undress and pull her out and swim ashore.

It was nearly midnight when my hiding-place was fixed upon. I was to lie behind a gap in the mountain-hedge. Before me, as I lay down, was the rough cart-road leading to one of the peat-beds. A ditch, down which coursed a perennial stream of mountain water, lay just under my face. The sky was clear, and the moon and stars helped the scintillations of the midsummer light in the northern sky. I could see all the objects a long way beyond where I lay: gorse-bushes, patches of ling, boulders of granite, and here and there a patch of rushes. A curlew was whistling to his mate—with that musical but weird succession of whistles which is only heard on the mountains in the season of nidification. It was lonely and eerie enough, but I was used to such solitudes and I felt no more fear than if I had been lying in my bed at home.

I lay musing over the events of the day, and kept wondering what positions the others had squeezed themselves into. At the best of times it is not easy to sleep on a mountain at midnight, but I was now as wide awake as if I had been lying by a gap waiting for a hare to run full tilt into a net, and keeping in readiness to spring upon him.

I kept watch this way for what may have been an hour, when I suddenly caught sight of old Cudda staring me full in the face from the middle of the road. I saw him come, it is true, but he had stopped almost at the same moment.

That he was quite alone I felt certain, for I had placed myself where I could command a view up and down the road according to whichever way I would turn my eyes. He had evidently come rapidly up along the road while I was watching elsewhere; and I saw that the old fellow, cunning as I knew him to be, was quite taken by surprise when he caught sight of me.

My instructions from Phillie were that if I saw only one little fellow I was to "lie low and say northin', but watch him where he would go"; but if the whole of them appeared I was to rise and follow.

No words or picture could accurately portray the face of this old neolithic chief, even in his normal moods, but as he stood stock still staring at me I thought his eyes more glaring and his face more hideous than ever. But I was determined that I would not be scared by him nor lose sight of him, and I stared away without moving a muscle.

After a long stare, I thought I noticed him getting smaller. Then I was sure of it. He was diminishing in height from his usual appearance of three foot high to a lesser and lesser height.

My face was resting in my hands as I lay along the turf, and I pressed my finger-nails into my flesh to make sure I was wide awake. "This is no nightmare or optical illusion," I said to myself in desperation. "The fellow is gradually reducing himself!"

Finally he got so small that he appeared only about a foot high. Then, in the twinkle of an eye, he changed into a ball of smoke and rolled into the ditch!

I was so astonished that it took me some seconds to recover my surprise, and when I leapt to my feet and ran along the ditch I saw neither pigmy nor ball of smoke.

Exigencies of space and the demands of my story preclude me from entering into any speculations regarding this psychic phenomenon, but the incident did occur exactly as I have related it.

I knew it would be useless to lie in hiding again, so I paced the midnight hours until the dawn of day; and when we all came together I waited to hear if any one else had anything to tell. But no one had seen anything of consequence to our search. Then I related my extraordinary adventure.

Phillie's face broadened into a kind of knowing smile, and his semi-neolithic eyes looked very cunning as he said, "Thou may see queerer things than that yet, Peter bouy; but thou'll never get to the bottom of them. There's not a man livin' can explain to me half the things I hev seen these fairies do!"

The sea was still calm, and the herring-boats were shot low in. We descended to the cave and rolled back the stone to the entrance of the dog-kennel, knowing quite well that the other entrance, wherever it might be, would need no guard during daylight. The skipper undressed and swam out to take the yawl ashore and get the things for breakfast, and when he had the anchor aboard he pulled off to the nearest lugger and brought back some fresh herrings and hard tack.

While breakfasting on the shingle in front of the cave we discussed various plans for the rescue of the girl.

"They'll *hev* to come out o' that place," said Phillie, "for they can no more do without

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food than we can—though it's few that's knowin' that beside ourselves, and it's not much that's doin' them, poor craythurs."

"An' then they'll make for their other subter-underground dwellin'," Tom the Dipper added.

"An' they won't come out till the darkest hour o' the night, Tom."

"Thou are right, Phillie."

"Then we'll go back a mile this evenin' and lie in hidlands till they come, and then we'll make a rush for the chiayl."

"An' thou can call to her in that mixed langwadge o' thine, Phillie."

"I can, Tom, an' that's more than thou could do."

"Thou can whistle the fairy tunes, Phillie, and sing them, too; I've heard thee brag abourrit; but I'm all for sayin' northin' about what I can do. The oftener ye dhraw the cork outra the bottle the waker the stuff inside of it gets, Phillie bouy."

"Look here, Phillie," said Friday, caressingly, for Phillie looked vexed, "don't you think we boys had better pull the yawl to the Nyarble and beach her there, and then meet you men somewhere on the mountain this evening?"

"I was just goin' to say it, Friday."

"An' ye can lave all the provisions with us," Tom added.

As we rowed along to beach the yawl some one remarked on my silence.

"I was thinking of my dogs," I said.

"Well, what's the matter?"

"Something keeps telling me to send for Jack, the lurcher; he runs without a fault on the quest of any living thing I put him on, and can track a human being equal to a blood-hound."

"It is a curious fact," said the skipper, "that there never was a dog known who would go near the fairies."

"All the same, he will help us to find them if they give us the slip in the dark, which they are sure to do. If Jack gets wind of them, and he knows I'm after them, it will bother them to baffle him."

"They'll baffle him by putting a poisoned arrow in him, Peter."

"He will die in a good cause, Ned; and that's better than dying of a useless old age. I never go hare-hunting by nights now, and I don't want to sell him to any one who does; he's too clever."

We were to meet Phillie and Tom at the Round Table at eight o'clock in the evening, and by that time we were all there, dog included. I had bribed John Coutha to make the journey to Peel and lead him back.

On my explaining why I had sent for the dog, Phillie said there was neither good nor harm to be got out of it, as the dog would surely run away. "The how or the why of it is more than I can understand," he added, "but my own dog hev seen them scores of times, an' when he does he takes to his heels as if he had seen a ghost."

"That is a thing that puzzles me very much," said Johnnie Wesley, "for if these mysterious little people are the survivors of the neolithic people, as I verily believe them to be, why are dogs so scared of them?"

"It's beyond me, bouy," Phillie answered, "but I'm thinkin' it's by the exercise of one o' their magical arts."

Long before midnight we were each secreted in our several hiding-places on the route to Glen Rushen. As I had the dog I was given the last place along the line. The arrangement was that the first to be passed should rise and follow the little fellows, and then, at a signal, all rush in for the rescue of the girl.

I lay low among some tall ling, with my left arm around the dog's neck to keep him lying also. I was engaged in calculating whether it would be one o'clock, when I heard the signal agreed upon, and almost at the same time the dog gave a low growl and his hair stood on his back. Before I could get to my feet, however, the crowd of little people rushed past me in the darkness like a breeze of wind. The girl was in the centre of the group; that I clearly saw, but whether she were voluntarily fleeing or being forced along I could not discern.

I sprang forward and gave chase, calling upon the dog to keep to heel; and as I did so I heard the patter of booted feet behind me. It was rough ground, but I was used to it, and fleet of foot. I had not run a hundred yards before I found I was being rapidly out-distanced. Presently I saw only the taller figure of the girl, her long hair floating in the breeze as she disappeared over some rising ground. There was a long stretch of slightly falling land ahead, and when I reached it I caught a view of the retreating figures; and I strained every nerve and muscle in the weird chase.

Before me as I ran along this almost level land there lay the dim outline of the road to the deserted Glen Rushen mines, the old buildings of which lay wrapt in gloom and a ghoulish fog far ahead. But I could now discern neither the pigmies nor the taller figure of the girl.

I pulled up and bent my face towards the ground, and scanned the scarcely distinguish-

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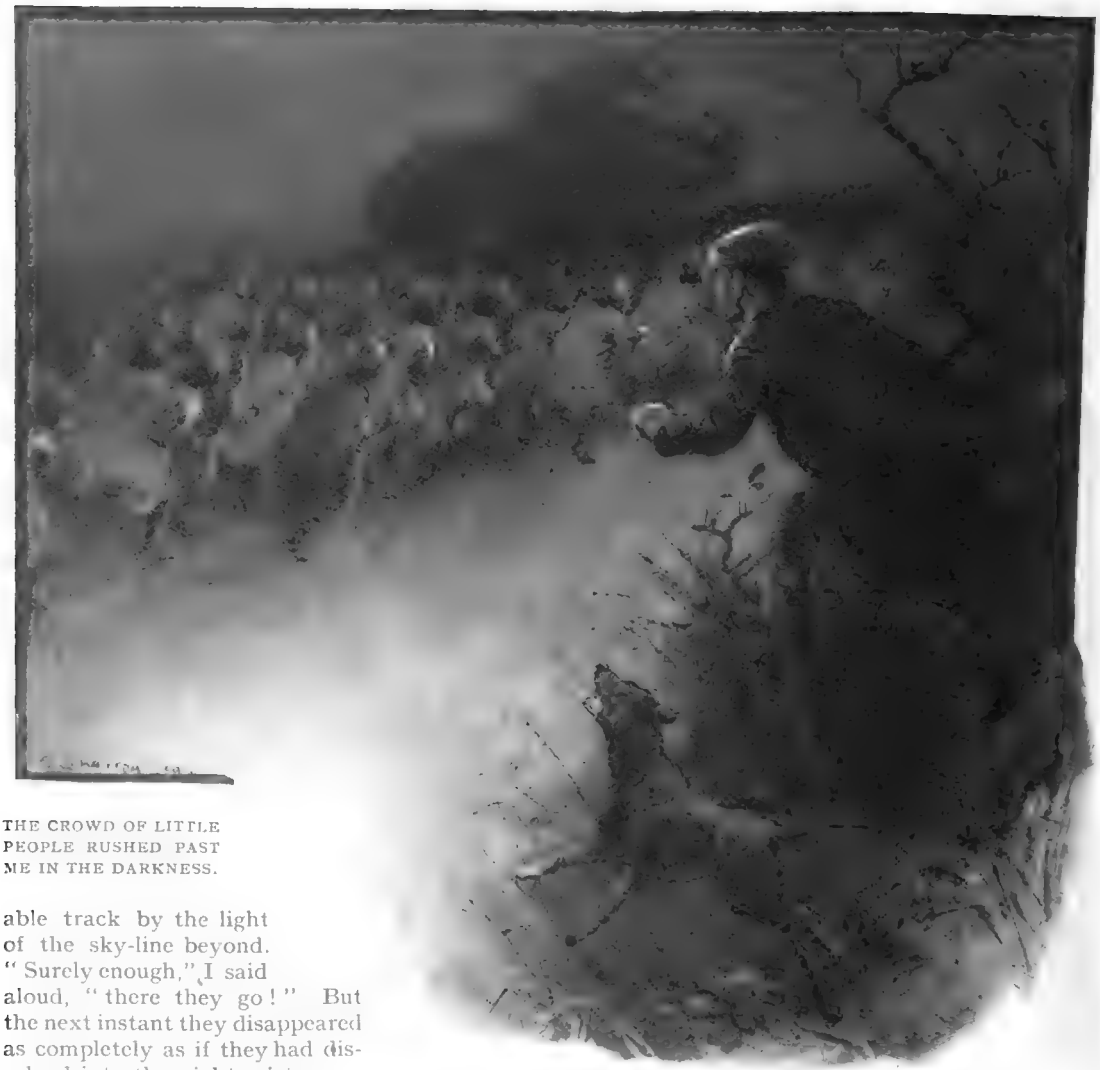

THE CROWD OF LITTLE PEOPLE RUSHED PAST ME IN THE DARKNESS.

able track by the light of the sky-line beyond. "Surely enough," I said aloud, "there they go!" But the next instant they disappeared as completely as if they had dissolved into the night mist.

On hearing me shout "There they go," the dog rushed into the chase, his nose a foot from the ground. I followed up with all my might and main. Then the dog came to a full stop, doubled on his quest, came running up to a dark spot in the side of a ridge of the hill that was there, and was about to rush in when I met him and laid hold of him.

I knew the place intimately. It was a tunnel cut through the ridge of rock to make a cart-way into an old stone quarry that lay in the cleft of the mountain beyond the ridge.

"Bejabers, Jack," I said to the dog, "if they have run in there we have them safe and sound"; for I knew that, cliff-climbers as they were, they would not be able to scale the perpendicular faces of the quarry, which rise to a considerable height almost without a break.

Johnnie Wesley and Friday came panting up side by side. Then the skipper, and then Phillie; and some seconds afterwards Tom the Dipper came running along with his hat in his hand.

"They are gone in here," I said, as I stopped them.

"How d'ye know?" Phillie asked.

"By the dog," I answered; and then I rehearsed the particulars of my chase. They in their turn related how they had been as

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nothing in their attempt to get near enough to seize the girl.

"What do you advise now, Phillie?" I asked, as I held the dog by the collar. "Tom can bear me out in what I say, that it is quite impossible for them to climb out of the quarry. He knows it."

"Ye say ye didn't absolutely see them go in!" Phillie urged.

"No," I replied "but I am absolutely certain that they *are* in. I would stake my life on it. I know the dog too well to doubt him."

"Perhaps it was the quest of a hare or a rabbit, Peter?"

"No, no," I retorted, almost angrily; "the dog's hair wouldn't be standing on his back like this on the quest of a hare or a rabbit. He's thoroughly scared, but he's doing his duty, and that's this dog all out."

"Light a torch," said the skipper to Friday, who had a torch stuck in his belt. "What are ye arguing about, Phillie! Are ye afraid? I'm not."

"But I *am*, Ned, because I *know* the danger, an' thou don't. I knew a man in Onchan who chased half a dozen of the lil fallers into a bit of a quarry that lies above the old mill in the glen, and he was hardly inside the quarry till he was seized with a staggering sickness that didn't lave him for days. But give me the torch, and let me go first. It's true that I'm afraid; but I'm like Peter's dog—I'll do my dooty."

We followed Phillie through the tunnel. It was just wide enough for the passage of an ordinary cart, and about forty yards long. When we emerged into the open pit which the quarry formed, and the light of the torch filled it with a red light, we saw the Little People perched here and there in the crannies of the precipices, as high up as they could manage to climb.

The girl lay on the ground at the base of a rock, apparently dead.

It was a curious, as well as an awesome, scene. The dog's coat bristled with fear, and he would have fled only I had a firm hold of him.

"She's not dead, at all," said Phillie, quietly. "I've known old Cudda to do the like with their dogs, an' I hev the charm for it in my pocket—that's a blessin'."

We made a movement towards the girl, but Phillie put us all back; and after he had produced and unfolded a much soiled piece of paper, he went and kneeled down by the side of the girl.

After he had prayed, he said, "Annie, arise!" The girl opened her eyes, and when she saw Phillie she sat up. He gave her his hand, lifted her up, and presented her to us.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE BURNING OF THE "GILBERT."

THE recollections of the scene in Bill Arrasey's cottage, some hours later, when we restored the lost child to her parents, are too painful to be described, even at this distance of time. She never regained the full use of her mental faculties. Her story was known only to the Couthas, who were as close-mouthed as the Sphinx; to the smugglers, who had sworn silence; and to us who had accomplished the rescue. She lived, many years, the life of a harmless, innocent woman—and here is a problem I would commend to the theologian and the psychologist: although deficient in intellect, at times almost to the point of imbecility, she would often, in after years, talk to us boys as intelligently as a parson on questions of religion. How this could be not only astounded us, but it often scared us. It seemed a supernatural thing that one so afflicted could talk reasonably and clearly on her personal interest in the Great Atonement.

But we must leave this to the metaphysicians. I, Peter, stood by her bedside shortly before she died, and humbly accepted her thanks for our rescue; and when she fixed her dying eyes on me and exhorted me to other forms of rescue, I was startled to see the new light that brightened her countenance. It was the dawning of something even more joyous than that which illuminated her face when she came forth from the dark dwelling-place of the people of the caves into the sunlight of the world.

Before the old eight-day clock in the Arraseys' kitchen struck five we were all standing outside the door of the cottage, preparing to depart. Dal Moughtin was there; and we were offering to sail Tom the Dipper from the Nyarble to Fleshwick shore, which lay beneath the hill where Tom's house stood. Tom accepted the offer, and Phillie said he would come with us.

A light north-westerly breeze was blowing in from the sea, and Bill Arrasey said there was going to be a change in the weather. Some wrens were singing down by the brook beneath the cottage, and a song-thrush was warbling his matins from a gorse-bush on the garden hedge. The morning sunshine was gilding the wide stretch of land that lay far beyond and below

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us, and we all seemed to be lingering to take in the pleasure of it before descending to the shore.

From far down the valley there came a faint whistle, which might have been taken for the call of a bird somewhere near had we not seen a boy we knew well—a boy who could run all day so long as he ran barefooted.

"Who's that?" asked Dal Moughtin, abruptly.

"Peel boys all!" said the skipper, by way of answer.

"A Peel boy, a Peel boy? But he's running hard and heading for this house! If that boy has come from Peel this morning he has news for me! Who is he?"

"Lukie Thompson," Friday answered.

"The son of Dan?"

"Yes, Mr. Moughtin, Lukie Dan."

"Then you boys may have an opportunity of doing something for me. Wait and see."

Lukie Dan (Luke the son of Dan) came up the side of the mountain at a fagged pace. He had evidently run his five up-hill miles at a strain. As soon as he pulled up in front of us he drew a long breath, and addressing himself to Dal Moughtin, said: "Are you Mr. Moughtin?"

We boys laughed, for Lukie knew Dal Moughtion well enough, but there was a reason for the question which we did not then know. It was a part of the "freemasonry" which existed among the smugglers.

"Yes," Dal Moughtin answered. "*How do the swallows fly?*"

"When the wind is sou'-west the swallows fly low," replied Lukie.

"Who said so?"

"Big Jonas, sir."

"When did he say it?"

"At half-past three o'clock this morning, when he came to the Abbey and got me out of bed to run here."

"The Abbey, the Abbey," repeated Dal, reflecting, "Oh yes, I recollect—a nickname! Here's a crown piece for ye, Lukie. Run back and tell Jonas these words: '*When the wind is from the north the kite flies high.*'"

"I'd like a basin of buttermilk before I start, sir."

A basin of buttermilk was brought out for Lukie. He sipped it slowly (Nature teaches her own children), and then went down the mountain with a light, swinging stride.

"Now which of you boys is the fastest runner?" asked Dal Moughtin as he took out his watch. "There's evidently no time to lose."

"If it's level road," the skipper answered, "it's Johnnie Wesley; if it's down steep hills it's Friday, and if it's up hill it's Peter."

"And where do you come in, Ned?"

"When I am in the water, Mr. Moughtin."

"I see, every man in his order; and to Peter Christian is given the power to run up mountains. Very well, Peter; you run your best to the top of the mountain, and then look south along the land, and away seawards, and if you see a schooner coming up for the Calf hurry down and tell me. I expect the old *Gilbert* with a cargo of casks on board."

I took off my outer garments and ran up the mountain without a word. It was a tough run, and a long one, but I saw the old *Gilbert* and knew her well. She was deep in the water, and was beating up slowly against the north-west breeze.

"What did you see?" Dal Moughtin asked, when I got back.

"A schooner with bluff bows, a short foremast, and a white streak down the foresail, and carrying very little peak on her mainsail," I answered.

"Boys," said the smuggler chief, "there is an opportunity for you to serve your country and to do me a good turn, and if you agree to try, and you succeed, I'll give you each a pony."

"Agreed!" we shouted.

"Then listen to me. That rascally little steel-eyed revenue officer is creeping up along the land from the north in the revenue cutter to come plump on the old *Gilbert* as she rounds the Calf Island. You are going to sail your yawl to Fleshwick shore, you say, and in this light breeze you'll be more than a match for the cutter."

"In such a breeze as this we could sail across his bows!" I cried out, anxious for the honour of the *Trap*. "What are our instructions, Mr. Moughtin?"

"Before you put Tom and Phillie ashore, sail round the Calf, and meet the *Gilbert*. Board her and ask for Harry Halsal, the skipper. When he appears tell him you have come from me to let him know that '*crows from Jurby are flying for the Calf.*' That is all you need do. Steer your own course after that, and God speed the plough."

"What's in the wind now!" I shouted as we stood away to sea in the yawl on a long tack an hour afterwards.

"'Crows from Jurby flying south!'" yelled the skipper, who was eagerly scanning the opening sea behind the Calf from the bow of

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the yawl. "That cutter is coming down for us like a racehorse, and yonder's Dal Moughtin and Co.'s new schooner coming in four or five miles behind the *Gilbert!* Lift the lug a bit, boys, and let her dip into it hearty! The new schooner can save herself—she'll have a long start, anyway—but we'll be in poor time to save the *Gilbert*."

"Why!" I cried out, when I got my eye on the old schooner from the stern-sheets, "the *Gilbert* is as good as a shot duck! We are miles from the Calf yet, and by the time we get there the cutter's-man will have Halsal well in hand!"

"Can't help it," said Ned. "We have done our best, and mortal man can do no more."

"Good-bye, old *Gilbert*!" I said, as I stood up to shift the lug for the run into the Calf; "and farewell to the ponies we'll never get!"

"I wonder what will happen?" asked Johnnie Wesley, with a dubious and scared look.

"Whatever happens," said Friday, "we'll board the *Gilbert* and give Halsal our message. That's our part."

Our answer to Friday's speech was a loud shout. A puff of the freshening breeze filled the sail, and the yawl jumped ahead as if she understood.

While we were discussing probabilities and sailing the *Trap* her best for the Calf, with the wind on our starboard quarter, the revenue-cutter was coming up by short tacks along the land, travelling more like an eagle than a crow.

In forty minutes by Johnnie Wesley's old English lever we rounded the stack rock, ran in between Caigher Point and the Chickens, and caught sight of the *Gilbert* coming slowly up in the shelter of the south coast. She was not sailing her best, and her skipper, presumably, was quite innocent of what was in store for him.

It did not take long to meet the schooner and get aboard; and when we gave Halsal the message he stood like a man who saw a sudden and unexpected danger, crowded on all his canvas and ran off to sea on a close-reefed starboard tack.

We followed to watch the chase, but kept out of the range of wide shots.

By this time, the combined herring fleets, some five hundred sail, were on their way in from the herring-ground, some running for Port St. Mary, but the greater number for Peel Bay. The smuggler was beating up with his eye very nearly in the wind, and appeared to us as if he was anxious to get behind the fleet.

"That's his game," said Friday; "he'll get the boats between himself and the cutter's guns, and then have clear sea-way and a long start, for the cutter's-man will have to pick his way through the fleet or make a long tack away to sea."

"All the same, he's a done coon," I replied, "and it won't be long before the end."

As we neared the fleet we began to hear a noise like the rumbling of many mills. It was the fishermen roaring to each other from boat to boat across the wide spread of sea they covered.

Hundreds shortened sail to watch the chase. The cutter's-man signalled for clear sea-way, and ran out a gun for'ard as a hint to any one who would not give him a wide berth.

For a little while things looked mixed. The fleet extended, from the foremost boat to the rearmost, over three miles of water. The cutter ran in between the leading fishing vessels about the same time that the smuggler ran behind the last.

We kept the *Trap* close up to the wind, and easily maintained our distance of a mile south of the *Gilbert*.

Not a shot was fired. The cutter overhauled the heavily built schooner hand over fist, ran up alongside, made fast, and boarded her.

Both vessels were then put up in the wind.

We put the *Trap* up in the wind, also, to watch the course of events. What did really happen is but one of the thousand unwritten dramas in the history of the island. How far it was legal or illegal, just or unjust, to the persons concerned, or to the island as a self-governing colony, is a question that cannot be discussed here.

The nominal cargo of the *Gilbert* was timber. She had a heavy deck cargo of pine, and there was a top dressing of it below the hatches. Her genuine cargo, however, was contraband of rum.

Halsal and his men were taken off and put in irons on board the cutter. The boarders from the cutter came off the *Gilbert*, and a few minutes afterwards the schooner was blazing in half a dozen different places.

It was a sight to be remembered; and the bursting of the puncheons of rum sounded like marine artillery in action. But it did not last long. Two hours afterwards the herring-boats had disappeared, the burning schooner was ready to sink, and the cutter was far away in his chase after the faster sailing vessel.

There was a nasty drizzle of rain, and all the

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IT WAS A SIGHT TO BE REMEMBERED.

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forewarnings of dirty weather, as we ran the yawl into the little rocky cove known as Fleshwick Bay. The purples and reds and yellows of the high rocks as we sailed in between them looked soft and pleasant through the grey light. Some lobster fishermen were baiting their creels on the beach when we jumped ashore, and we took counsel with them on the advisability of sailing home or beaching the yawl and coming for her another day.

"If I were you," the older man said, "I'd beach the yawl an' walk home. There's a heavy nor'-wester comin',-an' it won't be long aythur."

"There are the stores," I said, "and all the gear."

"You can put them in there," the man replied, pointing to a big balk yawl that had been cut across, and that lay mouth under; "there's a door to it and a lock, and the things will be safe until the day you come for them."

So we locked up all but the guns, drew the *Trap* high and dry beyond the tide, and set off over the hill to escort Tom home and get on our own road for going over the mountains to Peel.

At the door of Tom's cottage, on the other side of the hill, we halted to take leave of our two extraordinary pilots, who had steered us through our wonderful adventures as no other men in the island could have done.

Tom the Dipper we might meet again any day, but Phillie lived far away on the east of the mountain range.

"Shall we meet again, Phillie?" we said, as we shook both his hands and clapped him on the back. "May we come over and spend some nights on the mountains with ye and see the Baldwin lilfellers?"

"Maybe ye may, bouys; maybe ye may; but in the manewhile say northin'."

Then we shouldered our guns and struck along the mountains for Peel.

THE END.

A STIFF CLIMB

IT was the last day of my holidays at Lynton, in North Devon. I had always had a great hankering after exploring that huge "shoulder" of land, Countisbury Foreland, with its cliffs rising sheer, almost 1000 ft., up from the sea. There were some good caves to be found there, and perhaps I should do a little climbing—it looked so easy! So taking my camera and stick, I set off along the cliff path which led down by a steep zigzag staircase to the shore.

A walk of nearly a mile or so over sand and slippery rocks brought me almost to the extreme point of the cape. I say almost, because there was a considerable sheet of water between myself and the view I hoped for on the other side of the cliff.

I had therefore to content myself with the coast view westwards, which was truly magnificent. Beyond Hollerday Hill, the towering Castle Rock and the bluff peaks of Heddon's Mouth could be seen, and far away on the horizon the thin streak of Lundy Island.

It was while I was examining a low cave of from thirty to forty feet deep, that the mad project rushed upon me of climbing the cliff, and I started at once up a cup-like depression in the rock. I did not notice how the tide was gradually encroaching; my only thought was, "How fine it will be to tell them all at home how I have 'done' the cliff!"

I went on quite easily at first, except that I was somewhat hindered by having to carry the camera; but soon my troubles commenced. I happened to look down for the first time, and was astonished to see how great a height I had climbed in what seemed to me so short a time. I dislodged a large stone in my efforts and watched it roll down. The speed it attained before it had gone far startled me, and more so when I saw it bound high in the air on the lowest rock.

I was now stuck. Should I continue climbing or try to get down again? Either way presented great difficulty. I looked up and saw a few sheep grazing—they seemed very near. I would try to reach them. A little bit to the left was some grass; that would be easier, I thought. I clambered on to the grass, but it was as slippery as glass. I had forgotten it had not rained for three weeks.

After some trouble, I managed to reach a small piece of rock, and in doing this let go my stick. My thoughts now turned to the camera. It wasn't mine, and it was a new and valuable one. "I must not lose it," I

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said to myself. "Better go down again—but how?" My only hope was a tiny stream which ran down the depression. If I could reach this, I could at any rate get a foothold in the damp soil. Anything but this dry grass!

I started to make my way most carefully across to this stream, clinging on to the grass with my hands, when suddenly I lost my footing and began to slip! This was the most horrible moment of my experience, and one which I am not likely to forget as long as I live. I should not have minded the slide so much if I had known there was a good soft heap of sand awaiting me at the bottom of the cliff—but those rocks!

I clawed the grass and kicked out with all my might for a foothold, as my speed was increasing alarmingly. After what seemed to me an age, my foot lodged on a small rock; I clutched and stopped.

Have you ever, reader, been placed in a position so perilous that you dared not look up or move so much as a muscle of your whole body? Have you ever been forced, in spite of yourself, to make up your mind inexorably, as I did then, to a course of action?

How cautiously and slowly I at last began to creep! I reached the stream, but found I had forgotten the camera in my struggles. I had left it in safety on a rock, and it was now out of my reach! I was determined to regain it if possible, and so crawled up again, but just as I was going to clutch the camera it fell.

I remember seeing it rushing down at a frightful pace, bouncing off a rock with a sickening thud and being dashed to pieces on the shore far below. I was in comparative safety now, and soon by following the bed of the stream reached the shore. Here I found the front of the camera with the lens and shutter practically uninjured; the box and plates had been washed away by the sea.

Now a new peril awaited me. I was cut off by the tide! Between myself and safety were two small capes or "blackheads," and these were already far out in the sea. At first I had wild ideas of wading round them—I could not swim—but was uncertain of the depth of the water.

There was no hope for it; I was imprisoned in that small bay. I began to realise how foolish I had been in attempting to scale the cliff. I had not succeeded; I had lost the camera; and if I waited for the tide should not be home before the small hours of the morning. The only thing to do was to try to climb the cliff again.

The first twenty feet of the ascent was limestone rock, and then came the slippery grass, with here and there a little heather. I thought that perhaps it would be easier to tackle the grass in my stockinged feet, and contrived to get my boots off, but this only made matters worse. Suppose I were to drop my boots!

It was no good to attempt to climb in the usual way. There was no foothold possible, and all I could do was to scramble upon my hands and knees, clinging to the grass and heather as best I could.

I continued thus for nearly two hours, making very slow progress. I frequently looked down, but could not estimate the height I was at, and I seemed to get no nearer the top. What an atom I was on that vast, pitiless expanse! I knew that one false step now and I should certainly be killed outright; still, the hope of reaching the top buoyed me up and defeated in a large measure my fear, although I slipped and clutched again almost every minute.

When I was about, I suppose, half-way up, I looked round and saw the Minehead steamer in the bay far beneath me. I would have given all the world to have been on her! But it was no good wishing; I had to rest more often now, as my arms were getting cramped.

At last, after scrambling up a heap of road granite, I came to less steep ground and was fortunate enough to find a sheep path. I was safe.

Then, after twenty minutes' more stumbling, I reached a large field, still on the slope of the cliff. All of a sudden I caught a first glimpse of Countisbury Church. What a pleasant sight that was! I could scarcely believe my good luck. Had I managed after all to get to the top? Impossible! But here I was, sure enough. I looked back the way I came and shuddered to think of what my fate might have been. With my first feeling of exaltation was mingled the thought of what a terrible fool I had been.

On my return to London next day, I bought an old guide to Lynton and found in it an article warning inexperienced persons from attempting to climb the cliffs, and stating that the ascent was dangerous even for persons who were born to the work. I had climbed 997 ft. in a most perilous manner, purely for what I had thought would be "the fun of the thing"! I was extremely lucky not to have lost my life.

S. D. CAMERON

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MY NATIVE SERVANTS

By H. HERVEY

I HAVE already said something about "An Indian Garden" and "An Indian Compound"; both of which treated of birds, insects and varmints. For some time past I have intended sending along an article dealing with our native servants, who in their way form quite as amusing a study as the zoological denizens of garden and compound.

Remember, I am dealing with the Southern Presidency, so my exhibits are not criteria for all British India: fortuitous circumstances confine my remarks to Madrassis, who, when all is said and done, possess an individuality wanting in their *confrères* of Bengal and Bombay.

We will start with Abraham, our butler. He is a Roman Catholic convert, aged forty-two, short, stout, black as ink, and—*mirabile dictu*—absolutely honest and truthful. Long ago, before I retired home, Abraham—then a callow youth—entered our service, and remained in it six years, during which I believe he never cheated or lied to us. This—Bangalore—is his native place, and when I returned to India, in 1906, he voluntarily resigned a more lucrative berth to join us. He married while previously in our service, and now numbers no less than five olive branches. In spite of this heavy handicap, he chucked sixteen rupees a month for our twelve—the recollections of Auld Lang Syne were too powerful. In him we saw a faithful and dependable servitor, in us he recognised kind and appreciative employers; so we are mutually happy. He never drinks, he never cheats, he never uses a bad word, and he never lies. When on our return here I asked if he had learnt to smoke yet, he grinned and at once owned to the soft impeachment. This, mind you, when not one out of a thousand of his kind would make a similar confession. A recent Indian postal regulation forbids the pen-and-ink cancellation of stamps; so now the average messenger whom you may entrust with the posting of your letters is apt to remove the stamps *en route*, change the labels for discount cash, and spend the money in rice or ghee. Since Abraham rejoined us I charge him with my mail, confident that it will reach the post office intact. He possesses a fair knowledge of English, self-taught; he reads and writes it, though his colloquial is sometimes grotesquely amusing. I generally call him "Tumbi," or "little brother," an appellation bestowed when he first came to us as a youngster.

Mariamma, the *ayah* or lady's maid, is Abraham's elder sister and his contemporary in our service; pay, six rupees. She continued with us almost up to the day of our sailing for England, and when we came back, she gave us a joyous greeting, fell at our feet, and vowed that she had no greater ambition than to end her days under our roof. Needless to say, we re-engaged her on the spot. Old Mariamma is just as trustworthy, honest and truthful as her brother; but while he is calm and sedate, she is very peppery. Though always most respectful to us, she is a whole team and cross-dog added in her command of scathing Tamil; she is grand at scolding the other menials. Without using a naughty word, she speaks with a cutting sarcasm that simply doubles up the misdemeanant, who dare not urge a syllable in extenuation. When a servant dis-

THE CULPRIT WRITHED UNDER THE AYAH'S LINGUAL FLAGELLATION.

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pleases me, and I feel inclined to cuff or fine, I often go one better by summoning Mariamma and consigning the sinner to her tender mercies, whereupon she lets loose on the defaulter in a tirade so vehement and incisive that while I dance with appreciative delight, the culprit writhes under the *ayah's* lingual flagellation. She is cunning in the preparation of Oriental cookery, and frequently as we sit down to dinner she appears with a seraphic smile on her face and dumps down some spicy concoction, the main features of which are its fiery red-hotness from a superabundance of chili, and its circumambient sea of *ghee* or grease. Mariamma smokes, *sub rosa;* she will not blow the cloud in public. When with us first she smoked cigars, but I only recently discovered that she now uses a short clay cutty, a regular dudeen!

YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN HIM WHEN I SHOUTED.

Paliem, *alias* Kollappen, or "short-man," the cook; pay, ten rupees: a stunted, bamboo-coloured, monkey-faced chap of forty or so. He is a new servant, a pariah, and worships a certain god named Mooneeappaswamy. Paliem is void of all conscience, for he lies profusely, and cheats in the expense account. On the other hand, he is cleanly, cooks well, and does not "tope." When engaging him I asked if he smoked, adding that I had no objection to my people doing so. Immediately putting on a face of virtuous horror he replied, "No, sar; I never ishmoke; that bad; Irripin (European) gentilmans not like sarvant ishmoke, sar."

True, there does exist this prejudice among my countrymen out here, though I do not share in it; but I knew the fellow was lying, for every native in these parts smokes. So I watched, and sure enough I caught Master Kollappen one day puffing a short clay! You should have seen him when I shouted! The pipe disappeared as if by magic; he assumed an air of innocence, and obeyed my call.

"So you do smoke, Paliem?" I remarked.

"No, sar! I telling master bepore only I not doing."

"That is not true! Were you not smoking just this instant?"

"No, sar! I not telling lies, sar."

"That will do!" I rejoined angrily. "I shall fine you four annas—not for smoking, but for lying."

He did not like this; he hung his head for a moment, and then faltered, "Please, master, purrgive poor peller, sar. I got tomach-pain, so I asking that old *ayah* givee pipe and tabback, and I drinking little."

More untruths. I called Mariamma and said, "Did you lend Paliem your pipe and tobacco, *ayah?*"

"Why I lending, sar?" she indignantly retorted. "This pool always ishmoking. He got roan (own) pipe, he telling lies, sar!" and then, launching into Tamil, Mariamma gave the wretched Paliem a talking to that curled him up in no time! It was quite enough, so to soothe his troubled spirit I cancelled the fine and presented the crestfallen cook with an old briar.

Muddraymoothoo, or "Mr. Madura," the valet or dressing-boy: a lanky youth of seventeen, pay, seven rupees; a recent acquisition; black as Erebus, and a pariah. The suffix "Moothoo" is common among Tamils and, though meaning "Mister," is used indiscriminately by both sexes. Muddraymoothoo looks after the clothes, tidies the bedroom, and helps one to dress. True, he is a bit of an ass—presents one's socks turned wrong side out, mislays one's ties, creases one's garments, and—till we stopped it—he had a habit of spitting on one's black boots in the process of brushing them. He is trustworthy; that is to say, he does not pilfer, or wear any of my clothes on the sly; but he lies like a tooth-drawer when his interests are at stake. He is partial to *dolce far niente*, for when not working or gobbling his rice, he loves lying on his back in the blazing sun—asleep, or dreaming the happy hours away, thinking of next meal-time and next pay-day. When we engaged him he became downright offended at my asking if he smoked, averring by all the gods in the heathen pantheon that he knew not the noxious weed; and yet, shortly afterwards, I detected him luxuriating in a cigarette. He was mightily astonished when I slated him for his falsehood instead of his smoking.

On the first Sunday after Muddraymoothoo's installation in our household he asked leave for the night, as his grandfather was very ill. The request was granted, and in the morning he reported his aged relative to be better. The lad looked fishy about the gills; a sign, no doubt, of a night of vigil with his grandsire,

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for which we commended him in our hearts. The following Sunday the boy again asked for leave, saying that his "auntie" had bidden him to a family feed. He was allowed to go, and the next morning presented the same washed-out appearance; the outcome, we supposed, of guzzling and late hours. On the third Sunday he once more asked to go home; this time to see his brother, who had arrived from a far country. He went, and so on for several more Sundays, till finally our suspicions were aroused, and we insisted on knowing the real reason of his absences. After an immensity of cross-questioning on our part, and a world of lies on his, he confessed that he was a member of an all-night native theatre company which performed every Sunday night. When asked why he did not say so from the first, he replied that he feared we would refuse the leave, and had resorted to a tissue of lies as so many excuses for getting the night off!

"What do you do in the theatre?" I inquired.

"I singing peller, sar. I can do some moojik," he added, with returning confidence.

"What music?"

"Biddle only, sar," suiting action to word.

"You play the fiddle, do you? Up to what time?"

"Three—pour clack (four o'clock), sar."

HE ADDED HIS OWN VOICE TO THE TORTURE.

"What do you sing and play?"

"Any good Tamil song, sar."

Curious to hear what he could really do, we told him to fetch along his fiddle the following evening and give us a tune. After dinner he sheepishly made his appearance, fiddle in hand. The instrument was a regular gimcrack western imitation, made of light yellow wood, and coarsely stringed. With some pressing he struck up. The result was an ear-splitting, heart-breaking dissonance; and when on finishing a sort of prelude he added his own voice to the torture, chanting Tamil in a singularly raucous monotone, we hastily cut him short, and we do not intend calling on Muddraymoothoo to favour us with another specimen of his harmonic skill! He continues applying for Sunday night off—"to go theatre," as he now truthfully puts it.

Rajee, the matey (mate), or scullery-boy: a coppered-coloured young lout of fifteen or thereabouts; a pariah, on five rupees a month. Besides his ordinary duties of dish-washer, knife-rubber, boot-cleaner, &c., the chap will turn his hand to any mortal job with the greatest willingness. He is an excellent servant, but at the same time a most unblushing liar, the most unmitigated trickster, the most inveterate idler under the sun, and it is only because of his handiness that we still keep him. He performs his duties well; but those done, larking, idling, and telling monstrous lies are the alpha and omega of his existence. He and Muddraymoothoo are fast chums; both can read Tamil, and between them possess several song books from which, during their evening leisure, they croon out to each other in such an irritating undertone that I have been obliged to put a stop to their warbling.

At first I used to trust Rajee with my mail, and although I have no reason to believe that he ever purloined the stamps, yet he took such an unconscionable time over the errands that I decided to ascertain the cause. I myself could walk to and from the post office in twenty minutes, whereas Rajee would take more than an hour. A day or so after, I followed the boy. Close to the post office is an avenue of trees, at a spot where four roads meet, and in the shade squat several vendors of sugar-cane, monkey-nuts and fruit. Here congregate the young idlers and riff-raff from the surrounding *parcherries*, or pariah quarters, to gamble for coppers at marbles—a sort of pitch-and-toss, and a species of hop-scotch. The proprietors of the wayside "buffets" aforesaid encourage these gatherings, for the victors spend their winnings at them. These allurements must have been too strong for Rajee to resist; for, in the present instance, he dropped my letters into the box, and then gaily joined in the fun. This boy will do all he knows to get sent on errands to the bazaars or European shops. The latter journey I can do in an hour and a half; Rajee takes the best part of the day. He comes back primed with lies, which he expects us to swallow, and considers himself badly treated when down he goes in the fine-book.

On calling for him one day, he sneaked out from behind the outhouses, which are separated from the next compound by a low wall. A pink tube-like something peeped from the pocket of his skimpy jacket; he had not time

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to conceal the article, or he thought I'd not notice it.

"What are you doing behind there?" I sternly demanded.

"Powl (fowl) running, sar; that why I go driving."

Lies, for our few fowls were nowhere near.

"What have you in your pocket?"

"Kuller (coloured) paper only, sar."

"What for?"

"I making synee (Chinese) lantern por the kissi-miss (Christmas), sar."

"Show it here."

He saw the game was up, and began to whimper as he surrendered the "coloured paper," which proved to be a kaleidoscope—made in Germany, and imported by the million for the natives, who love these kind of things. As a matter of fact, Rajee had just returned from the bazaar, where he had bought the toy for two annas, and was exhibiting it to the next house boy when I called him. I threatened to confiscate the kaleidoscope, and fined him one anna for telling lies; but I might fine him for ever before he would cease to violate the truth at every conceivable turn.

Mariemoothoo, *alias* Mooreewee, the water-woman: a mud-coloured young pariah widow, on five rupees a month. Her name is composed of "Marie"—borrowed, no doubt, from the Christian converts—and "Moothoo" as already explained, a purely masculine suffix; so, literally, she is "Mr. Mary." I have therefore renamed her Mooreewee, as more conformable and not such a mouthful as her own cognomen. Her business is to fill our daily baths, water the garden, and keep the grounds tidy. She makes herself generally useful, while she spends her leisure, not after the manner of widows, in gid-gadding about, but in sitting with Mariamma, chewing betel-nut, discussing the price of rice and ghee, the hardness of the times, and calculating the interval that must elapse before next pay-day. She does not speak English; she is quiet, low-voiced, and respectable; but she can lie when it suits her. In common with the others, she vowed that she did not smoke, but we soon ascertained to the contrary. Water is laid on to taps at certain fixed points in the roads, and the nearest tap to us is a good two hundred yards from the house. Mooreewee makes the journey some twenty times a day, going light, and returning laden with a huge *chatty*, or earthenware pot, full of water, poised on her head. Some poet sings the grace exhibited by the Oriental woman when so burdened. I fail, however, to see it, in our specimen, at least. True, she performs a balancing feat of no mean order, but for the rest she strides along like any grenadier, and does not seem to care tuppence about her gait or carriage.

SHE STRIDES ALONG LIKE ANY GRENADIER.

Ramee, the scavenger or sweeper-woman: another widow, an old one, of the lowest caste; fairer complexioned than all the other servants, and drawing three rupees *per mensem*. She lives, gratis, in one of our outhouses. She lies delightfully and, what is more, occasionally indulges in a "dhrap of the craythur," when she forthwith becomes quarrelsome and starts an indiscriminate tongue-fight with her fellow-domestics. Otherwise she is a good old woman. Strange to say, Ramee boldly proclaimed herself a smoker; she regards as her perquisite the butts of our postprandial cigars which we throw out from the verandah on to the carriage-way. Well, till Mooreewee came, Ramee would prowl round to the front and yank every fag-end she could find, which, I discovered, she crammed into a clay and smoked. But Mooreewee also loves the weed, and seeing ends lying about, she set to poaching on Ramee's preserve. An encounter soon took place; they hurled endearments in choice Tamil at each other's heads, and I daresay it would have culminated in a scratch-match had I not bawled at them, and suggested a compromise to the effect that they should go shares in the booty. There have been no more rows since.

Narainswamy, *alias* Coopah, the *kâkâ-pyen* or crow-boy: a brown pariah imp of about ten; only son of Mooreewee; pay, one and a half rupees a month. His grandiloquent name of Narainswamy means "The Lord God," and as this by no means fits his personality, I call him Coopah, or "rubbish-heap." His duties

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are to hang about the detached bungalow where I write, and keep off crows, squirrels, and any other bird or beast that may come round.

I resolved on moving here to adopt drastic measures for the suppression of the bird-and-beast nuisance; so I instituted a live scarecrow; and my experience of them has indeed been varied. Boy the first was far from cleanly; he wouldn't do. Boy the second stole the catapult I had armed him with, and swore that a crow had flown away with it; he went. Boy the third persisted on penetrating to the scullery and licking the dinner plates; I told him to "git." Boy the fourth actually had the cheek to threaten a strike unless we supplied him with hoppers (rice cakes) and coffee of mornings; I let him strike. Coopah is the best hitherto, as yet he has not developed any of the above-named proclivities. From being a crow-boy, I am gradually training him to be useful in other respects, and if he was not such an incorrigible liar he would be right enough. He has established a wholesome funk in birds and varmints; he dusts and tidies my rooms, and is very wide awake against the inroads of white ants which abound here.

MY "WORKROOM," WITH COOPAH ON THE LOOK-OUT FOR CROWS.

THE AUTHOR TYPING A "TIGER" YARN FOR "THE CAPTAIN."

But the little heathen has his faults, in addition to his mendacity. He is fond of slipping away to the kitchen and outhouses, to indulge in a surreptitious game of play with Muddraymoothoo or Rajee. He generally seizes the opportunity when he hears me at my Remington, for he knows that I will be busy for a long while. He has done this fifty times, and I am always informed of his truancy by an outburst of din from the birds and beasts. He has ever been ready with some lying excuse. I have punished him, by taps with a rattan on the hands, I have fined him, but all to no purpose. Time and again have Abraham and Mariamma chivvied him and driven him back to his post, but still he would go. At last, I procured a small brass jinglet, and this I had tied round his waist, to be worn all day; so, as he dare not take it off while on duty, he cannot absent himself without my being aware of the fact. But even this contrivance does not circumvent him at all points.

TALL SCORING "DOWN UNDER"

In our June number we recorded the fact that Wesley College, Melbourne, Victoria, Australia had put up the record score for a school match of 710 runs. This record appears to have had a very short life, for in a match between the Sydney Grammar School and the Sydney Church of England Grammar School, played March 19 to 22, Sydney Grammar School compiled 916 runs in one innings, thus beating the previous record by 206 runs. This suggests that there must have been something wrong with the bowling of the Sydney Church of England Grammar School, who were defeated by an innings and 519 runs. Of this stupendous total E. P. Barbour made 356 and F. M. Farrar 229. We are indebted to "Old Sydneian Captainite" for this interesting item.

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THE INVENTIONS OF BROWN

By C. B. DIGNAM

NO. VI.—RAISING THE WIND

I

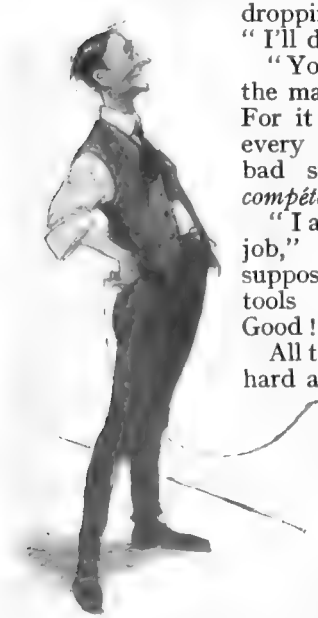
IT was whilst staying with Jones and Farmer Tuffin at a big seaside hotel early in August that Brown, of the mechanical eye, discovered that an extremely large electric fan in the dining-room was not working. A waiter told him it was out of order.

Brown remained for some time in a study worthy of his name, and at length approached the hotel manager, a stout Frenchman.

"Hey, mossoo le directeur," he observed—for he loved to air his school-boy French—"what about le fan? Pourquoi n'allez pas?"

"She have stuck," said the manager, with a shrug of his broad shoulders. "I do now send for *l'électricien* to mend."

"Don't bother about that," replied Brown, dropping into broad Saxon, "I'll do it."



HE SMILED BROADLY AS HE DEVISED SOMETHING THAT LOOKED LIKE A GRAMOPHONE TRUMPET.

"You will do?" exclaimed the manager. "Ah, bon!" For it meant a saving, and every little helps in these bad summers. "You are *compétent*—hein?"

"I am the boy for the job," grinned Brown. "I suppose you've got all the tools in the motor-shed? Good! I'll start right away."

All that day Brown worked hard at the electric fan, but his craze for inventing would not let him just mend, he must needs add to it.

Possibly it was Jones' suggestion that they should have some fun that had set Brown thinking, for he smiled broadly as he devised something that looked like a gramophone trumpet, and substituted in place of the original blades of the fan others of his own design. Then again (for Brown really is a very clever chap) he altered the motor, so that it would develop about six times the power it had previously given.

By dinner time that evening he had completed his work on the fan—one of the wall type, working in a recess—and for his own convenience carried the switch to within a foot of the table he had engaged.

Dinner had not been long in progress when a tall, pale, long-haired individual, sitting at the table near that occupied by the friends, began to talk about ghosts.

"Yes, ma'am," he remarked to a nervous-looking lady on his right, "I am an expert, though I say it myself. Yes, my hobby is ghosts. I have made them a life-study."

"Oh, Mr. Gonzarko Hawkins, and aren't you frightened by them?" asked an impressionable maiden opposite.

"Frightened?"—the man's laugh shook the electrolier—"that's too funny!"

At this moment Brown put his hand out and switched on the fan. Immediately there drifted upon the warm air a long and drawn-out wail.

Gathering in volume and in intensity as the fan swept round, it filled the room with its painfully human note, to die away as Brown gently switched off.

One lady gave a little scream; everybody looked startled; even the ghost-expert was momentarily disturbed. However, a few moments later he was talking away as confidently as ever about his experiences with ghosts.

"I'll ghost him!" muttered the inventor, and he again pressed down the little lever.

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An ear-piercing scream, apparently coming from nowhere, arose on the instant, accompanied by a blast of wind that blew a passing waiter down the room at a run.

The man tried his utmost to avoid one of the tables, but it was not to be.

One of the startled guests hurriedly jumped up and clasped him. He, too, crashed down and overturned the table. Then up went the cloth, and sailed about the room in the breeze, till it wrapped itself tightly round the manager's head.

What with the manager running blindly about, muffled threats percolating through the cloth, the electrolier rivalling the pictures in swaying to and fro, and the two struggling men on the floor adding to the general disorder, things were getting lively.

Farmer Tuffin roared again and again, slapping his leg with glee as he wiped his eyes.

"Oh! Oh!" he gasped, rolling about. "Did yer see that there feller" (referring to the distracted manager) "barge into the table? Now he's trod on the beef. Look, see him fall over! Turn it off quick, or I'll die!"

Jones cut out the current as the farmer had requested, and the uproar ceased.

When they had unwrapped the manager, Jones wished to start the fan again, but Brown begged him to give them a rest, as he thought every one had had enough excitement for one night.

I think the affair would have rested there if the manager of the hotel hadn't insisted on making a speech. He mounted a chair and addressed the crowded room.

"Ladies and zhentleman," he began, "I haf to apologise vor der noise dat has disturbed your meals. I will inquiry make——"

So far and no farther, for at that moment Tuffin, who had been tilting back his chair, fell against the wall and tore the switch away from the wire, but at the same time started the fan. An unearthly howl was emitted as the motor fairly sprang into life with a jerk; then, as it warmed up to its work, a series of heart-rending yelps floated down a thirty-knot gale.

The Frenchman was hurled from his position by a sort of vicious cyclone, caring nothing for his heavy weight, and deposited with a crash against the opposite wall.

Released from a controlling hand, the patent "gramofan" shrieked itself into an ecstasy of rage, seeming to say in its savage little mechanical heart, "For once I will show these puny mortals what the wizard of wind can do."

And it did! Every second the furious blast increased in fury and in force, tearing pictures from the walls and people from their seats. Not being able to escape—some delicate lady, complaining of "the draught," having caused all the windows to be closed—the wind circled round the room in a sort of aerial waterspout, taking everything movable with it. It was surprising what heavy things it shifted.

Brown, Jones, and the farmer had to hold on to their table for dear life, although, being at a corner, they were out of the fiercest blast.

Round and round went the distracted people, who simply couldn't resist the current, the manager leading the crowd in a kind of obstacle race. There were water-jumps (claret cup), high jumps, long jumps, over the sticks (one man failed at this; he was left suspended on an overturned table-leg), and every conceivable idea for giving people trouble.

"Ladies and zhentleman—" howled the manager, but at that moment a cruet took him in the wind, and he dropped with a moan on to a bald-headed fish-merchant who was clutching desperately at a window curtain. They both became enmeshed in the heavy folds of the curtain, which came down with a run, and Tuffin nearly turned purple with glee as he saw them bowling over the tables at sixteen knots an hour.

"Help!" cried an infuriated Indian Army colonel, as he floated by with a pale young architect attached to his coat-tails. "I'll give ten pounds to any one who'll get me out of——"

At that moment an orange hit him in the eye, and in his agony he turned and smote the young architect on the head. Finally, they shot under a table, reappearing immediately on the other side quite as if they were taking part in a harlequinade. This time the architect was hitting the colonel.

Next a maiden lady who must have weighed quite eighteen stone shot by Brown and his friends with her hands in the hair of a shrieking Neapolitan waiter. It was the nearest she had ever been to a proposal.

The gale blew steadily on.

They heard the noise down at the "Fisherman's Joy." The seafaring men turned out in full force and rushed up to see what was the cause of it.

It was the time to see the strenuous life.

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Ex-President Roosevelt's heart would have rejoiced to see fat and elderly people leap like two-year-olds over the tops of overturned tables, accompanied by a very cloud of napkins, table-cloths and table-centres, to say nothing of soup-plates, pictures and menus. It was a quaint sight.

From their corner our three friends enjoyed the affair, except that every now and then a stray soup-plate or two, a picture, or a

ON SHRIEKED THE FAN.

flower-vase would get out of the circus and land with a bang near them.

On shrieked the fan. So did the wind, so did the wretched people; but, like the brook, the fan went on for ever. It sobbed like a heart-broken child, roared like a bull, moaned away into nothing, and then screamed with eerie laughter, as if all the gods in Olympus were delighted at the fearful trouble it was causing.

Jones shouted to the farmer. "Look out man, mind this chap."

The farmer removed his leg too late, and one individual, pirouetting round like a dervish out to break a record, whirled by and clutched his foot. To save himself, Mr. Tuffin grasped Jones, and they were hauled into the vortex. Only Brown was safe, and he jammed himself deep in the corner and watched with glistening eyes.

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The three men rolled for a few yards along the floor till they brought up against a table. Then they broke away. Jones, being the lightest and the most active, soon distanced the others. As he swept by, Brown lugged out his stop-watch and pressed the stop. On Jones completing one round of the obstacle race, Brown yelled, "18⅖. Not bad. Do it in fifteen this time, old man!"

But Jones had no intention of "circling the circ" all night, and, noticing a kind of door high up in the wall, he edged his way towards it. When he got there he held on.

It was the lift from the kitchen. Good. Why not open this and swarm down the rope to safety?

Even as he raised the sliding-door, the dark shape of the manager, sucked out of the circle by the sudden rush of air down the shaft, brushed his shoulder. With a panther-like bound, and in a trice, the Frenchman had vanished! Jones had to fight hard to save himself from being sucked down after the manager, but succeeded in remaining where he was.

Not so the others, for, tired as they were—and Brown has calculated that the limit-men had covered seventeen miles at high pressure—they were powerless to stop. Down they went.

Nobody sustained much damage, except, perhaps, the manager, who hadn't had time to get out of the shaft. Soon there was no more room. But, this side-show silenced, the circus in the dining-room still went on.

The fan had gone crazy, whirling round at a miraculous speed. It was a wonder that the motor had any bearings left. Indeed, the speed and the vibration were so great that some of the brickwork round the fan casing had become loosened and two bricks fell into the room.

A stamping in the hall outside announced the arrival of the hardy mariners from the "Joy"—reinforced by half the town and six policemen.

The fan worked itself up to a final effort. Never in all that awful evening had the shrieks and groans of the machine been so terrible. The same could have been said of the racers!

The wind whistled and howled round the room in demoniacal fury, tearing the paper wholesale from the walls. The electrolier had gone long ago, and was now waltzing with a panting Swiss lady. Then the door, having withstood the draught as long as it could, gave it up as a bad job, and was wrenched off its hinges, only to career round with the other objects (for the people *were* objects now). The gap caused a fearful suction, and the crowd outside in the hall were swept in as one man to join the merry whirling throng.

It was almost impossible to see, for only a few wall lights remained, but every one raced round, impelled by the roaring blast. It was "go as you please," with the light-weights doing two laps to the heavy-weights' one.

The fan, attaining the limit of its speed, raised the most fiendish scream it is possible to imagine. Then, with a crash and a snap, the supporters broke, worn out with the strain, and the entire mechanism, casing and all, left the shelter of the recess and streaked like a rocket across the room, smashing itself to smithereens on the opposite wall. Out went the lights and, at the same time, the glass in the windows, followed by a good many of the people.

The breeze died slowly down, save where little eddies and swirls tossed napkins and pieces of torn clothing about. Those who had originally started the roundabout remained where they had been blown, refusing to move for any one.

"No," they groaned, "we stay where we are. We are far too tired to move. But fetch us some Elliman's."

Brown and Jones assisted the moaning farmer from underneath an overturned table, and carried him into the billiard room, where he collapsed into a big chair and promptly fell asleep.

The next day they returned to London, and then home to Dulston.

"I see," grinned Jones, as they rolled out of King's Cross, "that the little affair has made quite a stir. Seen the papers?"

"Don't want to know anything more about it," snarled the farmer, closing his eyes resolutely.

THE END.

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LITERARY MEN OF THE MONTH

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON

WHEN next you go to the Tate Gallery linger rather longer than usual opposite the picture entitled *Dr. Johnson in the ante-room of Lord Chesterfield, waiting for an Audience*, 1748 by the late E. M. Ward, R.A. There sits the learned doctor, then but thirty-nine years of age and well acquainted with Grub Street and semi-starvation, having already walked round St. James's Square all night, with that vagabond poet, Savage, for lack of a lodging. He is dressed in his eternal suit of brown homespun —knee-breeches, worsted stockings, deep flapper waistcoat, inked ruffles —and the popinjays in the great nobleman's ante-room, the little nobodies who fondly imagine that fine feathers make fine birds, the ephemera that dance and glitter in the sunshine of a rich man's smile, openly scorn him. Even the flunkeys look at him askance. But how well the artist has caught the learned lexicographer's expression of patient impatience, of tolerant superiority, of conscious worth! The picture might have been humourously called "A Fish out of Water."

SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL.D.
Born September 18, 1709.

Now mark the sequel. It came seven years later and constitutes one of the landmarks of literature. If you should ever be asked which is the finest letter in the English language you may quote this: "Seven years, my Lord, have now passed, since I waited in your outward rooms, or was repulsed from your door; during which time I have been pushing on my work through difficulties, of which it is useless to complain, and have brought it, at last, to the verge of publication, without one act of assistance, one word of encouragement, or one smile of favour. Such treatment I did not expect, for I never had a Patron before. Is not a Patron, my Lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and, when he has reached ground, encumbers him with help? The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labours, had it been early, had been kind; but it has been delayed till I am indifferent, and cannot enjoy it; till I am solitary, and cannot impart it; till I am known, and do not want it. I hope it is no very cynical asperity, not to confess obligations where no benefit has been received, or to be unwilling that the Publick should consider me as owing that to a Patron which Providence has enabled me to do for myself.

"Having carried on my work thus far with so little obligation to any favourer of learning, I shall not be disappointed though I should conclude it, if less be possible, with less; for I have been long wakened from that dream of hope in which I once boasted myself with so much exultation."

The work upon which Dr. Johnson had been engaged during these seven years was his great Dictionary — really the first English dictionary worthy the name. It was a truly colossal task to be carried through single-handed, but this "literary colossus," as he has been fitly called, not only did it, but did it well. In one respect at least it excels any similar work ever published. A dictionary is a synonym for dulness, and yet Johnson's is one of the most entertaining books in existence. Many of his definitions show his likes and dislikes, and several are autobiographical. He defines the word "lexicographer," for instance, as "A writer of dictionaries, a harmless drudge."

Much has been made of Johnson's bearish temper, but whilst it is impossible to deny that he had often very little thought for the feelings of another and allowed himself to say the most sarcastic things, yet he had a real talent for friendship. He once said to Sir Joshua Reynolds, the great painter whose

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portrait of the Doctor is one of the treasures of the National Collection, "A man, Sir, should keep his friendship in constant repair." And Johnson did. He was one of the kindest, most truly unselfish men whom history records, and numberless stories might be told of his self-denying charity when he was himself as poor as a church mouse.

One of the best of the Johnson stories is that which connects him with that lovable spendthrift and true man of genius, Oliver Goldsmith. This incident is related quite inimitably by the Doctor himself. He says: "I received one morning a message from poor Goldsmith that he was in great distress, and, as it was not in his power to come to me, begging that I would come to him as soon as possible. I sent him a guinea, and promised to come to him directly. I accordingly went as soon as I was dressed, and found that his landlady had arrested him for his rent, at which he was in a violent passion. I perceived that he had changed my guinea, and had a bottle of Madeira and a glass before him. I put the cork into the bottle, desired he would be calm, and began to talk to him of the means by which he might be extricated. He then told me he had a novel ready for the press, which he produced to me. I looked at it, and saw its merit; told the landlady I should soon return; and, having gone to a bookseller, sold it for sixty pounds. I brought Goldsmith the money, and he discharged his rent, not without rating his landlady in a high tone for having used him so ill." That novel was Goldsmith's immortal work, over which many generations have laughed and cried, "The Vicar of Wakefield." But how well the simple story displays Johnson's friendliness and helpful tolerant spirit!

Every street in the vicinity of THE CAPTAIN offices is associated with Johnson. Fleet Street, with its pleasant friendly roar of vehicles over the cobble stones, he loved best of all, and his house in Bolt Court, number eight, is the one which is most generally associated with him.

But, though he died in Bolt Court, he lived at earlier periods in the Temple, and in Bow Street long before it had any connection with the Black Maria. He also inhabited a lofty garret in Exeter Street when he first left his native Lichfield with his pupil Garrick, and there he lived at the extravagant rate of fourpence halfpenny a day!

Johnson was one of the best talkers who ever lived, and he has had the inestimable advantage of having his conversation reported by that king of biographers, James Boswell. Of "Boswell's Life of Johnson" Lord Macaulay wrote: "Homer is not more decidedly the first of heroic poets, Shakespeare is not more decidedly the first of dramatists, Demosthenes is not more decidedly the first of orators, than Boswell is the first of biographers. He has no second. He has distanced all his competitors so decidedly that it is not worth while to place them."

In this great book you can go to that famous club held at the Turk's Head, Gerrard Street, Soho, and hear Oliver Goldsmith talk about poetry, listen to Sir Joshua Reynolds discoursing upon art, and Burke, the great orator, upon political philosophy, and laugh consumedly at Garrick's jokes and wonderful mimicry. But, when all is done, Johnson is the uncrowned monarch of that distinguished company. His wit, his humour, his rapier-like swiftness of repartee, his anecdote for every occasion, his inexhaustible knowledge of literature and life, his many peculiarities—his twitching, and grunting and puffing and blinking—were all inimitable and wonderful. He was a thoroughly clubable man.

And when he was dying in his bedroom at Bolt Court all the members of the club came one by one to bid the sage adieu. It was then that Reynolds promised him that he would read the Bible, and never paint any more on Sundays. The greatest doctors of the land attended him and refused fee or reward. Burke went weeping out of his presence, and pretty Fanny Burney stood crying at his door.

There is no other human being who was born two hundred years ago who is so well known to us. Very few people read "Rasselas, the Prince of Abyssinia," even in these days of classical reprints. Fewer still perhaps read "The Rambler" or the poem entitled "London," which made the Doctor's fame; his *Lives of the Poets* are full of his personal prejudices, though they are models of style, while the great dictionary is practically obsolete. Yet the old philosopher's name is a household word. We are keeping the bicentenary of his birth with due reverence. And why? Mainly because he was a good man as well as a great man. The man who stood bare-headed in the rain for hours in Lichfield market place, taking no notice of the curiosity or derision of the passer-by, in order to do penance for a long-ago act of disloyalty to his dead father, is not the type of Englishman which the race easily forgets.

A. B. C.

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Nature's Mysteries

By F. ST. MARS

NATURALISTS have written and rewritten, and men discussed many times over the inwardness and the outwardness of our wild creatures, and the public believe there is nothing left to find out. Lest there be any misunderstanding, therefore, let a few bald instances suffice to show that we are still greatly in the dark about many of Nature's mysteries.

The water-vole, whose other and popular name is water-rat, possesses the power, instinct, sense, or whatever it please you to call it, to foretell flood. He constructs his burrows by river or stream-side, one hole above water and one below, as you know. But he—and especially she — constructs also —and this you may not know —another burrow high up in the bank, four feet, or it may be five or six, above normal high-water mark, which is against flood.

We have observed a doe water-rat conveying, not without effort, her helpless offspring to the number of four across a stream twenty feet wide. Inspection showed that she removed her young separately, from a burrow a foot above the water to one on the opposite and higher bank, five feet above the stream level. That is nothing? No, but within twelve hours there was a flood, resulting from storms in the hills, and the water rose four feet. Now, how on earth did that little beast know what was coming?

Take another and more familiar mystery. Rats will remove eggs, without breaking them, from almost anywhere to anywhere. We have known them take eggs not only up a perpendicular wall, but actually down the other side, and the shells were without a crack afterwards. We have also known them remove eggs from a shelf eight feet from the ground. Wonderful also was the work of a rat which stole cart-grease hung by a string from a beam in the roof of a cart-shed. No man knows how these miracles are accomplished.

The stoat and the weasel fascinate small birds into such a state of frenzied excitement that they actually come down from safe perches, swearing and fluttering, till they are within reach, and—well, they do not go back again. It remains for some keen-brained person to explain this uncanny phenomenon—which is also practised upon rabbits—and to explain more especially, which is the greater marvel, why the chaffinch, more than any other bird, seems susceptible to this deadly power on the stoat's part.

THE STOAT AND THE WEASEL FASCINATE SMALL BIRDS.

Another puzzle that we have, as yet, failed to "get at," is not so much the fact that the vixen with cubs leaves no scent for hounds to follow—though that is wonder enough for all time—but how this suppressing of a most obnoxious effluvium is accomplished.

The bird world also holds some strange, unravelled, and almost uncanny mysteries for the naturalist to reveal. One would like to know, for example, how the guillemot, the razorbill and the puffin, smallish black-and-white diving birds which nest high up in cliffs, get their young down to the water. Some say they carry their babies down on their backs, others that they hold them between their thighs—as does the woodcock when removing her young—but the very fact that every one has his own opinion proves our ignorance. The same mystery enshrouds the wild-duck, moorhen, and green sandpiper, all of which nest in trees upon occasion, but certainly leave the nest long before their youthful family can fly a foot.

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It would not be without interest, also, to know why it pleases the nightjar, the bird which fills the summer evenings with an indescribable "churring" cry to leave about on the ground one of her marbled eggs. You will find these stray eggs in the middle of a path through a wood, or across a common or just anywhere you please. The official number of eggs allowed to the nightjar is two, never more, laid on the ground. Yet the stray egg one finds is dropped, just dropped, always in a conspicuous place, with no notion of putting it even in a hollow for nesting, and evidently no notion, either, of sitting upon it. Apparently this egg has been lost by its owner and never found again. One would expect the bird to be especially careful about her treasures, since she has so few, and not to squander them about the landscape in this promiscuous fashion.

A RAZOR-BILL AND HER YOUNG.

Perhaps the greatest mystery connected with our birds is the one just brought to notice, we believe, by ourselves. There is a bird which flies about the night-sky, crying in a loud and unmistakable voice "Kek-kek," and no one knows what it is. It has never been heard in daylight, but it is frequent both in summer and winter, though more so, we think, in winter, and it is common everywhere. We have heard it above crowded cities, small towns and villages; over fields, in woods, by the sad lone sea, among hills, in the warm, still heart of dales, and on lonely wind-whipped islands, have we noted it. Everywhere, in fact, this bird or gnome, or ghost, or spook, or whatever the owner of that cry is, seems to be found in no small numbers, and yet—and yet—we, with all our boasted knowledge, cannot give it a name.

As a final and most extraordinary example may be mentioned the case of the knot, a small, plover-like shore bird, common enough round England in winter, and seen often in large numbers. Now, no one knows where the knot nests, or what its eggs are like; neither the one nor the other has ever been seen by mortal man.

NATURE'S LESSONS UNLEARNT

(*With apologies to "Rugbeian" in the June Number*)

"I CANNOT think," so mused the sun, "when earth is turning west,
Why people living there should say that *I* am taking rest!
I wish (for nature knowledge now 'tis fash'nable to thirst),
They'd learn, ere libelling me so,
The truth about me first!"

"They say of me," dron'd out the bee, "I home to 'peace' return
(Tho' where's the 'peace' in such a buzz, *I* never can discern),
And call me 'busy bee' because for honey I'm athirst,
To sting them hard for such remarks
Will be my duty first!"

"The sun ne'er 'rests' nor bee finds 'peace'?"
(Mere man his couch had sought,
But ev'ry time he closed his eyes came back this startling thought.)
"I think," sighed he, "in nature's ways, to be far better vers'd
(Before again such things I say)
Will be my duty first!"

"NATURALIS."

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COMPETITIONS FOR SEPTEMBER

Last day for sending in, September 18. (*Foreign and Colonial Readers, October 18.*)

NOTICE.—At the top of the first page the following particulars must be clearly written, thus:

Competition No. —— Class —— Name —— Address —— Age ——.

Competitors may enclose their attempts for the various competitions IN ONE COVERING ENVELOPE, but each attempt must be put in a separate envelope, inside the covering one plainly marked with the number of the competition and class.

Letters to the Editor should not be sent with competitions.

We trust to your honour to send in unaided work.

Pages should be connected with paper-fasteners, not pins.

Write only on one side of the paper.

COUPONS.—In order to ensure that those who compete for our prizes are actual purchasers of the magazine, we require all competitors to affix to their competitions the coupons which will be found on an advertisement page. A coupon is provided for each competition. Please use paste, gum, or paper-fasteners for attaching these coupons to the paper.

The coupons may be used by the same competitor for other competitions than those for which they are numbered.

HONOURABLE MENTIONS. Any competitor who has been honourably mentioned twelve times may apply for a Certificate of Merit.

Address covering envelope: "Competitions for September" THE CAPTAIN, Southampton Street, Strand, London, W.C.

All competitions should reach us by September 18.

The results will be published in the November number.

AGE RULE: A Competitor may enter for (say) an age limit 21 competition, so long as he has not actually turned 22. The same rule applies to the other age limits.

In every case the final decision lies with the Editor, who cannot enter into correspondence with unsuccessful competitors.

No. 1.—**"Jumble Sentence."**—Compose a sentence not exceeding thirty words from the titles of stories, articles, essays, and poems, &c. in this number. Prizes: Three "Matchless" Footballs by Cook's Athletic Co., Ltd. (See Prizes page.)

Class I. . . Age limit: Twenty-five.
Class II. . . . Age limit: Eighteen.
Class III. . . Age limit: Fourteen.

No. 2.—**"Photographic Competition."**—Send a photograph taken on your holidays. Photographs must be original, *i.e.*, not copied from the work of others. Neatness in mounting will be taken into consideration. Prizes: Goods to the value of 7*s.* 6*d.* from the catalogue of John Piggott, Ltd.

Class I. . . Age limit: Twenty-five.
Class II. . . Age limit: Eighteen.
Class III. . . Age limit: Fourteen.

No. 3.—**"Pictorial Competition."**—A prize of Ten Shillings will be awarded for the best comic black-and-white sketch submitted, and Five Shillings will be paid for every other sketch we use. Competitors should bear in mind that the sketches sent in for this competition will be used in our autumn and winter numbers, so that they should be as seasonable as possible. The "*jokes*" *must not be copied from other papers.* We should also be pleased to consider sketches suitable for our covers—in red and blue or red and black. Only original work must be submitted.

No age limit.

No. 4.—**"School Notes."**—A prize of Five Shillings will be awarded for the best paragraph (not exceeding 200 words) dealing with school life. Each paragraph should bear a *nom-de-plume* for publication. Half a Crown will be paid for those we print. Photographs dealing with school life will be paid for at the same rate.

No age limit.

No. 5.—**"The Twelve Best Pictures in Volume XXI."**—Tell us what you consider to be the twelve best illustrations (not photos) in the volume which is concluded with this number. State the number of the page on which the picture is to be found, and write down the "underline" (*i.e.*, the words under the picture). Prizes: Three Boxes of Water-Colours by George Rowney and Co. (See Prizes page.)

Class I. . . No age limit.
Class II. . . Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class III. . . Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 6.—**"Twelve Best Short Stories in Volume XXI."**—Send a list of what you consider to be the twelve best short stories in the volume which is concluded with this number. A short story is a story which is completed in one number. We shall forward to the author of the story which tops the list Volume XXI. suitably inscribed. Prizes: Three "Brownie" Kodaks. (See Prizes page.)

Class I. . . No age limit.
Class II. . . Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class III. . . Age limit: Sixteen.

FOREIGN AND COLONIAL READERS are invited to compete in all competitions. In their case the time limit is extended to October 18, Australian readers being allowed one month longer. By "Foreign and Colonial" we refer to readers living outside Europe. There will be no age limit. One prize of 5*s.* will be awarded to the sender of the best entry in each competition. Envelopes should be marked: "Foreign and Colonial September Competitions."

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SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, LONDON.

Our Coloured Plate.—On the back of our frontispiece you will find particulars of the coloured plate we are giving away with our October number. The picture, *How Bobs Won the V.C.*, has been specially painted for THE CAPTAIN, and is remarkable for the action the artist has managed to get into the limited space at his disposal, the plate being about the size of THE CAPTAIN when open. The detail of it is also noteworthy, Mr. Woodville being one of the first authorities on military uniforms of any period, and another commendable feature is the fidelity with which Mr. Woodville has painted the standard which young Lieutenant Roberts rescued in so gallant a fashion. We shall send a copy of our October number to Lord Roberts, V.C., and no doubt the veteran's heart will be stirred by this vigorous representation of one of the deeds which won him world-wide glory.

VOL. XXII

COLOURED SUPPLEMENT

HOW BOBS WON THE V.C.

By R. CATON WOODVILLE

PSMITH, JOURNALIST

HIS ADVENTURES IN NEW YORK

BY P. G. WODEHOUSE

MENNAN

OR TALES OF A BORDER LAD

By JOHN SMELLIE MARTIN

THE CONFESSIONS OF A TENDERFOOT

NARRATING THE EXPERIENCES OF TWO YOUNG RANCHERS IN THE FAR WEST

By RALPH STOCK

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*"'**It** would ill beseem me, Comrade Jackson,' said Psmith, thoughtfully sipping his coffee, 'to run down the metropolis of a great and friendly nation, but candour compels me to state that New York is in some respects a singularly blighted town.'"*

Such is the first utterance of Psmith in Mr. Wodehouse's new serial, in which this favourite CAPTAIN character reappears in the rather unexpected guise of a sub-editor on a New York paper. He goes to Cambridge with Mike Jackson and accompanies the latter on a cricket tour in the States. Finding time hanging on his hands, he takes advantage of an opportunity to enter a newspaper office—and things begin to hum! Mr. Wodehouse has been in the States all the summer, and is making quite a name over there as a humourist. He has found time, however, to write us a yarn that is not only exceedingly funny, but full of incident and neat little touches descriptive of American life and character. There is an office-boy in the tale, a cleverly drawn type of the sharp American youth, who is always amusing when he is on the scene, and there is a pugilist whom Psmith assists in "making a match." The author also takes us into New York slum-land, and there we see the hooligan with his teeth bared. I think Mr.

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Wodehouse has done well to broaden his mind and study new scenes and new characters by paying this long visit to America. Anyhow, one result of it will be that every CAPTAIN reader will be happy next month.

This is the only serial in our new volume, and in view of that fact I shall give a good long chunk of it every month. I have, however, been fortunate in securing an excellent series called "MENNAN, or Tales of a Border Lad." I like to mix up the goods in my shop window as much as possible—it is a sixpenny window, you know!—and one could not have a greater contrast than these tales will be to Mr. Wodehouse's efforts. "Mennan" is the son of a Scotch gamekeeper, and we see him at work and play. There is plenty of excitement, and each tale is built round an excellent plot. The series is valuable if only for the absolutely accurate painting of Border character. Here we have no sugary sentiment, but real life studies. Finally, our older readers in particular will appreciate the finished style in which these stories are written. The author, Mr. John Smellie Martin, whose work is already familiar to you, is a man who is going to make a name for himself.

P. J. BUCKLEY.
Captain of Cricket, St. Paul's School.

Yes! well assorted are the goods in the window I have been stocking for your winter recreation, for a third feature will consist of "The Confessions of a Tenderfoot," which tells how two young Englishmen start a ranch in the Far West, and of the vicissitudes they experience. These are by Mr. Ralph Stock, who is actually employed on a ranch in America, and did this bit of writing while he was over here on a sort of furlough. Heaps of people are interested in life in the Far West, and this series will give them a truthful idea of how things go in that rough-and-ready country. They are not tales, but very breezily written descriptive articles.

"Flight" is the subject on everybody's lips just now. If one man can make a flying-machine and cross the Channel, there is no reason why in a short time there should not be a hundred who are capable of doing it. Monoplane and aeroplane building might even become a feature of instruction at public schools; in fact, at one or two schools aviation is already being taught. It is no doubt a most fascinating science, and I can imagine nothing more exhilarating than the best aviators in a school taking a home-made monoplane out on experimental trial trips over the cricket or football ground. There is no doubt that this will come along in time, and we are going to take time by the forelock and have some good articles on the subject. It is rather difficult to find men who can write competently on "flight," but the man we get will be a top-sawyer on wing-travel.

Mr. M. P. Castle, as explained in the interview we publish with him, will make

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his bow next month, and from his fifty years' experience young philatelists ought to gather a heap of knowledge and sound advice. The best way of getting what you want is to ask for it, so don't be chary in writing and stating the kind of subjects you would be pleased to see treated in Mr. Castle's "Corner."

Such is my autumn stock-taking, and I hope you'll all like the goods in my sixpenny window, come October.

"Rhyming Competition."—Quite a large variety of subjects were covered by the couplets submitted in this competition, in which readers were asked to take a line, or part of a line, from our pages, and supply another of their own composition to rhyme with it. The Test matches were a popular theme. For instance :

England's Test team :
Not her best team.

while the opinion of all was probably voiced by

Sometimes it is advisable to block,
But at Old Trafford, Englishmen, please knock !

THE CAPTAIN itself supplied subject-matter for a number of rhymes, of which the following is a selection :

"Captain" Competition Prizes.
Glad surmises ! Sad surprises !

"Can I join the CAPTAIN Club ?"
Yes, you can, and there's no sub.

Remote indeed must be the place
Which of THE CAPTAIN sees no trace.

He made his way straight for the open door.
Bask, like his master, cannot stand a bore.

If you cannot get on with "Westward Ho !"
Then stick to THE CAPTAIN, don't you know !

We trust to your honour to send in unaided work.
Let not white lies among your efforts lurk.

Our advertisements too, were not overlooked by competitors, as witness :

The "Roman" Rims have no weak places.
They are the best for cycle races.

Record Packet No. 4.—
They've never been so good before.

Cycle camping and scouting—
An "Ajax" : a good outing !

As a helping hand in your career
The I. C. S. is ever near.

THE RUGBY EIGHT AT BISLEY. WINNERS OF ASHBURTON SHIELD, 1909.
Photo. Gale and Polden.

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A miscellaneous assortment to conclude with:

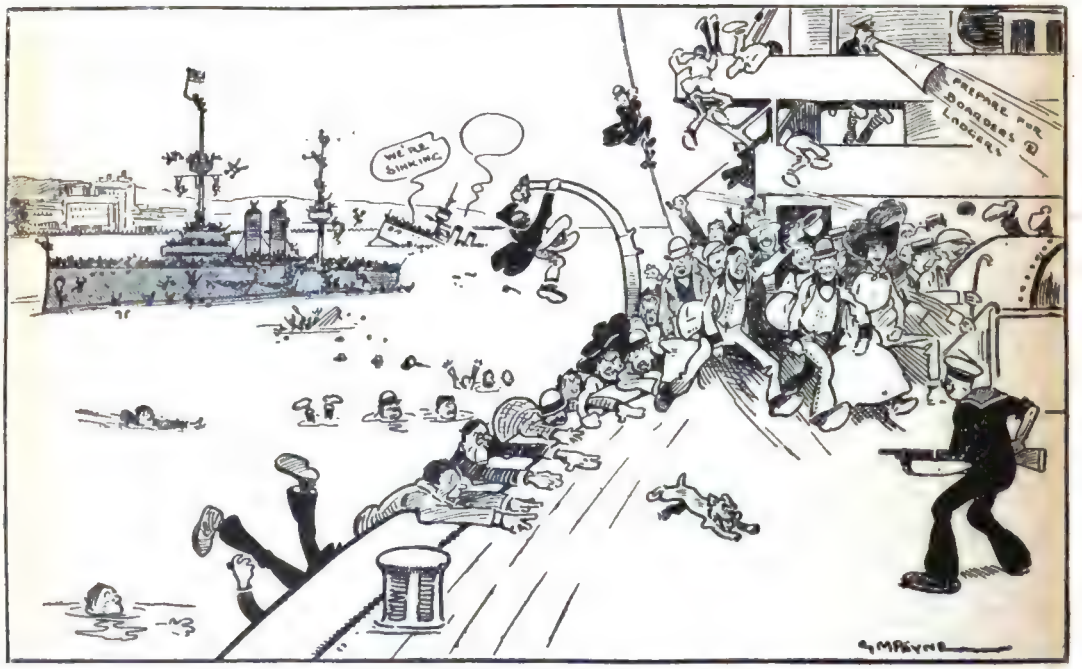
The nose—that is to say, the average nose—
Is simply the thing a boy punches or blows!

An ability to throw a cricket ball
Adds facility to make a wicket fall.

Interest and excitement. Pillsen was thinking:
Hickson's stood still, with astonishment blinking.

Indulging in witticisms and practical jokes
Is likely to rile one, and always provokes.

If a boy's legs are weak and thin—
"Laugh and grow fat," they say. So grin!



THE COCKNEY INVASION OF THE FLEETS AT SOUTHEND.
From the "Bluejacket and Soldier."

Mid-on, for his sins, had to field with his back—
Poor chap! How'd he feel if he caught a good smack?

Never mind your bruises,
If you're not the one who loses.

In one place a lot of water came splashing down.
"What a waste!" cried Uncle Sam. "'Twould do to light a town."

The earlier you begin to train,
The greater skill you will attain.

Novel Subjects for Debate.—The average school debating society, as I have before observed, does not exactly shine in the way of originality in choosing subjects for debate. I believe one of the most popular themes for discussion is, "Should Capital Punishment be Abolished?" At Retford Grammar School, however, as I notice from the current number of the *Retfordian*, they have struck quite a new way of doing things. Any one who wants to talk can get up and propose a subject, three minutes being assigned to him in which to express his views. Whether much wisdom or knowledge can be gained from a debate of this sort is a debatable point, but it certainly must be very lively and not a little amusing. Here are some of the three minute speeches:

Mr. A. A. Kidson: "A Ship on Fire."
J. H. Smith: "Justify Unpunctuality."
C. S. Neale: "Bird's-nesting."
Mr. G. R. Davies: "Mud."
W. Nicholson: "What Good is a Diary?"
J. Dimock: "Pilgrim's Progress."
H. Walker: "Which of the Lower Animals is the most Intelligent?"
Mr. E. V. Koster: "Can you Tell a Man's Character by his Dress?"
C. H. Fletcher: "Is a Man more Justified in Changing his Umbrella than doing the same with Anything Else?"

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G. H. Harryman: "Are Impromptu Debates any Good?"

Mr. Harryman seems to have come in with a good last word. It is interesting to note that the speeches were, on the whole, satisfactory, except in the case of the three unfortunate individuals who could not find it in their power to utter a single word.

What Rojestvensky Wanted.—I have been reading a review in the *Chronicle* of "Rasplata" (The Reckoning), in which a Russian officer describes his experiences in the Russo-Japanese War. Students of history will do well to get this book, for there seems to be a lot of good stuff in it. It will be remembered that after the Russian fleet had fired on our trawlers in the North Sea certain British warships were ordered to watch the Russians until they quitted Northern latitudes. The author of the book, who was on the flagship with Rojestvensky, was admiring the precision and speed of the British cruisers when he heard Rojestvensky's voice:

"Do you admire this?"

I turned round. Behind me stood the Admiral, who could not take his eyes off the English cruisers.

"Do you admire this?" he repeated. "That is something like. Those are seamen. Oh, if only we—" and he ran down the ladder without completing his sentence.

Rojestvensky's efforts to train his men were disappointing. He kept men by day and night at the Q.F. guns for the express purpose of repelling torpedo attacks, but complains that:

By day the entire squadron did not score one single hit on the targets which represented the torpedo-boats, although these targets differed from the Japanese torpedo-boats to our advantage, inasmuch as that they were stationary.

Is it surprising that the trained and orderly Japanese seamen made mincemeat of such a fleet? It is really extraordinary to think that up to the time of this war Russia with her bad ships and wretched sailors had figured on more than one occasion as the bully of Europe.

The Latest in Compleat Angling.—Whilst at the seaside in August I heard a young lady telling a companion about the way a man she knew fished. It seems he had a passion for both fishing and reading, and divided his time between plaice and Madame de la Pasture, cod and Kipling, mackerel and Miss Braddon, and red mullet and Marie Corelli. He would drop his line in, and then fix a little bell on his rod. Opening his novel, he would soon be absorbed in the doings of its heroine. Presently, *ting-a-ling* announced a bite. Down went the work of fiction, and up came the finny one!

A Louis Parker Incident.—Talking about pageants—well, a good many people *are* talking about pageants!—reminds me of a little tale I heard about Mr. Louis N. Parker when he was arranging the Lord Mayor's Show last year. The County of London "Roughriders" lent their help, and when Mr. Parker was allotting them their various *rôles*, he said, "Now, I don't know your names, and so I shall simply say, 'You tall man there,' 'You fat man there,'" pointing as he spoke to two of the gallant Roughriders. The corps was much amused. "That fat man there" was Tom Browne, the artist!

A Rehearsal that was not Adjourned.—Talking about the stage—well, a lot of people *are* talking about the stage!—reminds me of a funny tale I heard not long ago about a well-known comedian who was touring with a certain piece. The manager of the company was rehearsing the piece one morning in a provincial town when he was suddenly summoned to London, and so he turned to the well-known comedian—one of the old-fashioned kind, with a deep, luscious voice—and asked him to finish off the rehearsal for him. The comedian promised that he would do so, but having allowed the manager plenty of time to get well away, he addressed the company as follows: "Now, ladies and gentlemen, that that bald-headed old cassowary has gone up to London, you may consider this rehearsal adjourned!" Everybody laughed and looked very pleased, but just as a general movement was being made in the direction of the stage-door a calm voice sounded out of the darkness of the dress circle: "But, ladies and gentlemen, as the bald-headed old cassowary has *missed his train*, the rehearsal will continue!"

From *Punch*, June 30.

OUR NATURALISTS' CORNER.

(*With acknowledgments to "The Captain."*)

"Hoppy" (Hammersmith).—It is nothing exceptional that your tame beetle should have a sore throat. Administer a teaspoonful of glycerine

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every half-hour. No, Keating's Cough Lozenges are for humans, not insects; the name is certainly misleading.

"Mabel" (York).—You cannot use your tortoise as a comb while it is alive. But don't kill it for that; wait until it dies.

"Tiny" (Tottenham).—Very sorry, dear, to hear that one of your pet elephants has died. No, do not send me the body, I am busy. If you care to dissect it yourself you will probably find its diaphragm covered with small pink spots about three inches in diameter. If so, you may be certain your pet died of neurasthenia. Be careful of the one elephant you have left. I don't think you ought to keep it in the house, but in order to prevent its catching cold you might let it sleep in the conservatory.

"Charlie" (Chelsea).—If your newts' tails keep dropping off, try seccotine—or steel rivets.

"Grace" (Sheffield).—You may have been deceived about your canary. If you really think it is a sparrow immerse it in a strong, hot solution of soda for five minutes, and then scrape the plumage with a file. If the paint comes off, it is not a canary.

An "All Peel" Eleven.—It is not often that one finds eleven men of the same name composing a cricket side, yet on August 4 and 5 the Gentlemen of Cheshire were opposed at Chelford by Mr. R. G. Peel's "All Peel" XI., as follows:

L. G. Peel, c Ravenscroft, b Tattersall	9
C. R. L. Peel, c Birchenough, b Killick	18
B. L. Peel, b Ravenscroft	73
E. T. Peel, b Horner	4
W. E. Peel, st A., b T. Tattersall	17
D. H. Peel, st A., b T. Tattersall	25
R. G. Peel, not out	6
F. B. Peel, st A., b T. Tattersall	26
Rev. H. R. Peel, c Headlam, b Killick	0
C. Peel, c Horner, b Killick	4
R. T. Peel, b Tattersall	3
Extras	18
Total	203

Cricket seems to have taken the place of poetry in the Tennyson family, as witness (from *The Sportsman*):

July 21.—Hon. L. H. Tennyson, 154, for Household Brigade *v.* Royal Fusiliers.

July 26.—Hon. L. L. Tennyson, 131, for G. H. Edwards's XI *v.* Gentlemen of Essex.

Sixpenny Novels.—I have been asked to draw attention to the fact that in Newnes' Sixpenny Copyright Novels series there are a number which might appeal to readers of THE CAPTAIN, or at any rate to "old boy" readers. As for instance:

Vice-Versâ (Anstey).
Nine Points of the Law (Jackson).
She (Rider Haggard).
An Africa Millionaire (Grant Allen).

If you don't find any of these at your newsagent's, you can always order them, and that will be a cheaper process than sending eightpence for them to be forwarded by post.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

Referring to the "Public Schools that Row" article in our July number, "Remex" writes: "It is now more than four summers ago since rowing was revived at Manchester Grammar School, and the club is in a flourishing condition. To be an oarsman of the M.G.S.R.C. requires a considerable amount of grit, for, firstly, the five-mile stretch of the Ship Canal which it has at its disposal is not exactly an ideal piece of water to row upon, apart from the inconvenience experienced from the passing steamers and barges. Secondly, at the Grammar School work is placed before play, and oarsmen are only able to practise after school hours for a short time, as several of them live some ten miles away from Manchester. In spite of these and other difficulties, the club has so far always been able to obtain good crews to represent it at Nottingham, Derby, Chester and Agecroft regattas. At the last-named regatta there is a special school shield, which has been provided by the Agecroft committee, and every year some four crews representing the various sides of the school compete for it. This year's captain is J. H. Dodds, an oarsman who will undoubtedly be heard of again at Oxford, and our coach is Mr. C. E. Fry, B.A., an old Merton enthusiast."

E. S. W.—Please do not allow any more of your CAPTAINS to go through those three houses, which appear unable to sport sixpence a month between them. Point out politely that as you are a loyal Captainite you wish to increase the magazine's sale, and that in future they must buy it for themselves. Not surprised that "Brown" of invention fame reminds you of a mad gentleman who is always inventing fancy brakes for cycles, elbow-rests, handle-bar mirrors, &c.

Hal Alexander.—I do not think socialists have much cause to complain that Labourer Giles does not have every assistance in starting off well in life. It is said the council schools give too good an education, an education which depletes the ranks of labouring men and domestic servants, and sends far too many people into the cities in search of clerical work. I was in a Warwickshire village the other day when a strange, whining sound came from the council school. "What is that noise?" I said to a fair friend. "Oh, the children are having a violin lesson," was her reply.

J. Malkinson (Montreal).—I am interested to hear how you and that other old City of London School boy read the article we printed on that famous establishment. I can quite imagine the pleasure with which the Old Boy you mention, who had not been near his old school for ten years, looked at the faces of his former tutors, &c. I am glad to hear you are getting on so well in the Atlantic Steamship Service, and trust you will rise to be boss of it!

"Ex-Cherry Tip" would not be surprised if "Rosy Beak's" troubles were caused by drinking too much tea. "Although," he says, "I have not a red nose now, I used to be subject to one incessantly

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up to a couple of years ago. I found that in my case it was owing to bad circulation, causing my nose to be unduly cold, and indigestion; and I noticed that tea, especially during the hot summer months, made it much worse. I advise 'Rosy Beak' to try cocoa instead of tea, and I entirely agree with the Old Fag when he says that the open-air method will be one of the best."

"My Lady Nicotine."—It is certainly wrong of girls to smoke, and it is a most unhealthy habit for them to indulge in. As for your remarks about boys, I think you allow your mind to run far too much on the subject. At your age it is your duty to be doing everything you can to advance yourself in knowledge, which you will find extremely useful when you are a grown-up woman. Put all these silly ideas about boys and smoking out of your head, and try and grow into the kind of woman that will earn a man's respect—and a man, let me tell you, does not respect a girl who makes a practice of smoking and flirting.

Q. W. B.—I am glad to find you standing up for the Potteries. You are right when you say that people go to a district, stay a day or two there, and then write articles in disparagement of it. To get to know a district one must live in it for some little time. I daresay you find Stoke-on-Trent just as pleasant a place as Brightonians find Brighton.

V. R. D.—We do not propose to have notes about girls' schools. We like girls to read THE CAPTAIN and go in for our competitions, but we have no wish to make this a "Hickson" magazine. There are several periodicals of the Hickson kind in America, but they would not go in this country at all, I am sure; no doubt they will in time, but the time has not arrived yet.

"Girl-Hater."—I have had growls like yours from other boys, but not many. I intend to let girls enter as freely as possible for our competitions. You ask me to obtain the opinion of a large number of CAPTAIN readers on this subject, but I am perfectly sure that the majority of our boy readers have no objection whatever to girls competing.

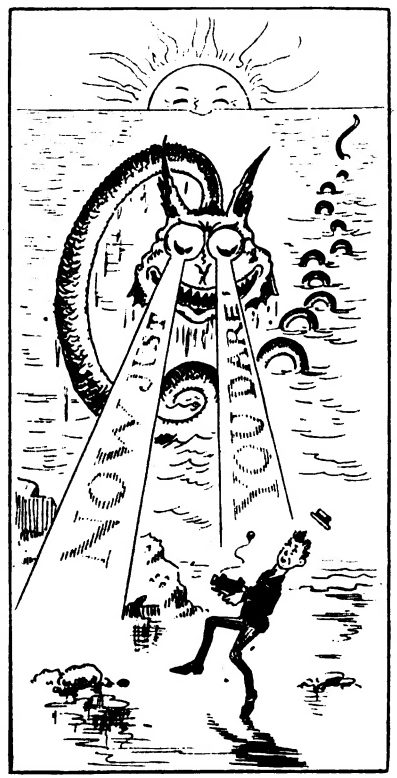
F. C. B.—Drawing crude. Glad to see, however, that you haven't copied anybody else's idea. Autograph collecting is a harmless hobby, and can give no offence if you enclose a stamped envelope when asking for an autograph. No collector, however, should sell autographs which have been given to him, as this is decidedly an unprincipled thing to do.

£ s. d.—Seven A.M. to 6 P.M. are preposterous hours. I do not wish to give any advice which may interfere with your career, but if I were a young fellow I should make haste to leave a firm of that sort as soon as ever I could. Such hours do not give a man a chance to lead a man's life, and there is certainly no time for games.

"Michael."—It is pleasing to me to hear that your mother, who is sixty-six years of age, delights in THE CAPTAIN. I can quite understand that she was fascinated by "The Silver Flyer," and that she is looking forward to the reappearance of Psmith. Curiously, you are the only club member who has expressed dissatisfaction with his badge.

"Tomboy."—If girls go in for competitions in a boys' magazine they must be content with the prizes which we offer with boys' requirements in view, except where we are able to give a tennis racquet or hockey stick in place of a cricket bat or football. I shall not now, or at any future time, offer special prizes for girls.

Geoff wants to know what would happen if two snakes started swallowing each other, and attempts to supply a solution by means of Euclid which seems to settle nothing. Mr. Step can't settle it either, and when I asked Bask about it he went out and bit a poet. We give it up.



Young Kodakson dreams that the annual sea-serpent provides him with the chance of his life-time, and that he is too much rattled to take advantage of it.

"Frisky Four."—You can't do anything to the sneak except treat her with contempt. I wonder your Headmistress allows a girl to tell tales. A head master of a boys' school wouldn't.

"Carl."—Owing to mislaying your letter I was unable to reply to you before you sailed. I sent a little farewell note to you, and addressed it "To be forwarded." In any case, I wish you good luck, good times, and good health in your new sphere of life.

W. G. Browning.—Thanks for drawing of myself as a Boy Scout. I have put it on my mantelpiece, and it may appear some day in a further series depicting my unworthy self in different *rôles*.

"Captainite."—You, and other readers who want to join the "Terriers," should get the "Territorial Year Book" (Hodder and Stoughton, 1*s.* net.)

G. L. Parsons.—The term *Honi soy que mal y pense* is old French, and not Latin, as your friend declares.

"South African Youth."—Hope to print your letter next month.

O. R. M.—I hope to publish some "Soccer" articles in the winter.

A. F.—Many thanks. I hope so too.

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Correspondents Wanted.—J. Gibson, 57 Kelmscott Road, Wandsworth Common, S.W.; and E. J. Bradley, 537 Green Avenue, St. Henry, Montreal, Canada, would like to exchange pictorial postcards with other CAPTAIN readers.

Letters, &c., have also to be acknowledged from: W. C. Brooks, "Johnnie," P. S. G., G. F. Kelly, "Canuck," F. W. Atack, F. P. Young, J. Drabble, F. A. R. M., W. O. (Thanks, but no space), "Floreat Epsomia," G. B. T. M., A. T. Cook, W. F. A. (C.C.), "Liverpudlianne, B. A. Bell, G. Simpson. **THE OLD FAQ.**

Results of July Competitions

No. I.—"Rhyming Competition."

CLASS I. (No age limit.)

WINNER OF HALF A GUINEA: H. H. Roden, Constitutional Club, Exeter.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: D. Owen, "Hillsdale," Hilberost Road, Sydenham, S.E.; W. P. Porter, 11 Arlington Street, Hull.

HONOURABLE MENTION: W. E. Raistrick, E. W. Taylor, E. Blair Watson, Alex. Scott, Jnr., Amy Perrin.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF PRIZE AS ABOVE: C. F. Hughes, 4 Church Square, Basingstoke, Hants.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Tom Renton, W. T. E. Duncan, I. Campbell, Kathleen Brydon, Winifred Clark, C. J. Olive, Hugh F. MacNally, Esme Roden, Gwendolen Wilson, Elsie F. Shaw, Kingsley Woods, Norman C. Storey, E. G. Hogan, D. Gladys Ghey, H. V. Wimpenny, J. Leonard Cadoux, P. R. Lunn, W. Earle Steuart, W. J. Bane, T. A. Jackson, S. A. Smith, Lucy Ehrmann, R. C. Martyn.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF PRIZE AS ABOVE: Eric D. Doring, 66 Denton Road, East Twickenham.

HONOURABLE MENTION: E. G. Hamer, R. Wilks, Jnr., Frank R. Antcliff, Arthur Lloyd-Jones, Walter Hardisty, Cyril Wright, W. A. Low, Susie D. Smith, Lawrence W. Innes, A. H. St. Clair, R. H. Culley, J. Oliver, H. Irving, W. E. Robinson, Archie L. Jones, Frank Ritchie, V. J. Jones, N. K. Moggach, E. W. De Boos.

No. II.—"Public School Sports."

No age limit.

WINNER OF GRADIDGE BAT OR RACQUET: R. H. Culley, High Street, Holt, Norfolk.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Frank E. N. Pailthorpe, J. Leonard Cadoux, D. F. Grant, Sydney Smith.

No. III.—"Photographic Competition."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF GOODS FROM JOHN PIGGOTT, LTD.: W. D. Burr, 359 Wightman Road, Hornsey, N.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: Sidney North, 341 Rookery Road, Handsworth, Birmingham.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Bernard E. Maude, Joseph A. McAdam, V. Holohan, W. Burr, Cyril J. Marlow, N. Crichlow, John E. T. Clark.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF PRIZE AS ABOVE: W. G. Campbell, 66 Cecile Park, Crouch End, N.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: M. R. Wynter, 1 Rockingham Place, Old Eastbourne.

HONOURABLE MENTION: William J. C. Garrard, Edmund C. S, De Val, P. Wilhelme, V. J. Jones, Dulcie Harris, Kathleen Elliott. F. L. Davis, H. D. Pennant, Christina de la Paz Garsia.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Twelve.)

WINNER OF PRIZE AS ABOVE: Dudley Dixon, 38 Percy Gardens, Tynemouth, Northumberland.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: Stephen Fry, T. S. "Mercury," Hamble, Hants.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Eric G. Hamer, E. Caws, C. M. Pickthorn.

No. IV.—"Striking Advertisements."

Age limit: Twenty-one.

WINNER OF "ROYAL AJAX MARVEL" BICYCLE: Joel Barbash, 73 Oxford Street, Sheffield.

HONOURABLE MENTION: George S. Murray, H. Barbash, J. T. Crowther, J. G. Vautier, William Gumbley, George Fry, William Thomson, F. C. Ford, Alex. Winning, John A. Jamieson, Herbert J. Gilbert, R. E. Widdows, J. E. Hill.

No. V.—"Pictorial Competition."

WINNER OF TEN SHILLINGS: James Gannon, 154 Haydock Street, Earlestown, Lancs.

HONOURABLE MENTION: J. Parkes, Charles Underhill, H. R, Huitt, J. Reuben Carter, Bernard W. Handley, E. W. Westworth. W. A. Narbeth, E. McLean Kirkpatrick, Bert Needham, A. T. Ritch, John Walford Benton, Fred. Torr.

No. VI.—"School Notes."

WINNER OF FIVE SHILLINGS: "Patesian."

HONOURABLE MENTION: "Spes.," "Upper Third Former," "Hops," "Sexeian," "Macbeth," "Acer," "Ely," "Longstop," "Discipulus," "Smithie," "The Rat," "Floreat Cheltonia," "Blundellian," "Bedfordian," "Shirbirniensis," "Wellingtonian," "Cadet" "Ex Corde Caritas," "Askean."

Foreign and Colonial Readers (May).

WINNERS OF FIVE SHILLINGS: (I.) Reginald G. J. Crisp, c/o Messrs. Shaw, Wallace and Co., Fort, Bombay, India; (III.) J. Malkinson, 95 St. Urbain Street, Montreal, Canada; (IV.) Cecil Williams, Government Printing Office, Port of Spain, Trinidad.

HONOURABLE MENTION: (I.) J. Malkinson; (III.) Leslie H. Burket (Canada), R. G. J. Crisp, J. H. Wilson (Canada); (IV.) H. Wyatt Johnson (Canada), Birdie Chatelier (India), J. Hamilton Bishop (Cape Colony).

Winners of Consolation Prizes are requested to inform the Editor which they would prefer—a volume of one of our magazines, or one of the following books: "Green at Greyhouse," "The Gold Bat," "J. O. Jones," "Tales of Greyhouse," "The White Feather," "Jim Mortimer," "The Lost Column" (Charles Gilson), "The Rebel Cadets" (Charles Gleig).

Comments on the July Competitions

No. I.—See "Editorial."

No. II.—Very few competitors seemed to have anything to say about the Public Schools Sports, but the majority were in agreement that the venue ought to be changed to Queen's Club. We shall welcome further letters on this subject.

No. III.—While the army and navy naturally received a fair share of attention, firemen, postmen and the ubiquitous boy scouts were also popular subjects for our camera fiends' energies.

No. IV.—The votes of competitors placed the following as being the twelve most striking advertisements in our July number in order of merit: Rudge-Whitworth Bicycles, Plasmon Cocoa, Sunbeam Cycles, Newnes' Sixpenny Novels, Clark's College, A. W. Gamage, "*W. G.'s*" *Little Book*, "Loop" Developer, Jæger, Pitman's School, Wills and Co., Vinolia Soap. The winner had twelve, and competitors honourably mentioned eleven correct.

The attention of all readers is called to advertisement p. iv where they will find full particulars of a novel and liberal scheme of Accident Insurance specially devised for their benefit.

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